



Carrie Roberts, an Uroc Indian, Wife of Sandy Bar Jim, a Karoc
With Baskets She Has Made.

KAROC INDIAN STORIES

BY

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KAROC INDIAN STORIES

INTRODUCTION.

Will not this take you directly to your geography? The Klamath River rises in the extreme southern part of Oregon, takes a southwesterly, then a northwesterly, course, and empties into the Pacific Ocean at Requa, in Northern California. Along this river live the Karoc (or up-stream), the Hupa, and the Uroc (or down-stream) Indians, each tribe speaking its own language. The Karocs are to be found from Red Cap Creek to Indian Creek. Their headquarters is Orleans, or Penominee, a picturesque village at the end of the stage road from the coast city of Eureka, a hundred and ten miles distant. In summer this trip can be made by automobile in one day. To reach Orleans from any point, at least one mountain of more than three thousand feet must be traversed. It is a busy little place, with its two stores and government ranger station, and one church (Episcopal). The Indians and whites for

miles around gather here to get their provisions and mail. For a long time all supplies were brought by parcel-post, even the shingles and furnishings for church and rectory; so its place of worship is distinguished by the name of the "parcel-post church."

The Karoc Indians have had no educational advantages in the past; very few of the older ones can read or write; but the younger generation are responding well in the lower grade schools maintained by the state. The full-blood Karocs are rapidly disappearing, owing to their intermarrying with the whites since 1851, two years subsequent to "the gold craze" in California; and it still continues with those who are going into this region and settling the country.

I hope you will visit this wonderful land sometime; and I am sure you want to know, now, just what kind of setting or background these Indians and white settlers have. Before you reach it you will have a drive through open country, where thousands upon thousands of giant trees have been sawed down for lumber. This leaves a hideous, desolate tract covered with stumps eight and ten feet high, many of them charred and smouldering, for desperate efforts have been made to burn off this waste of timber, but with little or no effect. Then comes a run along a fairly level road, with the mighty Pacific Ocean to the left. It is peaceful

only in name, for its huge billows are always surging towards its rockbound coast, which is very dangerous and the scene of many a wreck. A sharp turn will bring you into the untouched forests of redwood, with trees anywhere from two to three hundred feet in height and from two to four thousand years old. You soon realize that the pictures you have seen of a team drawing a prairie wagon through the hollow trunk of one of these trees is quite true to life. They are set upon a carpet of velvety moss abounding in brakes and maidenhair fern. The silence, the grandeur, the majesty of these ancient forests will fill your soul with reverence and awe. Then there are long roads over the mountains to be traversed, with curve upon curve, many of them on the ragged edge of nothing—rough, steep in places, dangerous; along the brink of canyons, with rivers eddying and swirling hundreds of feet below. It is better to look onward and upward at the ridges and peaks, some of them snowcapped and glittering, even in summer; and before long, you will find yourself way down in the valley amid small farms and gardens and occasional log cabins. It is all so glorious; the turquoise skies and brilliant sunshine, with scarcely a drop of rain the whole summer through; hills and mountains covered from base to summit with pines and bushes and madrones and birches and eight

varieties of oak trees—an eternal but every-varying green as the lights and shadows move upon them according to the slant of the sun's rays, here bathed in a flood of golden light, there in a strange black or purple gloom. The murmur of the rapid river is increased. The salmon, as they are carried along in its swift waters, leap into the air from time to time, then dive again into the depths, and speed away on their silvery course.

The breezes or gales from early afternoon till evening sigh and whistle through the pines, and bring welcome relief from the intense heat of the day; for many is the time that the mercury reaches at least 106 degrees in the shade. But it is so dry, and free from humidity, that fresh meat will keep if cared for, without ice, as long as four or five days; indeed I have eaten and enjoyed beef and chicken on the fourth day from their first cooking. The nights are generally cool, and the early mornings positively cold.

