
Tales from Kodiak Island

Author(s): F. A. Golder

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TALES FROM KODIAK ISLAND.

[NOTE. — These tales were obtained by the author at Unga island, Alaska, during a three years' residence. They were told in the Russian language by Mrs. Reed, Nicoli Medvednikoff, Corneil Panamaroff, all natives of the island of Kodiak where they had heard them, and translated some literally, others more freely. The natives of Kodiak speak Russian almost as freely as they do their mother-tongue. They call themselves "Aleuts," and wherever that word is used, it refers to them, and not to the real Aleuts to the west. The author has but lately returned from Alaska.]

I. THE RAVEN AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

In a barrabara (native home), at the end of a large village, lived an old woman with her grandson, a raven. The two lived apart from the other villagers, for they were disliked by them. When the men returned from fishing for cod, and the raven would come and beg a fish, they would never give him one. But when all had left the beach, he would come and pick up any sick fish or refuse that may have been left there. On this he and his grandmother lived.

One winter was very severe. Hunting was impossible; food became scarce to starvation, and even the chief had but little left. One day he (chief) called all his people together, and urged them to make an effort to obtain food, or all would starve. He also announced that he desired his son to marry, and that the bride would be selected from the village girls, who were requested to wash and dress up for the occasion. For a time hunger was forgotten; and in a short time the girls, dressed and looking their best, were lined up under the critical eye of the chief, who selected one of the fairest for his son. A feast of all the eatables the chief had followed; the village was merry for a short time, and then starved again.

The raven perched on a pole outside, observed and listened attentively to all that passed, and after the feast flew home, and said to his grandmother, "Grandmother, I too want to marry." She made no reply; and he went about his duties, gathering food for his little home, which he did each day by flying along the beach, and picking up a dead fish or a bird. He gathered more than enough for two, while in the village the hunger was keener each day. When the famine was at its worst, the raven came to the chief, and asked, "Chief, what will you give me, if I bring you food?"

The chief looked at him a while, and answered, "You shall have my oldest daughter for a wife." No other reward would have pleased him better; he flew away in a joyful mood, and said to his

grandmother : "Clean out the barrabara. Make everything ready. I am going to get food for the people, and marry the chief's oldest daughter."

"Äi, Äi, Y-ä-h! You are not going to marry. Our barrabara is small and dirty. Where will you put your wife?"

"Caw! Caw! Caw! Never mind. Do as I say," he screamed, at the same time pecking her.

Early next morning he flew away, and later in the day appeared with a bundle of "yukelah" (dried salmon) in his talons. "Come with me to the chief's house, grandmother," he called to her. He handed the fish over to the chief, and received the daughter in exchange. Telling his grandmother to bring the bride home, he preceded them, and cleared out of the barrabara all the straw and bedding. When the two women arrived, they found an empty barrabara, and the old woman began to scold him :—

"What are you doing? Why are you throwing out everything?"

"I am cleaning house," was his curt reply.

When the time for retiring came, the raven spread out one wing, and asked his bride to lie on it, and then covered her with the other. She spent a miserable and sleepless night in that position. The odor of his body and the breath of his mouth almost smothered her, and she determined to leave him in the morning. But in the morning she decided to stay and try and bear it. During the day she was cheerless and worried, and when the raven offered her food, she would not eat it. On the second night he again invited her to lay her head on his breast, and seek rest in his arms, but she cried and would not; and only after much threatening did he prevail on her to comply with his wish. The second night was not better than the first, and early in the morning she stole away from him and went back to her father, telling him everything.

On awaking and finding his wife gone, the raven inquired of his grandmother whether she knew aught of her whereabouts. She assured him that she did not. "Go, then," he said, "to the chief, and bring her back." She feared him, and did his bidding. When she came to the chief's house, and as soon as she put her foot into it, she was pushed out. This she reported to the raven on her return.

The summer passed, followed by a hard winter and famine. As in the winter before, the raven and his grandmother had plenty, but the others suffered greatly for lack of food. With the return of the hard times, the grandson's thoughts turned to love. This time it was a girl, young and beautiful, at the other end of the village. When he mentioned the subject and girl to his grandmother, and

asked her to "go and bring the girl here—I want to marry her," she was quite indignant, and told him what she thought about it.

