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ESKIMO AND ALEUT STORIES FROM ALASKA

BY F. A. GOLDER

I. THE WOMAN WHO BECAME A BEAR

(Kadiak Story)

ON the bank of a river lived a man with his wife and several small children. One day the husband told his wife that he was ill and going to die, and requested her that when dead she should leave him on the ground uncovered, with his bidarka and bow and arrows near him. The next morning she found him dead, and she did with him as he had asked. For three days the body rested where she had left it, and around it she with her children sat weeping. But on the morning of the fourth not a sign of the body or boat was to be seen. She puzzled over the matter for a time, but the calls of her children for food kept her from brooding over it too long.

Not many days after this mysterious disappearance, a little bird settled on the barabara and sang. Although the woman listened attentively, she could not make out what it said. About the same time on the succeeding day the little bird sang again; but this time the woman thought she heard the bird say, "Your husband is not dead. He is living with another woman at the mouth of the river." This same song was repeated on the third morning. Hearing this sad news, the woman felt very bitter towards her husband, and she wept a great deal. She spent the rest of the day in preparing food for her children to last them three days, and early next morning set out for the mouth of the river. From the top of every hill she searched diligently for signs of habitation. Towards noon she sighted a hut, to which she walked and went in.

There she was greeted by a very beautiful woman, whose skin was white, and who sat on the floor (with the knees under the chin) making mats. The new-comer inquired of the white-skinned woman whether she was married. "Yes, my husband is hunting and will be back this evening." As the hostess knew nothing at all of the history of her visitor, she treated her hospitably, setting food before her, and for a time they chatted very pleasantly. In the course of the conversation the white-skinned woman asked the other one what she did to make her cheeks look red. "That's very simple," replied the visitor; "I boil a pot of water, and hold my face over it until it turns red."

"I think I will do that, too; it will make my husband love me more," said White-Skin. She boiled a pot of water and held her face over it. Red-Skin encouraged her in this, telling her how beautiful she was becoming, but at the same time advised her to bend over a little more. Not suspecting treachery, she leaned over; and Red-Skin, who stood directly

behind her, pushed the face of the woman into the boiling water and kept it there until life was gone. The dead woman was then fixed up in a sitting posture.

In the hut the deserted wife came across a piece of skin of a bear's face with the nose on it. She chewed and stretched it to make it cover her whole body, when she looked and felt like a bear. On each of her sides she put a flat rock, and went outside to wait for her husband, who appeared towards evening with a load of game.

"Come out, my lovely one," he called, "and see how much game I brought." No one answered; so he called again, "Why don't you come out as you always do?" He became angry and walked into the hut, where a painful sight stared him in the face. "I know who did it — my other wife. She shall pay for it." He took his bow and arrows and started for his former home; but when not far from the hut a bear crossed his path. He said, "It was not my wife after all, but this bear who tore the skin from her face." Taking aim, he shot an arrow at the heart of the bear, but it rebounded on coming in contact with the rock. All the other arrows were wasted the same way without doing the bear any injury. The bear took off the skin, and the hunter recognized his wife.

"That's the way you treated me," she cried. "You made believe you were dead, and left me to provide for the children while you were living with another woman." She abused him until he begged for pardon and mercy and promised to be faithful in the future. His pleadings were, however, to no purpose. She put on her bear-skin, and thus becoming as savage as a bear, she rushed for him and tore him in pieces. With his blood on her, she ran home and destroyed her children in the same savage manner, and then ran away to the woods to live with other bears.

2. THE OLD MAN OF THE VOLCANO

(Told as a Nushigak story by a native of Karluk)

On the eastern side of a river was situated a populous village; on the western bank there was but one barabara in which lived an old couple with their son. The old people were feeble, and did not think they had long to live; they therefore asked their son to go over to the village and get married. He did as he was bidden, crossed over, married, and came back with a wife. Not long after this event the father and mother died, leaving the young couple alone. At the end of the first year of the marriage a daughter was born, who, after being bathed two or three times, began to talk. Another year passed, and a little boy came to the family. As the children grew up the father became very fond of them, particularly of the boy, who very often went down to the beach to meet him as he returned from his work. For in order to provide for his little family, the father went out daily in his boat to hunt for sea animals and birds, and always came back well loaded.