The missionary and his wife were good enough to allow me to make my home with them during my summer in Orleans. The wild, undulating grounds behind the Rectory roll down to the Klamath River, which at this particular spot rushes by at a great pace. Directly on the bank is a tiny grass flat, the scene of many a delightful picnic supper prepared by Katharine Baker. She is the daughter

of the house, and a student at the University of California. I used to love to linger, after these repasts, and watch the moon peep with rotund, smiling face over the black-green mountain. Then the tiny stars would come out timidly one by one, and shine like silver eyes in the clear blue. Sometimes they assumed a strange appearance, probably owing to the atmosphere, for each seemed to have a tiny mate alongside of it. Mars was so great and red and brilliant that he actually made a crimson path across the river. One evening while visiting with friends in front of their tent, I looked out towards the hills, and saw a large, luminous red appearance near the mountain ridge.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "there is Mars coming up!"

Everyone began to smile.

"That is the light in Hotelling's window," one of them remarked; and so it was.

Later on, Mars was there, too, and the translucent moon had made a path of beaten silver across the liver-colored water. It was so brilliant, this glittering way, that it looked for all the world as though some one in the deep below had turned on to full force a mammoth electric-light plant whose gleams filtered through and suffused from depth to surface the rapidly-moving current. By this time the heavens were brilliantly spangled, the air was cool and fresh; a catbird or a nighthawk gave an occa-

sional shrill whistle in the neighboring grove; apart from that the stillness was deep, calm, peaceful, soul-soothing.

Another evening, everything was different. Since two o'clock, the village was astir. Every available man had to be found to help put out the forest fires. Five of them were going at full blaze. The atmosphere about Orleans Mountain was one dense blue-gray cloud. By night, as seen from the tiny plateau on the river, the great ridge for more than a mile was a wall of flame. Every little while a snag or the dry, charred limbs of a tree would blaze up of themselves and add huge bursts of flame to the terrific glow. The fire had crept up the hollow, and had burned off the whole inside slope of the mountain; many acres of fine timber land were a black, seething, smouldering mass. The flames, having already reached the ridge, were liable to catch and continue on the outside slope—it bid fair to burn all night. Twenty-five men were soon on the spot. When they plan to stop the progress of a forest fire they measure a road or fireline around the burning space, anywhere from eight to one hundred feet wide, the width of the line depending upon the size of the fire. Then they cut out the underbrush, rake away the leaves, and, if necessary, chop off the branches from the trees. If the flames persist in leaping across this space, they beat them out with

spades. Airplanes, which are most successful in locating forest fires, were flying around considerably of late. One of them, gleaming like aluminum or highly-polished silver as the sun struck it, "spotted" three fires in its rapid flight. I wonder what the birds think of these mighty images of themselves? Do they notice them? If so:

"Oh! what a panic is in their breasties!"

They must feel that the end of all things has come for them; that they are about to be swallowed in flocks and coveys by some aerial monster.

This brings me to what are called the "Klamath Canaries," who are in no fear of airplanes, but are lusty and strong. Their tones are not essentially melodious, but a prolonged "ee-onk-ee-onk, ee-onk-ee-onk-ee-ah-eeah-ee-ah-ee-yeh!" That is the burden of the song of a gray-nosed, depressed-looking burro, which wanders up and down the river like Noah's weary dove. He once belonged to Mac-y-ar-um-Joe, an old Indian who lived by the falls of that name, six miles up the river, but his owner died during the winter; and no one has ever claimed the poor little beast. When little Graynose trotted by the front door at dead of night, it was rather disconcerting; but during his meanderings by day, when his varied notes were wafted afar on the wings of the breeze, they were enchanted by the distance lent to them. There are others of his tribe

who work hard for their living by carrying heavy packs over the mountain trails. Some of them lodged next door to us, but their brays were not quite so soul-disturbing, excepting that of a cocky fellow who would start off bravely about midnight or three A. M. with a roaring "he-ung—he-ung—he-ung—he-yoh!" ceasing abruptly as though he were suddenly strangled. There is no special time for making this noise, which sounds like heavy machinery badly in need of oil.

