

Note by the Editor of *Greek Love Through the Ages*

Readers coming to this book through this website may be surprised to find that its relevance to the subject of Greek love is not obvious and are strongly advised first to read the review of it by Lev ben Shmuel entitled [*An Odd Trojan Horse*](#), which shows why it is of Greek love interest.

GRAY WOLF STORIES



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TORONTO



GRAY WOLF STORIES INDIAN MYSTERY TALES

OF
COYOTE
ANIMALS
AND
MEN

BY
BERNARD SEXTON

ILLUSTRATED

BY
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Fine money

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PREFACE

It is so long since the Stone Age People disappeared from Europe that even legend has forgotten them; but barely a hundred years ago the greater part of North America was in full possession of human beings who lived completely in the Stone Age Culture—the American Indians. For that reason alone their history and their legends have an extraordinary value. Children seldom listen to stories because they are educative, or because they throw light on obscure questions of history. They leave that to the specialist. We all know, however, that to children the Indian is an intensely romantic character, despite the strife between the white race and the red. They feel that for all the hardships of his life, despite his occasional orgies of cruelty, the red man on the whole lived a fascinating life, one spent in the most intimate association with thousands of wild creatures and wilder men. They feel *themselves* in the Indian—for he had at heart the same interests that they have; his crudeness was the naïve and somewhat charming crudeness of childhood. How seldom we consider that chil-

dren are a tribe apart even in our modern civilization. They have their own hidden life, their half-formulate desires and yearnings, their streaks of savagery cut short by discipline. It is they who understand the wild man for they are wild as he is; they are oppressed by civilization as he was; they understand his peculiar passion for animals. They are, in fact, as individuals, going through those stages of development that the Indians passed through as a race.

The little stories written in this book have been told to groups of American children around many camp fires and in many schools. They are the same tales that Indian youth listened to long ago on the plains east of the Rockies where the Blackfeet roved; along the course of the Yellowstone and the Columbia, on the Pacific coast, and to the south in desert lands controlled by the Apache. The reader may desire to know a little more about the strange, half-forgotten peoples who listened to these tales in the days of long ago. For those whose interest thus ripens into desire for knowledge, a list of books is appended. They are all good books; some of them are fascinating books; the subject itself is not, as people believe, dry and uninteresting. Indeed the subject is Yourself; it is Man in the making; Man

the weaver of tales, the old dreamer in enchanted forests; Man who has the power to dream of the future, to relive the past—compelling reality to clothe itself in the garments of romance. These tales are what he thought of himself, of animals and spirits, of the world.

We need not look in these stories for the flaming imagination of the Celt nor for the mysticism of the Russian. They are peculiarly American; they are a cycle of tales by themselves. The race which created them had no buildings of stone, no towering cathedrals, no ancient priesthood working to embody folklore in the structure of a universal and accepted faith. They were told amid the most primitive surroundings—around the fire in the tepee before bedtime. The teller may have been some man past the meridian of life whose genius for the color of words was so acknowledged that he was a welcome guest at many lodges. More often, perhaps, they were told by the father, or by a favored uncle, a visitor at numerous fires.

We read these stories, we are affected by them because it is Ourselves we see sitting there near the storyteller, rapt out of the hardships or fears of the present into the eternal joy of story land. There should be a thrill for all Americans in the thought of these tales—

in the feeling of continuity that they arouse, in the faith that the fruits of Indian civilization may not entirely perish from the land that it has enriched with poetic significance. Names are very persistent. Words outlast empires. Who knows but that the Red Man who has covered America with place names that sound like the flowing of water or the sound of the wind in the pines—who knows but that his folklore, his art may be incorporated into the American art of the future, evolving forms now unknown?

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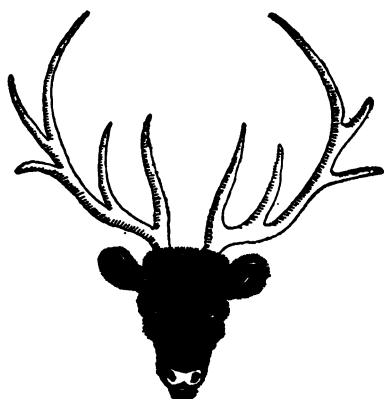
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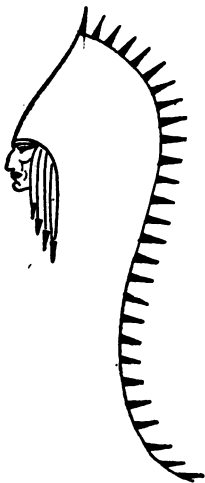


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OWL MAN AND COYOTE

GRAY WOLF STORIES



THE OWL MAN



IN the upper reaches of the Columbia there lived a man named One Ear Crooked. He belonged to one of the clans of the Salish, but camped a little apart from his people because he wanted to be near the hunting. One Ear Crooked lived with his wife and two children, a boy and a girl. These two used to play by themselves in a little hidden

play place amid a jumble of rocks and trees not far from their home. At the time of this adventure the boy was eight years of age and the girl six.

Now, although the children did not know it, the place where they had their playground was a mystery forest and a passageway which they had not discovered ran from under a great slab of rock down in the ground until it widened out into a cave. In this cave lived Owl Man. He could assume any shape he wished and was ruler over a large number of animals whom he had captured and who lived with him in his mysterious valley. The cave ran under the earth for a great distance and finally widened out into a huge opening that led into a little grassy valley surrounded by high cliffs. In this valley Owl Man allowed his subjects to roam around. He treated the animals kindly, and indeed after they had been with him a while they would not leave the valley at all.

Owl Man, watching in secret from under the great slab of rock in the children's playground, had seen them at their games. Day after day he watched them, and the more he watched the better he liked the little boy whose name was Acorn. He determined to capture the boy and take him to the underground kingdom. One day when the children were playing hide and seek it

was the sister's turn to hide. The boy covered his eyes, and she stole off. Owl Man now changed himself into the shape of Acorn's sister, and called out from the slab of rock: "You can never find me; you can never find me."

"Yes, I can," shouted the boy, starting for the cave. Soon he was at the entrance peering in. He had seen the place before, but had always been afraid to go in.

Owl Man backed further and further into the cave, calling softly: "You can't find me; you don't dare to come." Of course Acorn went right in at that, and felt along the damp walls of the passageway with his hands, going deeper and deeper into the earth, into the darkness. At last he stood in the great cave, utterly bewildered and lost. He thought he heard the voice of his sister in a certain direction, and doggedly followed it for a long time. The cave became lighter and lighter, and at last he emerged into a little narrow valley between high cliffs. Here he expected to find his sister, but instead a fine tall young man (who was really Owl Man) advanced and took him by the hand in a very friendly way.

"Welcome, little boy," said he. "Come and see my animals."

"I want my sister, sir," said Little Acorn, who was by this time quite frightened.

"I haven't seen her," said the Owl Man, very kindly "but I will help you search for her," and he walked down the valley holding Acorn's hand firmly in his own. Soon to the boy's great surprise they began to see animals—Grizzly Bears, Wolves, Wolverines, Foxes, Mink, Otter, Marten, Fisher, Weasel and many other. Acorn was terribly scared to see so many wild creatures walking about close to him. Owl Man said: "These are my animals. I keep them to play with; they will not hurt you. See!" he called. "Grizzly, you come here" and a huge Grizzly lumbered over to them. Acorn was so scared he clutched Owl Man's leg. Owl Man said to the Grizzly, "Lie down," and the Grizzly did so. The Owl Man played with the big bear, rolling him over and over, pulling his fur, and even opening his mouth to touch the great red throat. "Now you can play with Grizzly," said Owl Man. At first Acorn would not go near the big bear, but when Grizzly came over and licked his hand he got over his fear and began to play with the monster. Owl Man watched for a while and then he said: "I give you this bear. You can play with him and ride around everywhere on his back. Come here, Grizzly. From now on you belong to this boy. Lie

down." The Grizzly lay down and Acorn climbed on his back. They went on down the valley and Owl Man showed the little boy all the wonders of it. That day he pretended to search for Acorn's sister, but really all the time he was putting an enchantment on the little boy. He showed him the sunny swimming pool, and the sliding place, and the beaver's dam, and he gave him a complete hunter's suit, with a new bow and seven arrows.

Acorn spent the night at Owl Man's camp and slept close by him under the same blankets. For several days they explored the valley. Then Owl Man said: "I think your sister has gone home [this was true] and has told your parents you are lost. You are lost. But I love you. Stay with me and be my boy. Some day maybe your parents will find you again."

Acorn cried for awhile. However, there was nothing for him to do but stay. He had learned to love Owl Man. Besides, all the animals were now his pets, and he was very happy in the little valley. Sometimes in the nights he cried when he thought of his father and mother and sister. He wished he could see them again, and in later years he did see them and brought honor to them by great deeds. As for Owl man, having won the love of the little boy, he met the parents after a few days had passed. What words were said no one

knows, but the father and mother from that time were unhappy no longer, knowing that their son was in the care of a mighty shaman, and that he was being prepared to do a great work among his people.

Owl man was very kind to Acorn, gave him great love and taught him so many wonderful things as to keep him busy all the time. He lived for many years in the valley and grew to be a young man there.

In another story I will tell of his adventures and some of the wondrous tales he heard while he was in the valley.



THE PROUD WOLVES



ONE day, after Acorn had lived for awhile in Mystery Valley, Owl Man said: "Would you like to have a big gray wolf for a pet?"

"If he wouldn't snap at me," answered the boy, "I would love to have him."

"Come," said Owl Man. He led Acorn along a trail that went up the hill. After a while they came to a cave, and in front of it, stretched out in the sun, was a beautiful young wolf.

"Come here!" called Owl Man.

The wolf rose and trotted over. "You belong to this boy from now on," said Owl Man.

The wolf walked up to the boy, and for one swift moment looked into his eyes. What he saw seemed to satisfy him. He licked Acorn's hand and rubbed himself against his legs.

"Now, Wolf," said Owl Man, "you tell your story to Boy."

They sat down, the wolf close against the side of Boy. Gradually Acorn's hand stole over and rested against the fur of the beast, as he spoke. Wolf began:

I was living with my brothers in an underground lodge by the Great River. Sharp Nose, Bush Tail. Fierce and Swift were my brothers' names. Across the water in another lodge lived five panthers—Stripe, Round Eyes, Soft Paw, Fang, and Leap. Round Eyes was their chief. For servant they had a wildcat, and when they were away he would come over and tell us what they were doing.

One day when we returned from the hunt we found our friend Bluejay waiting for us. He cried, "While you were gone Wildcat came over and stole your fire!" We looked and found our fire gone. My oldest brother Sharp Nose gathered us together in council and said,

"Brothers, our house has been broken into and our fire taken. What shall we do?"

We all bristled up and showed or bared our fangs. "Let us fight!" snarled Fierce. At that we all howled for joy.

"Alone, I will cross and punish them!" said Bush Tail.

He went out of the lodge and crossed the river. Bluejay flew over and perched over the smokehole of the panthers' lodge to see what happened.

After a while Bluejay came back. We all waited. "Where is brother?" I asked.

"He is dead," answered Bluejay. "When Bush Tail jumped down into Panther Lodge, the chief of the panther brothers, Round Eyes, attacked him. Bush Tail fought well, and was winning the fight when Round Eyes called 'Wildcat!' Then the wildcat jumped from under a big basket where they had hidden him. 'Here I am!' he yelled, waving a big knife.

"'Stab this bad wolf!' cried Round Eyes.

"'Where shall I stab him?' he yelled. 'Shall I stab him in the toenails or in the tail?'

"'Stab him in the lap, foolish one,' cried Round Eyes.

"The wildcat stabbed our brother and he died," said Bluejay.

Fierce leaped up, snarling. "I will go and revenge our brother!" he cried.

"Let us all go with you," advised Sharp Nose.

"No!" replied Fierce. "Alone I can kill all the panthers and their wildcat."

He, too, went across the river. We waited a long time. At last Bluejay flew in.

"Where is Fierce?" I asked.

"He was killed," answered Bluejay. "When Fierce leaped swiftly down into Panther Lodge, Wildcat was hiding under a big basket. Two panthers, Stripe and Fang, attacked our brother. Even so he was getting the best of the fight when suddenly Round Eyes cried: 'Wildcat!' The wildcat jumped up. 'Here I am!' he yelled.

"'Kill that rough wolf!' ordered Round Eyes.

"Wildcat danced around in great excitement, his eyes snapping. "Where shall I stab him? In the toenail or in the tail?"

"'Stab him in the lap, thou small fool!' cried Round Eyes.

"Wildcat leaped on our brother while the others held him, and because of the knife our brother died."

Swift leaped up with a savage howl. "I will go now!" he cried. "Revenge is for me!"

"Let us all go," I advised. "Then we are sure to win."

"No!" cried Swift, "I need no help. I will bring back five panthers and a wildcat to be our slaves!"

He went across the river. Bluejay followed and perched on the lodge pole of Panthers' House so that he could see the fight.

We waited and waited. After a long, long time Bluejay came back.

"Is our brother following you with the slaves?" I asked.

"Ah, no!" answered Bluejay. "They killed him. He went in to the lodge of the panthers like a swift wind. He struck them like a thunderbird. He bit them and hit them. He pawed them and clawed them. And then——"

"And then——" I cried.

"And then," said Bluejay, "the panther chief called out, 'Wildcat!'

"'Here I am, sir!' cried Wildcat, jumping from under a basket where he was hiding.

"'Stab that ferocious Wolf!' ordered the chief.

"'Oh, sir!' called the wildcat, 'I have forgotten where to stab him—in the toenails or the tail?'

"'Stab him in the lap, foolish animal,' cried the chief.

"Then three of the panthers and the wildcat attacked

our brother and because our brother was tired, they made him die."

"I must go now," said Sharp Nose, rising and laying bare his teeth.

"Let me go with you," I said.

"No!" he answered, "If my brothers fought alone, I will fight alone. If they kill me, little brother, save yourself, for you are the last of us."

Bluejay went with him and I waited in our lonely lodge a very long time. Then Bluejay flew in silently and sat by me.

"Tell me the truth!" I said.

"Sharp Nose is gone," sang the friendly bird, moaningly. "When he leaped down into Panther Lodge he knocked his foes in a jumbled heap. He broke them and he choked them. He threw them down and bit their ears. They howled and wailed and shed big tears. But just when it seemed that all was up with them, Round Eyes called down from the rafters where he sat, 'Wildcat!'

"'I'm here!,' yelled Wildcat, leaping up from under a basket where he had been hiding.

"'Kill that desperate wolf,' ordered his master.

"Wildcat spun around in great excitement. 'Oh!

Ah! he cried. 'Where do I stab him—in the toenail or in the tail?'

"In the lap, quick!" called the chief.

"The chief leaped down. Then the five panthers and Wildcat threw themselves on our brother. They struck him and they clawed him. They bit him and they chewed him. They howled at him and spit at him. They scratched him and they bit at him. And while they all held him down Wildcat stabbed him and he died!"

My fur stood on end with rage. "Now, it is my turn!" I cried.

"Don't go!" advised Bluejay.

"Yes, I will go!" I cried. "I shall be as brave as my noble brothers."

Bluejay flew up through the smoke hole. He flew back again, calling, "They're coming! They're here!" And before I could get into the open the five panthers leaped down into our lodge while the wildcat perched on the pole overhead. They beat me and bit me and scratched me and hit me. They clawed me and rolled me, and held me and mauled me. But I howled at them and growled at them. I seized them and squeezed them. I smacked them and cracked them. I snapped their legs like robins' eggs. I bit their ears. I knocked

them and I shocked them. At last they yelled, "Wildcat! Come help us!"

"Here I am!" answered Wildcat, dropping down on my back. "What shall I do?"

"Conquer this formidable wolf!" they cried.

Then the wildcat bit my head and held it down. The panthers all flung themselves again upon me. They bit me and they bruised me until I was nearly dead. I became their slave and they took me back to Panther Lodge. For a long time I was the servant of the five panthers and their wildcat. If I did anything wrong they slapped my face with their sharp, soft paws and Wildcat would bite my ears. When I helped them in their war against the lynxes they let me go free, and I became their friend, and they said they were sorry they had killed my brothers.

One day Bluejay told me of Mystery Valley and I came here.

"That is my story," said Wolf.

Boy knelt down and put his arms about the wolf's neck. "You brave wolf," he said, "I am glad you belong to me. Let's go into the cave and I'll show you my things."

The two went up the valley together.



COYOTE TRANSFORMS A MONSTER



IT was a spring day. Outside the cave rain was falling in sheets. Boy sat by the fire with Owl Man, Grizzly, and Gray Wolf. He leaned back against the huge form of Grizzly. Wolf lay with his head in Boy's lap. Owl Man had been telling some of his adventures and had come to a pause.

"Have you ever met Coyote?" asked Boy, suddenly

"Ah, yes. How do you know about Coyote? Who has been telling you?"

"Wolf has told me a little about the great Coyote Grizzly has told me a little. Maybe you could tell me more."

"I will tell you," answered Owl Man. "I knew Coyote long ago. I helped him in some of his wars. He was a mighty man, the greatest that ever lived. He could assume any shape. I know that, for I fought him once. He conquered me and I became first his slave, then after I knew him his friend. Then he set me free and gave me mysterious powers and told me I could have this valley."

"Oh, how wonderful!" exclaimed Boy, his face shining: "Then, perhaps, Coyote has been in *this* cave."

"I am sure he has," answered Owl Man. "Now, I will tell you a story about Coyote. Before I begin, you had better give Wolf a piece of meat. I see he is hungry."

Boy went to the meat rack and took down a piece of venison. He fed Wolf, who said: "Ah, ah, how good meat is!" and then having eaten, put his head down on Boy's lap.

The Owl Man thus began:

Long ago men came to Coyote, saying:

"There is a monster. He lies with his face in the Yellow Head Pass. Whoever walks through the pass goes into his stomach. This monster boasts, saying: 'Where is that Coyote? I wish to devour him!'"

