THE OTO

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

IN life and manners the Oto compare closely with the other tribes of the western prairies, with all of whom the buffalo was the determining factor. Material existence was regulated by the buffalo, and as they lived so they worshipped. While during historical times the Oto have been primarily a hunting tribe, prehistorically they were agricultural, and indeed it is doubtful if they ever wholly abandoned agriculture. They were still growing substantial crops when first noted by white explorers. Their genesis legends account for the miraculous gifts of corn and other food crops.

Oto dwellings were earth-lodges, suggesting a degree of permanency such as would become an agricultural people. Judging by description, the earth-lodge of the Oto was in form and appearance similar to that of the Mandan and the Arikara. Heavy posts supported horizontal timbers, against which were leaned poles or hewn logs. This timberwork was covered with sods, which, growing together, in time formed a solid structure, rain-proof, cool in summer and warm in winter. In the centre of the dwelling was the fireplace, merely a hole scooped in the floor, with a stick, thrust in the floor, leaning over it to support cooking-pots. Meat was sliced thin and sun-dried for preservation, and often was broiled on a framework over the fire. This framework consisted of green willow hoops, the ends stuck into the ground, the hoops braced by longitudinal strips. In appearance it resembled a bisected horizontal cylinder, with the fire underneath. Bottle-shape caches about six feet deep were dug in the lodges, earth-plastered inside, with a cover of sod neatly fitted in order that the casual observer would not see it. Food supplies such as pumpkins, corn, beans, nuts, berries, dried meat, wild turnips, wild sweet-potatoes, all contained in rawhide cases, as well as clothing, hides, weapons, and trinkets, were stored in the caches.

Such was the earth-lodge with its appurtenances, used as a more or less permanent structure.

Father De Smet, who visited the Oto near the mouth of Platte river during the spring of 1838, gives a good description of one of their

commodious earth-lodges.[1]

Before we reached our destination, we traversed the villages of the Otos. They build their huts in the form of mounds and cover them with sod. These huts are so large that 150 people may be lodged in one at their ease; the interior resembles a temple; the rafters which support the sides rest upon a score of pillars or posts; a hole arranged at the top lets in the light and gives an outlet for the smoke.

While the earth-lodge was the home structure in the permanent villages of the Oto, the skin tipi was the dwelling during the hunting season, which may be assumed to have been the greater part of the summer. A drawing by Samuel Seymour in 1819 shows an Oto hunting encampment, wholly of skin tipis, near Platte river. An established village invariably had its ceremonial house. The form and method of building such a structure were the same as for the circular habitation. These large structures were the tribal meeting-places; whether for council or for ceremony the great lodge may be said to have been the tribal home.

The Oto political organization is composed of the tribal chief and a council of seven. Chieftainship is hereditary, provided the son or the grandson is qualified to assume the position. If a chief dies, his office passes to the eldest son, and in event of his death, to the son of the eldest son. If there should be no grandchildren, then the chiefship goes to the second son. Failing any children or grandchildren, the chiefship passes to the sister's son, as descent is matrilineal; otherwise an election is held by the council. If it be decided that no member of a deceased chief's family is worthy of the office, a successor is elected by the council.

The council is composed of the chief of each of the seven clans, who hold their positions by hereditary right or by election, as in the case of the tribal chief. In Oto mythology the seven chiefs of the seven clans reside in the Pleiades. The council is assembled by order of the chief, sent through a messenger. Its members meet in the council lodge around a council fire, where they are guarded by a marshal who allows no one to disturb them or to be within hearing. There is a ritual in

1 H. M. Chittenden and A. T. Richardson, Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre-Jean De Smet, S.J., 1801-1873, Vol. I, page 162, New York, 1905.

which a medicine-man asks for courage and wisdom to descend upon the council, that its decisions may be wise and just and be carried out to the satisfaction of the spirits. All important matters pertaining to the tribe are discussed in council.

The clans are of two groups, the first of which consists of the Bear and its subsidiaries, Elk, Eagle, and Beaver. This grouping includes only the four genetic clans. The Beaver clan, which is prominent in the genesis legends, is for some unexplained reason omitted from the political group of seven. The second group is the Owl and its subsidiaries, Buffalo, Snake, and Pigeon. Each clan has its own sacred bundle. A list of the clans with their respective functions is as follows:

I

Bear, Túnapi-mú^{n}je. Keeper of the pipe and maker of the bowl.
Subsidiaries: Túnapi-há^{n}je (Big Bear band).
Túnapi-wakó^{n}da (Bear Spirit band).
Túnapi-yínge (Little Bear band).

Elk, Húma. Care of the sacred fire; lighting of the pipe.
Eagle, Hra. Leader in war, keeper of the war-bundle.
Beaver, Láwe. Maker of the stem of the pipe.

II

Owl, Ma^{n}káche
Subsidiaries: Owl, Makóge.
Ground Owl, Hu^{n}hóke.
Horned Owl, Hí^{n}da^{n}.
Buffalo, Alúqa. Care of the sacred tobacco.
Snake, Wáka^{n}. Guardian of the fireplace in the sacred lodge.
Pigeon, Lúje.

The Oto have several societies for both men and women. Of these but two are of first importance: Che or Alúqa ("Buffalo"), and Dostánye or Mankánye ("Otter"). These two societies are of such importance that they should rightly be considered as a part of the political organization. They are the power behind the council. The membership naturally is interlocking, as each clan chief would belong to one society or the other. Prospective members of either society must be men of high moral standing, and they are usually under observation for some time by the members of the societies before being invited to join, although a man himself may ask to become a member and to be voted upon, in

which case also he is closely watched. An applicant may fail of election at one time, but may later become eligible to membership on proving his worth. Each society has initiatory rites, accompanied with feasting and dancing; and each has four degrees, each degree being characterized by its own particular clothing, painting, and songs, and growing in fulness and meaning as the initiatory rites progress. Members who have taken the final degree select the head of the society or lodge. Strict secrecy is enjoined, and the death penalty is inflicted on any one who would have the temerity to violate a society secret. Each society has its own sacred bundle, which is in the custody of the head member, as other hands are believed to lessen its power; and especially would this be the case were the bundle to be touched by a woman. The main object of each society is to promote men of worth, hence in this respect it is said that all members are persons of standing in the tribe. A particular function of the Buffalo society is that of helping people in need, illness, or other distress, and to teach right moral living. The Otter society has largely to do with ministering to the sick, but more from the healing than from an economic point of view. The function of the Buffalo society inclines more to charity in cases of illness. The Otter society contains more medicine-men than the Buffalo society.

There was no organized camp-circle; clans and families had no fixed positions. However, a camp was arranged in a circle, with the council lodge (*chibothéje-wahoníta*) and the sanctuary lodge (*chewahoníta*) in the centre. The latter was a lodge in which any one, even an enemy, might take refuge with every assurance of safety so long as he remained within. It was under the protection of the head-chief.

The rule against marriage within the clan was rigid. Descent was matrilineal, the children belonging to the mother's clan. The father, however, continued to owe allegiance to his own clan. An illustration of matrilineal descent is shown in the position of male captives and their progeny. A captive was looked upon as a quasi-member of the tribe, but had no voice in tribal affairs; his children, however, were members of the mother's clan, and thus took part in tribal matters. While politically the captives became members of the tribe, yet socially their children were not of the elect, as is shown by the rule of tattooing the virgins. A star tattooed upon the fore-head of a girl at the time of the puberty rite was supposed to show to all the world that she was of full Oto blood. No captive's daughter could be so honored.

The naming of the children is attended with considerable form and ceremony. The child is usually named within four days after birth. A lodge is erected and a naming ceremony conducted, in which the immediate family and other relatives participate. Some one of the old men of the tribe gives the family four names from which to select. It may be a family name, or the name of a plant or an animal, but it must have some association with the clan in which the child is born. For example, the daughters in an Eagle family were named Soaring High, Good Eagle, and Standing Above The Earth. Following the family ceremony, others are invited, a feast is held, and gifts are offered. The old man who has given the name in behalf of the parents of the child is so highly esteemed that he is made the recipient of many gifts. He offers long prayers to the spirits, and afterward forecasts the child's future. After singing songs of a sacred nature which contain words used in his prophecy, he relates the story of the name. Gifts are exchanged, and food which is considered sacramental is eaten.

A name may be changed later in life, as when a name is transmitted to a person by a member of the family; or when some one outside the family has chosen a particular person to carry on his name in perpetuity; or perhaps when one gives his name to another in admiration. It is also customary for a man to adopt a new name after the performance of some noteworthy deed, or by fasting and dreaming, when he assumes the name of whatever appeared or was suggested by the dream.

The puberty ceremony for girls was more elaborate among the Oto than among many tribes. The lodge in which the ceremony was conducted was of inverted-U shape, opening to the north. The relatives of the family, and the family itself, sat at the left of the entrance, while those to whom invitation sticks were given completed the circle. The firekeeper, or Elk-man, had a position outside the entrance, to the left, while the pipe-men at the beginning of the ceremony were at the south side of the lodge.