There are still many panthers roaming on the mountains in this country. Only a few years ago, they used to come very near human dwellings. One day, a little girl, daughter of a white settler, was playing under a tree near her home, when her mother, busy about the house, was startled by a heartrending cry. She rushed out, and found that a panther had jumped from the tree and torn the child's arm nearly from its socket. The mother, though panic-stricken, managed to gather up the mangled form and run to the house. She had gone only a few steps before the mutilated arm dropped off and the child was dead.

The Rev. C. W. Baker, missionary to the Karoc Indians, speaks of a thrilling drive that he took last winter through the mountain passes on his way to Eureka. "Then, to cap it all, we ran down a panther, which the driver was sure tried to jump

into the car; but we had no guns, so lost a possible bounty"—sixty dollars.

A huge panther was killed last summer by Mr. Van Pelt, only four miles from Orleans. One Sunday morning, as he was climbing a steep mountain, he spied three cubs in a tree. One of them was about to spring on him, when he brought him down with his rifle, as well as the two others in rapid succession.

Orleans is a sporting ground for pigs; as a matter of fact, they have the freedom of the village, being very partial to the main street. A number of people along the river were losing their hogs, which were running at large on the forest range. In searching the hillside places, they found where they had been butchered, and the head mutilated by the ears being cut off. In this country, where they run about everywhere, their owners distinguish them by certain cuttings or nicked-out places on the ears, and these are registered with the forestry rangers. For instance, if an Indian named Albert Wilkes should have on one ear of each of his hogs a double V which stands for W, and on the other ear an inverted V which signifies A, that would form his initials. Without the ears, it is difficult to fix the ownership of any hog; but Edward Wilkes, let us call him, who lost one, insisted upon it that he knew the defunct porker by

his countenance! He brought the head over to the village in a gunnysack to show to several people, as he thought they, too, might recognize it in that way! However, no one did. A good citizen who lived across the street treated her pigs as though they were human. One especially porky indelicate one rejoiced in the name of Lucille! I have seen this woman's tall, thin, amiable husband, a gentleman from Virginia, start down the road in the evening with his gun, followed by the whole porcine tribe in full squeal! He is the stage-driver and mail-carrier for Somes and Blue Nose; and has to run his machine six days in the week along roads bristling with curves every few feet, and on the brink of bottomless abysses, handling, without assistance, two hundred pounds of freight here, or perhaps, three hundred and fifty there, and leaving it on high banks beside letter boxes along the route. Many a great rock of several hundredweight that has slid down the mountainside he has to roll out of the way of his vehicle and down into the river channel. He is patient, agreeable, obliging, always disposed to think well of others, and looks upon everything as "just right!" Sometimes a passenger will tell him he is driving entirely too fast around those curves! He will slow up for a moment in order to calm his nervous friend, then gently, imperceptibly; heighten his speed again until he is going as fast as ever. He tells his timid

passengers, in a kindly, humorous way, that he is not running the stage to kill himself or any of them!

One morning we visited a gold mine three miles up the Klamath. After a feast of cold chicken, pickled peaches, fried bacon, biscuit, coffee and lemon pie, the miners let us have a turn at panning the gold. A circular, shallow pan was filled with earth from the side of the bank and washed in the clear stream which flowed through a channel in the rocks to the river. It had to be done slowly and patiently, dipping and pouring out time and time again, until little earth or gravel was left, but something that glittered in the bottom of the pan—tiny grains of the precious ore; and once in a great while a little nugget worth a dollar or two. It is fascinating to “pan,” but very disappointing; sometimes a few cents’ worth of gold would appear, often none at all; but one could well understand the gold fever caused by the great nuggets, meaning thousands of dollars piling up for the diggers of ’49.