Coyote said, "I will see what I can do." He went up toward the pass. As he approached he uprooted a tamarack tree and carried it along. The monster lay stretched out, his open mouth filling the whole pass. But when he saw Coyote approaching with the tamarack he grew afraid. He called out:

"Coyote!"

Coyote answered, "I am coming."

The monster cried out, "Come no farther. Spare me. I am afraid of you. If you carry that tree into me I can never close my mouth!"

Coyote answered, "Very well, then. You submit to me? You become my slave? I am to do with you what I will?"

And the monster cried, "I submit. I am your slave. Do with me what you will!"

Coyote said: "Put your tongue out and lick my feet in token of your submission."

The monster did so. Coyote then changed him into

a small bird with a big mouth, and it flew away. The pass was clear. Men and animals might go through in safety.

"That is my story," said Owl Man.

"What a wonderful man was Coyote!" exclaimed Boy. "I wish I could be like him!"

"You are more wonderful than Coyote, little master," said Wolf, sitting up. "You are the most wonderful boy in the world."

"*You* say so!" cried Boy, pinching his ears. "*You* say so, you big wolf!" he cried, rolling the wolf over and over, to the great delight of that animal. "What do you say now?" he called to Wolf, sitting on him as he lay stretched out.

"Let me up and I, too, will tell you a tale of Coyote!"

"Now, that is good. Tell the tale," answered Boy going back to his seat. "Begin."

The disheveled wolf spoke:

"Long ago Coyote had a fight with a Cannibal up in the hills. The fight was long and hard, but Coyote won. After he had killed the Cannibal he cut him up in small bits, so he wouldn't come to life again. Then he flung the pieces all over the country. Even so, the

pieces could not die. Each bit became a tribe of Indians. The head became the Wishram Tribe, who have large heads on account of it. The scalp was turned into Crow Indians, and so they have long hair. The ribs and chest became the Nez Percés, who have large bodies because of those parts. The legs became Blackfeet, and they have long legs. The heart became the Cœur d'Alênes, and so they are famous for their courage and cruelty.

"That is my story," said Wolf.

"Good! good!" cried Owl Man. "You tell the tale well."

"Do you like it, master?" said Wolf, looking eagerly at Boy.

"Ah, yes, I do like it," said Boy, "and I like you, too," he said, putting his arm around Wolf's neck. Wolf's eyes shone. The praise of his little master meant more to him than anything else in the world.

"Look now, you wolf," said Boy, pulling down his head. "I'm tired of sitting here. I'll race you down to the swimming place."

"Through the rain?" asked Wolf, mournfully.

"Yes. What! Are you afraid? If you are, I'll go

alone." He leaped up, and laying aside his garment dashed out of the cave.

Wolf did not hesitate. He was on his feet like flash, and out chasing the boy.

Owl Man smiled. "Those two will not be back soon, he said to the bear.

"No, they will not," grumbled Grizzly, sleepily, "but I am happy here."

He turned over lazily, and, closing his eyes, slept.





COYOTE MARRIES THE DAUGHTER OF THUNDER



UNCLE!" said Boy, suddenly.

"I am listening," answered Owl Man. They were sitting in the cave by the fire while the first snowstorm of the winter raged outside. The white flakes had fallen steadily for two days. Already the drifts were piled deep in the valley. Owl Man was mending snowshoes for himself and Boy. Wolf lay stretched out, gazing into the fire, and Grizzly dozed behind Boy, who had been mending an extra pair of snowshoes until a question came to him that he had to have answered.

"Once, uncle, you told me a tale about Thunder, and then another time you said that he used to live on the earth. Why is he in the sky now and what made him leave the earth?"

"Here is my story," answered Owl Man:

Thunder did once live on the earth and he lived with his daughter, a girl who loved especially to wear dresses of six colors. This girl was so beautiful that many men sought her in marriage, but whenever they came around, Thunder killed them. This made the girl very sad. The bright colors of her robes faded.

Coyote heard of this girl and he traveled across half the world to see her. Down by the spring where she went for water they met and she promised to marry Coyote if he could escape alive from the tests that her father would impose on him.

The next day Coyote came to see Thunder and asked him for the hand of his daughter. "Ah," exclaimed Thunder, rubbing his stomach. "Another young man. Nice and fat, too!"

"I would like to have you give me some tests, sir, to prove that I am worthy of your daughter," said Coyote, humbly.

Thunder laughed until the mountains shook. "Tests!" he cried, laughing until the tears ran down his face. "Ho! Ho! the young man wants tests. Well, I will give him tests. Go now young man and catch me the big salmon that lives in the pool there in the Great River. Go!"

The daughter of Thunder hid her face and wept. She knew the big salmon, a monstrous fish that had devoured many of the fine young men who had come to see her. "Never mind, little daughter," said her father, "my pet salmon will have another meal."

Coyote went off. He sought the pool and looked at the big salmon, which floated, menacing, enormous, in the cool deeps of the pool. Then Coyote made himself a very powerful hook-and-line and went down and hooked the salmon, which bit at his bait because it was always hungry. But as soon as the great fish felt the barb in its mouth it broke away out of the pool and swam down the Great River toward the sea. Coyote followed, holding on to the line, sometimes running along the bank as swift as the wind to keep up with the salmon, and sometimes being towed at the end of the line. For three days the man and the fish fought each other, and

then the salmon died. Coyote lifted it out of the water and carried it back to the house. He threw the fish down before Thunder and said: "Here is the fish you asked me to get. I am sorry it is so little."

"Thunder was very much surprised, but he did not show it. "It *is* small," he said. "That was why I sent you for it, little boy. I couldn't bother with it myself. And now before we have supper you must come with me to the sweat house and clean yourself."

"I will be very glad to go with you and sweat," answered Coyote.

"When they got to the sweat house Thunder said, "You go in first," and Coyote went in. Immediately he heard a most frightful rattling. Thunder had filled the sweat house with rattlesnakes and they were preparing to strike. But Coyote was too quick. He killed them all, tied them in a bundle, and had his sweat. When he went outside he threw the rattlers in the lap of Thunder, saying, "Oh, here are a few snakes I found in your lodge. I killed them so they wouldn't hurt you!"

Thunder gave him a black look, but Coyote immediately pleased him by saying, "Now that I have

sweated, what do you say to having a game of seesaw?" Thunder loved seesaw, and he said he would play if Coyote made the seesaw. Coyote now built the greatest seesaw that Thunder had ever seen. He felled one tree and across its top he laid the longest tree that grew, which he had cleaned of branches until it was as straight as an arrow. When it was finished he went to Thunder, who had watched him make it, and said, "Will you get on your end first?"

Thunder sat down on the seesaw. As soon as he had done so, Coyote jumped on his end and he jumped so high and came down so fast that he shot Thunder clean up into the sky. Then Coyote went to Thunder's lodge and married the girl.

When Thunder reached the sky he looked around. He liked the place. "Think I'll stay here," he said. "There wouldn't be any fun living with that bad young man." After a while he got acquainted with some of the people in the sky, and when springtime came he and Rain brought the Great Flood on the earth in revenge for what Coyote did to him.

That is a story in itself, and I will tell it to you some other time. It is the hour for sleep. See how Grizzly is stretched out. Go to your blankets now, for to-

morrow if the snow stops there will be great sport in the valley.

Boy slowly took off his clothes and curled up in his bag by the fire. As his head touched the blankets he was asleep.



COYOTE LIVES WITH TEN GRIZZLIES



IT was the second night of the snow. There was a white stillness outside, but in the cave of Owl Man there was warmth and cheer as he told another tale about great Coyote.

After Coyote had married the daughter of Thunder, ten grizzly bears came to visit him, and they said, "Come and live with us."

The grizzlies lived in a large cave, so there was plenty of room for the visitors. Not far from the cave lived an orphan boy and his grandmother. Sometimes the boy would wander around to the camp of the bears. One

day when the boy looked into the grizzlies' lodge the oldest of the grizzlies felt like saying something mean, so he mocked the boy, calling, "Ah! Here is the poor orphan. Once he had a father and mother. Now he is poor and lives with a grandmother!"

The boy burst into tears on hearing this taunt. He ran back to his grandmother and told her what had happened. She said, "My poor boy. I must tell you the truth now. That grizzly who mocked you is the same one that killed your father and mother."

The boy made up his mind to get even. He waited outside the cave, and when all the bears were asleep went in and cut off the Big Bear's tail. He crept out again.

After a while the Big Bear woke up. "Say, my tail feels queer," he cried. "I guess it has been in the fire or something." When the other bears looked at the stump of the tail they found that it was cut off. At that the Big Bear grumbled a lot. "I can't grow a new tail, can I?" he asked Coyote.

"No, sir, you cannot," answered Coyote.

All the bears got up, stirred the fire, and talked a lot about who cut the tail. The Youngest Bear who was the cleverest and the smallest, said, "I'm sure the boy did it."

"Oh, no," cried Coyote, wishing to save the boy.

The bears all cried out that the boy did it, and the Big Bear said, "Suppose we go and eat him." Coyote was frightened at this, and wishing to give the boy warning he said, "I will go and get him when the dawn comes."

The bears agreed to this.

In the morning Coyote went to Grandmother's cave. She and the boy were having a breakfast of bear's tail. "You are in great danger!" cried Coyote. "I have promised to bring you to the bears. The Big Bear wants to eat you."

At that the boy began to cry. "Oh," he said, "I have never been eaten. I don't know what to do!"

"Take this knife," said Coyote, giving the boy a very small knife. "When you are inside the Big Bear you must cut your way out. But before the bear eats you, if he says, 'Shall I crush you?' you must answer 'No,' and if he says 'Shall I swallow you?' then you must answer 'Yes.'"

The boy now went with Coyote to Bear Lodge. When the Big Bear saw them he cried out, "Did you cut off my tail?"

"I did, sir!" answered the boy.

"Ha!" cried the bear. "You will die. Shall I crush you with my Great Paws?"

"No," cried the boy.

"Shall I swallow you?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

The Big Bear swallowed him, but as soon as the boy was all the way in he stabbed the bear. Grizzly died.

The other bears wanted to bury their brother, but Coyote said, "No! If you do *that*, animals may dig him up. Put him in a high place and build a brush fence about him."

The bears took Coyote's advice, leaving the Big Bear on a hill with a strong fence around him. That night the boy cut his way out of the bear. Then Coyote and his wife met him and helped him cut up the bear meat and take it to Grandmother's cave.

Toward dawn the Youngest Bear woke up his brothers and told them a bad dream he had. "I dreamed that Coyote and his wife were cutting up our brother!" They all ran to the fenced-in place and found that the dream was true.

All together the bears went to Grandmother's cave. Coyote and his wife and the boy had made the door small with stones, so that they could not get in. The

Oldest Bear smelled the doors and cried out, "We are coming to visit. Advise us how to get in."

"That's easy," answered Coyote. "Come in tail first."

Each grizzly now tried getting into the cave tail first. As their hind parts came into the doorway, Coyote and the boy cut them off and gave them to Grandmother. Each bear ran a little ways and died.

The turn of the Youngest Bear came at last, but as he had seen eight of his brothers die he thought something was wrong. He called to Coyote:

"I guess I won't visit Grandmother."

"Oh, yes, do," urged Coyote.

"No," answered the bear. "Something is wrong somewhere."

Then he sat down and asked his tail, "Do I go or stay?"

His tail answered, "Go quickly."

He went out of that country. He became the ancestor of all grizzly bears in that part of the world. The reason why grizzlies are not bigger than they are now is because Coyote and the boy cut up the biggest ones. It was long ago.

"That is my tale," said Owl Man.

"Grizzlies are big enough as they are, grumbled

Wolf. "I don't see the use of these big fellows, any how—except this grizzly here," he added hastily.

"Well and quickly said, my little wolf," rumbled Grizzly, lazily.

"Come," said Owl Man, quietly, "no quarreling. You are both cross from lying by the fire too much. Follow us out into the snow."

He rose and plunged into the huge drift at the door. Boy and the animals followed him. In a moment their calls and laughter were muffled by the drifts outside.





THUNDER SENDS THE GREAT FLOOD UPON THE EARTH



NOW I will tell you the story I promised," said Owl Man. It was the week following the Great Snow. He and Boy had been out exploring the white world and they had returned late from a wonderful day's adventures. It was after supper and in the warm glow of the fire Boy settled himself to hear the tale.

After Thunder had lived a while in the sky he made friends with Rain, and he said to Rain: "Why do you not empty all your waters at once upon the earth in-

stead of only a little at a time? Wouldn't it be fun?" And Rain, who was a little stupid, answered: "Why, I never thought of that. Just wait a little while and I will empty a big rain upon the earth—the biggest rain I've ever done!" So Rain waited a while and then began. At first the creatures down below thought it was just an ordinary rain. When it lasted a week they called it a Big Rain. But after it had lasted two weeks they began to get scared. Then it was that the houses of the beavers were flooded and the little burrow of the muskrat was filled with water. Only the otter, the mink, the eels, and the waterfowl enjoyed the rain. They had never had such fun.

The rain kept on falling. When a moon had passed all the bottom lands were under water. The rivers were sweeping over the country like muddy seas and the lesser hills were being covered. The animals were very frightened now. Wet all the time, scared, homeless, and with their fur plastered down by the water, they all looked like skinny ghosts wandering around in a world that was not their own. At this time some of the wiser animals gathered together under the shelter of a thick spruce in one of the higher valleys. Beaver was there and fox and grizzly bear. Wolf sat and shivered while he listened. They made a talk together as the animals

do, in the way which men cannot understand, and in the end they decided that it was Coyote who could save them. But where was Coyote? At last the birds found that Coyote was living in a cave at the upper end of one of the mountain valleys.

When the animals come into his cave all wet and drooping, Coyote made them welcome. As soon as they were warmed they began to speak, and each one told of the sufferings of his tribe and how the rain had driven them from their homes. Coyote waited until they had all spoken, every one, and then he rose and said: "I will save the animals that are left. Wait here." He went out of the cave.

Coyote went to the woods and cut down the tallest trees he could find and with them he made a great raft. When it was finished he went back. Some of the animals were already asleep, for they were very tired and some of them were sick. But the field mouse called out from his nest: "What is the news, sir?"

"I have made a raft," called Coyote, "and now I am going to call in my birds and send them out with the good word."

When the birds carried the news of the raft all over the world the animals came flocking in. Coyote made them wait in the cave until all were there, and while

they were waiting he and the daughter of Thunder fed them and kept them warm and made well those which were sick. The daughter of Thunder was busy night and day caring for the animals, and Coyote was busy bringing food for them. As the hunting animals began to grow strong and fierce once more they wanted to begin eating the smaller creatures. The rabbits and squirrels and mice, the sheep and the deer were careful to keep near Coyote or the daughter of Thunder; so that as she or Coyote moved about the cave they were always followed close at heels by a long string of the smaller animals.

At last all the animals were in, and as the rain was still falling, Coyote led them on to the raft, where he had built shelters for them—one great shelter in the front of the raft for the animals that hunt and one great shelter at the end of the raft for the animals that are hunted. The flood rose under the raft. All one night it creaked and groaned as it was lifted from the earth. The animals were terribly frightened at the noise, but in the morning when they looked out there was water everywhere except over the high peaks.

They floated for many days, and then there came an evening at sunset when Rain said: "I can't rain another bit!" and stopped. How the animals roared and

squeaked and danced, when once again they saw the sun! Little by little the flood went down. The sea ate up the waters, until at length the raft settled once more on dry land and the animals went leaping off through wet woods.

When Coyote went out on the earth again he found that many of the biggest animals had died because they had not found him. He was not sorry. Some of them were so big that they would have sunk the raft.

“That is my story,” said Owl Man.



OWL MONSTER



TELL me a story about the owls," said Boy. It was one of the evenings while the Great Snow still lay deep in the valley—a time for story-telling, and for dreams of the future. His uncle, who was flaking an arrowhead, paused a while, glad to rest from the hard work.

"I will tell you of the Owl Monster and the Bad Children," he said.

When Coyote was living above the falls of the Columbia, a hunter while following the trail of a deer came into his camp. This man's name was Running Bear, and he told Coyote many amusing and wonderful stories. Coyote was so pleased with his guest that he in-

vited him to stay for several days, and the hunter accepted the invitation. Among other things he told Coyote that the woods where he was then camping used to be the haunt of an Owl Monster which devoured children and terrorized the whole country. "My grandfather told me," he said, "how he and his sister barely escaped death by the beak and claws of the monster."

"Tell me the story," said Coyote.

"My grandfather was called Otter and his little sister's name was White Swan. Their father had gone off for several days on a hunting trip. The children were left with the mother. Otter and White Swan were bad children that day, and several times when their mother sent them to do things they did not do what they were told. Now, my grandfather's parents, both father and mother, were known for their quick tempers. Perhaps the children took their tempers from the parents. It is often so. Anyhow, as the day went on the mother became more and more impatient with the conduct of her children. Finally she stood before them and, shaking her finger, said:

"'Children, if you do not behave, I will turn myself into a raven.'

"And she meant it. This woman had magic powers and could do strange things. She was tired and angry.

Everything seemed to go wrong and she wanted to fly off—never to come back.

“But there was a wild spirit in those children. They paid no heed to their mother and were even more naughty than before. And suddenly it happened—the thing they had never believed possible. Their mother spread out her arms. They became black wings. She grew smaller and smaller, and right before their eyes she became a raven and flew out of the smoke hole.

“The children were frightened. They drew close together and for the first time that day were quiet. It seemed lonely in the tepee now that mother was gone. ‘What will father say?’ whispered White Swan, ‘Oh, won’t he be angry!’

“Otter sat very still. He did not know what to think. After a while they got up and wandered around awaiting the return of their father. The day dragged by. At last toward sunset White Swan spied him crossing the river.

“‘Here he comes!’ she cried. ‘Oh, what will he say?’

“When the father came in he noticed at once that there was something wrong. ‘Where is mother?’ he asked.