The girl herself stood in the entrance at the north. The gifts, such as blankets, food, weapons, or horses, were placed along a horizontal pole which extended from north to south through the middle of the lodge. The firekeeper kindled a fire and lighted his pipe, which was carried once around the circle by the father and uncle, who then took their positions beside the girl. The pipe-men next lighted

and passed the pipe around once, commencing with the family, then returned to stand by the girl, where they delivered an oration and a song. The firekeeper now lighted two pipes which he gave to the pipe-men, who, each in turn, marched four times around the circle and returned to take their positions at the entrance. The people then looked upon the pipes in silent prayer. Following this the people made gifts to the father of the girl, but instead of keeping them, he gave them away to his tribesmen gathered outside the lodge.

Some member of the family then tattooed a star on the forehead of the girl with an instrument made of a porcupine-quill or a turkey-bone containing a rattle. Singing accompanied the tattooing, which may have been on the arms or the neck as well as on the forehead. After the tattooer finished his task, the girl presented him with gifts. Then the firekeeper, Elk-man, presented the gifts in the middle of the lodge to those who had invitation sticks. The girl, the pipe-men, and the firekeeper then ate some of the meat, a part of which was dropped in the fire so that the smoke might rise to the spirits. All the people next partook of a feast provided by the family.

In marriage, monogamy was the general rule, but polygyny was not uncommon; in fact, chiefs and headmen often had several wives, a large domestic establishment being an indication of the individual's importance. The marriage of a daughter conveyed an optional claim on her maturing sisters. If a man lost his wife through death, he had the first claim to her sister for an economic reason — to keep the wealth in the family. A chief's choice of his wife's sisters had the added motive of retaining the same blood relationship in the family, since the office was often hereditary.

Since boys and girls, especially those who had reached puberty, were kept strictly apart, courtship necessitated the exercise of cunning on the part of a young couple. A man, seeing a desirable woman, attracted her attention in some manner, perhaps by flashing a mirror in her eyes from a distant place of concealment. If she was pleased with him, she made an affirmative sign and met him at his place of hiding; otherwise he was ignored. A favorite device was to meet the young woman when she went after water, since if they should then be discovered talking together, they could resort to the pretext of accidental meeting.

When both were agreeable to marriage, they notified their respective parents, though both of the families must be satisfied with their children's choice; otherwise there was no union, for elopement was severely punished if the offenders were caught. If both families agreed, a payment of the girl's worth was made to her father or to her uncle. Her family then gave a feast, at which some older person talked of marriage, its responsibilities, the rearing of children, and the like. This formal feast constituted the wedding.

As mentioned, children belong to the clan of the mother; however, they had a claim to the property of the father.

Divorce, as with most tribes, was very common. The usual reason for desiring separation was that either the man or the woman had seen some one else who, at least for the moment, had caught his or her fancy. A couple on reaching a fixed disagreement asked their respective parents for permission to divorce each other. If the desire was agreeable to all concerned, the woman returned to her family, while the man lost his original payment.

Separation thus arranged was not in itself a disgrace, but adultery was quite another matter. Those apprehended in its practice were reported immediately to the council. The guilty man was brought in by members of the soldier society, because delay in his arrest might result in his death at the hands of the outraged husband. In tribal theory it was better to administer punishment through the council than to allow the husband to take the matter into his own hands and to kill a man who might be possessed of power valuable to his tribe. If, after questioning by the council, it was found that the couple were guilty, the man was whipped, while the woman was pronounced an outcast and no one was supposed to speak to or associate with her. For a woman thus officially cast out, prostitution was the only alternative. If, as often happened, the husband acted before the council could conduct a hearing, he would kill the guilty man and beat the wife, and perhaps add to her physical punishment by cutting off the end of her nose.

Disposal of the body after death was similar to that of most of the Siouan tribes. The body was painted red and dressed in the finest clothing possessed by the departed. The face was decorated to indicate the clan. Food and implements were placed at the head and the remains were wrapped in buffalo-robes or blankets.

Those who touched the body in any way must go through a pu-

rifying process with cedar smoke and by sweating in the sudatory. Friends and mourners helped with the obsequies, bearing gifts of food, arms, and horses to the bereaved family. Invocations to the spirits were offered by the old men. The common belief was that if the life of the departed had been upright, he would travel a good road to the spirit land; but if his life had been evil, his spirit would remain on earth and know no rest.

After the ceremonies, the body was carried from the village and placed high in the branches of a tree, or on a framework built on four upright poles, the body being placed with the head toward the north. Purification of the lodge in which the person died took place within four days. In this purification the lodge was smoked with cedar and many prayers were offered.

All personal belongings of the dead were placed with the body, burned, or given away. The son or the brothers took the clothing, since it would not be proper for others to have it in their possession. Other property was disposed of according to the last wishes of the deceased, although mainly it went to the wife and children. A tipi, after purification, was given away, but the earth-lodge could be used again by the family. Unless the purification rites were performed, the spirit of the deceased might return to inflict evil on the family or the tribe.

The religious beliefs of the Oto are so strikingly similar to those of the Lakota, or Teton Sioux, that the author takes the liberty of quoting from his own description of the Siouan beliefs which appears in Volume III.

To the Lakota all things passing the understanding are *wáka*^{n}. When supplicating Wáka^{n}ta^{n}ka, the Indian conceives the Mystery as possessing and being all things that transcend his comprehension. After invoking successively each deity in his belief, he comprehends all in the prayer, "Great Mystery!" and in the cry he has included all the forces of the universe, from that represented by the personal fetish on his body to the undefined consciousness of the infinite.

Not only the heavenly bodies, but cold, heat, snow, rain, frost, a tree struck by lightning — all these, as well as the tipi used for ceremonies and all the consecrated paraphernalia, are *wáka*^{n}. The ceremonial pipe is *wáka*^{n}. likewise the tobacco-pouch that accompanies it. The spot where the ceremony is held is holy ground, *wáka*^{n}. The horse, which came first as a strange, huge beast, they call mysterious dog,

shú^{n}*ka-wáka*^{n}*;* and the gun, which they could not understand, became *máza-wáka*^{n}, mysterious iron.

Briefly, this quotation covers the religious concepts of the Oto. As shown in Volume III, there is a tendency, both by observers and the Indians themselves, to translate Wakó^{n}da (Wáka^{n}-ta^{n}ka) as "Great Spirit." Such a translation is not borne out by the primitive use of the word nor by Siouan thought. The translation should be "Great Mystery." Without putting it in words, Siouan philosophy says, "We know not *what it is*, but we do know *that it is*."

GENESIS OF THE CLANS

THE BEAR, BEAVER, ELK, AND EAGLE CLANS

In the beginning, a very long time ago, there was nothing upon the face of the world but water: no land, animals, plants, or people nothing but never-ending water. The spirits had made it so. Then came land, yet soft. Soon the land was green with growing things; the trees became forests. Upon the land walked the animals created by the spirits. In the air were many birds.

Out of the water, all at one time, emerged the Bear clan; they were very happy because they thought they were the first people. As they looked about taking their first glance at the world, to their surprise they saw tracks other than their own leading out of the water. The Bear were very angry to learn that others had emerged first; so they pursued, intent upon killing these others, whoever they might be.

They overtook these other people, who proved to be the Beaver clan. The Beaver did not care to fight. They said: "Let us be brothers and travel together. There is no need to fight, because we shall prove useful to each other some time."

The two clans travelled on together, marvelling at the animals, which were tame at that time and could speak the same language as the people, and the trees and grass. After they had proceeded for a long period, they saw another band and were surprised, because they thought they were the first two people. These others, who were the Elk, tried to run away, because Bear and Beaver were so much stronger in numbers. But they were headed off and stopped. Bear and Beaver wanted to kill Elk, but Elk said: " Let us be brothers and go on togeth-

er. We should not fight, because we may need one another."

Bear answered, "Let us not kill Elk, because he may in time be helpful to us." To this Beaver agreed.

Meanwhile the Eagle clan had come down from the sky and in proceeding had come across the tracks of the three other peoples. They sent a scout ahead, who saw Bear, Beaver, and Elk. The scout returned and told the Eagles where these others were. The Eagles then hastened on, angry because the other bands had reached the world ahead of them. When they saw how strong in numbers were Bear, Beaver, and Elk, they decided not to fight. The Eagles approached, asking who Bear, Beaver, and Elk were.

"We are Bear brothers," answered the Bear.

"We are Beaver brothers," replied the Beaver.

"We are Elk brothers," responded the Elk.

"We," said the Eagles, "are the Eagles; we are glad to be with you and to be all together, for we may be helpful to one another."

Bear declared: "To show that we are all brothers, we are going to give you a name, not 'Big Bear,' whom we are, but we shall call you 'Little Bear' [Mu^{n}chíne]."

Eagle clan, to show their friendly spirit by giving away something, answered: " To show that you are brothers, we are going to give you a name, not Eagle, whom we are, but because we have big wings we shall call you 'Big Wings.'"

As the four clans wandered along together, they wondered how they were to eat. "There are plenty of animals for us to kill, but how are we going to eat them? they asked one another; but none could answer. They then prayed to the spirit to show them how they could eat. At last their prayer was answered, for the spirit took pity on them and descended into their breasts, telling them what to do. The spirit made his revelation to an Elk, who volunteered to show the others how they might prepare food.