But one day the man came home with little game and looking very sad. His wife asked the cause of his unhappiness, and he answered roughly that seals were scarce. From that day on, the poor woman could not depend with any regularity on his home-coming. Sometimes he would not put in an appearance until late in the night, and frequently he stayed away two or three days together. He brought so little game that the family had barely enough to live on. When at home, he was dejected and could hardly be made to talk. His wife's questions were generally cut short by brutal answers.

Things kept going from bad to worse, and the climax was reached when the man disappeared altogether. Days and weeks passed without bringing any tidings of his whereabouts. In looking over a basket filled with various objects, the woman came across the head and claws of an eagle which had been given her when she was a girl. These she shook and worked on until she made a large eagle's skin, which she put on herself and flew away to find her husband, who, she feared, was starving or lying ill somewhere. She flew a long time, and came to the outskirts of a large village, alighting near a barabara alongside of which bubbled a spring to which the women came for water. From where she was, the eagle could see a bidarka with her husband in it coming towards the shore. At the same time her attention was drawn to a young woman running to the spring to fetch some water, and, after leaving it in the hut, hurrying down to the beach to greet her faithless husband. Following her rival, the eagle swooped down on the man, and, snatching him in her claws, flew with him into the clouds, from whence she dropped him into the sea.

From this tragedy the eagle flew home to her children, whom she found safe. To the boy she gave a feather and a pebble to eat, which he did. Up to this time all those who had gone up the river failed to return, no one knowing just what had become of them. The boy, when he grew up, told his mother that he had made up his mind to go upstream. She tried in vain to dissuade him from his enterprise by pointing out the dangers and citing cases of strong and brave hunters who had lost their lives in the undertaking. Seeing that he was determined, she yielded, and gave him to take with him a needle and this advice: "If you are in trouble, think of the feather; should no help come from that, remember the pebble; and if very hard pressed, make use of the needle." The next morning he got into his boat and paddled upstream until he came to a cave into which the tide was setting with such force that he was unable to keep out of it. In the cave he felt a current of warm air and saw a smooth beach, on which he pulled up his bidarka. Pretty soon afterwards he became aware of some one approaching, and great was the boy's fright when he saw near him a large old man breathing fire. There was, however, no harm done him, except that the old man asked him to follow. They marched into the interior, passing through dark and hot

places, gradually ascending to lighter and cooler atmosphere, until they stood on the summit of a mountain whose sides sheered straight down into the sea. "If you wish to live with me," said the old man, "you must jump off this bluff;" and with this he gave him a push, and the boy felt himself going down, down. He thought of his mother's advice about the feather, and by doing so became a feather and was carried by the wind back to the top of the mountain. There he resumed his human shape, and went back to his boat and proceeded in his ascent of the river, coming to a bay partly inclosed by steep black walls. In the distance, at the head of the bay, a barabara was visible, and thither the boy pulled and landed. He went in and found a very stout old woman and a young girl, who began to weep when she saw him.

"Why do you weep?" said the old woman. "Who is dead or drowning at sea?" — "I am not drowned. I died neither on land nor on sea," answered the boy. "If you are alive, come in; but if dead, stay out." — "I am alive," he replied, and went in.

When a few questions had been asked and answered, the old woman proposed that the young couple should marry, which was done. The young wife did not love her husband, and begged the old woman to have him killed for fresh meat, but the latter put her off by saying that he was not fat enough. At last the old woman consented to have him killed, and for this purpose told him to go to the top of the hill, to the home of her brother, and there take a bath. He suspected treachery, and was on the lookout.

At the top of the hill a stout old man waited for him to take him to the bath-house, and urged him to hurry with his bathing, for he had a hot roasted codfish waiting for him. When the boy went in, the old man closed up all openings and poured hot oil on the heated rocks in order to smother him; but the boy changed himself into a pebble, and remained so until the door was opened and fresh air blew in. On seeing him come out unharmed, the old man exclaimed, "Ah, you are different from the others!" After having eaten his roasted fish, the old man proposed to the young one to take a run along the edge of the cliffs. This proposition was accepted on condition that the old man take the lead. They started off; and when they reached a steep and dangerous place, the boy shoved his companion off, and he disappeared out of sight. From here he returned home, where he found his wife sitting near the fire and the old woman soundly asleep. His wife he called outside and shot her with the needle his mother gave him, and then he shot the old woman with the same weapon.