“At first the children dared not answer. Then in a burst of tears, they told the story of how bad they had

been and how mother had gone away. When the father heard this he was very angry. 'I will not stay,' he cried. 'Now that she is gone, I will go, too. I shall become a raven and follow her.'

"There was a sudden flutter of wings in the tepee. A large raven flew out of the smoke hole.

"The children were now alone. They threw themselves on the ground and wept. Their home was far from a village, and no kind persons came to take pity on them. For a long time they lay there, until they could weep no more. It was White Swan, the little girl, who first lifted up her head. She saw that night was coming on. The sun had set. Already a cold darkness seemed to come from the forest. The sound of the river near by was lonely. Everything suddenly seemed sad—without pity. Never had White Swan missed her mother so. How she longed to have some one who would love her and protect her from the dark and the cold, some one to run to when the day was done.

"Just then she noticed her younger brother. He was lying face down on the ground. When she saw him, courage came into her heart and she forgot herself in the desire to protect him. She went over and lifted him up. 'Come, brother,' she said, 'night is coming and we are alone. Let us build a fire and make supper.'

"The boy got up and followed her inside the tepee. They blew upon the fire and it blazed. They piled small wood and little logs upon it. White Swan closed the skin door, and then she made her brother sit down by the fire while she cooked supper.

"While they were eating, White Swan told her brother what they must do. Half a day's journey down the river, but on the other side, they had an uncle. In the morning they would go to him, for he was now their nearest relative. Her brother listened quietly, but when she had finished he said:

"'But, sister, to get to our uncle we must pass through Black Owl Woods.'

"He spoke almost in a whisper. Everybody was afraid of Black Owl, a big bad man-eating bird, which attacked all who dared pass near the deep, dark, haunted forest where he dwelt. Men did not enter that wood. No one hunted nor warred about there, and when travelers paddled down the river in their canoes, they kept on the far side of the stream. White Swan knew this, but she was more afraid of danger coming to find them than of going out to meet it.

"'We must go,' she said. 'It is the only thing to do. Do you not think so, brother?'

"Her brother did not answer. He was asleep.

“‘We will go,’ said White Swan.

“Early next day the children left the tepee and started down river. They hoped to steal along the shore and, by keeping under cover most of the time, stay out of the clutches of the Owl Monster. Toward the middle of the day, they arrived at the narrowest point of the river opposite to which stood their uncle’s tepee. This uncle was a medicine man of great power. He lived alone but to him came many mysterious and powerful visitors. Also he had allies among the animals, but was not on friendly terms with Owl Monster.

“This shaman was sitting outside of his tepee when he saw the two children come out of the woods on the opposite shore making signals for help. So far they had safely come on their perilous journey.

“‘There is Dawn Man, our uncle,’ whispered White Swan. ‘He will help us across.’ The children waved their hands wildly and Dawn Man ran inside the tepee.

“‘He has gone to get help,’ cried White Swan.

“Dawn Man came out holding his weapons and his medicine bundle. Now he shouted in a loud voice, calling for his animal helpers. He went down to the beach and stood ready to launch the canoe.

“Almost before the echoes of his voice died away, his helpers had come. They were Butterfly, Crawfish, Mus-

sel, and Bullhead Swallow. They got into the canoe with him and he pushed out in the stream.

"So far all had gone well. The children stood on the farthest point of the shore, impatiently watching the approach of their friends. The current was strong at that point, however, so the canoe was carried a little way down the stream, but now it began to gain on the current and to approach the land where they stood. Suddenly a big shadow darkened the sky. Far away with huge wings outstretched, appeared the Owl Monster. He had discovered the children and was speeding to the feast. The paddlers now worked as hard as they could, and the light canoe came into the shallows just as the Owl Monster swooped down. Dawn Man attacked him at once with his medicine club. His faithful helpers rushed into the fight with him. In a moment the sands were all torn and bloody with the struggle they made.

"'Run to the canoe, my children,' shouted Dawn Man. 'Wait for me there.'

"The children did as they were told, and from the canoe they watched the fight. But now it began to go ill for Dawn Man and his helpers. The medicine of the Owl was very great, and gradually he drove his

enemies down the shore toward the water. They were in the water, covered with wounds. Just then from the air above them sounded hoarse cries. Two great ravens dropped upon Owl Monster and began to tear and pick and rend him so that he was glad to give way.

“‘Oh! Oh!’ cried White Swan, ‘it’s father and mother. They have come to save us!’ and she danced for joy.

“The Owl was now so badly battered that he would have been glad to fly back to his own place, but his enemies would not let him go. All together they hammered and picked and pinched and pulled at him, driving him up and down the beach until he fell and died.

“The two ravens walked up to Dawn Man and stared at him. He took out of his medicine bundle a little painted stick and lightly struck each of them with it. There before the eyes of all stood the father and mother of those children! Otter and White Swan leaped out of the canoe and flew to them. They were both lifted up and kissed and hugged a hundred times. They told their parents that never, never, never again would they be bad children.

“Then Dawn Man invited them all to his lodge for a feast. He sent his helpers out to invite the animals. For a week there was a wonderful party. Animals and

people came in from all the country to rejoice at the death of Owl Monster. At the end of that time, Otter and White Swan went back home with their parents.'

Running Bear ceased talking. Coyote took him by the hand. "That is a wonderful story," he said. "Now will you show me the spot where Owl Monster was slain?"

"It is on the beach here, right below your camp," said Running Bear; "come and I will show you the spot."

The two went down to the beach together.



COYOTE AND ROLLING ROCK



BOY, Grizzly, and Wolf were playing on a bare, stony hill that they had found beyond the lower end of the valley. There were many large stones which were almost round in shape on the slope of the hill, and Boy was amusing himself rolling them down. Sometimes Wolf or Grizzly would lie below and Boy would try to roll the stones on them. Of course, he never succeeded.

After a while they all sat together on top of the hill and looked out over the valley. Wolf said: "I talked with a snipe once and he told me a wondrous tale about the rocks."

"Ah, a story!" cried Boy, seizing Wolf by the ears. "Now tell the story, you old wolf, or I'll never let you go!"

"I was going to tell the tale anyhow, little master, and now I have double reasons for the telling," said Wolf.

Boy settled back into his favorite position, leaning against the huge form of Grizzly, Wolf began:

When I was hunting, far toward the rising sun, I talked with a snipe who had flown in from the prairies. He told me many tales I had not heard before, but this I remember most clearly:

Long ago the Rocks had the power of moving wherever they wished to go, even like the animals, and it was a very great trouble to all of the animal people, because no one could be sure that a Rock would not roll over him in his sleep.

Now, at that time Coyote, the helper of men, was going across the country and he saw the danger there was in the rolling Rocks. In a high, secret place he called a council of the animals, and asked them to help destroy the magic that gave Rocks the power of moving. The animals, however, feared the anger of the Rocks and no one offered to help Coyote except the

snipes. Coyote then said that he would conquer the Rocks, with the help of these brave birds alone.

Coyote fasted and prayed on a mountaintop; then he went down into the plains, with a great flock of snipes flying overhead near him. They came to a place where the Rocks were scattered about on the ground. One of the Rocks saw Coyote and it murmured: "Ah, there is that bad Coyote. I guess I will flatten him out!" It started to roll toward Coyote, who pretended to be very scared. He ran fast across the prairie and the Rock rolled along close behind. Overhead the sky was dark with snipes. The Rock came on faster and faster. Suddenly Coyote cried out, "Snipe!"

Now, the chief of the snipes flew down and circled around the Rock. The Rock didn't care. But when the snipe cried "Bo!" the Rock suddenly stopped. It couldn't go any farther. It had lost the power of moving. For "Bo" was the secret word which Great One had given to Coyote in his dreams to destroy the magic power of the Rocks. And Coyote had given this word to the snipe. When the chief medicine man of the snipe cried "Bo!" his followers flew in all directions over the prairie, and they cried "Bo!" at every Rock, large and small, that they saw. And the other birds took up the cry and flew all over the world and cried "Bo!" at all the Rocks

in the world, so that none of them had any power to move. In that way the world was made safe for the animals by Coyote and the snipe. And for that reason, ever since then birds have always thought Rocks were their slaves. Wherever you find a big rock you will find birds sitting upon it, and they are never afraid, for they know that long ago a bird helped to conquer the Rocks.

Coyote stopped in front of the big Rock that had been following him. He said: "From now on all you Rocks cannot move. You must stay just where you are. Animals will scratch themselves on you. Birds will perch upon you. You will never again rush madly over the prairie killing everything in your path. You will never again grind one another to pieces in great and terrible battles."

Rock knew that it was so, but it spoke to Coyote, saying: "Master, you speak truth. We are conquered. From now on we will be the slaves of peoples, shading them from the hot sun. Animals and birds will make use of us. I ask you, master, not to take away all power from us. Give us to keep forever the power of rolling downhill."

Coyote said this was good. "It is not well to take away everything. I give you the power of rolling

downhill." And it was so. For that reason people and animals who do not wish to die are taught to avoid the steep, bare mountains covered with Rocks, for if the Rocks feel upon the hills the feet of their old enemies, especially man, they are moved with some of the ancient rage and they may rush upon him in their thousands, making a great slide and carrying away the face of the mountain in their fury.

"I know that is true," said Grizzly. "Once I was crossing a mountainside and the Rocks rushed upon me and carried me down the hill in a slide. By leaping in the air many times I saved myself. See, little master, look at yonder mountain. There is a scar on the face of it."

"I see," said Boy, looking at a scarred mountainside across the valley.

"That was made by the Rocks, when they moved down from their places to kill me," said Grizzly.

Boy looked long at the deep, wide gash in the forest. He thought of the day when the great Rocks had leaped down the steep, snapping huge trees off like arrowsticks. With a wild and terrible roar they had come into motion. The gigantic boulders had flown through the air like birds. There was dust and thunder and the loud snap-

ping of broken trees. And on the edge of the slide, small and helpless as a little mouse, was his great friend, Grizzly, leaping back to safety, to the unmoving earth. Boy looked long and hard. There was a troubled wonder in his mind and a fear of the chained powers that were all about him in sky and earth and water. He turned with a sigh to his silent animal friends. "*I am* glad Coyote and the snipe took power away from the stones," he cried, "and I will keep away from bare, stony, steep hills."

"I will, too," said Bear, solemnly.

"And I will," said Wolf; "I'm glad we're on the top now!"



COYOTE'S LAST ADVENTURE



UNCLE," said Boy.

"Yes," answered Owl Man. They were again sitting in the cave by the fire, while a big snowstorm raged outside. Owl Man was occupied repairing the snowshoes of himself and Boy. Wolf was gazing into the fire. Grizzly, asleep, made a cushion for Boy, who had been mending a small pair of snowshoes, until a question came to him that he could not puzzle out alone.

"Tell me, uncle, where is Coyote now? Where did he go in the end? Why isn't he in the world any more?"

"Coyote was sent away because his work was finished," answered Owl Man.

"The following is the true story."

In the beginning, Chief made the world. He made it like a woman. The soil is her flesh, the trees her hair, the rocks her bones, the wind her breath. She shivers with cold and expands with heat. Now, after Chief had made the world he put the animals on it, and he made men and women. But things were not just as he wanted, and when he went away to do other work he left Coyote in charge. Coyote went about the world doing his work. He changed whatever had to be changed. In some matters he made mistakes, but he left the world better than he found it.

After a long time Chief thought Coyote had done enough, so he transformed himself into a poor old man and came down and traveled till he met Coyote. "Ah," he said. "I am told you are great Coyote, but I don't believe it." Coyote answered: "I can prove it. Give me a test." "All right," said Chief. "See that lake—move it into the valley beyond."

Coyote used his medicine power and moved the lake.

"Ah," said Chief. "That is good! Now move it back!"

Coyote tried to do this but failed. His powers were not equal to the task. Chief then said, "I have greater power than you. I can bring the lake back." He did so. Coyote was astonished. He said, "Only One could do that. You must be Chief."

"Yes, I am Chief," answered the other. "I am here to tell you the work is done. I have made a home for you. Come."

He took Coyote with him to the north, to the land of snow and ice. He built him a lodge out of blocks of ice, clear sparkling. To keep Coyote warm, there was an everburning log (the Northern Lights). In the winter you can see the light of this fire in the sky. From that time on Coyote appeared no more on earth. But at the end he and Chief will come again.

"That is my tale," said Owl Man.

Boy looked at the fire. "Ah!" he said, "I, too, will work for Chief, when I grow up."

Owl Man stopped a moment. Lifting his eyes, he looked at Boy, who sat, dreaming of things to be. The man spoke softly. "Yes," he said, "you will work for Chief. I know it."

ANIMALS



WAR BETWEEN 'ANIMALS AND SKY PEOPLE



IT was early summer in Owl Man's valley. The night was warm, and Owl Man, having gone off on business of his own, Boy had taken Grizzly and Gray Wolf down the valley to camp out. They were lying by a small fire near the swimming pool. Overhead shone the stars of the season, so large and bright and near-looking that Wolf said he thought he could leap up and snap one out of the sky.

"I wonder what it would taste like," he said. "Per-

haps like one of those berries that Grizzly likes to gobble. I don't see how he does it! Meat is the only food I like."

"Berries are good," answered Bear, dreamily. "I like them so thick on a bush that it hangs down with them. Once, near Kamloops, I found a ravine that——"

"Stop!" commanded Boy, slapping the bear's furry face. "Didn't I tell you not to talk so much about berry feasts!"

"I am sorry, little master," said the bear.

"Ah!" said Wolf, "it's good to see *you* get punished by Master now and then! You get off too easy, you do. Master, make him tell a story now for punishment. He is good at tales."

"Yes, that is so," answered Boy. "You must tell us a tale. I will lean on you and look at the stars."

"I will tell you a tale about my ancestor, the Great Grizzly," said Bear, "and how he helped in the war between the earth people and the sky people long ago."

In that time there were many more animals on the earth than there are now. The missing ones were killed by the sky people in the war.

Some say the war was started by Coyote. I do not

know. Anyhow, something bad had happened and the earth people were angry. They went out on the war trail to reach the sky, but no one knew how to get to that faraway place till they called on Wren, a marksman who had magical powers. He stood on the earth and fired an arrow at the sky. It did not fall back like the arrows that others had fired. It stuck in the sky. Then he fired a second arrow, and, wonderful! It stuck in the notch of the first!

"How does he do it?" cried Long-Tailed Mouse. "How can such things be!"

"It is because Wren has medicine—very great medicine!" answered a wise old beaver.

Wren kept on firing until he had an arrow chain hanging from the sky to the earth. "Ho!" he cried, "now I will open the sky," and he ran up the chain like lightning, took out his knife, and cut a hole in the sky. "Come on!" he called, "there are lots of people to fight against up here!" Then one by one the animals climbed up the arrow chain, which was wondrously strong because of the very great magic of Wren. They formed their ranks in the sky, a great army of animals, and marched to give battle to the stars!

After they had gone a little ways the Long-Tailed Mouse squeaked in fright. "Grizzly is not here!" he

cried, "where is Grizzly?" No one knew, and it was too late to find out, for now the Sky People came on then out of the dusk and the battle began.

The Great Grizzly was below. He had found a berry bush and had stayed to eat berries. When he heard the uproar in the sky he started to climb, but he was so heavy and so fat that he broke the end of the arrow chain. Then in his rage to reach the battle he sprang up and pulled down the rest of the chain. It fell from the sky and buried him.

The animals who had gone to the sky knew nothing of this. Already they had begun their fight with the Sky People. They were winning, when suddenly many more of the Sky People came up, a great lot of them, and the animals had to run. They all made for the place where they had come in, but, of course, they found no chain. It was lying in a great heap on top of Grizzly down there on the earth. They could hear him growling under the pile.

"Well, we must jump for our lives," said Coyote. He seized a buffalo robe and spread it out, as he jumped. He sailed down and landed on top of a pine tree.

"Come on down," he cried, "it's easy."

The flying squirrel sailed down gracefully.

When the whitefish looked down and saw the dreadful jump he drew back, his lips in a pucker. That is why his mouth is in a pucker to-day. He aimed well, so he fell in the water. He was safe.

The sucker fish was not so lucky. He aimed for the water but landed on the beach. The animals put him together, later on, but they put the bones in the wrong place. That is why Sucker has bones all over him. Only the lucky animals escaped in one way or another. The birds saved many by carrying them down on their backs one by one. Most of the creatures were killed by the Sky People. Only those were left that you see to-day.

"That is my story," concluded Bear.

"How wonderful!" cried Boy, looking up at the sky. "The Star People! See how many they are. No wonder they killed off the animals."

"If Grizzly hadn't been off eating berries perhaps it would have been different," said Wolf.

"Maybe it would have been," said Bear. "*He* wouldn't have run from the Sky Folk!"

"Berries ruined him," said Wolf. "Now, if he'd taken a good slice of red meat—— Ah!——"

"We are awfully fond of berries, it is true," an-

swered Bear. "But if you could have seen the patch I saw in the valley just outside of here. The bushes are *so* thick——"

"Here! Didn't— I— tell— you— not— to—talk— about— berry— feasts?" cried Boy, flinging himself on Bear and giving him a shake between each word, while Wolf jumped about and snapped at his legs and tail.

"Oh! Ah! Aei! I am being killed," cried Grizzly. "I am sorry I said it. I give up, little master. I do!"

"All right, then. Wolf, lie down. Now I feel sleepy. Let's camp here for the night."

"Here is my paw for your head, little master," said Grizzly. "I will be on one side of you and Wolf on the other. Come, lie down, Wolf, our little master is stretched out."

"Sh!" cautioned Wolf, "he is asleep already."

The white stars shone down into the little valley where Boy was lying snug between huge Grizzly and lithe, watchful Gray Wolf.





FOUR GRIZZLY BEARS CAPTURE THE CAMP



WL MAN had sent Boy out to dig roots. Grizzly and Wolf were with him. Wolf sat at ease and watched the woods. Sometimes he stretched out, nose on paws, and closed his sharp eyes. Grizzly was more interested in Boy's task and helped him much with the digging. It was late afternoon and the sun was beginning to throw long shadows across the forest meadows. Boy dug the last root, which filled his basket to the top. He stretched himself out near Wolf and put his arm over Grizzly's neck. "We don't have to go home yet," he said. "Tell me a story."