When they had all gathered around Elk, he made for himself a drill which he twirled rapidly between his palms until a thin spiral of smoke was given off. Elk twirled his stick again, and a red ember appeared. He blew the ember into some tinder, and so made fire. Then an animal was roasted and they learned how to cook food.

Elk is the maker and keeper of the sacred fire. The four people in those times had very little knowledge, but they knew that the spirit

would show and teach them. They were at a loss how to approach the spirit properly, but he took pity on them and told the Bear how to make the bowl of the sacred pipe. This the Bear did. The spirit told the Beaver in their hearts how to gnaw out the stem and make it hollow. This the Beaver did. Now the pipe was finished, but still the people did not know how to use it. In a dream the spirit showed them where to find the sacred tobacco and how to use it. In a dream he told the people that the pipe could not see nor hear, but when they smoked he would see and he would hear, for the smoke would rise into the sky where he was — he, their father. Then he told them that the earth was their mother, because it fed and took care of them. He also instructed them to use the pipe at the time of planting. Then the spirit put seven pipes among them, and he placed seven chiefs together in the sky to remain there (the Pleiades). So the Bear is the maker and keeper of the sacred pipe, while the Beaver is the maker of the stem.

As the people travelled about over the land, the old men gathered in council, for they had to discuss many things. Chiefly they pondered over the means of living: what life meant and how life was continued on earth. They decided that a woman when of an age to bear children should gather many hides; that she should give away as many sticks as there were hides; and then a feast should be given, when she should give away a hide to each stick-holder. Finally, she should be tattooed on the forehead and everyone would know that she was of an age to marry and bear children.

Once in council, the men asked, "What may we do that we may have success in war?" The head-chief said that the spirits had told him how to make a sacred war-bundle, so he bade four men paint themselves, two red and two black, each to arm himself with two clubs; that they should kill and bring in a hawk, a green hawk, a sparrow-hawk, and a crow. These the chief put in the bundle. A buck was then killed to furnish a skin in which to wrap the bundle, and a war-club was next wrapped inside of it.

A pipe was necessary, but they were puzzled how to finish it in such a way as to insure success. A bird flew down, crying: "I am Woodcock, the redhead. If you put something of mine on the pipe, good luck will follow on the warpath. Put my red head on the pipe and you will have success."

An eagle flew down, saying, "I am Eagle; put my head on the pipe

and you will have success." A second eagle alighted, saying, "I am Golden Eagle; put my head on the pipe and you will have success. "A third eagle came to them, saying, "I am Bald Eagle; put my head on the pipe and you will have success."

The pipe was now ready, and when smoked insured success on the warpath. To those who fell in battle, it meant that their spirits would travel the good road. The Eagle clan became the keeper of the sacred war-bundle and was the leader in warfare.

This legend was related by a member of the Bear clan, which, in Oto thought, is the dominating unit of the tribe. The following fragments gathered from members of the Elk, the Owl, and the Eagle clans furnish a little further light on genetic matters. There is a noticeable contradiction as to the method Elk used in producing fire. However, such minor inconsistencies occur in all legendary accounts; in fact, so persistent is the occurrence of anachronism and contradiction that one is scarcely justified in noting them. Such legends should be considered as they are. From them we gain many valuable glimpses into Indian philosophy and must overlook their inconsistencies.

The Eagle clan of the Oto are a sky people. Growing tired of their old habitat, they looked for a new country, at last finding an opening in the sky through which they descended to the earth. Now, they thought they were the first people on this earth, but after travelling for a time, they found the tracks of many people leading northward. They followed these tracks, thinking, "This is our world; no one else has a right to live here." In time they overtook the other people and at first they quarrelled with the new-found humans.

Bear was the spokesman for the combined Bear, Elk, and Beaver people. Bear said, "The spirits have given us a pipe and with it we rule this world." Eagle answered, "We, too, have a pipe which the spirits gave us." This made Beaver so angry that he snatched the pipe from Eagle and chewed it up. "For this reason," say the Eagles, "we do not have a real pipe." Then they all talked together and decided that they had better travel on as friends.

When Elk saw the Bear and other peoples coming up to him, he was frightened. When he started to run, they began to intercept him. Elk in his flight, suddenly coming to a very steep bank, jumped; he sprang a long distance, so that, when he came down with his forefeet plowing the dirt, smoke arose in the air. When the other peoples came

up to him, he said, "Do not kill me, because I may be of use to you." Then Elk showed them the fire. The people all rejoiced because they now had fire.

When Elk got the fire he was called Pejewágoo^{n} ("Fire Maker"); but after he brought the fire to the lodge, he was called Petá^{n}iji (male) and Peta^{n}íjimi (female) ("Fire Bringer"). The chief is called Wá^{n}yekigii-wao^{n} ("Chief Maker"), a name which is handed down from father to son; a chief's daughter is called Wá^{n}yekigiiwáo^{n}mi.

In the tattooing ceremony Elk is called Hó^{n}egi. In camp Elk performs the duties of peacemaker. Whenever there is a quarrel, he offers the pipe to those involved, and if they accept, they have become appeased. The pipe is seldom refused, because fire is sacred, coming from the spirit, and is a means of communication with the spirit. To refuse is equivalent to refusing the spirit, which is considered very bad.

The Elk takes part in all ceremonies, such as the tattooing of girls at puberty, held to bring health and long life not only to the recipient but to the generations to come. The firemaker chief has charge of the winter and summer ceremonies, hunting trips, and the like. With the power of his pipe he can influence for good, even to the extent of making the weather favorable. The Elk also has much to do with all the functions of all the seasons, since he has charge of the sacred fire and the lighting of the pipe.

The Owl, Buffalo, Snake, and Pigeon have charge of the spring and fall ceremonies; while the Bear, Beaver, Elk, and Eagle control those of winter and summer.

The Elk was formerly called Húma, but now has the name of Hodáchi or Hodachísti.

THE BUFFALO, OWL, PIGEON, AND SNAKE CLANS[2]

There was once a group of four male peoples in the sky, who lived there wandering about until all the game and everything good to eat was consumed. Then they held a council to find out what to do, and decided to hunt in different directions for a new place. They each set out, going in opposite ways, the eldest to the north, but he found nothing and came back. The second then set out to the west, but he found

2 As related by an Owl informant.

nothing and had to return. The third went to the east a long way, but he too was unsuccessful in finding anything. The youngest, however, who went to the south, saw a land of plenty and came back to report.

All rejoiced at the news, and preparations were made to start out for this new land, but while the council was taking place the eldest died. Since the decision of the council to move was sacred, they had to abide by their word and to go even though they felt very bad about leaving the eldest behind.

After they had commenced their migration, they sent one brother back to see if all was well with the body. He found that a mark had appeared on the dead man's face. It was the red paint of the dead. This the youngest brother reported to the council, and he was sent back again. This time he saw something growing out of the dead man's side, which proved to be a stalk of corn which yielded ears. So he brought back the corn to take the place of the brother who was dead.

Finally they came to the land of plenty (the earth), where they erected the sacred council lodge. The remaining brothers were sent in turn to find some wood for the stem of the pipe. The eldest failed, and the next two failed, but the youngest found the right kind of wood, the ash. The people did not know or learn all things at once, but when they found the wood they recognized it as the right kind because the spirit led them along and showed them what to do with it.

After the pipe was made, the people became four clans, the Buffalo-head, Owl, Pigeon, and Snake.

Once some one saw a strange animal. They all said it must be killed, but that care must be shown in the killing, for it was sacred and they must make use of what is sacred. They killed the Buffalo and from him obtained the tobacco which they used in their pipe. Next they saw a vine growing in the manure; this was the pumpkin. They then in council decided to use the paunch of the buffalo, for that is sacred and must be used in the ceremonies.

After the ceremonies were concluded they encountered the Bear clan, with whom they tried to make peace. The Bear were very mean and chewed up the pipe when offered them, but at last they crossed pipes and made peace. Then all the clans (eight) decided that the Bear and his bands should have charge of the winter and summer, while the Owl and his bands should have the spring and fall, and be in charge of the planting and harvesting.

HOW THE PEOPLE LEARNED TO MAKE WAR

One time after the council lodge was put up, the head Bear-man said to his brothers, "Let us make something that we can use in case of war, because there are other people and some time we shall have to fight them."

When asked what he was going to do, he replied, "I shall make a fireplace; you must get some paints."

He then painted himself all red, two other Bears all red, two more all black, and these sat on each side of him. Then he told the Beaver to go out and get four clubs and bring them to him. After they returned with the clubs he painted these, two red and two black, and gave them to the painted Bears.

"You must now go out," said the Bear-man, "and kill four birds: the chicken-hawk, sparrow-hawk, hawk, and crow. You must circle

around these birds, getting closer and closer, and you must sing as you circle around; then the birds will not move. When you are close enough, throw your club and kill them, for you can not miss."

The four went out as directed, each man killing one of the birds, which they skinned, dried, and brought back.

Next they were told to go out and kill the first animal they saw. This proved to be the buck. All four threw their clubs and killed it. They brought it back.