Having had enough adventure, he started down the stream to where his mother was; and to her and others he related all that had happened to him. The chief of the village was so delighted that he gave him his daughter in marriage. After that time no harm came to those who went

upstream; but they must not approach the cave at flood-tide, for they will be drawn in.

Each volcano has a master. He breathes fire, and he it was who met the boy in the cave. This old man of the volcano does not like rivals, and kills all who come in his way.

3. THE WOMAN WITH ONE EYE

(Unga Story)

An Aleut with his two wives lived in a bay far from other people. Each day the man would go out in his one-hatch bidarka to hunt, leaving the women at their work, and in the evening they would all meet again. One day he departed as usual, but did not return in the evening, and many weeks passed before anything was heard about him. Food and wood were giving out, and the poor women did not know what to do. Worry and anxiety about the fate of their husband made them old and ill; and the only thing that kept them alive was hope, for they could not believe that he was dead. From an eminence near the hut they daily took turns watching for his coming. While one of the women was thus occupied, a bird alighted on an alder-bush, and said, "Chick, chickee, chick! Your husband is not drowned. He lives. By yonder point there is a beach, near there a hillock, close to that a barabara in which there is a woman with whom your husband is at present living. Chick, chickee, chick!" The frightened woman ran quickly to the hut to tell her partner in desertion the news, but the latter would not believe it. The following day the two went together, and while they sat there the little bird came; and this is what it sang, "Chick, chickee, chick! Your (plural) husband is not dead. He lives. Around the point is a beach, close to it a little hill, alongside of it a barabara in which there is a woman with whom your husband lives. Chick, chickee, chick!" Having said this, it flew away.

Both women felt that the bird had told them the truth, and they decided to find their husband. For several days they walked before they rounded the point where they saw the beach, the hillock, the barabara, and in the distance, out in the bay, a man fishing. They neared the hut very quietly, and, on peeping through a hole, were startled to see an old woman who had in the middle of her forehead one eye very much diseased, giving her a very ugly appearance. One-Eye somehow became aware of the presence of people outside, and called out, "Come in, come in!" The visitors entered and sat down near the fire, over which was boiling a pot of soup, of which they were asked to help themselves. But as no clam-shells with which to dip were offered them, they could not eat. One of the visitors then asked One-Eye who the person was in the bidarka fishing. She replied that it was not a bidarka at all, but a rock which at low tide seemed like a man fishing from a bidarka. She again invited her guests to eat, but they told her that they could not without

spoons (clam-shells). The hostess tried to show her visitors how to eat without spoons by bending her head over the pot; but before she finished her illustration, the two women jumped on her and shoved her face into the soup until she was dead. Dressing her in her parka (fur cloak), and taking her to a conspicuous place on the beach, they propped her up into a natural position and left her there.

Towards evening the fisherman pulled for the shore, and, as he came close to the beach, the two women in hiding recognized their long-lost husband. He got out of the boat and went towards One-Eye, and, holding before him a fish, said, "Whenever you love me, you come to the beach to greet me." But as he received no answer, he came to her and put his arms around her, which caused them both to fall over. While he was in this attitude, his two wives jumped out and appeared before him. On seeing them, he made a dash for his boat. They followed, and came up with him just as he was about to paddle away. One seized the bidarka, and the other grabbed the paddle, and said to him, "We thought that you were dead, and we mourned and suffered, while you were here all the time. Now we are going to kill you." — "Don't kill me! I will go home with you, and we will live as formerly." — "No, no! We will kill you."

Saying this, they pushed the bidarka out until the water reached their necks, and there turned it over and drowned their faithless and cowardly husband.