"I have a tale in mind," said Grizzly, "which I have sometimes thought of telling you. It is the story of how my sisters, the Grizzly Bear Girls, captured a camp of men."

"What!" cried Boy. "You mean men like me!"

Grizzly answered gravely, "Yes, men like you, little master, only bigger in size."

"That is truly a strange tale. Tell it."

Grizzly began:

There were four brothers who were living out in the mountains where the hunting was good. They had with them their little sister, whom they called Babe. Almost every day they were away from their hunting lodge, and they used to leave the little girl behind, as she could not keep up with them. She had a tiny dog called Scratch, and it used to follow her everywhere. It was so small that it could go between the tall grass stems. Sometimes she would carry it. Sometimes she put a string round its neck and it followed her, jumping along in a comical way.

One day Babe was out on the hill, far from home, digging roots. Her brothers were away. Now it happened that the four bear sisters had come to live in a cave not far away from where the little girl was dig-

ging. They heard the noise of her root stick and went out to see what it was. When Babe heard the bears coming she was very much frightened. She didn't know where to run to, so she jumped into the hole out of which she had just pulled a root. There was no room in the hole for Scratch, whom she had on a string, so she held the string and left him sitting outside, hoping the bears would not see so small a dog.

The bears searched all around. My oldest sister, whose name was Gruff, said: "A person is on this hill. We must find it!"

They searched again. The bear next in age, whose name was Huff, said: "It must be a small person or we would have found it!" Then next to the youngest bear, whose name was Puff, said: "Oh, look at the little tiny dog sitting by the hole!" and the youngest bear of all, Tiny, ran to the root hole and looked in and said: "There's a little girl hiding here! There's a little girl hiding here! Oh, look! Oh, look!"

They all ran and looked, and there was Babe crouched in the root hole very much frightened. Tiny took hold of the string by which she held Scratch and pulled. Whatever happened, Babe wasn't going to let go of her dog. So she came out with the string. The littlest bear, Tiny, was delighted with Babe, for they two were

of a size, so Tiny danced around with joy and then jumped up and hugged the frightened girl, who soon learned that it was all meant for love and not for hurting, and so felt a little better. Still she looked at the three bigger bears fearfully.

"She is mine!" cried Tiny. "I found her!"

"What is your name, little girl?" asked Gruff.

"My name is Babe. Really I wasn't doing any harm."

"Where do you live?" asked Huff, more gently.

"I live with my four brothers there across the valley."

"Ah! I have seen your brothers," said Puff. "They are hunters. Suppose we go and eat them!"

"Oh, please don't eat up my brothers," cried Babe; "they are the best brothers you ever saw. Make them promise not to eat my brothers!" she cried, turning to Tiny, who, she knew, was her best friend among the bears.

Tiny swelled up with importance. She gave Babe a great hug and, turning to the other bears, said: "I ask you, sisters, to spare this little girl and her brothers—for my sake."

"Well," said Gruff, "I don't know." She was very hungry for a nice warm bite of man, but then she had a great love for Tiny.

"Ha!" said Huff. "I am not so sure——" She, too, was hungry, but she had much love for her little sister.

"M-m-m," said Puff, who had just been thinking of the delicate taste of a man's neck. "Of course, if little sister wants these people——"

Tiny saw how hard it was for them. "We might go down and look at the men," she said. "But promise first that you will not eat them."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Gruff, with great dignity. She felt she couldn't give in entirely to Tiny. "We'll go down and take these men for our servants, but we'll not eat them up."

The other bears all thought well of this, and, of course, Babe had nothing to say, and Scratch didn't know how to talk. They all dug many roots and gave them to Babe, filling her basket.

The bears went across the valley and entered the lodge of the hunters, which was very large. They liked it a whole lot. Babe waited on them and gave them meat. They stretched out by the fire and were glad. Toward sunset Babe began to cook roots for her brothers and then the bears sat up and waited.

It was almost dark when the brothers came back, and when they entered the lodge the bears sprang upon them and made them prisoners. Then Babe explained

what the bears wanted, and the brothers had to agree to it. Gruff promised the young men that in return for their services she and her sisters would teach them many secrets of the woods.

The hunters and their little sister lived with the bear for a long time. The bears grew very fond of Bab and her brothers (they even liked the dog, little foolish Scratch), and after a while they ceased to regard them as slaves. They were all comrades together and had many fine adventures, which I may tell another time. But now I am very weary of talk. My story is finished.

"That was a good, good story," cried Boy, giving Grizzly a big squeeze.

"Yes, it was indeed a tale," said Wolf, rising. "Is it time to eat, little master?"

"Yes," answered Boy. "The Sun is near setting. Let us go."

The three took the trail back to Mystery Valley.



THE MAN WHO WENT HOME WITH A GRIZZLY



It was in the full tide of summer. The mountains and prairies teemed with the intense life of multitudes of wild creatures. Day after day the world grew more and more toward the splendid ripeness of autumn. Owl Man and Boy, for adventure's sake, had traveled far from the valley. They had gone beyond the sight of the mountains they knew. The well-remembered peaks had sunk into the confusion of a multitude of forest-covered ranges. At sunset they

came to a valley that Owl Man said he knew. It was an upland meadow with a ravine at the higher end, and in the ravine were many rocks and caves. There was flowing water and wood for a fire, and yet Owl Man passed by this valley and went into the next, an hour's travel beyond. Boy, whose eyes were keen as a hawk's, looked at the good green valley and wondered why they passed it by, so when at last they were in camp for the night he asked, "Uncle, why did we not camp in the other valley?"

"A Medicine Grizzly resides there. It is his valley," answered Owl Man, simply.

Boy looked at him with round eyes. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "There is a story in this!"

"Yes," answered Owl Man. "Listen now and I will tell you the tale of what happened to my friend from the east, Bull Robe. Here is the tale:

Bull Robe was lying very still on the prairie, just where he had fallen from his horse. He had been one of a party of four Blackfeet Indians who had ridden far from their own country on a scouting trip. On the tenth day out, about sunset, they were attacked by twenty Sioux, and in the fight which followed Bull Robe was

knocked from his horse by the blow of a war club. Although badly shaken he was not killed, but for a while he lay very still on the prairie. Then he came to his senses. The horsemen had swept on to the south and the sound of fighting had died away. He was alone and the sun was setting. If any of the Sioux returned he would surely be killed.

Bull Robe got on his knees and started to crawl away from the place where he had fallen. He wondered at finding himself alive and with his scalp still on his head. "They must have been afraid that there was a larger band of our people near or they would have scalped me," he thought.

He remembered a spring that they had passed just before the Sioux came, and he wanted to reach it before dark, for he had a great thirst. When he had crawled a while he found he could get up on his feet, and in this way, half crawling and half walking, he found the spring at last.

After drinking and bathing his wound, Bull Robe decided it was best for him to stay near the spring, but not too near, so he crawled off a little way and lay down in a buffalo wallow and slept.

In the faint light of early morning he opened his eyes

and cautiously looked around. What was that huge creature sitting close by and watching him? A grizzly bear! The great beast had found him in the dark!

Bull Robe was now very much afraid, for he knew that if the bear wanted to kill him, there was only a small chance for life. He remembered a tree near by. He would try to run to it. Slowly and very quietly he got upon his knees still with his hands touching the ground, ready to leap and run. The grizzly looked steadily at him.

"Do not be afraid," said Grizzly; "I won't hurt you!"

Bull Robe almost fell down, he was so surprised to hear a grizzly talk. He had heard stories about animals talking, but to hear one was different. His voice wavered as he spoke. "I am not afraid," he answered.

"Then why are you getting ready to run?" asked Grizzly.

"Well, I always take a little run every morning."

"Where would you run to?" asked Grizzly.

"Oh, I would just run somewhere—anywhere at all would do, just now," answered Bull Robe.

"Don't go!" said Grizzly. "I won't hurt you."

"If you don't mind I will go," said Bull Robe. "I just want to climb a tree this morning!"

"Do you always climb trees in the morning?" asked the bear.

"No, but often I feel I must, and it's that way now!"

"Well, don't climb a tree on my account," said Grizzly in his most friendly way. "Anyhow, I could catch you if I wanted to—but I am a medicine grizzly. I have come to help you. Come and live with me in my cave and I will show you wonderful things. If you don't come, your enemies will return and kill you. Yes, they are looking for you even now!"

When Bull Robe heard this he got on his feet and looked out over the prairie. Far off in the faint light he saw men on horseback. "You are right!" he said to the bear. "I believe you are a medicine grizzly. Yes, a bear who can talk must be a medicine grizzly. I will go with you."

"Get on my back," said the big bear.

Bull Robe mounted on the bear's back and it carried him up into the foothills. All morning they traveled. Toward noon they entered a huge cave. Another big bear came out. It was the Medicine Bear's wife. "I have brought home a man," said he, "and be nice to him, will you?"

"I am glad to see you, Man," said the other bear. She

gave Bull Robe a hug that nearly took the breath out of him.

Then three little bears came up and solemnly hugged him.

They went in. There was a fire burning in the center of the cave. Food was cooking in a pot. Bull Robe lived with the bears after that and they taught him many wonderful secrets.

When his wounds were healed the grizzly carried him back to his own village, and because of the knowledge he had acquired he became a great medicine man.

"He himself told me the tales," said Owl Man. "And now you know why I do not camp uninvited in Medicine Bear Valley."

"Yes, uncle, I understand," said Boy, as he lay down to sleep. "I am glad to be with you to-night."



GRIZZLY AND RATTLESNAKE SAVE COYOTE'S GRANDCHILDREN



YOU promised once to tell me about Grizzly and Rattlesnake," reminded Boy, on an evening after they had returned from the Medicine Bears' country.

Owl Man began at once:

Coyote had two daughters, and when these two girls grew up they married and had children of their own, one a boy and the other a girl. When these two children could walk they came to their mothers and said: "We would like to visit our Grandfather Coyote."

"That is good," answered the mother. "You are nice children and you shall visit Coyote." The mothers were eager to start at once, but it happened that one of the fathers was away hunting with Grizzly and Rattlesnake, who were Coyote's dogs; the father who was at home urged the women to wait till their return. "No," said the women, "we will go now. We know the way. When the dogs come back send them after us."

The man agreed to do this, but he said: "You will come to a crossing of trails. Take the left turn. The other turn leads into a strange valley filled with monsters, cannibals, and mystery people."

"We will do as you say," answered the women, and they set out. They had gone half the way when they came to a crossing. One of the women said, "Turn left," but the other said, "Turn right." The more they talked about it the more confused they became. In the end they agreed to take the right turn, and so they went down that trail. They had not gone very far when they came to a cannibal's house and he came out and captured them.

"My dear," said Cannibal to his wife, "put the pot on. We will cook four persons to-night."

Cannibal's wife, Ogress, put on a huge pot. "Now, little things," said Cannibal to his prisoners, "I am going to cook you. Would you rather be put in cold water

and slowly cooked, or in hot water and cooked quickly?"

The two mothers were so frightened they could not speak. They clasped their children to them and wept. Then the little boy spoke. He said: "I think, sir, we would taste better if were put in cold water."

"Very well, dear; I shall put you all in cold water." He put them in the pot of cold water and covered them up.

"Gug-gug!" cried the daughters of Coyote. "Our children! They will be drowned or cooked!"

"We will not, mamma!" said the little boy, as he swam around inside the huge pot. "Keep your noses out of water and swim!"

Cannibal and Ogress now built a fire under the pot and went to sleep. The water began to get warm. Then the little boy dived to the bottom of the pot, and with his very sharp knife he made a tiny hole in the pot. The water spurted out on the fire, and the house of the cannibals was filled with steam and ashes, so that they were glad to run out and to leap in the river to cool. While they were gone the four captives climbed over the side of the pot, crept out of the door, and ran back along the trail. Soon they came to some tall trees growing close together. "Let us climb one of these," said the boy, and they all climbed till they came almost to

the top, for they knew Cannibal would be after them as soon as he could come.

After a while Cannibal came racing along the trail, and when he came to the trees he *smelt* the people, so he started to climb the very tree they were in. When he was quite near the boy cried "Jump!" and one by one they jumped into the limbs of the next tree. Cannibal could not follow them that way, so he climbed down.

When Cannibal had first caught these people, Grizzly and Rattlesnake were far away hunting with one of the men. But when Grizzly puffed himself up and growled and Rattlesnake hissed all the time the man knew something was wrong, so he said "Go!" The two creatures leaped away through the forest and the man followed as fast as he could.

Ogress was waiting for the return of Cannibal when Grizzly and Rattlesnake rushed in. "A boy and girl and two women! Have you seen them?" asked Grizzly.

"Yes, we were cooking them for supper, but they ran away out of the pot," answered Ogress, politely. "My husband is gone after them. If you wait a while you can each have a piece."

"You can have *her*," cried Grizzly to Rattlesnake, as he ran out of the house. While Rattlesnake was slowly swallowing Ogress, Grizzly leaped along the trail.

Cannibal was on the ground when Grizzly came along.

"Have you seen two nice children and their mothers?" asked the bear.

"Yes, indeed. I have them treed. Were you after them, too? My, what a fat big bear you are! Now, if you will help me, you can have shares."

Grizzly was so angry at Cannibal that he leaped upon him and flung him down. "What! Are you going to eat me!" cried Cannibal.

"I am," answered Grizzly.

While Grizzly was having *his* supper the people came down the tree. How they hugged Grizzly and petted the snake, who had come gliding slowly in! They all went on toward Coyote's house, which they reached without further adventure. "There is only one bad thing about this," said Grizzly to Snake. "Now that we have tasted people *once*, it will be hard not to eat our boy and girl, they are so nice!"

They reached Coyote's home and stayed a month. When they went home Grizzly and Rattlesnake guarded them.

"That is my tale," said Owl Man.

Boy dipped his toes in the water. "They were *almost* as good as my animals," he said. "They couldn't be *just* as nice as my Grizzly and my Wolf, could they, uncle?" he asked.

"No," answered Owl Man. "They couldn't."



THE BOY WHO LIVED WITH GRIZZLIES



ELL me another bear story," asked Boy the following evening when they were all together.

Owl Man was silent. After a while he began:

Badger Woman never knew that her little boy had fallen off the travois when the dogs passed through the rough country just beyond Two Medicine Creek. She had left the travois in charge of one of the older boys while she went ahead to speak to her husband. When

she found the child was not on the poles she and her husband rode all the way back to the last camp in search of him, but he was nowhere to be found. They came to the village that night sorrowful and silent, believing that the boy had been eaten by some wild beast.

When little Wapoos rolled off the travois he was asleep, but, of course, when he hit the ground it hurt a little and he cried. No one noticed, for the boy who had charge of him was riding a race with another boy, and the dog that drew Wapoos was the last in a long line. The people passed on while little Wapoos, his eyes no longer wet with tears, crawled around very much interested in his new experience. After a while he found the shade of a bush and went to sleep again.

Now, it happened that two grizzlies had been feeding in a ravine near by, and after a while they came down to see what they could pick up. The she-grizzly scented out the little boy lying under the bush. "Ho!" she cried. "Come here and look at the funny cub!"

The other grizzly rushed up and smelled the boy. He turned him with his paw and said, "It smells good. Let us begin. You can have the first bite!"

At that moment Wapoos opened his eyes. Seeing the two bears standing over him, he took them for two great

dogs. With a gurgle of delight he reached out and took hold of one of the paws of the she-bear.

"It's a man baby," she cried. "See how it plays with my paw, just like our own Little One. Let's take it home for our cub to play with."

The he-bear agreed to this at once, for he was good-natured. The mother bear now lifted Wapoos in her mouth, and he was carried to their den. On reaching home their cub, which had been playing about the entrance of the cave, ran out to meet them. His father said: "We have brought you a man cub to play with. Do not be rough, for it is not as strong as you."

The cub was delighted with his new playmate and promised to treat him very gently. From that time on Wapoos grew up alongside the bear cub and the mother bear took care of him. In a little while he learned to walk. His new mother was very proud when she saw him going about on two legs all by himself. Wapoos and Little Bear used to go off on small adventures. The mother bear taught them to hunt together and showed them how to get fish from the rivers and roots and berries from the places where they grew. The nights when they were together in the cave they heard many wonderful stories from the father bear, for he had traveled far and had seen mighty deeds.

In this way, too, the little boy learned how he had been found.

When he was nine summers old his tribe passed that way once more. The three big bears and Wapoos watched the people go by. But when they had passed there was one woman came running back. She looked around as if searching for something. There were tears on her face. After a while a man came. He asked, "Why do you stay behind?"

"It was somewhere near here that I lost our baby!" she cried.

The man led her away, but she was still crying.

The bears and Wapoos saw all this from the ravine where they were hiding. "That must be your mother," whispered the she-bear. Up to that moment Wapoos had never given a thought to his real mother, but when he saw her go off, weeping, a strange feeling stirred faintly within him. He did not know what it was, but it made him silent for the rest of the day.

Wapoos was by this a strong, fearless boy, a wonderful runner, afraid of nothing, very intelligent. A few days after seeing the people go by he said to his playmate, who was now a big bear, "I am going to the village of my people because I want to see how they live. Will you come with me?" His chum promised to go, and

as soon as it was dark they started out. Traveling half the night they came at last to the village. The bear was able to tell by his wonderfully keen scent just where the mother and father of Wapoos had their tepee. They stole through the dark streets of the village until at last, silent as shadows, they stood near it. Silent as a ghost Wapoos stole into the lodge. He could move without making any sound; as he leaned over his mother he might have been a part of the night.