"Äi, Äi, Y-ä-h! Are you going to marry again? Your first wife could not live with you, because you smell so strong. The girls do not wish to marry you."

"Caw! Caw! Caw! Never mind the smell! Never mind the smell! Go—do as I say." To impress his commands and secure obedience he continued pecking her until she was glad to go. While she was gone, he was very restless and anxious. He hopped about the barrabara and near-by hillocks, straining his eyes for a sight of the expected bride. At last he saw them coming, his grandmother accompanied by the girl. Hurriedly he began cleaning out the barrabara, throwing out not only the straw, but bedding, baskets, and all. The old woman on her return scolded him, but he paid no attention to it.

The young bride, like her predecessor, was enfolded tightly in his wings, and like her predecessor had a wretched and sleepless night, but determined to endure it if possible; for with him she would have enough to eat, at least. The second night was as bad as the first, but she stayed on, and concluded to do so until spring. On the third day the raven, seeing that she was still with him, said to the old woman: "To-morrow I will go and get a big, fat whale. While I am gone, make a belt and a pair of torbarsars (native shoes) for my wife."

"Äi, Äi, Y-ä-h! How will you bring a whale? The hunters cannot kill one, and how will you do it?"

"Caw! Caw! Caw! Be quiet, and do what I tell you: make the belt and torbarsars. I will do what I say," he angrily exclaimed, also using his more effective method of silencing her.

Before dawn next morning the raven flew away over the sea. In his absence the old woman was busily engaged making the things for the young bride, who was watching and talking to her. About midday they espied him flying toward the shore, carrying a whale. The grandmother started the fire, and the young woman tucked up her parka (native dress), belted it with the new belt, put on the new torbarsars, sharpened the stone knife, and went to the beach to meet her husband. As he drew near, he cried: "Grandmother, go into the village, and call the people; tell them I have brought a big, fat whale." She ran as hard as she could, and told the joyful news. The half-dead village of a sudden became alive. Some began sharpening their knives, others to dress; but most of them ran just as they were and with such knives as they had, to the beach where the whale was. His importance was not lost on the raven, who hopped up and down the whale's back, viewing the scene of carnage and gorging below him. Every now and then he would take out a pebble

from the tool bag which he had about him, and after a seeming consultation put it back. When the chief or any of his relatives came near, he drove them off, and they had to satisfy themselves with watching and feasting with their eyes from the distance, while the others were revelling in fat and even carrying off the blubber to their homes. (Later, in the village, the people shared with the chief.)

The raven's first wife, the chief's daughter, had a son by him, a little raven. She had it in her arms on this occasion, and walked in front of the raven where he would have to notice her. "Here is your child, look at it," she called. But he acted as if he heard not. She called several times, and continued forcing the baby before his eyes until he said, "Come nearer, nearer still;" and when quite close to him, he turned around and excreted on them, almost covering up the child. She turned away, and left him without a word.

Death was the result of the feast. A part of the people ate so much fat on the spot that they died soon after; the rest had eaten so much and filled their barrabaras so full of blubber that during the night they suffocated. In the whole village only three were left, the raven, his wife, and his grandmother, and there they live to this day.

II. THE TWO INQUISITIVE MEN, ACHAYONGCH AND ACHGOYAN.

There were two men; the name of one was Achayongch, the name of the other Achgoyan. They lived together, but spoke and looked at each other only when really compelled to do so. Anything happening at other places was known to them, and they generally went there to investigate. They went, looked, said not a word, did not a thing, and returned. One day, as they were sitting in their barrabara around the fire, their backs toward each other, and eating shell-fish, Achgoyan pulled out a feather from his hair, threw it from him, and said, "Achayongch, what shall we do? There is a man living over there on the other side. He hunts every day with his sling."

Achayongch was silent for a while, then he scratched his ear, and said, "I do not know what is the matter with me. There is much whistling in my ear."

Silence for a long time; finally Achgoyan, pulling out another feather from his hair, and throwing it from him, said, "Achayongch, what shall we do? There is a man living over there on the other side. He hunts every day with his sling."