4. THE WOMAN WITHOUT A NOSE

(Belkovsky Story)

At the head of a long bay lived a man and his wife apart from other human beings, of whose existence they were hardly aware. Every pleasant morning the man went hunting, returning in the evening with a bidarka full of seal-meat. One day, however, he failed to come back at the usual time. This made the woman uneasy, and she kept a look-out for him; and when he finally appeared, he had only one small seal. To the numerous questions of the wife he merely replied, "The seals are scarce, and I have to go far to get them." She believed him. The next day he was again late, and had the same hard-luck story to tell. He looked worried, ate little, and refused to talk. Occasionally he would be gone two and three days at a stretch, returning with but little game. Finally he told his wife that he was ill and about to die, and made her promise that when that sad day should come, she would dress him up as if he were going hunting, and leave him with his boat and weapons in the open air. A few days after this conversation she found him dead, and she faithfully carried out her promise. In the evening, being exhausted from much weeping and hard work, she went into the hut and fell asleep. When she woke up, neither husband, nor bidarka, nor weapons were to be seen, but on the beach she discovered tracks made by her husband in carrying the boat to the water. "Ai, Ai, Y-a-h. This is why he died, and

asked to be buried in this manner!" For a whole day and night she sat as if stupefied, trying in vain to solve the mystery. After the first shock was over, she did the best she could to adjust her life to the new conditions and accept the inevitable. But one day while she was cutting grass, a little bird perched itself on a bush near her and repeated three times, "Mack-la-cluili woani." The woman listened attentively, and concluded that the bird meant for her to go in search of her husband. She hurried home to put on her torbasas (soft skin shoes) and belt, and set out. Over hills and valleys she walked before she came in sight of a bay, where she noticed a man in a bidarka fishing, and she suspected him of being her husband. Not far from her was a hut, to which she directed her footsteps; and on going in, she saw a woman around the fire cooking seal-meat. A better look at the woman disclosed the fact that her face was quite flat; there was not even a sign of a nose. Yet she sniffed the air and said, "Fati. I smell a human being. Where did it die, on sea or on land?"—"I died neither on sea nor on land," said the new-comer, "but came to find my husband." On the floor was a large knife, which the visitor picked up unperceived, and, watching her chance, attacked the noseless woman and cut her head off. Her body was carried outside, the head replaced, and she was made to look as natural as possible. This done, the deserted wife hid near by to await the coming of her faithless husband. As he approached, he called, "I am coming!" but receiving no reply, he shouted again, "I am coming!" Still no reply. A third time, "I am coming! Are you angry again to-day? I did not go anywhere." When he pulled up his bidarka, he spoke again, "Why are you angry? Here I am." He went up to his mistress, and, on touching her, the head fell off. Just then his wife appeared, and said, "This is how you died." He looked at her and then at the mistress, and began to weep. Turning his back on both of them, he got into his bidarka, pulled away a short distance from the shore, turned it over, and drowned himself.

5. THE WOMAN WITH ONE EYE

(Told in English by an Aleut boy of Unga, and here reproduced verbatim)

Once upon a time there was a man and he was married to two women. He was a fisherman. He was fishing for a long time and he saw a sand-spit and there was fire burning there and he saw smoke. Then he went ashore. Soon as he came to the house he saw an old woman with one eye. That old woman asked him if he was married and he said, "Yes." Then he gave the old woman some of his fish and went back to his place. He came to his home and told his women if he dies to put him in a barabara and his bidarka and bow and arrows, spears and knives. His wives said, "Yes, we will do what you say." Then he died after that; then the two ladies put him inside the bidarka and put his things inside the bidarka and some other things into the barabara. Those two ladies

were crying like anything. That other lady — the one carrying the stern of the bidarka — dropped her end of the bidarka, being too heavy for her. That man he laughed a little, he smiled a little. That head-lady said, "This dead fellow laughed a little." And that lady who dropped her end she was growling, "You think a dead people will laugh." — "I saw him laughing myself," that lady said. Then they walked on again to the barabara. It was a long ways to that barabara. That lady, she was tired all the time and she dropped her end again. When she dropped her end the man laughed again, and he did not want the ladies to know that he is not dead, he was making out that he was dead all the time. They brought him to the barabara. Then these two ladies were crying all the time. They went home to go to sleep. Then at night that man he woke up, he took his bidarka to the beach and he loaded his bidarka with his things that he had in the barabara, then he started off for that woman with the one eye.