A strange dream stirred in the woman and she turned over on her side talking softly in her dream. That woke the father. He was sure that he saw something slip out of the lodge and that he heard the scurry of soft feet outside. Then a dog barked. Wapoos and his bear chum slipped away, but not until the bear had satisfied himself by cuffing some of the dogs they met. That, of course, caused all the dogs to make a terrible noise and roused the village. Before the boy and his friend got away the warriors were running from their tepees. There were shouts and cries everywhere, because the fighting men thought that the village had been raided.

The next day Wapoos said to his bear mother, "I want to see my mother again. I like her. This time I will go down to my people in the daytime and alone."

The bear mother answered, "Yes and we will hide outside the village. If harm comes to you, call out and we will charge the people, killing—killing—"

Wapoos laughed and said, "I do not think I will come to harm through my mother's people."

The mother of Wapoos was sitting outside the tepee beading moccasins, when suddenly a wild, beautiful, slender boy stood before her. He came so suddenly and so silently that she gave a jump as she looked at him. The boy looked straight into her eyes. In that instant she knew it was her son.

The father heard a cry and the sound of weeping. He came running. He saw Badger Woman kneeling before a slender boy with wild eyes and long tangled hair. The woman was passing her hands over his face, his hair, his limbs. "It is our son come back!" she cried.

The bears waited for a long time outside, hopeful that something would happen so that they could charge through the village knocking the people down like rabbits, but nothing happened and at last they went off. Some days passed and then Wapoos returned to them. He received a noisy welcome and got hugged till he was sore. Then he told how he had found his mother and how happy he was. He repeated all the new words and

sounds his people had taught him. Before he went back to the village the bears gave him some bear medicine power.

After that he lived, sometimes with the bear people but spending most of his time with his own tribe. He lived in two worlds and it was very wonderful for him. He would not let any of his people kill a bear, but taught them the bear dances and ceremonies.

There was friendship between his tribe and the grizzly bears. He grew up to be a great medicine man, a leader of his people. He understood animals more than any one else, for he had lived with them and knew what they were—inside, in their hearts.

When he died, after long and happy years, some of his power passed on to his children. Because of it the men of their tribe even to-day have more knowledge of the grizzly bears than other peoples.





SHAGGY DOG DANCE. THE BULL'S MEDICINE



IMUST tell you of a strange adventure I had with a dog," said Owl Man. He was teaching Boy some dances, and they had sat down to rest for a while. Wolf and Grizzly watched them with great interest.

One of the warriors of my tribe had a dog which we all called Shaggy Dog. The man was killed and when the tribe moved on Shaggy Dog was left behind. After I had gone a little way with the people I rode back to

the camp for something that one of the women had left. When I came into the abandoned camp Shaggy Dog rushed up to me with very joyful barking and jumping. He was sad at being left behind, but he was going to await his master's return, there, where he had been left.

I had a long search to find what I sought, so I had to sleep near the deserted camp that night. Shaggy Dog came and slept beside me. That night he appeared to me in a dream and said, "You will see me no more, but before I go I will teach you the dance of the Shaggy Dogs."

Then in my dream he taught me the dance, and in the morning when I woke I found lying beside me the pipe of the Shaggy Dog Dance. But Shaggy Dog was gone and I saw him no more after that except in my dreams. In the tribe we danced the Shaggy Dog Dance in his honor.

"That is a strange tale," said Grizzly, "but I know one even more strange."

"Tell us," commanded the Boy.

"Four buffalo bulls were walking on the prairie." Grizzly began. Suddenly they came to a place where a baby was lying. Some woman, perhaps, had been killed and had left her child. The bulls stood around

and talked about the small creature. "It is a person," said one, putting his great nose down close to the child. "And very soft," said another, gently poking with a horn. "It makes a great noise," said the third bull, as the child began to cry. "Shall I step on it to see what happens?" said the fourth. "No," said the first. "We must hold a council over this. Let us smoke."

The bulls now sat in council and smoked, while the child rolled on the ground and cried at them. After great talk and much bellowing the bulls decided that the baby was not very interesting the way he was. "We will give him some of our medicine to make him grow," said the first bull.

The bulls now danced around the child and sang their very powerful and mysterious medicine songs. And as they sang the child began to grow and kept on growing until he was a young man, "Now," said the bulls. "Go find your people and live with them a while. Come back to us when you need us."

The young man saluted the bulls and went off to the nearest village. Here he told his story and was received with great honor. They gave him weapons and a horse. "I think I will travel now to see people and have adventures," he said, riding off. He had not gone

very far before he saw a rabbit and it was being very closely chased by a hawk. The rabbit ran under the horse and cried, "Save me from the hawk, good brother. If you save me I will give you some of my power."

"What power will you give me?" asked the young man.

"You will be able to run as fast as I," answered Rabbit.

"No!" cried the hawk fiercely as he circled overhead. "Do not save him. Give him to me and I will share my power with you. I will give you the power to run as fast as I can fly!"

The young man thought a while. Then he said to the hawk, "I will not let you have the rabbit, but I will get you something else." He carried the rabbit to the brushwood and turned it loose. He received the rabbit's power. Then he went and shot a squirrel for the hawk and laid it in front of him. "I give you the power I promised," said the hawk as he flew off.

The man rode away, but a buffalo bull saw him and took after him. Young Man whipped up his horse and for a while kept ahead of the bull, but not for long. The bull was faster. It gained on him and came up close behind. Young Man shot all his arrows, but they were

not deadly hits. Then he thought of the rabbit's power and he called on the rabbit. Right away his horse began to go faster.

The bull, however, kept on after him and was gaining. Once more Young Man called upon his helper, and the rabbit helped. Four times the rabbit helped and then its power gave out. The bull was close behind when Young Man called on the hawk. The hawk helped save him four times. Then his horse gave out and the bull came up and hooked it and threw the man into a hole in the ground. The bull tried to hook him as he lay there but could not reach him, although in his fury he covered Young Man with dirt. The horns were close to his face when he saw some hawks flying overhead and called out, "Brothers, save me!" The hawks came down and blinded the bull by pecking at his eyes.

Now the bull groaned and said, "Brother, give me my eyes again and I will give you my power." Young Man said, "Bring my horse back to life and promise not to hurt me." The bull went to the horse, licked its wounds, and said "Up!" The horse got up and walked over to its master. Then the hawks flew round the head of the bull and restored its sight. Young Man got on and rode away.

"That is my tale," said Grizzly.

"Wonderful!" cried Boy, who had been listening, with eyes round as big acorns. "Oh, tell me what happened to Young Man after that!"

"I will tell you another time, little master," answered Grizzly. "See, it is time for the dance now!"



ADVENTURES IN BUFFALO CAVE



ELL me some more of the adventures of Young Man," said Boy.

They were lying by the fire in the cave a few nights after Grizzly had told the tale of the Bull's Medicine.

Grizzly began:

After the young man had traveled a long time, he found the four bulls who had adopted him. "You must come to our cave now," said the first buffalo. Young Man followed them into a cave in the hills. He noticed great numbers of buffalo coming out, but when the four

bulls entered the cave they became four men. All the buffalo that entered the cave became men and women and had fine lodges. Only when they went out on the prairie did they become **animals** again.

"Be careful not to **offend the chief** here," said the first buffalo. "He is very **jealous of his power**. He might not like us bringing a person here."

That night the **chief** of the buffalo came around to the tepee where Young Man lodged with the four bulls. He called the buffalo out to talk to him. "I hear that you have brought a human person here," he said, "and I thought I would just come around and kill him before going to sleep. Where is he?"

"He is our son," said the first buffalo. "You will have to fight us before you dare touch him."

"I'll be glad to," answered Buffalo Chief.

"In the morning," said the first buffalo.

"In the morning," answered Buffalo Chief.

The next day every one went out to see the fight. Young Man turned himself into a buffalo and he went out, too. They stood around on the prairie and watched Buffalo Chief as he killed Young Man's protectors one by one. At last they were all gone. "It is your turn now," bellowed Buffalo Chief. "Do you prefer to be horned or trampled as you die?"

"I think I would rather have you die," bellowed Young Man as he charged on Buffalo Chief. The fight was long and hard, but in the end Buffalo Chief was killed. The buffalo stood around and looked at the dead chief. "You are our chief now," said one of them.

"No!" said Young Man, "I will not be your chief just now. I have to have more adventures." He galloped off and the buffalo went back to the cave.

When Young man became a person again he went back to his people. Now there was an old woman who had been very good to him and he went into her tepee, saying, "Grandmother, you are very poor, so I will take care of you from now on. Do you need any meat?"

She said, "I wish I had some buffalo meat."

The Young Man whistled and threw his moccasin on the ground by her side. When she looked it had turned into a buffalo calf. From that time she had all the meat she wanted.

There was a girl who used to come to see the old woman, for they were friends. This young girl, who was the chief's daughter, had been nice to the old woman when she was poor. Now whenever she came the woman gave her presents of meat to take home. In that way the chief came to know that Young Man was a powerful

medicine man, and so when he asked the girl to marry him the chief made no objection.

Every one in the tribe now respected Young Man, for he could make the buffalo come whenever they needed meat. After a while he said to his wife, "Now in honor of my guardians I will teach the tribe the Bull's Dance. Tell your father to put up a large dance lodge and have it close to the brush. This is how the dance will be done: I will come out of the brush into the lodge four times each time in the form of a buffalo. Each time I come you must catch me by the horns even though I try to hook you. If you do not catch me by the horns at the fourth time I will turn into a buffalo and run away forever."

When the dance began Young Man came running and prancing out of the brush in the shape of a buffalo calf. His wife tried to grab him by the horns, but he scared her and she ran from him. Then he went back to hiding.

When he came out of the brush a second time he was a two-year-old bull and he danced very quickly round the ring. His wife tried to grab his horns, but her courage failed her when she saw how fierce and wild he was. Again he went into hiding.

This time he rushed fiercely out and he was a three-

year-old bull. He danced and poked his sharp, curved horns at his wife. She backed off when she saw the terrible strength in that neck. He leaped into the brush.

The people were all as hushed as death, but from the father of the girl came a whisper, "Now is your last chance. Remember he is not a buffalo. He is your husband. Don't be scared. It's your last chance."

With a terrible bellow a four-year-old bull charged at the woman. She looked as if she was going to drop from fright, but at the last chance she made a desperate clutch at the horns. The bull savagely shook her, but she held. And then suddenly he was a bull no longer, but a man, and he was holding his wife in his arms and she was crying.

That was how they started the Bull's Dance.

"The tale was told to me by a wounded buffalo bull before he died," said Grizzly.

They all sat and looked at the fire in silence thinking of that marvelous cave of the buffalo and of their strange dances.



THE SWALLOWS' WAR AGAINST THE SNAKES



BOY loved to watch the bank swallows darting here and there over the swimming pool. At last he asked Owl Man to teach him their language and after he had learned it and made friends a swallow told this tale:

Long ago there was a hard war between our people, the swallows, and the snakes. In those times, just the same as to-day, we were fond of making our nests in

the high banks. Our leader was a handsome bird whom we called the King Swallow. He was very wise and protected us against our enemies at all times, day and night.

One day a great number of snakes came to live near our bank. It was not long before they began to eat the little swallows. Our king immediately declared war on the snakes, and sent his messenger off to collect the birds that were our allies.

The messenger came back soon, and with him there were many of the small birds—tomtits, humming birds, redstarts, and nearly all the warblers. These began the fight by fiercely attacking the snakes. All day long the battle raged. Many of the little birds were killed and eaten, and many of the snakes were killed, too. Our king saw, however, that the little birds were not strong enough for the snakes, who, whenever they were driven down the bank, came back with greater numbers than before. This time he sent out his messenger to call for the help of the bluebirds.

The next morning the bluebirds arrived. Their king was a glossy bluebird whom all his followers worshipped. They would do anything for him. "You poor swallows!" he cried out. "Show us those snakes, and we will do something bad to them!"

All that day the fight raged—with the swallows, the small birds, and the bluebirds, on one side, against the snakes on the other. When evening came many of the snakes had been killed, but they had not been driven away. "We will come back to-morrow with more fighters," boastfully called out the snake chief.

"Ah!" cried the chief of the swallows. "You boast! You do not know what we are going to do!" He sent his messenger for a dear friend of his—the owl.

"I will gladly come to the help of my good friends the swallows," declared Owl, as the hurrying messenger told him the news. "But you know, sir, I have to do my fighting in the night. I will go back with you. I do love killing snakes!"

That night the snakes had a surprise—that is, those of them who were not in hiding. A great fierce owl swooped down on them and killed a dozen before they knew what was happening. Then the snake king called the order, "S-s-t—to your holes!" and all the snakes went into hiding. The owl feasted on those that he had killed and invited the others to come out. But they were silent. At dawn the owl went away.

That day the snakes had the best of it. They were very angry with the swallows for having brought the owl down on them. "We must get more help," cried

the king of the swallows. "Go call the eagle. Maybe he will help us."

The eagle came the next day and helped the birds. He put down the snakes and drove them to their holes. "I cannot stay long," he said. "I have to get all sorts of food for my young ones. These snakes will help a *little*." Taking a number of snakes in his beak he flew off.

A wild duck was going by the next morning and the swallows implored him to help. "I must keep up with my flock. They are ahead of me even now," he said. "But I will fight for a time." He fought the snakes and helped keep them in their own holes. But he flew off after a while.

The next day our messenger brought back the bullet hawk. "Snakes!" he cried, gazing with fierce, hard eyes at the swallow king. "Show me where they are!" The swallow king showed him, and then the birds followed the bullet hawk to a day of great victory. "I must return to my mate now," said the bullet hawk at the end of the day. "You see your messenger found me in mid-air and I came without giving her warning. However, I will send a friend of mine—the night-hawk.

A little later as the snakes were having their nightly council on a flat rock, the night-hawk fell out of the

air and scattered them. Then he flew away as swiftly as he had come. The next day the snakes attacked in even greater numbers than before. "You lead the fight!" said the king swallow to the bluebird king. "I am going to get **THE THUNDERBIRD!**"

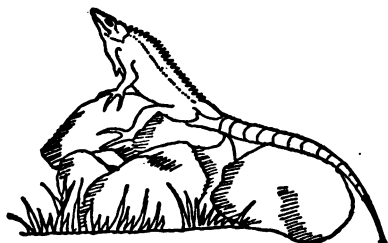
All through the afternoon the fight went on and the birds were getting the worst of it. Slowly they were being driven back. The snake warriors were joyfully chanting their battle cry, which is: "Oh, I eat a dozen swallows for my supper in the night! In the night! In the night!" Suddenly the air became dark and a heat fell down from the sky. Then there was a roaring sound. Some of the little birds fled, but the blue bird king called out above the noise of the wind, which was now rushing by: "Do not run; it is **THE THUNDERBIRD!**" A mighty crack opened in the sky and there swooped down out of the hole with lightning playing about him, **THE THUNDERBIRD**. Flying in front of him, scorched and wet but happy, was the king of the swallows!

The snakes began to flee. But they never got anywhere, for **THE THUNDERBIRD** let fall on them a mighty thunderbolt which split their rock open and scattered them out on the plain. They crawled in all directions. "Now!" screamed the swallow king above

the noise of the wind, and the braver birds fell everywhere upon the flying snakes and killed, and killed, and killed.

For a while there was a great roaring. The Thunders spoke out of the sky. The lightnings hissed through the air. Then suddenly there was silence again. The storm passed as quickly as it had come.

The snake king and the few followers that he had left were going swiftly out of that country. The birds were feasting on the others.



THREE BIRDS GO TO THE SUN FOR TOBACCO



HERE'S another story of the birds," said Owl Man, after Boy had listened to the bank swallow's tale.

Crow Man was very sad. He wandered out on the prairie to talk to his little friend Lizard.

"What are you crying about?" asked Lizard.

"I had fine tobacco seed," answered Crow Man. "I gave it to some friends to keep while I went away on a journey. But they planted my seed while I was gone. They put it in the wrong place, where the buffalo are sure to trample it down when it comes out of the ground. No wonder I am crying. You would if you were in my place."

"Surely I would," answered Lizard; "but don't cry any more. I will help you."

He darted off. After a while he came back with many animals and birds. They were all glad to help Crow Man. Three kind birds flew near. They said, "We will get new tobacco seed for you."

"But where can you get it?" asked Crow Man in great wonder.

"Oh, that's easy," answered one of the birds. "We fly to the sun where there is plenty of tobacco."

"Yes," said the second bird. "You people get the ground cleared and we will bring the seed."

"Let's go now," cried the third. They flew off.

Crow Man heard a great noise and when he turned he saw the elk plowing the land with his antlers. A great lot of grizzly bears were busy piling up a stone fence. Other animals and birds helped in every way they could.

After a while one of the birds who went for the seed returned. "I couldn't fly any farther on account of the heat," he gasped.

"Look at the poor bird!" cried Elk. "The heat of the sun has turned him red!"

Crow Man took the red bird and petted it. The bird felt better after a while.

A second bird returned. "Ah! the heat was awful. It was too much for me."

"Why, you are yellow from the heat," cried Crow Man. He nursed the yellow bird and gave it water. It felt better after a while.

After a long time the third bird came in. "Oh!" cried the animals, "look—he is black from the heat!"

"Yes, but I brought the seed!" cried the bird proudly, dropping a bag of tobacco seed that he had carried in his claws.

How they all cheered! Crow Man nursed the black bird. After drinking some water it felt better.

Now, they all had a fine time planting the seed. And when the planting was over all the animals went back to their children. Crow Man went to the village and told his wonderful story. Day after day he watched his little tobacco field. At last the plants came up. The

tobacco that his friends planted was ruined by the buffalo, but when Crow Man harvested, he gave half to his neighbors.

He taught the planting songs of the animals to his people.



THE MAN WHO STOLE ALL THE ANIMALS



It was the Fall of the year. The woods were filled with the glory and wonder of autumn. Underfoot the crisp golden and red leaves crackled. On the trees they still flamed in gorgeous colors. A thin haze lay over the entire country.

Owl Man had taken Boy and the animals on a journey. They climbed to the peak of the lonely mountain that overhung Mystery Valley. It took them a day to get to the top, but when Boy looked down on the great world spread in shining folds beneath he gasped for

wonder. He had never been so high. He had never known that the mountains were so many, the wide earth so beautiful.