I have referred to the picnic suppers held on the little grass flat by the river, and to the luncheon at the mine; but a shady glen on the murmuring waters of Ullathorne Creek was the scene of many a delightful outing. One afternoon some of the Indian children went with us. The girls were pretty, and beautifully dressed—a far departure from their native costumes; some of the older ones

wore the daintiest of white organdies, with blue or pink ribbons; the little ones blossomed out in white piques embroidered in colors, with their glossy black hair neatly braided and adorned with wide ribbons—colored, plaid or white. The chief feature of the picnic was the minute, portable organ, upon which Mr. Tuttle, a young gold miner and short story writer from Washington State, and brimming over with mirth and jollity, began to play, as soon as it was stationed, with tremendous force. The children gathered around, and sang, very sweetly, simple hymns and songs.

Then there was mild romping under the great trees, and no end of fun along with the abundant and delicious repast, with a good supply of lemonade and hot coffee. At other times, over the blazing fire covered by a grid, not only aromatic coffee, but the sweetest of sweet corn, three ears apiece, would be boiling away to their hearts' content.

And now I have come to Sugar Loaf, or Owootch, and you will find it constantly mentioned in this book. It is the lucky mountain of the Karoc Indians; and as they pass the bole of a tree, while walking on it, they clap their hands to promote good fortune. It is an old, poetic mountain, breathing its inspiration around; and this it did to perfection on a glorious morning in August, as I sat on a

hillock, within close range, and gazed upon this noble little bulwark of nature—a sheer precipice of purple-gray rock rising straight from a mirror-like pool, just apart from the roaring waters of the Klamath, called here Ishi Pishi Falls. On the other three sides, the steep slopes of Sugar Loaf all the way to the summit were thickly clad in a mantle of vivid green pine and spruce and dwarf oak.

The story goes that a certain bird and his wife who live on Sugar Loaf are protected, or, in other words, lead a charmed life. As soon as their brood of little birds is hatched, they take it at once to the Indians' heaven; then they return to the mountain to live until the next brood is ready to be carried away; therefore, only two of them are ever on the mountain at one time. If this bird flies directly over any one's house, there will be a death in it by the end of the week. This strange bird was once a man. He caused Sugar Loaf to be built, so that he might always have a home.

Owoo-itch is the Snowdon of the Karoc Indians, and as full of legendary lore, as suggestive of gnomes and giants and fairies, as its sister in Wales.

Almost directly across the river from my observing ground, was a little beach where several people, both Indians and whites, were enlivening the scene

and keeping a boat going busily to and fro. All of a sudden, from beneath the precipitous hill in front of me a figure made its appearance—a perfect aborigine picture. It was Johnnie Pepper, a fisherman of renown—short and thin and bronzed. On his head was a close-fitting basket hat, such as the Karocs make and wear, and over one shoulder a light yoke, from either end of which hung a salmon, each easily four feet long. When he saw me he stopped a moment.

“I could not tell you story,” he said, “I don’t know how. I’m ’fraid of white people. They bring Indian bad luck. Too many of ’em around when you up at my house.”

“Very well,” I replied, “tell me some other time.”

There were several white men about when I first arrived at Sugar Loaf and asked Johnnie for some stories. He is not only a unique character, and popular for his conversational ability, but supplies the neighborhood with fish.

A small, light-colored Indian boy, with blue eyes and kindly, open countenance, came along and seemed friendly in manner. I told him I wanted some stories. Oscar Evans, for that was his name, grabbed the little black kitten, and while holding it tight, said:

“I know a story.”

"Very well," I replied, "go ahead with it."

"One time," said Oscar, "in a pond we passed going to school was a big watersnake. He had an awful big mouth. The man upon the hill tried to shoot it, but missed it. The old snake has been very cross ever since, and comes up to the edge of the water when he sees us children going to school. He wants to catch us; but we run by fast every time and don't give him a chance."

"Good!" said I. "Keep on, and you will make a fine story-teller."

Oscar informed me that he lived in Orelans, and wanted to get some salmon from Johnnie Pepper.

"Do you buy it?" I inquired.