When those two ladies woke up in the morning they went to the barabara to see if that man is there. When they came to that barabara they did not find that fellow in there. Then they were crying more again.

Then that man was fishing for the woman with the one eye. (The sequel to this story is very much like that in the story of *The Woman with One Eye*, No. 3, given above.)

6. THE FIGHT FOR A WIFE

(Unga Story)

Once upon a time there was a young man who lived all alone, far from other people. He had a habit of lifting stones, — at first small ones, but he gradually grew so strong that even large ones yielded to him. When he became old enough to marry, he decided to go out in the world to get a wife, — peaceably if he could, but he was also prepared to fight for her.

After several days' paddling, he came one night to a village. In one hut he saw a light, and thither he directed his footsteps, and found a young girl, who greeted him, gave him something to eat and a place to sleep. As soon as the inhabitants of the village heard of the presence of a stranger they sent him a challenge. An old man presented himself, and through the intestine window shouted, "Our champion would like with the new arrival try his strength." The meaning of the words were explained to the young man by the girl, and she advised him to accept. The first test of skill consisted in securing white whales. Each contestant went in his own boat in the presence of the villagers. In the evening they returned; and the new-comer, having secured the largest number of these animals, was declared the victor.

On the following day another challenge was delivered in the manner indicated above. This time it was to be a boat-race. When the rivals met on the beach, their bidarkas were side by side; and between them was

placed a bow and arrow, to be used by the victor on the vanquished. The race was to be around a large island facing the village. They got away together, and for a time the contest was in doubt — first one and then the other leading. But as the race progressed, the local champion took the lead, and gradually drew away from his rival until he lost sight of him altogether. So certain were the old men on the shore of the outcome of the race, that they would not even remain to see the finish. But the new-comer, when he saw himself outdistanced, turned to his boat, which was made of beluga (white whale) skin, and commanded it to be changed to a beluga, swim under the water, and overtake the local champion. When close to the shore, he came up, assuming his natural shape, and landed. The local champion, on looking back and not seeing his rival, slowed up, feeling certain of victory. Great was therefore his astonishment and fright on beholding him on the beach with the bow in his hand. He had little time to think, for the twice victorious hero shot him. While eating supper at the home of the young girl, an old man came to request him to go to the beach to withdraw the arrow from the local hero, since no one else could do it. He went and did as he was asked, and the ex-champion became well again.

When the evening of the third day came around, the young man was challenged once more, in the usual manner, to a wrestling-match to take place in the "Large House." In the centre was a large pit, fenced in, containing many human bones and shaman worms. It was understood that the victor was to throw his victim into the pit, from which he could not get out, and where the worms would eat him. Life, love, and glory hung on the outcome of the struggle, and both men fought hard and long. At last the stone-lifting exercise of the new-comer came to his aid. By a skilful movement he lifted the local champion off his feet and threw him into the pit.

The crowd declared the young man from now on their champion. He went to the home of his defeated rival to claim the spoils of war, which in this case included two wives, furs, etc.

7. KOIKOIUSA

(Unga Story)

A certain young man had three sisters, two brothers, a mother, and a father whose name was Koikoiusa. The last-named told this son that he wished him to marry, and that in the spring or summer he would take him to a village to get him a wife. In the mean time he made him a one-hatch bidarka, and from the top of the barabara watched and trained the boy in the handling of it. Each day's practice made the boy more proficient, until the father felt that the boy could take care of himself, and gave him permission to go anywhere in the bay that he pleased, so long as he did not go outside of it and around the point.

Several days later, while the father was in the barabara, the boy decided to go around the point and take a peep and come right back before his father came out. When he had passed the forbidden line, he saw coming towards him a frightfully large bidarka, in which sat a monstrously huge man using the jaw-bones of a whale for paddles. The boy learned, but too late, why his father told him to keep in sight. This giant's name was Meechem Aleu. He was chief of a village, and killed every one that passed by there. Meechem Aleu seized the boy's bidarka, and asked, "Where are you going?" — "Where are you going?" the boy replied boldly. — "I live here." — "If you have a daughter, take me to her and I will marry her," said the young man. "Come with me! and if I have a daughter, you shall marry her." Telling him to take the lead, the giant came behind and drove his spear into the boy's back, killing him.