They asked what they must do with the buck, and were told: "You must lay it on the ground with the head to the north, then tan and dry the hide. To tan it you must paint a tree half black and half red, then scrape the hide on it. You must now decorate the hide with eagle-feathers, for you will need it some time on the warpath."

The Túnapi-wakó^{n}da-há^{n}je ("Bear Spirit band") wanted to be the leader on the warpath, but the rest would not agree to this. Both then made ready for a fight. The headman called all together and said, after showing them the fireplace, pipe, and bundle, "I have made these for you, which are good things." He then painted all the people and all the clubs red and black. The red people took the red clubs, the black people the black clubs, and they fought and defeated the Túnapi-wakó^{n}da-há^{n}je.

The people now wanted to know what to do, so the head Bear-man told them to give a big war-dance and to have the different war-

riors show what they had done in battle.

The Túnapi did the same thing, and they invited all the other Túnapi bands to come and help them whip the Bear. Both peoples came together for another fight. The headman of the Túnapi called out, "I am coming after your head-tail! "

The headman of the Bear answered, "I am going to get yours," although he did not know what the other had meant, for the people had not yet learned to scalp. The Bear defeated the Túnapi in the fight.

The tanned hide belongs to the headman; the first two birds to the two red men, and the other birds to the black men, who all carried them in battle, though in times of peace they constituted a sacred bundle. After a war-dance the war-bundle was wrapped up again.

MYTHOLOGY

TURTLE'S WAR PARTY

A little Spotted Turtle sat asleep on a log above the water and dreamed that he went with a war-party. Snapping Turtle, swimming by, called out, "Little fellow, why do you sleep while the sun shines?"

Spotted Turtle felt very proud because he had dreamed he was a great war-chief. Looking down on Snapping Turtle, he boasted, "We are to go on a real war raid and bring home scalps."

Snapping Turtle feared that they were too slow for warriors, but Spotted Turtle said, "We shall sing war-songs and get the scalps of even the ones who run so fast."

Rabbit, on hearing the Turtles singing their songs of war, decided he would like to join the gathering; but Spotted Turtle objected. "I am chief of this war-party," he said; "you travel too fast; we shall not let you go with us."

Rabbit laughed at them, saying, "You foolish ones, whoever heard of turtles being warriors?"

Skunk came by and asked if he might Join them. Snapping Turtle said, "Yes, you can go with us if you do not travel fast."

Spotted Turtle thought for a long time about who else they should ask, then he decided: "We shall get Squirrel to Join our party. He will travel in the trees and be our scout."

Mortar and Pestle cried to go with them. "Take me along," wailed

Mortar; "I always wanted to go to war and get a scalp."

Snapping Turtle replied, " If Mortar thinks she can get a scalp, we had better let her go with us."

Squirrel thought that Comb should go along too. Then they sang their war-songs and were ready to start to the land of the enemy.

Spotted Turtle declared, " I am chief of this war-party; I shall stay home and sing songs while you go after scalps."

Snapping Turtle was angry. He snapped his jaws at Spotted Turtle. "No, little brother, you will not stay home," he said. "You thought of this war-party and now you will have a brave heart and be first to attack the enemy."

They searched for a long time to find an enemy camp easy to surprise. At last they found a village near the water. "Here is a fine place to fight," declared Spotted Turtle.

"Throw me into the brush close to the camp," demanded Mortar, while Comb wanted to be left close to the camp where some one would find her.

Skunk slipped away into the brush, bragging, "I shall soon have a scalp!"

Squirrel sat in a high tree, keeping watch, and all the time talking to his brother warriors. Little Spotted Turtle, certain that his war-songs had given him great power as a warrior, was the first to attack. Before he could take a scalp, the enemy found him. "Here is a foolish one who attacks us. What shall we do with him?" they said.

All cried, "We shall throw him into the fire and listen to him cry!"

Spotted Turtle was greatly frightened, for he did not like fire. "Before you put me in the fire, let me sing," he begged.

"That's good! We shall listen to you sing; perhaps we can learn a new song."

Spotted Turtle sang four songs. When he had finished, he told the people who were standing around the fire that to throw him into it would not be good, because be would use his medicine and explode, throwing fire all over camp. The enemy talked long: "What shall we do to kill this Turtle? He acts as if he had a strong medicine. We will throw him in a big kettle of hot water and boil him."

Spotted Turtle sang again. In his fourth song he chanted: "That way is no good; that way is no good. I shall blow up; I shall blow up, and the hot water will scald all the people."

Then the enemy decided to drown him in the pond. Spotted Turtle laughed to himself, but aloud he cried: "I am afraid of the water! I am afraid of the water!"

As they threw him into the pond, they shouted, "Listen to the brave warrior cry!"

Spotted Turtle swam through the water and crawled out on the bank at the feet of the enemy. "Now see how strong is my medicine!" he said.

Again they tossed him into the water, but farther from the shore, and a second time he came back to laugh at them. Then a man threw him far across the pond, so that he went *splash!* They shouted, "This time he will drown!" but soon he was back at their feet. At last a young man who could throw more strongly than any of the tribe threw him for the fourth time. So far did he cast him across the pond that the watchers could scarcely see the splash. For a long time the people on the bank watched, and when Spotted Turtle did not return as before, they said, "That Turtle will not laugh at us any more."

Then from far across the water they heard Spotted Turtle singing, "You foolish ones, my home is in the water; you took me home!"

The people were angry and discussed what they could do to this Turtle who so bravely laughed at them. Finally the chief called Big Belly, and commanded, "Swallow all the water; then we can kill Turtle with a club!"

Big Belly came and drank and drank. As the water receded more and more in the pond, Turtle became frightened and cried out, "My friends, you must help me!"

Squirrel from high in the trees chattered: "I shall help! I shall help!" Then he shot the monster in his big belly, so that the water all flowed back into the pond.

Skunk hid in the forest close to the camp. A woman came by, and, seeing him, thought, "He will be good to eat." As she leaned over to hit Skunk with a club, he shot her in the face with his stench. She fell over stunned. While she lay as if dead, Skunk took her scalp. Squirrel from the trees chattered, "Skunk has taken a scalp!"

A girl seeing Comb on the ground took it home. As she entered her lodge, she called to her father, "See what a fine comb I have found!"

Then she began to comb her hair. As she drew Comb through her tresses, the hair all came off. Father thought: "That's strange. I'll try it."

He, too, lost his locks. The father angrily said to his daughter, "Take that Comb far out into the forest and throw it away!" Squirrel laughingly said: "Comb took a scalp! Comb took a scalp!"

Two women returning home from root-digging saw Mortar. One said: "Oh, here is a fine mortar we have found. We shall take it home."

Then she tried to lift it by the pestle, but it stuck to the bottom, regardless of how hard she lifted. Suddenly it became released and flew up, hitting the woman on the forehead. As she fell over, Squirrel laughed, "Mortar has a scalp!"

Snapping Turtle had hid in the deepest part of the pond, waiting for his chance. Soon a party of boys came down to swim. As one of them swam in the deep pool, Snapping Turtle caught him by the foot and pulled him down to the bottom. Four times he did this, until the boys ran to their homes, crying out, "A monster is swallowing us!"

Squirrel chattered, "Now each of us has a scalp; we had better go home." He jumped from limb to limb as lie guided his victorious companions slowly homeward.

On reaching camp Spotted Turtle called all his Turtle brothers together to help him in the scalp-dance. When they were all there, some of the Turtles complained: "Scalps may be all right for some, but we want a feast. Who is going to supply the feast?"

Spotted Turtle was very proud, and boasted: "Do not cry, brother; remember I led the war-party; I shall give you a great feast. First we shall sing songs of war."

Elk, hearing the singing, came by, and when he saw a scalp-dance was being performed, he laughed: "How did you slow ones get scalps? Perhaps you found them."

Spotted Turtle answered: "We are not so slow; I'll run you a race. I'll bet my scalps against your life that I can beat you. We shall run to the three hilltops in the distance and back to this camp."

Elk laughed at him. "You are foolish, but I shall show how I can beat you," he answered.

Spotted Turtle was wearing a cap, and he dressed three brother Turtles just like himself, sending one to each hilltop. All the people gathered to see the race start.

Elk thought, "This will be no race at all." He merely trotted to the first hill. As he reached the top, a Turtle was starting down the other side, running so fast that one could not see his feet go. Elk thought:

"That Turtle can run a little. 1 shall go faster to the next ridge."

But as Elk came to the second hilltops a Turtle was again ahead of him. To the next hill he ran even faster, yet a Turtle was just going over the summit. Then Elk thought, "If I am not to lose my life, I must really run this time." He ran as swift as the wind, so swift that his belly hardly left the ground; yet, as he came into the camp, Turtle was scampering slightly ahead of him. Spotted Turtle called all his people together, saying, "Now we shall feast."

THE RED DUCKS

Once there were four brothers who lived somewhat apart from the rest of the people. In their lodge they kept four medicine-arrows, for the elder brother said: "So long as we are together, living as one, we are safe. One alone, or two, or even three, may be overcome, but four can overcome any evil. Let us have the medicine-arrows to represent us. While the arrows are together we are safe, but if one is lost or broken we shall know that some harm has befallen one of us and evil may descend upon those remaining."