After scratching his ear, Achayongch replied, "I do not know what is the matter. There is much whistling in my ear."

A third time Achgoyan threw away a feather, saying, "There is a man living on the other side whose name is Plochgoyuli. He hunts every day with his 'plochgo' (sling). We will go and see."

They set about preparing for the trip. On the canoe was piled the barrabara, the bugs and insects of the barrabara (they, being considered personal property, went with the house and person), the grave and remains of their wife. Achgoyan then thought that the canoe was sufficiently loaded; but on launching it was discovered too heavily loaded on one side; and in order to have it equally heavy on both sides, they dug up a little hillock, and put it on, and when they had filled hollow reeds with fresh water, started off.

Coming close to the other shore, they saw Plochgoyuli hunting ducks with his sling. He saw them too, knew the nature of their visit, and on that account threw rocks at them so as to destroy them. The first rock hit close to the canoe, and made Achgoyan, exclaim, "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka! It nearly hit." The second rock hit still closer, and he exclaimed again, "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!" and as the rocks continued coming, they steered their canoe around, but not before Plochgoyuli had damaged the canoe. On returning home, all the things were replaced.

A few days later they were sitting in the barrabara around the fire, their backs toward each other, eating shell-fish. Achgoyan pulled out a feather, and throwing it from him, said, "Achayongch, there is a man living on an island. He heats a bath, and catches codfish every day."

Achayongch scratched his ear, and replied, "I do not know what is the matter; but there is much whistling in my ear to-day."

A pause; then Achgoyan pulled out another feather, saying, "Achayongch, there is a man living on an island in the middle of the sea whose name is Petingyuock. He heats a bath, and catches codfish every day."

"I do not know what is the matter; but there is much whistling in my ear to-day," answered Achayongch.

Silence for a long time; finally Achgoyan, pulling out a third feather, spoke up, "Achayongch, there is a man living on an island in the middle of the sea, whose name is Petingyuock. He heats a bath, and catches codfish every day. Let us go and see."

They paddled off in the canoe, loaded with barrabara, bugs, grave, and hillock. On reaching the island, they beached the canoe, and went into the barrabara. An old man who was sitting there exclaimed, "Futi! where is the man-smell coming from?"

"We came to see because we heard that there is a man living here who heats a bath, and catches codfish every day."

"The bath is ready," said Petingyuock, and Achayongch and Achgoyan went in to take a bath. While they were bathing, the old man tied together a lot of thin, dried kelp, which he had kept to make clothes, into a long rope, and fastened one end of it to the

canoe. That done, he roasted a codfish and gave it to the men when they came out of the bath. "There is a strong wind blowing. You had better hasten back," suggested the old man.

The men pushed off against a strong sea-breeze; and when quite a distance from the shore, the old man commenced pulling his end of the rope, gradually drawing them back, and when he had them close to the shore, asked them why they delayed, since the wind was freshening up every moment. A second time they started. This time they went about half way across before Petingyuwock, who was in the barrabara, began hauling in the rope until the canoe was on shore again. He then came out, and demanded to know why they did not go while there was yet time. The third time they paddled against such a strong breeze that with great difficulty headway was made at all. When half way across, the old man pulled again the rope, but the wind upset the canoe.

The grave of their wife became a porpoise. Achayongch and Achgoyan were cast on the shore, where they became two capes; and since then quiet and peace are unknown on capes; for the men were inquisitive.

III. THE GIRL WHO MARRIED A STAR.

The chief of a very large village had an only daughter whom he never permitted to go outside of her barrabara. Two servant girls were at her beck and call, and they attended to her wants.