Grizzly Bear and Wolf could not see as far as Boy, and they did not have his feelings, but they knew that their little master had come on a wonderful thing and they sat quite still looking out over the waste.

The sun, a pale, golden globe, went down into distant and purple mountains while he watched. Owl Man stood erect behind him, for the going of the sun is a sacred event to the mind of the Indian. For a long time the group were silent. The world slowly sank into dusk. Pale stars came out in the sky, and not till then, while there was still light to start the fire, did Owl Man go from his place, and Boy did not move until Owl Man called softly to him that supper was cooked.

"It is great. It is Medicine!" said Boy, reverently, as he sat with his left arm around Grizzly, now and then feeding him with scraps of meat. "Is it not so, Grizzly?"

Grizzly nodded his huge hairy head, "Yes, Little Master, it is so," he answered.

Boy looked into the fire. "The world is so large," he said. "Does Chief have time to help all men and beasts—really?"

"I will tell you a tale," said Owl Man, "to show that Chief, the Above-Person, is the All-Knower."

Long ago in the time of the first tribes there was a man who allowed himself to have a bad heart. He had mysterious powers, and with the help of his Medicine he drove all the animals into a cave and kept them there for his own use.

Then there was hunger in the villages. The hunters went out day after day and came back empty-handed. There was no food except wild nuts and fruits.

There was a chief's son. His name was Watches-All. He saw the suffering of the people. One day a strange thought came to him. He was sitting with friends in his father's tepee when suddenly he rose. He said, "Brothers, I am going to seek Chief and tell him of our troubles. He will help us!"

His friends looked at him in amazement. "Going to seek Chief!" they said. "Surely not. He is too far off. He cannot be found!"

Watches-All did not listen to them. He walked all that day and for many days, and always up—up into the lonely hills. He did not know the way, but he knew that if Chief wanted him to find the way he would find it.

And at last on a clear, sunny morning he rounded the corner of a gray rock on a high, wide mesa, and there sitting very still before a little fire was Chief!

For a long time Watches-All stood before him. Then he heard a voice and it was kind, "Son, what brings you here? Come, sit beside me and see how good the world seems."

Watches-All sat beside Chief and saw the world, dim and hazy, spread beneath. "It is wonderful," cried Watches-All.

"I helped make it. Sometimes I am lonely now, for since man came there is much war. But I made man because it was the plan that was given me."

"Is there One higher than you?" asked Watches-All.

"As much higher than me as I am higher than that ant," said Chief, pointing.

A little toiling ant, carrying a leaf, wandered by. Watches-All was silent. A fear had come into his heart.

"Do not fear, son," said Chief. "I can help you. Tell me the story. Speak."

Then Watches-All told the story of the theft of the beasts. Chief rose to his feet. "Come with me," he said. "We will search for my Animals. No one has a right to steal them."

They went down together. For many days they trav-

eled, searching for the man who had stolen the animals. One day Chief pointed to a lonely lodge standing in a high valley. "That is the lodge of the man who has stolen the animals," he said. "We will go near. I shall be a dog and you shall be a root-digger."

In the lodge lived Raven, a man of very great power. With him was his wife and boy. When the boy, in his play, wandered outside the lodge he found a little dog. He went to it and took it up in his arms. Then he saw the root-digger on the ground. He picked it up, and then he ran to his mother, who was in the tepee. "Look!" he cried. "Mother, see what I found!"

The man said, "Put them down. That is not a real dog. That is not a real root-digger."

The boy began to cry. His mother said, "Ah, let him keep them. He needs something to play with in this lonely place."

"All right," answered the father. "But if anything happens remember what I said!"

The boy played with the dog outside the tepee. In the afternoon the man said, "It is time for us to kill buffalo." He started off. His wife followed. The little boy ran behind, playing with the dog as he went. The woman carried the root-digger. They went to a cave. From it came sounds of the bellowing of buffalo.

When the dog heard these noises he darted from the path and ran inside. The root-digger followed him, squirming through the grass like a snake. When they were inside Chief and Watches-All changed to their true shapes and began to drive out the buffalo and other animals that were imprisoned.

Outside Raven waited. He was filled with rage, and planned that he would kill the two when they came out. But they fooled him. When the last Buffalo bull was running out they clung to the underside of his fur, and so got safely far out on the prairie.

Chief and Watches-All now went to the village and told the hunters that the buffalo were out. The warriors made a buffalo drive, but always when the buffalo were about to go over the cliff a raven flew above them and frightened them back. Chief said, "That is the person who stole the animals. I will catch him. Chief transformed himself into a beaver and lay as if dead on a sandbar. After a time Raven saw him there and flew down to peck at him. Chief caught Raven by the leg and then assumed his true shape. He took the prisoner to the village. They found the women cutting up meat, for the buffalo had been caught.

"What shall we do with this man?" asked Chief. "Kill him!" they cried. "No, I will not do that," answered

Chief. Instead he hung Raven over the smoke hole of a lodge. There Raven remained for three days and nights, crying all the time.

Then Chief took him down. Raven was completely black. Chief said to him, "Foolish One, listen. I made all the world and the animals in it. Do you think I am going to let you spoil my work."

"No," said Raven, humbly. "I had a bad heart. I did wrong."

"You can go," said Chief, "but you will always be black, and by that sign people will remember what a great thief you were."

Raven flew off and Chief wandered slowly up into the hills—dreaming of things to be.

"That is the tale," said Owl Man, rising. "It is time to sleep now."

Boy looked out in silence into the dark, lonely night. "Perhaps Chief is here in the mountains near us," he whispered.

"Perhaps he is," said Owl Man.



HOW TURTLE HELPED CREATE THE WORLD

BOY had a pet turtle of which he was very fond. One day he asked Owl Man, "Has Turtle ever done any brave deeds?"

"Yes," answered Owl Man. "It was he who brought up the mud out of which Chief Person made the world. The tale was told me by an old man of the Gros Ventres:"

There was a time long ago when the people in the world were wild and strange. They ran about all the

time and never did anything. Chief Person was displeased. He felled trees and made a raft. On one end he made a tripod of three sticks and hung the sacred pipe from it. He sang and he shouted and then he kicked the earth, saying, "Let water come out."

Then water came out of the earth and rain fell from the skies for many days until there was no more land. Of the creatures on the earth all were drowned except Crow, and he flew in circles above the raft. He cried because he was so tired, and Chief Person kindly said, "You may rest on the pipe." Crow did so and was glad.

After a while Chief Person grew weary and he, too, wept. Then he said, "I must do something." He unwound from about the pipe its long wrappings of fur. Within its stone bowl were all the animals of to-day. "Which of you can dive deep?" asked Chief Person.

"I can," answered Loon.

"I can," answered Small Loon.

"I can," said Turtle, in a sleepy voice.

"Loon, you go down!" commanded Chief Person. Loon dived deep down while Chief Person rocked and sang. Crow flew in circles overhead, cawing.

After a long time Loon shot up. "Couldn't do it!" he gasped. He was half drowned.

"It is my turn now," said Small Loon.

He dived into the water and went down—down—down, till they saw only the tiny swirling ripples that he made. "Caw! Caw! Caw!" screamed Crow. "Now I see him. Now I don't!"

After a very long time Small Loon shot out of the water. He floated on the surface, weak and gasping. "Too deep," he said. "I almost went to the bottom and then—I had to come back."

While he was speaking Turtle crawled to the edge of the raft and quietly slipped into the water. In a moment he was gone. Chief Person sat on his heels and rocked. "Caw!" said Crow. "Turtle is swimming down very fast. I can see him! Now I can't!"

Crow had made many circles around the raft before he saw Turtle coming up. "Here he comes!" he yelled. "Here he comes!" Turtle slowly climbed the side of the raft and went over to Chief Person. "I reached the bottom," he said, blinking, "and I got the mud that you wanted, but most of it was washed away when I shot up so fast."

"He shot up so fast!" chanted Crow. "I saw him coming!"

Chief Person took up Turtle and carefully looked over him. Clinging to his sides and to his claws and to

the under parts of his shell there was mud. Chief Person scraped it off into the hollow of his palm. He put Turtle down. Then he stood up and sang. Three times he sang and he said: "Now I will drop the mud on the waters. It will become land—a great land as far as the eye can reach." He did so, and the land was created. Crow flew down and began searching for worms. After a while he said mournfully, "There are no worms."

"I haven't made them yet," said Chief Person. "They are in the pipe." He went ashore and caused water to come out of the ground. Then out of the pipe he made all the animals in pairs and he made men and women. He made new animals out of earth, too. He made weapons and showed men how to use them.

"Will you destroy the world again?" asked one of the men that he had made.

"As long as men are good I will not destroy the world," answered Chief Person.

"Give us a sign that we may know that you will not destroy us," said the man.

Chief Person pointed to the rainbow that arched the sky. "That is my sign," he said. "Whenever you see that you will know that the rain is over and that there will be no flood."

The people went away satisfied and began to hunt and to build villages. "There will be another world after this," called Chief Person after them. "I am your friend. You came from my pipe. Do not fear!"

Hearing these words the people began to sing as they worked. The world began again. It was good.

MEN





THE MAN WHO LIVED WITH THUNDER



BOY had lived for three winters in Owl Man's village. He knew all the trails, all the hidden places. Much he knew of the secret ways of the animals. He was growing daily in wisdom, in strength, in courage.

Now it was spring. He had been far up in the hills with Owl Man, Grizzly, and Wolf. They were returning when a sudden thundershower drove them to shelter under a slab of rock. Here they all sat, warm and dry, while the rain lashed the wet trees outside.

"Tell me about Thunder," said Boy, turning to Owl Man.

"Listen, Grizzly, and you, too, Wolf. For a long time we have heard no story. Perhaps uncle will tell us one."

The two animals crowded close. Boy stretched himself out on Grizzly. Wolf watched the woods and listened. Owl Man began:

A tribe of the Salish lived on the edge of the Great Salt Water that lies toward the setting sun. Taloops, a brave man, a hunter of deer, a killer of whales, was among them. One day he paddled up a creek to spear salmon. It was a wild place. Men of the tribe had warned him against it, saying: "A spirit resides there." Taloops was not afraid. He watched for salmon, his own canoe drifting along in the silence. Suddenly he saw the salmon—many of them. He raised his spear. Then swiftly it grew dark. He could see nothing, and overhead broke out a terrific clap of thunder. When the darkness cleared away the salmon were gone.

Taloops was angry. He cried out: "What is this great thing which darkens the earth and makes noise in the sky!" Just then his canoe quietly drifted under a huge spruce tree. There was a blackened hole in its side, made by lightning. Taloops had never seen so big a hole in any tree. He looked on it in wonder. Sud-

denly from inside a hand appeared grasping the edge of the hole, then another hand, then a head. A little boy climbed out and leaped to the ground. Then he began to grow. He became as tall as a spruce tree. His body was covered with feathers. "I am he whom you have spoken of," he cried. "I am Thunderer!" He leaned down and lifted Taloops out of his boat. He took from him the spear and the blanket and leaning the spear against a tree placed the blanket on its point.

Thunderer now put Taloops under his arm and leaped into the sky. Taloops looked down on the earth. It made him sick and dizzy. There were mountains beneath and forests, and the Great Water stretching to the edge of the world.

At last they came to Thunderer's home, a cave high up on a mighty mountain. Taloops looked around in wonder. "Now!" cried Thunderer, "I am going to catch salmon." He went down to the water. Taloops waited where he was. Presently Thunderer returned and threw down a whale. "It is only a small salmon," said Thunderer. But the whale struck the earth with its tail and the cave rocked. Taloops was thrown on the ground.

After a while Taloops was hungry for salmon. He went up the river and caught one. Before he went

Thunderer said, "You must not eat more than five!" "Ah!" said Taloops. "I cannot eat even one." Thunderer laughed scornfully.

Taloops caught a salmon and brought it in. "Where is your fish?" cried Thunderer. "Here it is," answered Taloops, showing his salmon. Thunderer tried to take the salmon, but it slipped under his finger-nail and fell to the ground. "I cannot see it," he cried, laughing.

"I want a knife to cut it up," said Taloops. Thunderer took a great rock and threw it on the ground. It broke into a hundred pieces. "Use one of these sharp pieces!" he told Taloops. But each piece was as large as a man. Taloops said, "They are too big." Then Thunderer took two pieces and struck them together. They fell apart in smaller fragments, and Taloops began to work on the very smallest. "What are you doing?" cried Thunderer. "I am making a knife," answered the man. "I cannot see your knife," replied Thunderer. "You seem to be playing with grains of sand."

The next day Thunderer said, "I am going for a salmon." He went down to the great water and brought back two whales. They struck the ground with their tails and the mountain shook. Rocks fell on Taloops.

He was thrown down and hurt. He lay silent in the cave among the dying whales.

The following day Thunderer said, "I am going for a salmon." Taloops tied himself to a tree. When Thunderer came back with whales he threw them down near the cave. Their death struggles shook the mountain. Trees fell down. Again Taloops was hurt.

Taloops was now afraid and lonely. He thought of his wife and children. Thunderer read his mind. He said, "I will take you back to-morrow." He meant next year, for each year was a day to him.

At last Thunderer flew back with Taloops. He put him down by the blasted spruce tree. There was his spear and the rags of his blanket where he had left them. He had been away four years instead of four days, as he thought. His relatives had searched for him. Now every one thought he was dead. Taloops went down toward the village. Near the edge of the woods he met his son. He said, "I am Taloops, your father. Go tell mother." The boy ran home and brought his mother. They took Taloops into the village. He was a great wonder to the people, and when they knew he had lived with Thunderer they gave him the title of shaman.

When Taloops had rested he taught his people all the knowledge he had gained while he was with Thunderer.

Especially he taught them about the best way of killing whales. After living with the tribe for a year he grew bold and returned to the high place and lived with Thunderer ten years. Then he returned to his people and gave them more knowledge.

“That is my tale,” said Owl Man.

“It is good,” replied Boy, who was deeply impressed. Now, indeed, he knew how mighty Thunderer was. On the way home through the woods he kept closer to Owl Man than usual. Bear and Wolf came along behind him in silence. “See,” said Owl Man, pointing.

They were passing near a great tree. A terrible black gash ran from top to root. The tree was dead. Thunderer had smitten it.

They passed by in silence and fear.





SCARFACE GOES TO THE SUN AND MEETS MORNING STAR

SPRING in Mystery Valley! How good it was to feel the warm rays of the sun once more, to be able to run without clothes, to sit somewhere, sheltered from the wind and let the pure white light of the sun shine on the body. At this time of the year Owl Man spoke often to Boy about the Sun, above the reverence due to it, and about the healing virtue of its rays.

“How far away it seems,” sighed Boy—“and how mysterious. Some time I would like to go there, but I’m afraid I would be burned up.”

“And yet a young man went there once,” said Owl Man.

Scarface was his name, and he was very poor. Often he was sad because his boy friends made fun of the scar on his face. "You are so handsome," they cried, mocking him. "Surely you will marry the daughter of the chief." And that hurt most of all, for Scarface secretly loved the girl.

At last when he could no longer bear to be lonely he went to her and told his love. The girl said, "I like you, Scarface. Perhaps I could love you, but I do not know you very well, and my father—he is proud—surely he will demand of you some deed to prove you worthy to be his son!"

As she spoke, Scarface had a great thought, and he cried out, "I will prove myself worthy of you. I will go to the Sun and ask him to help me." As he uttered these words he was almost frightened, for he thought the girl would mock him, but she looked steadily at him and said, "I believe you will!"

After that he could not turn back. A good old woman helped him with food and moccasins. He took weapons and went toward the Sun's house. Day after day he traveled, and the days lengthened into months. At last he came to a place where there was sand everywhere. It was fiercely hot. A blackened man lived on the edge of this desert. "Turn back!" he cried.

Scarface went on. He would rather die now than turn back. And in the end, because he would not turn back and because his spirit was not conquered by hunger, heat, or weariness, he came to a place from which he saw, rising golden and stately, its base on the earth and its top in the stars, the great Lodge of the Sun!

Scarface went on. And then he *was* surprised, for outside the lodge sat a handsome young man of about his own age. He rose when he saw Scarface and seemed glad. "Welcome, brother," he cried. "Who are you?"

"I am Scarface," answered the other. "A dream sent me here—a dream that I should reach the Sun, and so become powerful and wise."

"Ah, you are brave to come so far," answered the young man. "I am Morning Star. The Sun is my father, the Moon my mother. Come in and meet my mother."

Scarface went in and met the Moon. "I am glad you have come," she said. "My son is lonely for a playmate. Sometimes he plays with the streamers of the Northern Lights. Sometimes he plays with the colored dawns. He has never played with a young man. But now we must hide you awhile, for the Sun is coming."

They hid Scarface under a pile of cedar bark. When

the Sun came in he cried in a loud voice. "There is a person here. I smell him."

"It is true," said the Moon. "A brave young man, Scarface, has come all the way from the earth because he has heard of your greatness."

"Let me see him," said the Sun. "Then burn cedar to drive away the *person smell*."

They brought Scarface out, and standing before the Sun he told the tale of his travels.

"Truly you are brave!" cried the Sun. "Come, I will fit you to play with my son."

He put Morning Star and Scarface together in his own sweat house. Oh, how they sweated! When they came out Scarface looked so much like Morning Star that the Moon could hardly tell them apart. And the scar was gone!

"Play with my boy," commanded the Sun, "but do not go toward the west. Evil birds live in the waters there."

The next day when the Sun had gone the two companions were playing. Suddenly Morning Star said, "Let us go to the west."

"No!" cried Scarface. "Remember what your father said!" But Morning Star ran off. Scarface followed him, carrying weapons.