The youngest brother had a lame foot, so he always stayed at home and took care of the lodge while the others were hunting, which was most of the time, for they were mighty hunters. One day while the others were gone, the lame one left the tipi and noticed that everything was tinged a red color, but redder at the creek, and the ducks were the reddest of all. He thought this was strange and wanted to kill a pretty red duck. He returned to the lodge for a bow, but there were no arrows except the four medicine-arrows. Being unskilled in hunting, he missed three ducks, but slightly wounded the fourth. The duck flapped away and the youth limped after it, but it always kept out of his reach.

Finally he came to another tribe, where he stayed over night. In the morning he wrapped up his lame foot and was preparing to go home when he saw the red duck a little way out of camp, but as he approached to catch it, it started away again. Determined to have that red duck, the youth followed it, but never could he lay hands on it.

Four nights he rested with four different tribes, and four days he pursued the wounded duck. The last tribe asked him who he was and where he was going. He answered: "My name is I Am Of Four Boys The Last One. I am following a wounded duck."

They said that they had seen the duck before and had talked with people who were following it, who never had come back. They advised the young man to give up the chase, but he would not heed. Next day at noon he saw a steep hill with a large red lodge at the top, then watched the wounded duck flap up the hill and enter the lodge. He climbed the hill and entered the lodge too. There he saw a man who had his head wrapped in a cloth and his own medicine-arrow in his hand.

The man said: "I Am Of Four Boys The Last One, are you hungry? If you are, name what you want and I shall get it for you."

The youth mentioned what he most liked, and as he named the dishes, the man drew on some strings which led into a hole and brought up different foods. After the two had eaten, the man unwrapped his head and showed where his entire scalp had been cut off. He said: "A tribe not far from here took my scalp. Now the chief's son wears it when he wants to play ball, and when he is through with it he hangs it in a sacred tree where it is out of everybody's reach. I want my scalp back, and I send my ducks for brave men so that I can despatch them for it. Many have gone, but none has returned. Are you brave enough to go after it?"

The youth thought a while about his brothers and what they would think of his absence; but as he wished to prove his bravery, he answered that he would go in search of the scalp.

The man instructed the youth: "You will have to cross the river. There are no boats except those of my enemies, and they are on the other side, but my two Beavers will ferry you across. There are four fences around the village, each one higher than the last, but with care you can climb over them. Once inside you must do the best you can."

The youth started out, and once safely across the river told the Beavers to wait for him, but, while waiting, to gnaw holes in all the boats. He scaled the fences safely, but when inside he did not know how to get the scalp. Once he sent a Bird after it, but the tree which held the scalp was sacred and the Bird was unable to touch it. While walking in the woods trying to solve his problem, he saw a large Bird caught in a deadfall. The Bird asked, "Boy, what are you doing here?"

He replied cunningly, "On the tree is my scalp which I wear when I am playing ball, and I want to wear it now."

The Bird then said, "Well, you are the chief's son; why do you not

get it?"

He thought that he must indeed look like the chief's son if the Bird so addressed him; so as a reward he set it free from the deadfall. He then determined to take the place of the chief's son, for in that way he might come into possession of the scalp. After much waylaying and waiting he finally managed to kill the son of the chief. Then he went to the lodge of the chief, calling to the mother that he was going to play ball and wear the scalp. As she was very busy, she suspected nothing unusual, so let the youth have the scalp to wear.

After he and other youths had been playing for a time, he purposely hit the ball hard to make it bound far off in the direction of the fences. He spurted, passed it, and kept running toward the fences, still wearing the scalp. The other boys and the people, watching, thought there must be something wrong, so they gave chase, but they could not overtake him, in spite of his lame foot. He climbed all four of the fences safely and leaped into the river, where the Beavers were waiting for him. The whole village now piled into their canoes, but they all sank except one, for the Beavers had done their work well. This canoe was rapidly approaching the youth, when one of the Beavers swam back and wrecked it with a flip of her tail.

As he approached the other bank and safety, the man who had lost his scalp was there jumping up and down excitedly. When he saw him out of danger, he shouted for the youth to dip the scalp in water to make it soft and pliable. This the youth did. As soon as he reached shore the man snatched up the scalp and put it back on his head. He was very thankful, and made the youth a gift of some of the red ducks for his brothers.

After receiving instructions how to get there, the youth set out for home. He passed through all four of the villages, where he was greeted well because their people had seen many follow the red ducks, but none return. The brothers welcomed him gladly, for they had found their medicine-arrows floating on the water and his own gone. Through this they knew that the lame one was in peril, but they could not trail him. They were astonished at the brilliantly colored ducks, which were not only red but turned everything around them red; and they were especially happy to have the four medicine-arrows together again.

WHY IT DOES NOT PAY TO STEAL

At one time the people used to turn their horses loose, all together in a drove, so that when spring came there would be many colts, which would belong to the owners of the mares which the colts followed. One man, believing himself to be sharper than the rest, figured ahead so closely that he was with the herd when the young ones were born. He observed that his colt, a bay standing by its mother, had a drooping ear, for which reason he thought it was not any good. He picked out a spotted colt, perfect in every way, and changed the two about, neither colts nor mothers noticing the difference. Then when the villagers turned out to get their ponies, he took the spotted colt and brought it home. Everyone admired it and said he was lucky to get such a foal. He felt quite proud of what he had done.

But during the first year the bay's ear grew straight and he became a fine-looking horse in every way. After training and gentling, he defeated all other horses in the races, even the spotted one, though he was fast too. Later the bay beat all the horses of other tribes and won a great reputation.

The tricky man did not feel so elated now, so he began to plan how to recover his bay horse. He thought to himself, "That is my horse, and I must find a way to get it back." He thought that way all day and all night and all the time.

At last he took the spotted horse and two others to the lodge of the bay's owner and said: "That bay horse you have is really mine. I stole him and substituted the spotted colt. Now you have had him long enough, and to pay for keeping and training him I shall return your spotted horse and give you two others."

The good man merely laughed and laughed, while others, seeing all the horses before one lodge, began to gather around. The good man looked about and said: "A while ago this man stole a horse from me — the spotted one. Now that he sees what a good one he lost in swapping unknown to me, he brings back my horse and two others for the animal that was his in the first place. So I shall give him back his horse and get my own and two others besides. Sometimes it seems good to steal, but stealing never turns out well in the end."

LITTLE SISTER RESCUES HER BROTHERS

There was once a hunter who knew intimately all the countryside of his home-land. With his family of four boys and a girl he lived apart from the rest of the tribe. When the boys were old enough to bring in game for themselves, though the girl was still a child, the father warned them that they could hunt anywhere except south toward the big black forest, "Because," said he, "if you do so you will never come back. Many have gone there, but none has ever returned,"

The eldest boy became weary of hunting over the same territory all the time, and thought of the abundant game that must be in the dark forest. One day he disobeyed his father's warnings and set out alone for the forbidden woods. At first he was afraid, and kept looking sharply all around him; but the forest was quiet, and nothing appeared that could harm him. After he had succeeded in killing several deer, too many to carry home alone, he decided to go back for his brothers' help. He retraced his steps until he was near the edge of the timber, when he heard some one call: "Ho, brother! Stop! Wait for me!"

He stopped and saw a big warrior with a white head-dress and a large war-club. This man, as soon as he came up, attacked the eldest brother without further words. The honors of the fight were about even until three others came up and by combined effort finally slew the eldest brother.

When the son did not come home, the father knew what had happened and again warned his other boys: "Your brother has gone into the big dark forest to the south. Now he is dead. He did not heed my warnings. You may hunt wherever you like, but do not go into that forest."

The hot-headed second son kept thinking of his brother and decided to avenge him if he had been killed. He too went into the big woods and came finally to the deer his brother had killed. Then he saw the tracks of his brother leading out, which made him think: "My brother was just a long time hunting. Here are his tracks going out, so I must have passed him without seeing him. No doubt he is home by this time."

He started back, but just as he reached the place where his brother had been killed, he heard a voice shouting for him to wait. Then, as in the case of his brother, he had to fight four warriors until he was killed.

The remaining sons, in their turn, each thought the others were still living somewhere and that they could find them. If the brothers

should happen to be dead, then they would wreak vengeance. In turn they went to the big dark forest, where they too lost their lives in the same manner.

The little sister was so young at the time that when she grew up she did not remember having had any brothers. Her parents did not tell her, because they thought she also might go seeking them and never return. She often saw her mother crying, but whenever she tried to comfort her and ask her why she was sad, she was never answered. But one day, while playing, the girl heard her old grandmother crying and wailing for her four grandsons who were lost in the big dark forest. She ran home and asked her mother, "Mother, where are my brothers?"

"My daughter, you are our only child, as I have told you many, many times."

"But mother, I heard grandmother crying for her four lost grandsons today. Tell me the truth. Did I have four brothers?"

Her mother saw that she must tell the truth at last, so related the whole story. Little Sister felt very sad, but she was determined to search for her brothers, because she knew in her heart that they could not be dead.