One lovely summer day, the earth and sky being clear and blue, the air inspiring, she felt herself irresistibly drawn to the window by the glad sunshine peeping through it, by the joyful shouts of those outside, and by the plaintive notes of the golden-crowned sparrow: and as she stood there, seeing and not seeing, she thought of her own sad life, and wondered why the pleasures of the other people were closed to her. She stood there a long time, and when she turned away, there were tears in her eyes. Her servants were watching her; on noticing it, she sent them away, one for fresh water, and the other after sweet roots. At their departure her imagination and feelings took again control of her. Her past life stood out before her very distinctly, and she groaned when she thought of the numerous proposals of marriage she had received during the last year; for nearly every day one or more men from the neighboring villages came to ask her in marriage from her father. He was unwilling to part with her, especially against her consent; and she, with her very limited knowledge of men and their ways, thought marriage strange and foolish, and rejected all offers.

With this subject in her mind, she was interrupted by her servants, who were sent by her father to announce to her that a bidarka with two young men had just arrived to seek her in marriage.

"Oh! why should I marry? Go, and say to them that I have no desire to marry. I am content to live as I am. Here it is warm. Why should I marry when I am not even allowed to go outside?"

One of the servants took the liberty of suggesting that, "One of the fellows is very young and handsome, the other not quite so. You had better marry now."

"If he pleases you, marry him. I am satisfied and warm here; and why should I marry?" she curtly replied.

"They are waiting for you," the other servant said, "and you may come outside if you like."

"Go, bring me the water and roots, and tell them I will not marry." Saying this, she pushed them outside, and, throwing herself on the bed, had a good cry. When the servants returned with roots and water, they found her in such a state that they feared she was ill. They questioned and tried to pacify her, but she paid no attention to them. "What have we done to you that you should be angry with us. It is not our fault that you please all men, and they desire to marry you. If your father finds out your present condition, he will punish us," etc.

In the evening she said to the girls, "Go, sleep in the adjoining barrabara; if I need you, I will call you." When they had filled the stone lamp, fixed her bed, and in other ways arranged for her comfort during the night, they went out.

Unable to sleep, the girl sat up, making sinew thread; and about midnight she heard some one cutting the intestine window, and a man's voice calling softly, —

"Chit! chit! chit! chit! look this way." She did not, and went on with her work.

"Chit! chit! chit! chit! just look at me once," he pleadingly called. If she heard him, she took no notice of him.

"Chit! chit! chit! chit! look at me just once." For the third time she heard the tempter's call. This time she looked up, and beheld a very handsome young man, with a face as white as hers, and she asked him, "Why do you ask me to look at you?"

"Come here quick! I wish to marry you," he whispered.

"What for?"

"Come quick! I am going to marry you. Why spend your days and nights in loneliness here. Come with me and see the world," he coaxingly said.

Without more ado she obeyed, and with the aid of her lover escaped through the window, and hurried down to the beach. There a bidarka and her lover's friend were awaiting them, and after stowing her away in the bidarka, they paddled off.

It was daylight when they landed, and she was taken to a nice

clean barrabara. Here she lived three days, and during that time she was by turns the wife of both. On the morning of the fourth day she was led to a large, open, cold barrabara, and tied up there. It was in the fall of the year, and the cold wind blew through it, and made her shiver with cold. Her food consisted of bare bones. In this cruel and sure way the men hoped to be rid of her.

The second morning of her imprisonment, and while the men were away hunting, the girl, cold and hungry, heard some one approaching. "Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck," it sounded as it drew nearer and nearer until it ceased in the entrance. She raised up the leather door, and a very old, shrunken, shrivelled, and toothless woman, bearing a platter of hot meat, entered and said: "I have brought you some meat, for I know you are hungry. Eat fast." The girl, being very hungry, ate as fast as she could, but still not fast enough to please the old woman, who continued hurrying her to eat still faster. "Eat faster — they will soon appear — why did you marry them — faster still — they are almost here," she said almost in one breath. When the girl had done eating, the woman cleaned her teeth, so that no sign of food should be left on the premises, and hastily snatching up her platter, disappeared as mysteriously as she appeared. "Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck," floated back faintly, and died out altogether.

The old woman did not go too quickly; for the men appeared very soon after. "Still she lives; she does not even change color. Somewhat tougher than her predecessors," they laughingly remarked, and left her. A little later they brought her bones; and the girl went at them as if she were famishing. Noticing that the girl was not the worse from her treatment, and suspecting something was wrong, the men commenced to watch. They would go out a short distance from the shore, and then come right back, and conceal themselves. But during their brief absence the old woman appeared and fed the girl. For several days this spying continued.