Koikoiusa, when he came out of the hut and could nowhere find his son, suspected what had happened. In the evening he put on his kamalayka (shirt made of intestines), got into his bidarka, and went to the village of the giant. Quietly landing and stealthily crawling to the barabara of Meechem Aleu, he listened; and this is what he heard the giant say to his men, "He came towards me; I pulled his bidarka to me and asked him where he was going. He replied by asking me the same question. I told him I lived here. The young fool then asked me if I had a daughter, to take him to her and he would marry her. This made me angry, and I told him to paddle ahead of me to the village, and if I had a daughter he should marry her. When we had gone a short distance, I threw the spear at him, the bidarka turned over, and down he went. The last I saw of him were the white soles of his torbasas (soft seal-skin shoes)."

This account amused the audience a great deal, but Koikoiusa wept bitterly. With his kamalayka he wiped the hot tears away, but they flowed on "until the folds of the kamalayka were full." A little later he heard the warriors leave Meechem Aleu's house, and the voice of the giant telling his two boys to go to sleep, but to be on the alert during the night; and if the wind changed, they were to go down to the beach and make fast the bidarkas.

When those inside had retired, Koikoiusa slipped quietly back to his boat, from which he took his sharp stone knife and the spear with the sharp stone point, and sneaked to the giant's home. They were all asleep, and did not hear him lift the grass mat, or notice him as he crawled through the door. Without waking any one, he went to where the boys slept and cut their heads off, and, tying them together by the hair, hung them right over Meechem Aleu, and went outside to see what would follow. Pretty soon he heard the giant call, "Hi, hi, hi! Wake up, boys! It is raining outside. I feel the drops on my face. Go and tie the bidarkas." When he had called two or three times and no one answered, he got up

and lighted the straw wick in his stone lamp. What he saw made him weep; and between sobs he repeated several times, "Ai-Ai-Yah. Koikoiusa has done this because I killed his boy."

Koikoiusa, who was listening, heard the words, and answered by coughing three times, which meant a challenge. He went to his bidarka and paddled for home. On the way he fished and caught a very large halibut, and, having selected a favorable spot, he landed and covered the fish with sand. He also sharpened some prongs and antlers which he found, and concealed them near the halibut. Meechem Aleu, whom he expected, soon afterwards made his appearance. When Koikoiusa saw him coming, he pulled off his parka (fur cloak) and stationed himself near the halibut in an attitude of defence. Koikoiusa, though powerful, was so small that he could barely reach to the breast of the giant; but this proved an advantage, for the giant was unable to get a good hold. The little man was quick, and by twisting and pushing he forced the big man to slip on the halibut. He fell with such force that the prongs and antlers penetrated his body, and before he could clear himself Koikoiusa cut his head off. From here Koikoiusa went back to his own village, and during the rest of his life he bewailed the sad fate of his son.

8. THE BOY WITH THE SEAL-FLIPPERS

(Unga Story)

Kawhachnanign, chief of a village, had a wife and two sons. The older was the darling of the mother, while the father preferred the younger. This boy had one marked peculiarity, — his hands and feet were like those of a fur-seal. When he was walking, his flippers would interfere with each other, causing the child to fall. The villagers were greatly amused, but fear of the father kept them from manifesting their fun publicly.

One time when the chief and his men were out hunting, a party of warriors from another village came to attack Kawhachnanign and his people. Learning that the men were all gone, the visitors decided to have a grand feast that night, and in the morning kill all the old people and ugly women and children, and take with them the younger women and some of the children. They pulled up their bidaraha (large open skin boats) on the beach without fear or hindrance. All the small boys, who were just then playing near the water, ran away out of danger except the boy with the seal-flippers, who could not keep up. He was captured, gazed at, and made much fun of by the visitors. The mother, when she learned of the whereabouts of the child, advanced towards the warriors, weeping and singing, "I do not love him, but his father loves him. Send him to me." They let him go; and as he walked towards his mother, he fell every few steps. This scene the warriors enjoyed hugely. When he fell, some one picked him up and sat him on his feet again, and this

would be succeeded by another fall and more laughter. The mother suffered a great deal, but could not interfere; and when the boy at last reached her, she took him in her arms and ran home weeping.