First she went to a wise old woman to ask her what to do. This old woman advised: "First get some good meat and pound it up. You will be stopped four times in the forest, but the meat will help you out. Now get nine little turtles for the gambling game, because after you meet these four men you will have to play with an old woman and gamble with her. The stake will be your life. But first teach your turtles how to play. Remember that they are white on the bottom and colored on top. You will have to toss them in the air, and when they fall down, if more white bottoms show than colored tops, you will win. Be sure to teach the turtles how to fall so that you will win. Now take this ball and learn these words; you will know what to do when the time comes. You may lose your life, but if you follow my instructions you may win and get back your brothers."

Little Sister set forth the next day without saying anything to her parents, and entered the woods. She saw the tracks of her brothers going in and starting back. Since they were all together, she thought that after all they might have come out safely and that perhaps she had missed them, for the tracks pointed in the direction of home. She turned around to go back, following the trail, when she heard a man's

voice calling to her: "Ho, sister! Wait for me!"

She stopped and the man came up, asking: "Sister, where are you going, and what are you doing in this big black forest? Do you not know that we allow no one here? Do you not know that you come here at the peril of your life?"

"I am looking for my brothers," she answered.

"I saw them going home a little while ago, Sister, and if you follow their trail you will go just where they have gone. But first, what have you in that bag?"

Little Sister offered some of the good meat. Then she realized what she must do, for she was in peril. While the warrior was eating, and as he bent over his food, she hit him on the head with a club, killing him.

Little Sister met three other warriors. Each time she took out the meat she felt in her heart what she must do. In this way she killed them all. After a while, as she went on through the dark forest, she came to a lodge and was let inside by a fierce-looking woman. This woman was surprised and angry to see her, because no people had ever come alive to her place. She was also

anxious about the four men. This girl must never get any farther than her lodge!

"Have you met four men in the woods, Little Sister? How and why did you come here?"

Little Sister thought quickly: "I came here looking for my four brothers who are lost. I saw four warriors who told me to come here and wait till they arrived, when they would help me find my brothers."

The woman was satisfied with the answer, and went back to her corner, where she sat long in silence. At last she asked Little Sister if she would like to play. She answered, "Yes, I shall play, but I want to play with my own dice."

She then brought out her nine little turtles and shook them in her hands, talking to them and telling them how to fall, for she knew that if she lost the game her life would be forfeit. She threw the turtles high in air and they fell just as she had instructed them. Five fell white-side up and four colored-side up, so that Little Sister won the game. The old woman was very angry at this and mumbled to herself. Finally she asked the girl to get a bucket of water, which she did. As the woman stooped over to dip some up with a cup, Little Sister knew in her heart what to do. She hit her on the head with a club and killed her.

Something then told Little Sister that she had nothing else to fear in the big dark forest. She started home, feeling sad because while she had made the forest safe, she had not found her brothers. On the way out she came across the tracks again, and where the trail ended she saw a heap of bones covered with a deerskin robe. She knew that these were the bones of her brothers, and she mourned over them, thinking that her journey had been in vain. After a while she remembered the ball and the words taught her by the old woman who had told her what to do. She tossed the ball in air and cried: "Get up, my brothers, get up! Get up, my brothers, get up! Get up, my brothers, get up!" But nothing happened. The blanket and the bones under it looked just as before. She tossed the ball in the air again, singing, "Get up, my brothers, the ball is falling on you!" Three times she cried this, and then she saw a stir beneath the blanket. Greatly excited, she tossed the ball up once more and cried out, "Brothers, get up, the ball is falling on you!"

Then the blanket shook again and she saw feet protruding from under it. A fourth time she threw the ball high in air, as high as she could throw it, and called out as before. This time the blanket was thrown aside and her four brothers stood before her. They were greatly bewildered, and called to her: "O, woman, you are in danger here! We must all run away before we are killed!"

They never knew that they had been dead, and they did not recognize the girl as their sister because she had grown so big since they last saw her.

"No, no!" answered Little Sister, laughing in her happiness. "I have killed all those warriors and the fierce woman. There is no need to fear anything in the big dark forest now. I am your sister, and I now have my four brothers whom we all thought dead."

The brothers were very happy to be alive and together again, and to see Little Sister almost grown to womanhood. When they arrived home, they made their parents very glad, because they had believed all their children had been lost forever.

HOW SKUNK GETS HIS GAME

Old Skunk had a wife and seven children, and sometimes it was hard to find food enough to feed them all. One day, as he was out hunting, he saw a bear ambling along, but the bear did not see him. Skunk's mouth watered, for the bear looked like good food, and food for a long

time; but he did not know just how to kill such a large animal.

At last he thought of a scheme, so he ran home to tell his wife. "I am going to play a trick on Bear so that we shall have plenty to eat for a long time," he said to her. "You do just as I say. Lie down and play dead. Then when we come along, let us do with you just as think best; but when I punch you, you shoot."

His wife stretched out and played dead, while Skunk began to cry and moan and wall very loudly. Bear heard the noise, and, as he was a curious animal, he shuffled over. "O, brother, why do you cry and moan and wail so loud?" he asked.

"O! O! O! My wife is dead; I am left all alone with no one to help bury her," answered Skunk.

Bear volunteered to help, and he dug out a big hole with his paws. Then the two went back to the lodge and brought out the body.

Skunk directed, "Put her in head-first, and we shall begin covering her with dirt."

They put Skunk's wife in head-first and began pawing earth into the hole and around her. After a while she was buried, all but her hips; and as Bear was scooping earth in with his forepaws, Skunk punched his wife on the thigh, and she shot Bear in the face and head. Even that did not quite kill Bear, so Skunk called up his seven children and they all shot at him until he was dead.

Skunk said, "Now, that is how I get plenty of meat for my family."

WHY THE BUZZARD IS NOT GOOD TO EAT

One time when Manyikáthe (Coyote) was trotting through the woods, he saw something coiled in his trail. Manyikáthe did not want to go around through the brush, so he politely said, "Get out of my way, little one; you can crawl off into the brush more easily than I!"

But little Rattlesnake never moved. He just rattled his tail; then he stuck up his head and thrust out his tongue at Manyikáthe. This so angered him that he cried out, louder this time: "Get out of my way, ugly coiled one! Get out of my way, or I shall step on you!"

But little Rattlesnake only buzzed louder than before, and stuck out his tongue faster. Manyikáthe was more infuriated than ever, so, without wasting more words, he reached down and brushed the little crawling one out of his way. Indignant at being thus treated after giving fair warning, little Rattlesnake bit Manyikáthe on the paw.

Manyikáthe did not feel the bite, so he trotted on to his village, glad that he had thrown little Rattlesnake from his path. After a little while his paws became swollen, then his legs puffed up, and finally his whole body, but he did not notice until a friend said, " Manyikáthe, it seems to me that you are getting a lot larger and fatter lately."

Manyikáthe replied, looking himself over proudly, "Yes, I am a big man now; I am almost getting fat." And he strutted all around the village.

It was not very long before he began to feel queer, then sick, so he went to his lodge and covered himself with a blanket. The illness grew worse; Manyikáthe became frightened enough to send for a medicine-man.

Buzzard was the medicine-man at that time, and he came over quickly with all his paraphernalia. He began his performance by dancing slowly around the sick man, flapping his wings all the time, cocking his head first to one side and then the other, looking at Manyikáthe with one eye and then the other. At last Buzzard declared, "Manyikáthe, you are possessed by an evil spirit, but I shall take him out of you and then you will get well."

Buzzard then bent over Manyikáthe, pecked a hole in his side, and sucked out the evil spirit, the poison. Manyikáthe began to feel better. He threw off his blanket, got up, and finally was entirely well again. But the poison still remains in the buzzard, so he is not good to eat.

THE BOY WHO WENT TO THE MOON

Once there was a chief who claimed all the good meat of the hunt, who gave only the poorer portions to his tribe. Because he was very powerful and kept his people afraid of him, he was able to get all the good provisions.

A youth, Hokéle, lived with his grandmother in a lodge set apart from the rest. One day when he was out playing he saw two hunters hide some buffalo steaks in a little cañon. After they had gone, Hokéle stole the meat and hid it somewhere else; then he went home and told his grandmother about it. "Hokéle," she said, "at night you must get the meat and bring it here, but you must never tell any one, for if the old chief should ever hear about it, we should be punished."

Next day the grandmother fried two pieces of the meat, which she gave to Hokéle and his playmate. The friend was astonished to receive

such good meat, and asked: "Hokéle, where did you get this fine meat? All the rest of us have only the poor and stringy pieces."

"This was given to me, but if you promise you will never tell any one about it, I shall let you have some every day," answered Hokéle.

Of course his playmate promised very joyfully, and came every day to eat of the unaccustomed tidbit. Soon he began to feel that he was selfish, because he could eat so well when his mother and little sister had nothing but tough lean meat. The next time he went to Hokéle's lodge, he hid half of his portion, which he later took home and divided between his mother and sister. As he gave it to them, he said: "Mother, everyday I have been eating this good meat at Hokéle's lodge. His grandmother gets it somewhere, and she made me promise never to tell, because if the old chief ever hears about it, we shall all be punished."