"No," replied Oscar, "we don't buy it. We give him watermelons, or something like that, and he gives us salmon."

When my friends for whom I was waiting returned, one of them purchased a Pepper watermelon. We found it cool, sweet and refreshing, in the burning heat of the day.

No visit to Sugar Loaf is complete without descending the steep, winding path to the shore, crossing the river in the rowboat, almost beneath the shadow of this Gibraltar of the Karocs, and following the rocky path on the other side to Ishi Pishi Falls. There the waters of the Klamath gather themselves together, dash over the rocks in

white foam and fall with tremendous force into the basin below. The unwary salmon, in the midst of their enjoyment of this rapid motion, are caught in dipnets by the hundreds at Ishi Pishi Falls. I have seen the Indians draw in these seines so full of quivering silver fish that they would almost break, and release their burden into its natural element again. Some of the more nimble ones often leap over the edge and make their escape. And this is the sort of country in which the Karoc Indians live.

One day I had a talk with a half-caste Indian woman; a good type, thrifty, kind, pleasant-mannered. She told me that more than seventy years ago, when her mother was little, the family had to struggle to get a living. They gathered nuts, especially acorns, wild potatoes and parsnips and other roots, and had their little dipnets for catching the fish in the river. Then the whites came to seek for gold, and bothered them so that they were obliged to leave their little house. The grandfather, Tappura, took them in a canoe far down the Klamath River, but before he could reach a landing place which he thought might be safe, was shot and killed by a white man who was hiding in the bushes. The grandmother and her little girl, afterwards Mrs. F.'s mother, were left without any one to care for them. They went back to the old mother's home,

but remained in hiding most of the time, being afraid even to gather firewood. One night about fifty white people came to their camp. They wanted the Indian men to take them across the river, as they themselves did not know how to paddle the canoes. The Indians were afraid, and refused to do it. They greatly disliked having these white people around, and told them to go away. They would not, but forced the Indian men to go down to the river. The Indians (this tribe being essentially unwarlike) did not want to fight, especially since they had only bows and arrows against the ammunition of the white men. Those gathered by the river were all shot down, and their women and children were left alone. Then the white men kept coming on over the mountains (Apecwan) and made the first little trails in there. They took the houses of the Indians all along the Salmon river, as well as the Klamath, and burned their smoked fish. The handful of Indians (men) who were left ran about half-starving. They were afraid to hunt in the woods or fish in the streams. Whenever they saw a white man they would kill him; and this sort of fighting kept up a long time. The whites tried to make terms with them, and gave the younger Indians guns; in that way they induced them to help in the search for gold. When they found that the Indians learned to shoot well with the guns, they

tried to take them away. The Indians, as they found them valuable for hunting deer, refused to give up the weapons. This made trouble again, and the whites fought them. Mrs. F.'s uncle was badly wounded, and he and his family had to camp in the mountains for four months. They came back, only to find their house burned and everything destroyed. After a time, the Indians were forced to be satisfied with the beads and thimbles offered them for their homes. The white men took their wives, kept them a while, and when tired of them married the younger women. That is why there are so many half-castes now. Mrs. F.'s father was an Englishman.

THE BELIEF OF THE KAROC INDIANS—THEIR HOUSES.

THEIR USE OF NATURE'S GIFTS.

The belief of the Karoc Indians in regard to the Creator is very similar to that of the white man. There was, for them, the one true God. Now they seem to have lost their faith in their own God, and are not able to understand, or quite believe in, the white man's God. Of course, this does not apply to all of them. A few have no religion whatever; some have rapidly assumed the religion of the white man, while others still believe in their own beautiful way.

These Indians do not consider themselves the first to occupy what is called the New World. Before them was a race of white people. These white people (si-Wa-gas-as, as they are called) were very good, and lived together with the Indians in perfect peace. They intermarried with them, too; and this, according to the opinion of the Karocs, is why their people are not all the same color now.