While the warriors were feasting and making merry, Kawhachnanign and his men were on their way to the village; and when they noticed the camp-fire and the bidarachs on the beach, they knew that the enemy had but recently arrived. They therefore landed in a small cove on another part of the island, and under cover of darkness got into the village unperceived. The chief found his wife in tears, and asked her the cause of her grief, and whether any one had been injured. In reply she took the crippled child and gave him to the father, saying, "Take your child, I do not love him," and related all that had taken place. He did not say much, but lay down to think. Early in the morning, when it was light enough for one "to see the lines in the palm of the hand," Kawhachnanign with his men fell on the sleeping and unsuspecting warriors and cut their heads off. Not feeling himself sufficiently revenged, he went to the village of the enemy, killed the old and ugly, and brought the others back as captives.

9. THE LAKE-MONSTER

(Unga Story)

There was a large village close to a lake in which lived a frightful monster. This beast was fed by the people on game which they killed; but when this failed, human beings were substituted. After a time, of all the inhabitants there was left but one woman, who had her hut on the outskirts of the village. She gave birth (at one time) to five boys and one girl. The girl was born with a feather parka on her. The mother took good care of her children; and when they were big enough to run about, she permitted them "to go everywhere except on the south side." They inquired the reason for this command and the cause of so many empty barabaras formerly occupied by people. The mother refused to answer their questions, but promised to do so some time in the future, when they were older. They were far from satisfied with this reply, and insisted on being told at once, and even threatened to disobey her instructions. Much against her inclination, and with fear and trembling, she told them, "On the south side there is a large lake, in which lives a monster so huge that his body reaches from one bank to the other. He has devoured all the people of the village; and I understand that he is coming closer now, for he has had nothing to eat for a long time. You must not go near the lake. One of these days he will come and eat us up."

The children received the news coolly, and threatened to go the next day to kill the monster. "Ai-Ai-Yah!" cried the mother. "Don't do it. There were many people strong and brave who could not kill him, and how will you do it?" But the children would not be dissuaded. Under the

direction of the girl, the boys worked all night making bows and arrows. In the morning, in spite of the entreaties of their mother, they set out to hunt, and succeeded in killing a fur-seal, which the girl cooked and covered with feathers from her parka. Putting the meat on the platter, she started with it towards the lake, followed by her brothers. From a hill near by they had a good view of the lake and the monster, whose tail was above water. Here the girl ordered her brothers to wait out of danger, while she proceeded. When the monster saw her coming, he opened his mouth, drawing her to him; but before he had quite succeeded, he was obliged to go under. She took advantage of the opportunity, and, after putting down the meat, ran back as fast as she could. When she heard him emerge, she fell down on the ground, clutching with all her might some alder-bushes, and in this way escaped the fate of the meat, which the beast got into his mouth. After the monster had eaten, he went under the water; and in the mean time the girl gained the hill, where her brothers were waiting. They watched to see what would follow, and after a time they were made glad to see the monster appearing on the surface dead. The feathers of the parka in which the girl was born poisoned him, as they would any other animal. With this joyful news, the children hastened home to tell their mother. Around this place the family continued to live, and from them all the inhabitants of Bering Island are descended.

10. THE SINEW ROPE

(Kadiak Story)

There were a great many successful hunters in a certain village; but one there was who had never killed anything, and he and his parents lived off the game secured by others. This humiliated the young man very much. He often asked his mother why he in particular was so unfortunate, and what he ought to do to have better luck.

His mother advised him to go to the point of the cape and look about, but under no circumstances to go farther. He set out, and, when reaching the designated spot without seeing anything of note, he decided to go on until something happened. Towards evening he came to a beach, and in the sand he detected fresh human footsteps. After pulling up his boat on the kelp, he threw himself alongside of it, giving the impression of having been thrown up by the waves. He lay there a short time when he heard footsteps followed by a voice saying, "Ha, ha, here is another one!" The young man was carefully examined by the new-comer to make sure that he was dead; then tying a sinew rope about the body, the person swung him on his shoulders and walked off. On the way they passed through alder-bushes; and when a good opportunity offered itself, the young man reached out and gave a strong pull at a bush, almost upsetting the bearer, who called out, "Who is pulling me?"