"My boy, you do just as the old woman says, and then we shall all have good things to eat; but we must be very careful not to say anything about it. Do not even tell the grandmother that I know, because she might become angry, and then we should have no more good meat," advised his mother.

Things went on very well for several days, and these two lodges had plenty to eat and were well satisfied. But one day the playmate asked the old woman for a slice of tender meat for his mother. The grandmother at once became suspicious, and asked the boy how his mother knew anything about it, whereupon he confessed. The grandmother was very angry, but finally told him to bring his mother.

When the mother came, the old woman cut her enough to last several days, cautioning silence and saying, "I am giving you this, since you have already found out our secret; but I warn you not to let any one else know, because some jealous person or mischief-maker might take word to the chief. We should be punished severely."

The mother returned home and cooked a supply, keeping out three slices for herself, her son, and daughter. The rest she hid away in a safe place; but Little Sister was watching and saw the hiding-place. When no one was looking she stole a piece and ran out of the lodge. She joined her playmates, standing around watching their game, munching the stolen meat. When the other children saw her meat and her greasy mouth, they crowded around, begging for some, but she would not share it with the rest. One little boy, because he did not get any, ran

and told the chief, who called the little girl to him, asking sternly: "Where did you get that good meat? Did you steal it from me?"

Little Sister was so frightened that she stammered, "My mother gave it to me."

The chief summoned the mother and questioned her: "Woman, your child says she received this food from you. Where did you get it? Did you steal it from me?"

Because the mother was frightened, thinking she might be punished, she blamed the old grandmother. The old chief was determined to get at the bottom of the mystery and to learn who dared to keep good meat from him. He went to the lodge of the old woman with the intention of searching it and to punish whomsoever dared to disobey his orders. Hokéle, who saw the chief coming, resolved not to let him enter, for he had heard that his playmate's mother had been caught and had confessed. He grasped his bow, and when the chief came near, called out: "Stop! What do you want here?"

The chief, who was very angry before, became more enraged than ever at being stopped by a mere boy. "Get out of my way, young one!" he shouted. " I am going to search your lodge, and if I find any meat I shall punish you and your grandmother severely."

Hokéle knew that some of the food was left, and that if it was found they would suffer the penalty; but he too was angry because the chief had always taken the good meat. He warned, "If you come nearer, I shall shoot you!"

The chief approached, and Hokéle let fly an arrow into a tree stump beside him. When he saw how determined the youth was, and being somewhat frightened as well, the chief went home for his own weapons. As he approached again, Hokéle called out: "Stop! Do not come closer! You have no right to our meat! I killed it myself and it is mine! You never kill any and always take the best parts! Come any nearer and I shall kill you!"

The chief continued toward the lodge, thinking the boy would not have courage to keep him out, but Hokéle drew an arrow and shot him through the heart. Then he ran out and cut off the chief's head.

As soon as the chief's relatives learned what had happened, in revenge they surrounded the lodge to capture Hokéle and kill him. There was no way of escaping through the line of warriors, so the youth thought of another way out. Taking the head of the chief in one

hand and his bow and arrows in the other, he climbed a moonbeam until he came to the moon itself. There he remained, and there he may be seen when the moon is full, with the head of the chief in one hand and the bow and arrows in the other. That is why the full moon is still called Hokéle.

THE BOY WHO RETURNED TO HIS TRIBE

One day while all the men of the tribe were away on a buffalo-hunt, a hostile war-party, homeward bound, came along and captured the camp. Because they did not want to be burdened with spoils, they took nothing but food, except one warrior, who, spying a beautiful woman, took her as captive. It happened that she was married and pregnant at the time.

The warriors hurried by forced rides more than a day and a night for fear of pursuit, but they escaped and ultimately reached home. The warrior married the captive woman, for she was beautiful, but shortly afterward she gave birth to a child who was treated by his foster father as his own boy and given the name of Son.

It happened that when Son was nearly grown, some of the boys of the tribe heard his story and refused to play with him, saying that he belonged to another tribe, not theirs. He went to his mother and asked: "Mother, none of the boys will play with me. They say that father is not my father. They say that I belong to another tribe far away from here. Do they speak the truth, mother?"

"Yes, my son, they speak truth. Your own father's tribe is far to the northwest. I have kept this from you, but now I shall tell you the whole story," she answered, and related the tale of her capture.

Son told her: "I am big enough to look out for myself now. I can not stay here to be made fun of by the other boys. I shall go to my own people, your people."

The mother, though grieved at her son's leaving, made up several pairs of moccasins, shirts, and a bundle of food. Before he left she taught him the names of his father, uncle, and aunt, that he might make himself known, for he had never learned to speak the language of his mother's people.

Son followed his mother's directions, travelling northwestward

several days without trouble. One day he met a large bear, which gave chase to him. He ran all day until, exhausted, he reached a creek and a waterfall. Plunging in the water, he found a cave behind the falls, where he hid until daybreak in the hope of misleading the bear. When he peered out and saw no sign of his pursuer, he again took the trail, but looking back, there was the bear close on his tracks. Toward the end of the day, just as he was about to fall and die of fatigue, he spied a herd of Buffalo. He called to them: "Grandfather! Save me!"

The Buffalo closed around him, and when the bear came close, the leader picked out a young bull to fight him. They fought for a long time, but the young Buffalo was killed. Four more fought the bear, only to meet a like fate. At last the leader himself fought the bear, threw him up in the air on his horns, and trampled him when he came down.

When the young man was rested, he thanked the Buffalo and resumed his journey after they had shown him the way and informed him that he had three more days to go.

Finally he approached his own father's people, but he could not understand their language, nor was he intelligible to them. To the first man he met he gave his uncle's name. It chanced that this very man was his uncle, who was greatly astonished to hear his name uttered by a stranger who knew no other words of that tongue. His uncle took him to the village, where the people soon gathered around.

One old man could speak several languages, and after many attempts spoke the one Son knew. When questioned, he replied: "I have come to find my father. Years ago my mother was captured and taken far away by a war-party. She belonged to your tribe. There I grew up, but the people would not accept me because I am not of their tribe, because my mother was with child when captured. So I have come to find my father. I know his name, and my uncle's and aunt's."

He gave the names, and some old people remembered that a woman had once been stolen away and that no trace of her was ever found. The father was sent for, and he embraced the youth, saying, "This is my son."

WHY MANYIKÁTHE IS CALLED THE THIEF

One day as Manyikáthe (Coyote) was walking through the woods, he smelled meat cooking and his mouth began to water. Following the

delightful odor, he soon came to the lodge of Ishthínke. He stuck his nose in the door and called: "O, grandfather! That meat smells good! Where did you get it?"

Ishthínke replied: "O, I just went hunting and killed many rabbits. Sit down with me and feast."

Manyikáthe ate and chewed and guzzled. The meat was so good that he began to plan how to get it all for himself. He chewed and he thought, and he swallowed and he thought, and finally said: "Grandfather, all the people are dancing in the north. They are going to dance all day; they sent me here to invite you."

It happened that Ishthínke wanted very much to dance, so he thought a while. "I do not like to leave all this meat here, but if I close the door maybe it will be safe enough. I shall go with you."

Manyikáthe took Ishthínke a long way northward to an open space and left him, saying, "Here is where they dance. They all will be here soon, but now I must go and get others the same as I was sent after you."

He went back as fast as he could travel and stole all the meat, chuckling to himself over the trick he had played on Ishthínke.

Ishthínke danced all day to the trees swaying in the wind, and he sang until evening came and the sun went down. Then he went home, tired, sweating, and very hungry, but when he arrived he found nothing to eat. He was very angry and blamed Manyikáthe for his troubles.

Some time later, Ishthínke found a bear and shot it as it was coming out of a hole in a rotten tree trunk. He began to cook the meat for a big dinner, and Manyikáthe smelled it as he was sneaking past the door. His mouth began to water, and he tried to think of a way to get all the meat again. He tried very hard, for now he had to deceive Ishthínke in some new way. Finally he went off in the woods a distance, turned around, and ran as hard as he could toward the lodge of Ishthínke, shouting: "Grandpa! Grandpa!"

Ishthínke came to the door to see who was calling, but when he saw who his visitor was, he became very suspicious, and growled, "What do you want?"

Manyikáthe panted as if he were out of breath. "Grandfather, you are just the man I am looking for," he said.

Ishthínke looked sharply at him, for he suspected some trick, and he growled again: "I know who you are. You are the fellow who

tricked me before and stole all my meat. You can just send somewhere else for the man you are looking for."

Manyikáthe was very wise, so he said quickly: "Grandfather, that was my brother. It was a mean trick, and I am ashamed of him."

Ishthínke felt somewhat appeased when Manyikáthe was so frank with him, so he asked what was wanted. Manyikáthe answered: "There is a big dance in the north where you were before. All the people are there, and they sent me to get you."

Ishthínke wanted very much to dance, but he did not want to be tricked as be had been before, so he excused himself: "I have too much meat here. I can not leave it, because the last time I did so, your brother stole it all."

Manyikáthe did not know what to do then, so he left, saying, "I shall go back and tell them you can not come, and they will be sorry."