They reached the shores of a great sheet of water. Just as they were crossing the beach a whirring of wings sounded, and out of the waters rose seven of the largest and fiercest geese that Scarface had ever seen. They flew at Morning Star and would have torn him to pieces, but Scarface fought them and covered the body of Morning Star with his shield. In the end, after a hard battle, he killed the birds and brought their heads back to the house of the Sun. Wonderful was the praise that the Sun and the Moon gave him! The Sun was so pleased that he presented him with a shirt and leggins of soft tanned buckskin. Then the Sun took him aside and taught him many secrets.

A little while after that Scarface went back to the earth. When he appeared in his own village again the people gave him high honor because of the greatness of his feat. He married the girl who was daughter of the chief. He taught the people how to dance the sun dance, and he founded the first medicine lodge.

Many years later when the girl died he was lonely. He went back to the Sun's country and became a star.



HOW THE APACHES ESCAPED FROM THE UNDERWORLD



ONE evening Owl Man brought into the cave a beautiful black bird with keen, fierce eyes. Boy jumped when he saw it. The animals sniffed. Owl Man said: "Here is my good friend Raven come to pay us a visit. He travels much all over the world and knows what happens everywhere. Raven, this is my boy and his Grizzly and Wolf. Be friendly, all of you." He gave the raven to Boy, who gently stroked its glossy coat. The raven seemed pleased. He hopped on the ground and walked around the cave. Then he came back and stood near the fire. "Would you like to tell us a tale?" asked Owl Man. "I

will tell a tale," said Raven. "I have traveled to the south, where the hot wind comes from, the land of little rain. There is much sand in that country and there are few trees. The hills are not green as they are here, but many-colored. There are great cracks in the earth. Everywhere are the bones of monstrous animals that died before men came."

"Are there people in that strange land?" asked Boy, his eyes big with wonder.

"Yes," answered Raven, "there are people, but at one time long ago the people had not come up out of the ground. And my people, the Ravens, were then very powerful. They were rulers over all the animals in the world, whom they kept underground."

"Ah, how wonderful!" cried Boy. "Indeed, your people must have been powerful."

"They were," said Raven, proudly, "and even to-day we are not without power. Now I will tell you the tale of how the Apache people came into their country the first time."

He began:

It was dark in that underworld where the fathers of the Apache people dwelt, for there were no sun, moon, or stars, nor did the Northern Lights shine in the sky.

Were it not for eagle feathers, which the people carried about with them and which cast a faint glow on the path, no one could see far enough ahead to walk. Living was hard in that underground place, and it was only the old tales of an age gone by when there was light, and prophecies of an age to come when the Dark would have no more power, that encouraged the people to struggle on.

Besides the Dark there were the Animals of the Dark, and of those the worst were the Long White Woolly Beasts. The next to the worst were the Short White Woolly Beasts, which always lay in wait to pounce on the children if they went a few steps beyond sight of the fighting men. Besides there were the Pale Snakes and the Big Soft Bats and the White Squashy Moths, and many other things not good to dream of.

One day the Medicine Men held council. Down there they had days and nights like people in the upper world. A day was when people were awake and a night was when they were asleep, but this tribe custom was not very good, for sometimes when half the people were asleep after a big party those who were awake were not sure whether it was day or night. The Medicine Men had come to council to try to make better days and nights. After they had talked a long while a young

Medicine Man rose and said: "The way to have days and nights is to make a Sun and a Moon."

Everybody thought that was a clever idea, and all wondered why no one had thought of it before. The Tribal Artist was called to the Council and he painted a big yellow disk for the sun and a smaller white disk for the moon. Many eagle feathers were put on them and the chief Medicine Man made them alive by magic. Then, he said to them: "Start going around now and give us light."

The Sun and Moon started, and soon there was much more light than before. Every one was feeling good, and the White Woolly Things, fearing the light, slunk back to their caves in the hills. However, the Sun and Moon had two deadly enemies in the forms of an ogre and ogress who were war chiefs of the Creatures of the Dark. They hated the light, and so they made the way of the Sun and Moon very hard. Sometimes they made pitfalls for the Sun to walk into and more than once they captured the Moon and hid it in a cave till the people found it again.

At last it became too hard for Sun and Moon. Secretly they talked it over and they plotted to escape to the upper world through a tunnel they had found while

wandering over the mountains. And so, one day it became dark again, and, although the people searched everywhere, they could not find Sun or Moon. At last a warrior wandering far into the Inner Hills found their tracks leading up the steep slope of a high mountain. He followed, and at last to his great wonder found himself in the upper world. And there were the Sun and Moon shining splendidly together, for it was near sunset. "Come," they cried from the sky. "Come up to the world of light."

He hurried back and told the people what he had found. They wanted to start at once. "No!" said the warrior. "There has been a flood and the upper world is under water. Wait." He went again to the mountaintop, taking a friendly badger with him. This animal explored the world, but he came back all covered with mud. "It is not time," he said. He and the warrior went back to the people. After a while he went up the mountain again, this time taking a turkey with him. The turkey came back from exploration with his tail all draggled and wet. From that day the turkey's tail has hung down. "It is not time," declared the turkey. The scout returned to the village. "Wait," he advised his people.

Again he climbed the mountain. This time he took

the wind with him and asked it to blow back the waters. The wind blew and the waters began to go back and down. Then the scout joyfully hurried home and cried: "Come. It is time!"

Then the people came out of the Dark singing, for they were glad of the Sun and the Moon and the Day and the Night. They took the Apache country for their own. However, they were not yet free from danger. Great beasts roamed the country. The most terrible of these was the Giant Elk, who killed and ate many of the people until he was slain by a wonderful young man.

"That will be another tale," said Raven. "It is late now. We will sleep."



THE MAN WHO WAS CAPTURED BY ANTS



IT was cheery in Owl Man's cave. A great fire burned in the center, throwing its heat upon Owl Man, Boy, Grizzly, and Wolf. Owl Man was repairing his bow.

"Tell us a story," said Boy.

Wolf, watching with sharp eyes, said: "Yes, a story would be good," and Grizzly, half asleep as he was, rumbled, "Yes, a story."

Owl Man looked across the fire at Boy, who sat upon a huge rug, resting his back against the massive, outstretched form of Grizzly. He laughed. "You look like a story yourself, Boy, as you sit there with your

Grizzly and your Wolf. However, I will tell you the story of the Two Brothers who went to live with the Ants."

"Oh!" cried Boy, "that sounds like a tale!"

"Here is the story," said Owl Man.

In an underground lodge far from here lived two brothers. They spent their time hunting and fishing, for deep woods were all about their village. They were very lucky and their lodge was well furnished with meat and skins. One day the younger brother disappeared. The older brother, whose name was Wolf Robe, searched for him everywhere, but it was no use. He did not know that the Ants had come in the night and stolen his younger brother, who was now living in the Ant country below the lodge. Wolf Robe was so sad now that often he wept.

One day when Red Wing, the younger brother, was playing lacrosse with the Ants he stopped very suddenly. The Ants gathered around. They thought he was hurt by the ball, for they saw him weeping.

"No," he said, "I do not weep because I am hurt, but just now as I was playing a tear dropped on my hand. It was my brother's tear. Oh! I know how he has

sorrowed for me. I am lonely. I can not play any more!"

The Ants loved this young man very much, so they held a council to decide in what way they might help him. One of the bravest of the young ant warriors volunteered to go to Wolf Robe and tell him where his brother was. Shortly after that one evening, when Wolf Robe was entertaining a number of friends, he noticed a stranger standing at the foot of the ladder which led down into his lodge. He wondered how the man could have come down the ladder without his noticing it. However, he welcomed the stranger and asked what he was doing.

"Oh, I am just traveling about the country. I came in here by chance," answered the stranger, who was really a warrior Ant in human form come to give his message. He stayed till after the people went, and then told Wolf Robe where his brother was.

"How can I get to see him?" asked Wolf Robe, eagerly.

"I cannot tell you," answered Ant. "It is forbidden. Ask the spider. He might help you."

Wolf Robe asked the spider. "I can't tell you," said he. "Ask the crow."

Wolf Robe went to the crow with his question. "I

dare not tell you now," answered Crow. "But I will tell you in a dream. Watch your dreams."

That night Wolf Robe dreamed that he lifted up the firestone of the lodge. Under it was a hole. He leaped down into the hole, fell, rolled over, and leaped down again to another shelf of rock. He did this four times till he found himself in the Ant country. There his brother met him and said: "Come live with me here in the Ant country. We will be very happy together. The Ants have great wars all the time. The fighting is good."

Wolf Robe woke up. He knew what he must do. He sent out invitations for a great feast, and when the people came he gave away all his property. To his dearest friend he gave his lodge. That night when everybody had gone he lifted up the firestone of the lodge. The deep hole was there just as he had dreamed. Wolf Robe leaped down. He struck far below; fell, rolled over, rose, and leaped still farther down. This he did four times. Then he found himself on a vast plain, covered with grass as tall as the sky. Far off in the distance rose a mighty mound. Wolf Robe was frightened. He started to walk toward the mound, threading his way in and out among the thick hard grass blades. Suddenly he heard a shout. "Brother!" and

then he saw a man running toward him. It was Red Wing. They greeted each other.

"Is this the Ant country?" asked Wolf Robe in great wonder.

"Yes," said Red Wing; "and yonder is their great house. But I have a lodge where you and I shall live henceforth. It is down by the river. Come."

Red Wing then took his brother to a well-furnished lodge by the shores of a great river. From that time on the brothers lived among the Ant People, took part in their lives, and had many wonderful adventures. They helped the Ants a great deal in their wars.

"Tell me about that!" exclaimed Boy, eagerly.

"Yes, tell us!" cried Wolf.

"Yes, I will, some other time," said Owl Man. "Now I must go out for a hunt. Come, Wolf."

Wolf leaped up and followed Owl Man. Boy rested his head upon the thick, furry paw of Grizzly, curled up, and went to sleep.



TEN YEARS IN THE UNDERWATER COUNTRY



OWL MAN and Boy were camped in the mountain wilderness east of the little valley. For two days they had been on a hunt for silver fox, which Owl Man had seen a week before. Luck had been with them; the fox fur was in Owl Man's bundle.

They were in camp for the night beside a small mountain lake. Their little fire sent out a gentle heat, hardly needed in the warm Indian summer evening.

"What are you thinking of, uncle?" called out Boy. He was a little lonely because his Grizzly and his Wolf

were left behind in the valley. He wanted some one to talk to.

Owl Man did not reply at once. His eyes were fixed on the waters of the lake as if trying to penetrate the mystery that night and silence gave to them. After a pause he spoke:

"My thoughts were on the lake and the beings that may live beneath in the hidden waters. On a night like this the spirit is drawn out of me and dwells in the secret places."

"Uncle, do you think there is a spirit in this lake?"

"Many lakes have a spirit. Some dwell in the Underwater Country. This lake reminds me of the lake in which Taloops lived for ten years."

"Do you mean Taloops, the one who went to Thunderer's home?"

"Yes, the same man."

"Oh, tell me about it, uncle. Tell me now."

Owl Man put a piece of wood on the fire and began:

Taloops, the shaman, was in the lonely mountains hunting elk. He was on the trail of a herd when at the end of the first day he camped on the shores of a small lake far up in the hills. All through the night he slept by a little fire and his dreams were untroubled, for he

was happy to be breathing once more the sharp air of the high places. When dawn came he rose and bathed himself and prayed to the sun. Then he roasted a small piece of meat and ate it. He began to walk around the lake, but had not gone more than a hundred steps when to his great wonder he discovered a canoe lying among the reeds. This made him afraid because he thought that strangers and maybe unfriendly persons were near. However, he found no fresh trail, and the thought came to him that perhaps some fisherman had made the canoe and had crossed from the other shore. He searched farther and he saw that the edge of the lake beyond the canoe was low, marshy, and difficult. "I will cross in the canoe," he said to himself.

Taloops found a paddle lying on the bottom of the canoe. He got in and began to paddle to the opposite shore. He had reached the middle of the lake when a queer thing happened. He chanced to look down into the depth of the water and there, far below, he saw a hole in the bottom of the lake and a person looking out of it.

Taloops stopped paddling. The paddle dropped from his hands into the canoe. He was afraid, and yet in spite of his fear he *had* to look again. The person smiled at him and beckoned. Then Taloops felt an intense desire to go into the water, to fling himself over

and swim down to that mysterious being. At the same time he felt more afraid than ever.

While he hesitated that mysterious person beckoned again, and then Taloops knew he had to go. He threw off his clothes and dived into the clear water. A moment later he was standing on the bottom of the lake. A person richly attired came forward to meet him, took him by the hand, and led him to the hole in the lake bottom. They entered. Taloops now found himself in a strange country. There was no longer any water around him, but everything looked as if seen through water. The person who held his hand was a young and handsome man. He led Taloops until presently they came to a splendidly decorated lodge. It was covered with pictures of fish, otter, mink, marten, muskrat, and other water creatures. They were all painted in soft colors and in wavering lines. The being who held his hand spoke:

"I am an Underwater Person. I knew you were coming into the hills to hunt. I put the thought of elk into your heart and I drew you here. Because you are a shaman, your eyes are open. You are able to see mysteries. Come, live with me a while and I will teach you many things."

Taloops had by this time gotten over his fear, and he

liked this Underwater Person, so he consented to live with him in the gray and green lodge. He stayed there for ten days, and each day the person took him around his watery kingdom. There he met the spirits of all the water creatures. Many were in the shapes of men, women and children, and they talked to him and told him many of their secrets.

On the tenth day the person asked him to go (with a beaver as a guide) and get him some skunk cabbage that he needed. Taloops walked along a strange trail with Beaver. After a time they came to a cave.

Going to the entrance of the cave, Taloops looked out and suddenly he saw the well-remembered world of mountain and forest. Everything seemed very sharp and clear after the soft light of the Underwater Country. The sun was shining. The winds of the Hunting Moon were blowing. The memory of his old life came back to Taloops and a sudden homesickness seized him. He said, "I will go back and see my wife and children. I have been away too long." He turned to tell the beaver, but that animal was gone.

Taloops now ascended to the top of a mountain and purified himself by fasting and prayer. He made a signal fire and one of his sons came up and found him. They went back to the village together. When Taloops







TURKEY HELPS HIS MASTER TO FIND CORN, CEREALS, AND VEGETABLES

TELL me another tale of the South, Raven," asked Boy of his new friend. He and Grizzly and Wolf had gone out into a sunny spot in the woods near the cave. They lay down on a bed of dried leaves and Boy had a scuffle with Grizzly. Then Raven had come and watched them with his wise eyes until Boy spoke.

"In that far southern country," said Raven, "the people eat much corn now. This is the tale of how a man first found Corn."

He was a gambler, and at last became so poor that people had to give him food. However, the tribe

wearied of supporting him. One friend remained faithful—his tame turkey, who followed him everywhere. The people said they would give him one more chance, and after that if he failed he was to be sent away.

When they told him these things he said nothing. He went to the bank of the river and sat down, feeling very sad. He said to himself: "If I stay here they will send me away. I will go away myself." He prayed to his invisible helpers and they sent animals to help him. The Gambler now chopped down a tree and cut the trunk into a log. He started to cut a hole in the log, but at that moment the woodpecker came up and said: "Stop. We will do that." Many woodpeckers pecked out a cozy hollow in the log. Gambler took food and blankets, made himself a warm bed, and crept in. The spiders then sealed up the hole. Woodpecker again called his friends and they rolled the log into the Rio Grande River. It went down with the current while the turkey ran along the shore watching to see that no harm came to it.

After a while the log was caught in a whirlpool. It went round and round and round and seemed likely to stay there forever. "Say! I'm dizzy!" called Gambler. Turkey waded out and pushed the log into the stream.

In another place the log was caught on the rocks.

Turkey hopped from one rock to the other until he came to where it was held and he pushed it in again.

Farther down the river the log went ashore in a village and some boys started to cut it up for firewood, but Turkey charged among them with a gobbling noise and scattered them and rolled the log back into the river.

In that way the log drifted and always faithful Turkey watched over it. Toward sunset of the third day it went ashore in a grove of cottonwood trees. Turkey opened the seal and let the man out. Gambler found many duck feathers there and he made a soft, warm bed for himself and Turkey. He took his bow and arrows and killed some small game.

Now, Gambler began to make a clearing, for he liked this place. In four days the work was finished. Turkey looked at it and said: "It is too small. I will make it larger." He ran to the east a long way. When he came back the black corn was springing up in his tracks. He ran to the south, and when he came back the blue corn was springing up in his tracks. He ran to the west. When he came in, there was yellow corn everywhere in the west. He went out to the north and returned over ground from which was already springing up every kind of vegetable and cereal.

Gambler watched the growing plants. In four days

everything was ripe. Turkey said to him: "Now! Take an ear of corn and roast and eat."

Gambler did so. He plucked an ear of corn, roasted it, and began to eat. When he had finished he gave the cob to Turkey, who asked: "How do you like it?" Gambler answered: "Better than anything I ever ate." He roasted many more ears and cooked the vegetables and cereals.

After living in that place for a while Gambler took corn and vegetables and cereals and made his way back to the village. The people were really glad to see him, for they thought he had killed himself and they were sorry. He invited the chief men of the village to a feast and fed them with the strange, delicious foods he had found.

At the end of the feast the chief said: "Where did you get this wonderful food?"

"Oh!" said Gambler. "Do you like it? It is nothing. I have lots more at my place. I grow it there."

There was silence for a while. Then the chief said, in a small, humble voice: "Maybe—you—would—invite—us—to—your—place—sometime?"

Gambler said, "Oh, yes. Come and bring your friends. No, I mean bring the whole tribe to be my guests."

"Bring the *whole tribe*," said the chief. "Don't you know there are *one hundred and forty of us*?"

"Is that all?" said Gambler. "Why I thought there were four hundred. I never was good at counting people. I'm sorry there are so few. I don't like to have leavings when I give a feast."

Another silence. The people held their breaths.

"When—when—can we go?" asked the chief.

"Right now," answered Gambler. "My Turkey is at home cooking the food."

"Hey, there, you men!" yelled the chief, rising to his feet. "We're moving camp. The whole tribe is going to be the guest of Gambler. Get the things moved, quick."