Very early one morning, just after the men had gone out in their bidarka, the old woman came, with meat, and speaking rapidly, said, "Eat fast — why did you come here — they have starved many girls before you. If you do not wish to die, come with me. I have a son who desires to marry, but cannot get a wife. This is the last time I come to you — the men have discovered, are aware of my visits. If you come with me, the men shall never find you" —

"I will go with you," interrupted the girl.

In a twinkle the old woman unbound her, and set her in a large basket, which she put on her back. "Now close your eyes tight, and don't open them till I tell you," cautioned the old woman. As they began to move, the girl felt the cold air while they buzzed and

whizzed through it. Tiring of keeping her eyes closed, she opened them just a little. "Äi, Äi, Y-ä-h," screamed the old woman, "close them, or we will fall in the water." The noise and whir of the air, as they rushed through it, was so annoying that she began to unclose her eyes for the second time. "Don't open them now; we will soon arrive, and then you may look," pleaded the woman.

When they came to a standstill, the girl found herself in front of a large barrabara. The interior was cozy and clean. A cheerful fire was burning, over which were several pots with seal and duck meat. Spreading out a mat in the front part of the room, the old woman begged the girl to be seated; then she brought her a new pair of torbarsars and a sea-otter parka. While the girl was dressing, the old woman ran outside for a moment, and on her return said to the girl: "Don't be scared when you see my son; although his appearance is terrifying, yet he is very harmless." This news had a pensive effect on the girl, for she wondered what she had got into. To distract her from her gloomy thoughts, the old woman placed food, and talked to the girl. Pretty soon she went out again, and hurried back, announcing, "Here comes my son." The girl, already half-frightened, kept her eyes on the doorway, and when, of a sudden, a lot of willow twigs darkened it, she fell back, screaming, "Äi, Äi, Y-ä-h! Äi, Äi, Y-ä-h!" The old woman hastened to her, trying to calm her. "Don't be alarmed," she said; "this is my son; these are some of his hair." She stared at him, doubting her own eyes; for he was one-sided. That side, however, was complete, and had all its members in the usual place, except the eye, which was in the forehead, and shone very brilliantly.

"Look at the wife I brought you," the mother called the son's attention to the girl. He turned his one eye on her, and, from the way it winked and sparkled, he was well pleased. Probably because he was embarrassed, or perhaps he thought it wise to leave the two women to themselves for a time, he left the room. When he returned, a little later, with seals and several kinds of ducks, he found the bride looking more cheerful. The marriage was not delayed at all. In the course of a very short time a child was born, a boy, who was the perfect image of his father, and "just as pretty," as the grandmother said. There was happiness and no lack of cheering light in the family, especially when pretty, one-sided baby awoke and opened his little wee sparkling eye. Mamma, as was natural, vowed it was the brightest baby she had ever seen, and it had more expression in its one eye than other babies had in their two eyes and face together, to which statement grandmother readily agreed.

Although a bride of several months, the girl had not yet become well acquainted with her husband and his strange body, as is shown

from the following incident: One night being stormy, the husband did not go out as usual, and during the night he asked his wife to scratch his moss-covered head, in which his hair, the twigs, were rooted. Telling him to keep his eye open, so she could see, she commenced the operation with the twigs first. In doing so, she disturbed a mouse, which ran and hid in its hole in the moss. "Äi, Äi, Y-ä-h!" she shrieked, and dropped his head; "there are mice in your head."

"Oh, no!" he declared, "they are mere fleas."