Sly Manyikáthe went off into the woods, where he lay down for a nap. After a while he ran back to Ishthínke's door, his tongue hanging out as if he had run a long way, and panted: "Grandfather, they want you over there. They can not have a real dance unless you are there. If you will go, I shall stay here and watch your meat until you return."

Ishthínke thought it over, for a dance appealed strongly to him. His feet began to tap the floor; the more he thought, the more he wanted to go. Suddenly he decided: "All right. I shall go and you stay, but do not let any one come in while I am gone. There are a bow and arrows with which to protect yourself."

After he left, Manyikáthe ran off again with all the meat; and when Ishthínke came back tired and hungry there was nothing left. He declared that if Manyikáthe ever came around again he would kill him. And it was a long time before sly Manyikáthe was seen near there again.

One time when Ishthínke went down to the creek, he saw a flock of ducks, but when they spied him they began 'to fly away. Ishthínke's meat was low since Manyikáthe had stolen his supply, so he devised a way to get all the ducks. He called to them: "Silly ducks, do not fly away. I shall not harm you. Come back and dance while I sing for you."

The stupid ducks returned, and Ishthínke said, "I shall sing while you dance around me, but you must keep your eyes shut, because if you open them they will become all red."

The ducks commenced to dance, keeping their eyes closed, and as

they were passing him, Ishthínke reached out and wrung their necks one by one. The flapping noise of the dying ducks made it seem to the rest as if the dance was becoming better, so they stamped their feet harder. After a while one curious duck opened an eye, saw what Ishthínke was doing, and observed his dead comrades; whereupon he screeched: "Fly, brothers, fly! Ishthínke is killing all of us!"

The rest flew away, but Ishthínke laughed, because he had plenty to eat once more. When he was cooking the ducks, he heard a noise outside, which continued. It so bothered him that he went out to learn the cause and whether he could stop it. He found that the wind was rubbing a limb of a tree in the fork of another and making an irritating squeak. He climbed to the top to stop the noise, and in doing so caught his hand in the fork in such a way that he could not get loose.

Manyikáthe and his brothers smelled cooking meat, which made them drool, so they came around to see what Ishthínke was cooking that gave forth such a pleasing odor.

When Ishthínke looked down and saw them, he tried to frighten them away by shouting: "Go away! Those are my ducks that are cooking! Leave them alone, or I shall kill you when I get down!"

Manyikáthe and his brothers merely laughed and stole all the ducks. At last a strong gust of wind freed Ishthínke's hand and he climbed down; but he was very hungry, for that great thief Manyikáthe had once more stolen all his food. Ever since that time Manyikáthe has been called The Thief.

DEATH OF ISHTHÍNKE

Once while Ishthínke was travelling through the country he came to the banks of a creek where the water looked so clear and cool that he hastily took off his clothes for a swim. Just as he was about to plunge in, he saw some fine large plums resting on the sandy bottom. They looked so ripe and juicy that they made him feel hungry. He dived in and reached bottom, but as he stretched out his hand for the plums, they disappeared, leaving him nothing but a handful of sand. He came up on the bank again, greatly mystified, and looked into the water. There again on the sandy bottom were the fine large plums. As Ishthínke was about to plunge in a second time, his attention was directed to a plum lying on the bank. This he took and ate, finding it very good. When he looked around him, he saw plenty of plums on trees. Then

he laughed at himself, for he had seen before only their reflection in the water.

Ishthínke gathered some of the fruit and went along his trail, coming at last to a lodge in the forest. On hearing voices within, he mischievously threw some plums down the smoke-hole. When two women came out to see who had thrown them, they noticed Ishthínke laughing at them, with his arms full of plums. The sight made their mouths water, and they asked him where he had found them. They wanted to go after some, but said regretfully that they could not leave their babies behind and would have to stay at home.

Ishthínke volunteered to watch the babies while they were gone, so the mothers went away happily. He began to get hungry again, but there was no meat in the lodge; he was hungry for meat. The sight of the fresh young babies so increased his hunger that he killed one of them and ate all of it but the head, which he stuffed back into the baby-carrier so that no one would at once notice the difference.

Soon the women returned after having gathered the plums and taken a swim in the creek. The mothers were grateful to Ishthínke for caring for their babies. But he told them that he had not minded the babies at all; in fact, he rather enjoyed one of them, but he had to go now, for he was expected soon at one of the villages.

After he had departed, one of the mothers, thinking her baby had been quiet for a long time, went over to look at it. When she found only the head, she set up a loud walling.

Meanwhile Ishthínke had followed the trail until he reached a bend in the creek where he saw a man in swimming. He stole the man's clothes and left his own in their place. Then he painted himself so that no one could recognize him, for he felt guilty and did not want to be caught. He returned down the stream and soon met the two mothers, running, panting, and crying all at the same time.

Ishthínke stopped them, asking: "Ho, sisters! What are you crying about, and why are you running so?"

They did not recognize him, and answered: "Ishthínke has killed one of our babies and eaten it! Then he ran away, so we are going to get help to catch him."

"Which way did he run? I'll go ahead and catch him or else set the village on his trail."

They pointed upstream, and off he ran, laughing to himself at the

trick he had played. He had no weapons, which made him think of how to get some. He came to a village where people were playing ball, and they asked him to join them. He answered: "I shall play with you, but I always play my own game. If any one of you will lend me a bow and arrows, I shall shoot against you."

Some one lent him weapons, and they began shooting at a mark. Ishthínke purposely overshot his target so that he could run away with the weapons while retrieving his arrow. No one could catch up to him after such a long start. He had another good laugh to himself at this trick.

Very tired and hungry, Ishthínke came to another tribe. The people fed him and gave him a lodge in which to sleep. Meanwhile the man whose clothes he had stolen arrived and asked the chief if he had seen any one dressed in breeches and a shirt decorated with birds' heads along the fringes. just as this man was finishing his story, the one whose weapons Ishthínke had run away with came up and asked the chief if he had seen a man who carried a painted bow and arrows. As he was about to finish his narrative, the two women entered and told their tale, asking if Ishthínke had been seen.

The chief answered that a man with shirt and leggings decorated with birds' heads, and carrying a painted bow and arrows, was there, but he did not know anything about Ishthínke.

They all went to the lodge where he was sleeping. The first man said, "He has my shirt and leggings!" The second man, pointing, said, "Those are my bow and arrows!" The women looked closely and said, "That is Ishthínke!" The paint had worn off a little and they could recognize his features.

Ishthínke jumped up. He recognized these people at once, and was badly frightened, yet pretended he did not know them and started to walk past them out of the lodge. The people soon stopped him and stripped him of bow, arrows, shirt, and leggings, so that he had no clothes at all; but they did not know what to do with him for his thefts and his eating of the little baby. Finally, when some one suggested cutting him up and throwing the pieces into boiling water, all agreed that he deserved it. Ishthínke asked that he be allowed to sing a song before they killed him, for while he was singing the cutting could not hurt him, he declared. They chopped him into very small bits, very slowly, and every piece was thrown into boiling water. That was the

end of Ishthínke.

MINK DECEIVES BOBCAT

One winter night a heavy storm arose; the cold was severe, snow piled up in deep drifts, and the river froze solid. All the animals were cold and very hungry, except Mink, who had a snug warm home under the ice and plenty of fish for food. Mink was singing to himself when Bobcat heard him and came up to the hole in the ice. Bobcat was curious to know why Mink was so happy and singing. He asked, "Little Mink, what are you singing about?"

The saucy Mink, knowing that Bobcat could not get through the hole in the ice, answered:

"I am singing about you; just singing about you."

Bobcat was very curious, so he asked, "What are you singing about me?" He was very proud of his sleek fine fur and liked to be flattered.

Saucy little Mink started his song again:

I am singing about your short bobtail,
I am singing about your angry green eyes,
I am singing about your long front legs,
I am singing about your big flat paws.

That made Bobcat very angry, and he fairly hissed: "Oooooh! I shall kill you for that!" And he went for the hole in the ice, but could not break through.

Mink watched from beneath, laughing to himself, waiting until Bobcat should go away. Then he caught many fish and put them on top of the ice. But Bobcat was still watching from a distance, and he rushed to catch Mink, who dived through the hole and was safe. Mink called out from below: "Do not kill me, Bobcat. This is my home here; if you are hungry, come here and I shall feed you fish, but do not kill me."

Bobcat ate the fish and left without saying a word. Mink knew that Bobcat had a grudge to pay for the song and that he might catch him some time, so he planned until he finally thought of a way to play a trick on Bobcat. He dug himself a hole on dry land — dug very deep, and made the other end open under water. He now had two holes. After working he went to sleep in his dry hole. Bobcat happened to come along that way and smelled Mink. He thought to himself: "Oho! Now

I have caught you, smart little Mink. I shall dig you out; then we shall see what kind of a song you will sing."

Bobcat dug and dug. Mink awoke when he heard the claws scratching and the dirt thrown up. He knew who was after him, but he only laughed to himself and commenced to sing again:

Old Bobtail, you can not get me;
Old Green Eyes, you can not get me;
Old Long Legs, you can not get me;
Old Big Paws, you can not get me.

That made Bobcat angrier and angrier, and he dug faster and faster; but when he got close little Mink slid under the water and swam away, still laughing at Bobtail.

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