The news spread and the villagers were ready to go in a very short time. On the way down they talked of nothing else but the delicious new foods. And when they arrived at Gambler's camp and saw the spacious farm and the small mountains of corn and the big hills of beans and the yellow squash and the fat pumpkins and cereals they almost went out of their heads with joy. The feast lasted for a week. At the end of that time the chief felt that they ought to go. But Gambler said: "Stay here with me always—all of you."

Tears came to the eyes of the chief. He put his arms

around Gambler. "I am your friend forever," he said.

The people greeted the news with a great shout. Then and there they elected Gambler a medicine man. From that day he was the greatest among them. He never had to gamble again. From that time on they had corn and vegetables and cereals.

"That is my story," said Raven.

"I like that," said Boy. "And what happened to Turkey?"

"He lived there, too," answered Raven. "After a while he took a wife, and he was the grandfather of all the turkeys the Apache Indians have to-day."



HOW THE STRANGE YOUNG MAN RID THE COUNTRY OF GREAT ELK



HIS is Raven's third tale.

When the Sun came from the Underground Country he took a wife, and he liked her so well that he took another, and she was The Old Woman Who Lives in the West. After a while she had a son. This child had many wonderful powers. To begin with, he grew up and became a man in four days—to the great surprise of his father and mother, who had expected to have no end of trouble bringing up such a remarkable

child. They did not know whether to be glad or sorry at his ripening so soon. On the whole, the boy's father, the Sun, was inclined to feel good over it. "Boys are such a care," he said consolingly.

"My dear, you may be sure it isn't natural," answered the mother. "As sure as you live now he will be up to some entirely new kind of mischief—see, here he is now! He's been down the street talking to the hunters. Well, my boy, what have you found out?"

"Oh, mother!" cried the young man in the greatest excitement. "They have just told me the story of the Great Elk, which has killed so many of our people. I am going out to hunt it!"

"My dear boy, you cannot do it. You will be killed and——" began the mother, but before she half finished her son was off, leaping over the face of the world with great steps. The Great Elk lived hundreds of miles away in the desert, but the Strange Young Man reached the country where it lived in four steps. And then suddenly he saw the Elk. Indeed, he was amazed at the size of the beast. He would have taken it for a mountain had it not been for the beating of its heart, which shook the world.

"I hardly know where to begin!" murmured the

Young Man, a little taken aback at the enormous size of the animal. At that moment a Lizard, which was watching him with bright eyes, said, "Better go! Bad place for young man!"

"But," said the Strange Young Man, "I've come here to kill *him*; he's eaten so many of my people!"

"Foolish!" said the Lizard, "but brave, so I will help. Wait here," and he ran like lightning toward the Elk.

Lizard began to nibble at the thick mat of hair that grew on the hide over the beating heart of the Elk. "Say," remarked Elk, not deigning to look down, "what are you doing, anyway?"

"Just a few little hairs, just a few to take home," suplicated Lizard.

"Take all you want. Have you seen any people around here that I can *crunch*?" asked the monster.

"No," answered Lizard, who always told the truth; "but I have an idea that there is a young man coming."

"Let him come," said Elk, yawning. "I'm about ready."

Young Man still waited. A Gopher came up and said, "What *are* you doing here? Run away home, sonny."

"How can I?" answered Young Man. "I've come

here to kill Great Elk on account of the people he has eaten."

"Ha!" cried the Gopher; "foolish, but brave. I must help you in this. You daren't approach him over the plain, so I'll dig you a tunnel." Gopher began digging. He dug and dug and dug until he came up right under Elk's heart. "What is it?" thundered Elk. "Oh! Excuse me, sir," cried Gopher, ducking into his tunnel. He ran and told Young Man what he'd done. Then came Lizard. "All the hairs over his heart are nibbled off. You'll know where to aim. But if you miss, that's the end of *you* and all your people!"

Young Man had brought a bow and four arrows, so he took them and went through the tunnel until he stood right below the beating heart of the Elk. Even there it was hard to aim, for the ground itself heaved with the rhythm of that great heart. Young Man shot four arrows, and Elk rose to his feet, dying. He ran around the world before he died. He put his great antlers into the earth and tore it up. In that way he threw up the mountain ranges, and made arroyos and cañons. When at last he fell, the earth trembled with the shock.

The Young Man thanked Gopher and Lizard and went home to have supper with his mother. She *was* glad to see him back.

"That is my tale," said Raven. "See, the fire is low. It is time for sleep."

Silence fell in the cave, and Boy slept among his animals.



SIX BOYS GO TO THE STAR COUNTRY



IT was the time of the year when the Pleiades, or the Seven Stars, glowed in the evening sky. Boy had often looked at them. One night when he and Uncle and the animals were camping in the grassy levels far to the east of Mystery Valley, he asked Owl Man what the Seven Stars were and how they came to be there.

Owl Man began his tale:

I journeyed out on the prairie once. Over a friendly fire I met and talked to a wanderer from the Blackfeet. His name was Rising Wolf and he told me tales of his

people. In one of the villages of his nation long ago there lived a family of six boys. Their parents were very poor. They were so poor that in the spring when other Indians went out and killed the buffalo calves so that they might make robes for their children out of the soft, red skins, they did not do so. They hunted the grown buffalo, and then only for meat and for the darker robes.

The other boys in the village all had red robes in the spring when the calves are killed. They often made fun of the six brothers, calling after them: "They have no red robes; they are poor." This made the boys feel very much ashamed. Each spring they asked their parents for red robes, but they never received any. The whole village took up the mockery of these boys and made life so hard for them that they began to go away by themselves to the lonely places. One day the oldest boy said to his brothers, "If we do not get robes by next spring let us go away to the sky country." They all agreed to this.

When the season for red robes came around again all the children in the village had new robes, but the six boys had none. Then people began to mock them as before. "Come," said the oldest brother, "we will not stay here. Now I will take you to the sky." Then the

fourth brother said, "These people have mocked us and been cruel to us. When we get to the sky I am going to ask the Sun to take water away from them."

The oldest brother had acquired great medicine power through fasting in lonely places. He told his brothers to close their eyes. Then after a little while he said, "Open your eyes!" and they found themselves in the house of the Sun and Moon. The Sun, who had the appearance of a splendid warrior, was sitting by the fire talking to a beautiful woman. That was his wife, the Moon. "Look at the nice boys who have come to see us," cried Moon. She got up and welcomed the children. They were very scared. The Sun looked at them severely and said, "Now, I suppose you boys have run away from home. Come here. Tell me all about it!"

The Moon made seats for the boys between herself and the Sun. She let the youngest boy, who was awfully scared, lean against her knees. "We came away," said the eldest, "because our people never gave us red robes when all the other children had them. And then they mocked us all through the spring, saying, 'Look, they are poor, they have no red robes.' So we decided to come away and tell you about it and live with you."

"And we ask you, sir, to take all their water away for seven days as a punishment," piped up the fourth boy.

He was suddenly scared when the Sun looked at him. He hung his head and would say no more.

"It is not right to ask me to do this," said the Sun sternly, but the Moon had taken pity on the boys and she said, "Please let them stay here with me. I get lonely when you are away, and what fun it will be to have seven boys!"

"Yes, they can stay," answered the Sun at last, but I do not promise to dry up the springs of their people." So the boys stayed. Now the Moon showed them the wonderful sky country and played with them. She thought they had been terribly treated. "I will make you red robes," she cried, and she made for each of the boys the most beautiful red robe he had ever seen, far more splendid than what any one had down below. "You are very lucky to have come when I was home," she said to them. "If you had come when the Sun was alone he might——" She suddenly stopped as if afraid to tell them what the Sun might have done. The boys were very glad she was their friend. Each day she asked the Sun to punish the mean people, but he would not promise. When she asked him the seventh time, he said, "Oh, all right. I'll do it," and the Moon went running out to tell the boys.

The next day was fearfully hot on earth. No one had

known or dreamed of such heat. The water in pools, springs, and streams evaporated. For seven days and nights the heat kept getting worse. At night it seemed that even the moonlight was hot.

There was a certain family in the village had a dog that was very intelligent. This dog led the people down to the river bed and then he got the other dogs together. They dug until they struck the springs, and water gushed out. The parched people flung themselves down to drink and lived. That was the first spring not made by nature. From that time on people knew how to dig for springs. The dogs taught them.

Having drunk, the dogs dug themselves holes in the side of the hill and crawled in. The people did the same, and so were able to live half dead through the next day of killing heat. Now, they knew the anger of the Sun, and they knew that some one among them had sinned deeply and terribly. Each night they dragged themselves out and, lying there in the light of the pitiless Moon, they drank and drank and drank. In the day no one dared to stir. Covered with dirt they lay through the long, slow, burning hours. The prayers of the priest did not help them. It seemed that the tribe must die. But in the end, as if to humiliate them, this proud and

cruel people were saved by a dog. He was the wise dog who had discovered the spring. On the seventh day of the heat, in the evening he gathered the dogs together on a hill and howled at the Moon. He asked for pity—pity on the dogs, who had done no wrong, and on the people, who had been so bitterly punished. “Oh, oh!” cried the Moon, “I did not mean to kill the poor dogs,” and she went to the Sun and asked him to take away the heat. He did so. Just before dawn of the eighth day one of the half-dead men who had crawled out of the hole felt a drop of rain. He shouted, but his voice was broken and cracked. The others came. They felt the raindrops coming down on their uplifted hands. At the same time a cool wind came drifting over the plains. Now the people went mad with joy. They hugged each other. They leaped and ran over the prairie. They prayed their thanks, kneeling in the dawn.

By morning the rain was coming down as it had never come before. And the happy people walked about in it, singing. The animals of the wild came near and wandered among them unharmed. Fierce beasts came down to the drinking places and drank in the light of day, the rabbit and the wolf side by side.

The boys stayed in the sky after that. It was better

there, and Moon loved them. She and the Sun made a place for them, and they can still be seen at nights. The Indians call them the Bunched Stars.

“That is the tale the Blackfoot told me,” said Owl Man.

Boy looked up at the Pleiades. Large and bright they shone in the sky. “I will go to see those boys when I travel to the sky country,” he said.



THE BOY WHO HAD MORNING STAR FOR PLAYMATE



OWL MAN had taken Boy out on a hunting trip and now they were returning. Already they were within a day of the home valley, but in order to reach it they had to rise early. It was not yet light when they broke camp. There, low in the east, glowed the morning star, so large and bright that it seemed a fire on some hilltop.

"How bright it is!" exclaimed Boy, as he looked at it. "How wonderful that it should come to earth and visit people!"

"When we reach home," said Owl Man, "I will tell

you a tale about Morning Star—how he visited a poor boy and gave him power and secret knowledge. Let us hasten now. We have the long day before us.”

That night when they reached the cave, after the fire was lit and the supper eaten, Boy stretched himself out along the huge form of Grizzly. Wolf lay at his feet. “Uncle, don’t forget that you promised the story of Morning Star and the poor boy!”

“Ah!” growled Wolf. “Morning Star! He is bright. Often I have howled at him——”

“Sh! Listen to the story,” whispered Boy, pinching his ear.

“This is the tale,” began Owl Man:

In one of the camps of the Blackfeet there lived a little boy who had received the name of Never Sits Down. There had been great trouble and many deaths in this boy’s family, so that in the end he was left an orphan. Then he went to live with a sister who was married.

He was very lonely. He missed his father, who used to show him so many interesting things, and he missed his mother, who was always kind. His sister was not always good to him, and his brother-in-law hardly ever spoke to him.

One day he sat on the edge of the river and cried. He was ten years old and he knew that a little boy should never cry, but he could not help it—he was so lonely. It was very early in the day. The sun had not yet risen and there were no people about.

Suddenly he knew that some one was sitting near him, and he looked up. It was another boy, a strange boy, not of the village. "Do not cry any more," he said. "Some day you will be a great chief, and the leader of the village, so why should you cry?"

"I was only crying because I am lonely," answered Never Sits Down, feeling quite ashamed,

"You will not be lonely any more," said the strange boy. "I know another poor boy. I will go and get him, and we will play together every day." He went off and soon returned with another boy. "Now," he said, "let us go into the woods and play!"

They went into the woods, and all that day they played together. The strange boy seemed to know everything. When they were tired of playing games he showed them how to build the medicine lodge in which the sacrifice to the sun is made, and he showed them the whole ceremony from beginning to end.

In the middle of the day they stopped because they were tired. "I will get you some food," said the strange

boy. He walked into the brush and in a very short time came out with plenty to eat for all.

While they were eating, Never Sits Down looked at the strange boy with great wonder and he said, "You know such a lot. What is your name?" The other boy laughed, and he said, "I will tell you, but you must keep it a great secret. I am the Morning Star!"

Then the two boys knew that they were very lucky. Every day after that they came and learned from their wonderful playmate, so that Never Sits Down spent the whole day away from home. After a while his brother-in-law began to notice his absence, and he said to the sister, "This is very queer. I must go and see what your brother is doing."

The next morning the brother-in-law went out to a hill so that he could see what they were doing. He heard the songs, saw the dances and was very much puzzled by it all. He went to the head men of the tribe and told them. One night they all went out and looked at the things the boys had made. "This is Big Medicine," said the chief of the tribe. "We should do nothing against these boys, for they are with a wonderful supernatural playmate." After hearing that the brother-in-law and the sister had very great respect for Never Sits Down.

As he grew older he began to hunt with other young men of the tribe. Because of the things Morning Star taught him he was a better hunter than any of them. When the time came for him to go on the warpath he was always lucky. He had a lodge of his own now and was revered in the village.

Once when he was on the war trail Morning Star appeared to him as he slept and said, "I am coming for you soon." The next day Never Sits Down was killed in battle. Morning Star came for his spirit and took him to the skies. There he still lives and is the first playmate of Morning Star. The kinsmen of Never Sits Down have not forgotten him, because all the things he learned from Morning Star he taught to them.

This tale is told in his honor.



THE BOY WHO WAS INITIATED INTO THE BUFFALO HERD



UNCLE had traveled far with Boy and his animals. For the first time Boy had looked upon a great herd of buffalo moving across the country. He was silent for a long time, and then murmured, as they lay by an evening fire, "I wonder what would happen to me if I went into the herd?"

"Grizzly knows a tale," said Owl Man, smiling.

"Tell it!" commanded Boy from where he lay against the huge cushion of Grizzly's side.

"Well! Well! I suppose I must," grumbled the bear. "Listen:"

When Little Wolf married Badger Woman she said, "You must never strike me with fire. If you do, something bad will happen." He laughed at that and said, "Of course I'll never strike you with fire!" and he forgot all about it.

One night eight years later Badger Woman was preparing supper for some guests that her husband had invited. She said, "I don't want to cook food for these people. I don't like them!" Her husband was angry at this and he snatched a stick of wood from the fire to strike her. As he raised the stick the woman and her son vanished. Some people saw a buffalo and calf running away from the village.

Then the husband remembered what his bride had said on the day of the marriage and he felt very sad. He left the village and went out on the prairie to look for the nearest buffalo herd. When he found it he covered himself with grass and crept up until he could see what the buffalo were doing. They were dancing. While Little Wolf watched a buffalo calf came over and smelled at him. "It is my father!" cried the little calf. "Sh!" cried Little Wolf. "I came out to get you and your mother. What must I do?"

"Oh, a lot of things," whispered the calf. "You must walk into the middle of the herd and say that you want your wife and child. They will agree to that, but they

will insist on an ordeal. You must pick me from among all the other calves."

"Make it easy for me," whispered Little Wolf. "Give me a signal."

"I will raise my tail," said the calf, and he ran off so that the buffalo would not suspect him.

Little Wolf boldly walked into the center of the herd. "My wife and child are here and I want them," he said. Immediately he was taken before the chief of the buffaloes, who said, "Pick out your child from among all the calves."

Little Wolf easily recognized his child by the signal. He went over and touched him. Still the chief seemed dissatisfied. He said, "Once is not enough. You must do it four times."

"Close one eye," whispered the man to his child.

Little Wolf was now made to turn his back while all the calves were run together. He picked out his son the second time by the sign agreed on. "Let one ear hang down," he whispered to the calf.

In the third test the man picked out his son easily, although he could not have done so unless they had agreed on a sign. "Dance," he whispered to the calf. But when Little Wolf turned round the fourth time he found two of the calves dancing, for another calf had taken it on himself to dance at just that moment. Little

Wolf's son was careful to dance just like the other calf.

The poor father guessed and he guessed wrong. All the herd showed their anger. They rushed upon him and trampled him into the dirt until there was nothing more to be seen of him. He was dead. Then the herd galloped off, leaving only Little Wolf's buffalo wife and his child the buffalo calf and a wise old bull who liked the little calf.

They stood for a while in great sorrow. Then the bull said, "If you find one piece of him I can bring him to life again." They searched very carefully and after a while they found a small piece of bone. The old buffalo now made a sweat house and smoked, and by his very powerful medicine brought Little Wolf to life again. "Well!" he asked, sitting up, "Did the sky fall in on me? I feel sore all over!"

"You poor man, you have been ground to pieces!" said the wise bull. "You deserve much, for you have lots of courage. Now before I go I will show the dance that we were doing when you come up. Knowing this dance will make you very powerful."

The bull then showed Little Wolf how to dance the steps and he taught him the songs and showed him how to make the headdresses that were necessary. After that he went away. The wife of Little Wolf became a person again and her son became an Indian boy.

When Little Wolf returned to the tribe he told all that had happened, and in proof showed the things the old bull had given him. He taught the dances, and organized the Society of the Bull and Horn.

"That is my tale," said Grizzly. "It was one of the stories told me by the dying bull."

"Did the dying bull tell you any other tales?" asked Boy anxiously.

"He did tell me other tales, little master," answered Grizzly, "and some time I will tell them to you."

"Oh, how I wish I could find a dying bull to tell me stories like that," said Boy.

"I brought him food until he died," said Grizzly. "We became friends, and that is why he told me stories. Any animal will tell stories to a friendly person."

"That is so," said Owl Man. "That is good talk."



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