A year had passed since the happy marriage between the son of the sky and the daughter of the earth took place. The one-sided result of this marriage began to grow and become strong. Motherhood brought with it the desire to see her own parents once more. Permission to do this was granted, and the mother-in-law set about making a basket in which to send her down. When it was done, she called the young mother to the fireplace, around which were four flat rocks, and said: "Raise these rocks, and try and find your father's village." Darkness of night was in the first one; the rosy tints of dawn were visible in the second; a grand sunset filled the third; and in the fourth she recognized the village of her father, wrapped in midday splendor. Then she seated herself in the basket, to which a rope was tied; but, before lowering her, the mother-in-law gave her some advice: "Close your eyes tight, and don't open them, for if you do you will fall. Should you meet with an obstacle on the way, stamp your foot, and it will disappear. A second obstacle may impede your progress; do likewise, and it too will vanish. When for the third time the basket stops, uncloset your eyes, and you will find yourself in the home of your childhood. If it does not please you down there, seat yourself in the basket again, pull on the rope, and I will draw you up."

Placing the child in her arms, the old woman lowered away, and after encountering the enumerated obstacles, the young woman saw in front her native village. To the barrabara of her father she directed her footsteps, and, as she drew near, she noticed a grave close by. For when she disappeared so suddenly, her parents, thinking her dead, made a grave for her, probably to take her place (?). She went in, and when the people there saw her with the queer-looking child in her arms, they ran pell-mell out of there, thinking she returned from the land of the dead.

This reception brought tears to her eyes, and, realizing for the first time the great gulf that separated her from her earthly relatives, and that her real home now was with the father of her child, she walked back to the basket, gave the signal, and a little later was welcomed by her mother-in-law and husband, from whom she parted no more, and with whom she is living to this day.

Her husband is a star. At sunrise each morning he goes to sleep for a few hours; after that he hunts ducks, seals, and other sea animals. If, on his return in the evening, it is cloudy and stormy, he spends the night at home with his family; but if it is clear, he stretches himself out on the sky, and observes the doings of the world below, as any one who takes the trouble to look up can see.

IV. THE GIRL WHO WENT IN SEARCH OF HER LOVER.

A terrible misfortune befell the people of a very large village. Of all the hunters that left the village not one ever came back, nor was it known what became of them. In that village lived a very beautiful girl, who loved and was beloved by a brave young hunter and joyfully consented to become his wife; but the parents objecting, the marriage never came off. The disappointed lover decided to drown his grief in hunting, and, although cautioned by the old men, insisted on going and went. A week, a month, passed, and when he did not return, he was given up as lost. Not so the girl; she could not believe him dead, and concluded to go and search for him.

Secretly she made preparations, and one night, when all the other villagers were sleeping, stole out quietly, and, taking her father's one-hatch bidarka and kamalayka (waterproof shirt made of intestines), started off. After going some distance from the village, she ceased paddling, closed her eyes, and began to sing. She sang a verse, then opened her eyes, and on noticing that the bidarka was drifting with the current, shut her eyes again and continued singing. At the end of the second verse, she looked about again, and, seeing the bidarka drifting as before, only faster, closed her eyes and sang a long time. When she looked around the next time, the bidarka was going very, very fast. Becoming alarmed, she tried unsuccessfully to change its course. The speed of the boat increased each moment; and soon she heard the mighty roar of falling waters. Her life without her lover was not worth living, so closing her eyes, she resigned herself to her fate and awaited death. Very swiftly the boat rushed now; the roaring waters became dreadful; and her heart almost stopped beating when she felt herself going down, down, down, and suddenly coming to a standstill. She was not hurt, but could neither come out nor move. The bidarka was fast.

Dawn was approaching as she lay there, wondering what would become of her and what became of her lover. When it was broad daylight, she saw a bidarka, with one man in it, coming toward her. On coming closer, the man exclaimed, "Ha! Ha! I have another victim," and placed a bow and arrow, having a two-edged knife on the end, near him for immediate use. But as he came a little nearer,

he put back his weapons, saying to himself, "Seems to me that is a woman. No, it cannot be," he added a moment later, and picked up his bow and arrow again, only to replace them, and crying out, "If you are a woman, speak up, and I will not kill you; for I do not kill women." She assured him that she was a woman, and he came and took her out of the bidarka, seated her in his, and paddled off with her.

Reaching his home, a small barrabara, and occupied by him alone, she noticed many human heads; and in one, not yet badly decomposed, she recognized her lover's. She did not say a word, but swore vengeance. The man told her that he would have her for his wife, and ordered her to cook something for him to eat, which she did of deer and seal meat. At bedtime, he pointed to a corner of the barrabara, telling her to lie there, while he slept in the opposite corner. Although this arrangement seemed queer to her, she obeyed without questioning.