When they reached a barabara, the young man was conscious of a woman and several children gathered about him in the expectation of a feast. The baby coaxed so much for a piece of meat that the father told the mother to cut off a toe for the child. Painful as the operation was, the young man did not in the least betray his feelings. The man had started a big fire and was sharpening the knives, when his attention was drawn to the choking baby, who had attempted to swallow the toe but could not. While the whole family was assisting the baby, the young man decided it was about time to escape. So he made a dash for the outside, and ran as fast as he could to the beach for the boat. He had barely time to get in it and push out, when the other man came up and said, "Give me back my sinew rope, and I will give you something also."

The young man, however, refused to have any dealings with him, and pulled away, taking the rope with him. On the way home he killed much game; and as long as he retained the rope he was successful, and in time became a renowned hunter.

II. UGHEK

(Karluk Story)

In a very large and populous village lived a half-witted man named Ughek. On account of his meanness he was much disliked by all the people. To the evening parties where the men gathered in the large hall to play, sing, and dance in a circle, he was never invited. The women were not permitted to take part in these joyous festivities; but when bringing in the cooked seal-meat, ducks, and berries and oil, for the men, they were allowed to dance in and, after depositing the food, to dance out again. Ughek, who resented the treatment he was receiving, got even with his neighbors by hiding near the dance-hall; and as the women passed, he plucked the dress of one, pinched a second, and tripped a third, and in this way made himself thoroughly disagreeable to the community.

The chief determined to put up with him no longer. He therefore called a meeting, which decided to leave the village for a time; but Ughek should not be taken. The next day the village, except for Ughek, was deserted. For two days he did not mind his new situation; but at the end of that time he began to fear lest the *schwichileghk* (sea-monster, half-human and half beast, which is covered on the body with sea-shells and on the head with kelp) would come out at low tide and eat him, as he had done to others.

On the evening of the third day he gathered all the oil lamps from the other barabaras into his own, filled them with oil, and lighted them. This done, he played on the drum, sang, and danced. Every now and then he turned his head toward the beach, and once his attention was drawn to a stone. He went out to it, and said, "You are here alone, as I am. It is

lonely for you. Come with me. In the barabara where I am it is pleasant, many people are dancing. Come with me." Since the stone made no answer, he attempted to force it to come with him by carrying it, but he could not lift it. He went once more into his hut, continuing his singing. Again he approached the stone, asking it to share his joys, and again the stone refused. The attempt to move it was a little more successful, for he advanced it two steps at least. He went back to his music, and from there to the stone. The third time he transported it as far as the doorstep. He danced and sang a little more, and finally got the stone inside, and said, "I am all alone. The people have gone and left me to starve. I am afraid of the schwichileghk. I will put you over the door, and, if he comes, you fall on him and kill him."

Having placed the stone over the door, Ughek was free to go on with his entertainment. About midnight his joy was cut short by the odor of kelp, which became stronger with each minute. Ughek had his eyes on the skin door, which fluttered, and through which a moment later a head of kelp was seen, and from it these words came in a roaring voice: "It has been a long time since I have eaten anything, but now I shall have a good feast." The schwichileghk, for it was he, advanced slowly, but when about halfway in, the stone fell down and killed him.

Ughek raised the stone, cut the monster into small pieces, which he cooked, and filled all the dishes he could find in the village. Not many days later the villagers returned, and Ughek, on hearing them, ran off and hid. Not seeing any trace of Ughek, the chief and his people concluded that he was dead, and celebrated the event with a dance. As the women were advancing with their cooked meats, Ughek sneaked in and played his old tricks on them. One of them ran into the dance-hall, shouting excitedly, "You thought Ughek dead, but he is not. He just now tripped me." It was decided to call him in, and invite him to tell all that happened to him during their absence. Ughek came in, and began playing on the drum, singing and dancing. That done, he asked permission of the chief to set refreshments before the people. When this was granted, he went out and brought in the cooked schwichileghk. Each person took a piece of meat, chewed and swallowed it, and dropped dead. Ughek himself returned to his hut to live with his stone, and there he is now.

COLUMBIA, Mo.