The following morning he led her to a little small barrabara, and showed her a number of headless human bodies. "These," said he, "I do not eat; but I have three sisters, living some distance from here, who eat human flesh only. It is for them that I killed these people. Each day I take one of these bodies to a different sister." He then lifted up a corpse, and, taking his bow and arrow, walked off. The girl followed him to the place where the road forked. One path led to the right, another to the left, and the third continued straight before her. Noticing which he took, she returned to the barrabara, and busied herself the rest of the day, removing two of the posts from one of the walls, and digging an underground passage out. All the dirt she removed and dumped into the sea, and cunningly concealed the passage. Towards evening she cooked supper, and when he returned, they ate it in silence and then retired; she in her corner and he in his.

After breakfast the next morning, he carried away another corpse. She, taking the bow and arrow which he left behind, followed him secretly. Where the road divided, he took the path to the left, while she followed the one in the middle. After keeping it for a while, she cut across to the left path, and by hurrying managed to reach the home of his sister and kill her before he came there. From there she ran to the homes of the other sisters, killing them, and then back to the barrabara. He, coming to his sister's, and finding her dead, hastened to the homes of the other sisters, and finding them dead also, suspected the criminal, and determined to kill her.

She was sitting on the barrabara when he came. "You killed my sisters and I will kill you," he cried. He rushed for his bow and arrow, but they were not in their places, and when he discovered

them in her hands, he began begging them of her, promising to do her no harm. At first she refused, but he pleaded and promised until she, trusting in his promises, gave them to him. As soon as he had them, he shouted, "Now you shall die," and shot at her. But she, dropping through the smoke hole, was out of sight before the arrow could reach her; and while he was looking for the arrow, she crawled out through the underground passage, and perched herself anew on the barrabara. This sudden appearance was a mystery to him, since the door was closed. Again and again he shot at her, and each time she disappeared and appeared in the same mysterious manner. At last, seeing that he could not hurt her, he said, "Since I cannot kill you, take these, and kill me."

"I do not want to kill you," she said. "But I am afraid that you will kill me some day, when you think of my doings."

He swore never to hurt her, and she came down. They ate supper, and retired in the usual manner; but as he was about to fall asleep, she moved close to him, and commenced talking to him, keeping him awake the whole night. Five days and nights she tortured him in this way, giving him no opportunity to sleep. On the sixth day, in spite of all that she could do, he fell into a deep sleep. Although she pulled and pinched him, he could not be aroused. She then brought a block of wood from outside, and, placing it under his neck, cut his head off with a knife which she stole from one of his sisters.

In his bidarka she put his bow and arrow and knife, and, seating herself in it, started on her homeward journey by way of the falls. But the falls were there no more; for they existed through the evil power of the man, who was a shaman; and when he died, his influence ceased; the river flowed smoothly and steadily in the old channel. Her bidarka she found drifted on the beach, and after repairing and placing his weapons in it, paddled away, and in good time came home.

When the people of the village learned her adventures, and that she killed the shaman, they rejoiced exceedingly. The old men decreed that the shaman's weapons, which the girl had brought along, should be thrown on the garbage pile, where they would be polluted.

V. THE GIRL WHO MARRIED THE MOON.

Two girls, cousins, lived in a large village; and those evenings when the moon was out they went to the beach to play. Claiming the moon as their husband, they spent the night in gazing and making love to him. For shelter they had a propped-up bidarka (large skin boat), and in the course of the night they changed their posi-

tions several times, so as to be face to face with the moon. If on their return to their homes in the morning their parents questioned their whereabouts, they replied that they watched the moon till he passed from sight. Many of the people heard them remark on different occasions that they loved the moon, and wished they, too, were moons.

One evening, in company with other young people, they amused themselves on the beach. Night coming on, the others returned to their homes, but these two remained. When during the night the moon withdrew from sight, one of the girls complained: "Why does the moon hide himself so suddenly? I like to play with him, and have light." "I, too," said the other. Although they thought it was close on to morning, and that the moon had vanished for the night, it was yet midnight with the moon behind the clouds.

Up to this time they had not noticed their dishevelled hair, and when they now began to put it in order, they were startled by hearing a noise close to them, followed immediately by a young man. He looked at them for a moment, and then said: "You have been professing love for me since a long time. I have watched and observed you, and know you love me, therefore have I come for you. But as my work is hard, I can take only one of you, the more patient one." As each claimed superiority in that virtue, he said, "I will decide this point myself; I will take both of you. Now close your eyes, and keep them closed." So saying, he grabbed each by the hair, and the next moment they were rushing through the air. The patience of one was soon exhausted, and, on peeping, she dropped down, down, down, leaving her hair behind her in his hands. In the morning she found herself near the bidarka, from which she had parted not long since. The other girl, however, kept her eyes closed, and in the morning found herself in a comfortable barrabara, the home of the moon. There as his wife she lived for a time, apparently happy in loving him. Generally he slept during the day, and was out during the night; but frequently he went away in the morning and returned in the evening; at other times he left in the middle of the day, and when he returned, it was night. His irregular going-out and coming-in puzzled her much; but he never offered to explain to her where he went and what he did in his absence.

This silence and indifference piqued her not a little. She bore it as long as she could, and then called him to account.

"You go out every day, every evening, every morning, and every night. Where do you go? What do you do? Who knows the kind of people you associate with, while I am left here behind."

"I do not associate with the people here, for there are none of my kind here," said he. "I have work to do, and cannot hang around you all the time."

"If it is so hard, why don't you take me with you to help you sometimes," she asked.

"I have too much hard work to be bothered with you," he replied. "I brought you up here because I had no rest when you were down there. You and your lovely cousin were always staring and staring at me. No matter where I looked, your grins always met me. Now stop being foolish and wishing to go with me; for you cannot help me. Stay home, and be a good girl."

"You don't expect me to stay home all the time," she said, weeping. "If I cannot go with you, may I not go out by myself occasionally?"

"Yes, go anywhere you like, except in the two barrabaras yonder. In the corner of each there is a curtain, under which you must on no account look." Saying this, he left the barrabara, and that night he looked paler than usual.

Shortly after she went out for a walk; and although she went far and in different directions, she could see no people and only the three barrabaras aforementioned. Short trails there were many. Some of them she followed, and in each case stumbled on a man stretched out face down. It gave her much pleasure to kick them, which she invariably did. On being so disturbed, each would turn on her his one bright sparkling eye, and cry out: "Why do you kick me? I am working and am busy." She kicked them till she was tired and then started home.

The two barrabaras were on her way, and of course, she had to look in. With the exception of a curtain in the corner, the first barrabara was bare. She could not resist the desire to look under the curtain, and when she did so, she beheld a half-moon, a quarter of a moon, and a small piece of a moon. In the second barrabara, she found a full moon, one almost full, and another more than half full. After thinking it over, she could see no harm in trying one on just to see how well it would become her. The one almost full pleased her best, so she put it on one side of her face, and there it stuck. Notwithstanding she cried, "Äi, Äi, Y-ä-h', Äi, Äi, Yäh'," tugged, and pulled it would not come off. Fearing her husband would arrive on the scene, she hastened home, threw herself on the bed, and covered up her face.

There he found her on his return, complaining that her face was paining her. He, however, suspected the real cause, and went out to investigate. On his return, he questioned her about the missing moon. "Yes," she admitted; "I tried it on just for fun; and now I cannot take it off." She expected him to fly into a rage, but he did nothing of the kind. Going up to her, he pulled it off gently.

Seeing him in such unusual good humor, she related to him the

adventures of the day, especially the sport she had with the one-eyed people scattered over the sky.

“They are stars,” he said reprovingly.

When she had concluded, he said to her : “ Since of your own free will you put on this moon, wear it from now on, and help me in my hard work. I will begin the month, and go the rounds until the full moon ; after that you will start in, and finish out the month, while I rest.” To this arrangement she consented, and ever since then the two have shared the hard work between them.

F. A. Golder.