All of a sudden, the Wa-gas assembled themselves together, as well as the half-castes, and all disappeared, with the promise to return. When the present white men came on the scene the Indians thought it was the promise fulfilled, but found that they were mistaken. They believed that with the return of the Wa-gas peace and content would prevail all over the world:

One day, two acquaintances of mine planned to eat dinner at the house of one of the leading Indians. As they drew near they heard the sound of drums, and immediately knew they had run into a dance of some kind. As soon as they entered the grounds they were espied by the inmates. The dance ceased at once, while some one came from the house and asked them to stop and to state their business. They were not allowed to enter, and afterwards learned that they, being whites, were considered devils! The dance could not continue while they were near.

LAWS.

There was no chieftainship among the Karoc Indians. Prominence depended altogether on the amount of one's possessions.

Debts had to be paid before any one could partake in a dance, especially a religious dance. In case of a death during a dance, it was stopped until the dead person was paid for, the nearest relative receiving the money collected by friends.

Quarrels were decided by judges. The losers had to pay a fine; if not willingly, by force. Judgments were held by the elders of the tribe. These laws are still in effect.

HOUSES—CANOES.

The early houses of these Indians are very strange to us, and would have seemed impossible to live in. They were from eighteen to twenty-five feet square, made of planks split and dressed and built about a square or octagonal pit. The sides were not more than three feet above ground, but the center was high, as the gabled roof was very sloping. The Indians crawled in the small doorways on their hands and knees. Inside the door, and on a level with the ground, was a low, broad shelf where the supplies were kept, and in summer

this shelf was sometimes used for a sleeping place. Otherwise, the interior was like a deep cellar, with steps leading down into it. In the center a fire was built, and the smoke was supposed to go out through an opening in the roof, perhaps a tiny chimney. This sort of dwelling was occupied by the women at night, and during the day the men of the family ate and lived in it also. Near this house, and of similar structure, there was always a sweat-house, so named by the white people, where the men slept. Before a dance or any ceremony, the medicine men, and others, also, would build a fire in these houses, and remain until the perspiration poured from them. Then they would run down to the river for a plunge in the icy cold water; and this process, as one of the Indians of today remarked, was a regular Turkish bath.

While making medicine, the women, too, always lived in a sweat-house, ate no food but acorns, and bathed in the river.

The Karoc Indians, owing to the absence of red-wood trees in their vicinity, buy canoes from the Urocs, further down the stream. These canoes are to be found at most of the houses along the river. The Urocs, in making them, first choose a tree the size they want, and split it. Then they dig or hollow it out, gauging the thickness by running their hands on either side, and are very correct in their

measurement. While they dig they keep in mind the seat in the stern and places for the feet. The canoe was square at both ends originally; the later ones are rounded. Then a hazel withe is drawn through a hole in the bow, and tightly across it, so as to keep it from splitting in some of the hard knocks it is sure to encounter. The Indians are very expert in the use of the canoes, but it is practically impossible to tip them over. Heavy loads are carried upon them, and sometimes a dead body is conveyed in this way to a burial place at a distance.

USE OF NATURE'S GIFTS—THE SUGAR PINE, THE
OAK, FISH, GAME, ETC.

The Karocs gathered all sorts of wild berries, as well as pepper-nuts and hazel-nuts,* and certain kinds of roots which were called "Indian parsnips" and "Indian turnips." The older ones always kept on hand a supply of sugar-pine nuts, and took great care to preserve the trees until the white men came and showed them an easier way of getting at the nuts by cutting down the tree! So the white men were the first to cut the sugar-pines.

When an Indian mother died and left a very

*They know seasonal changes by a bird flying overhead and dropping hazel nuts on the ground; this is principally an indication of snow.

young baby, the other children in the family pounded up these nuts into a flour. This, mixed with water, made a milky substance, which they fed to the infant, and so preserved its life. They also ate the inner bark of the sugar pine.

The Indians make a great use of the oak tree, as acorns form a very large part of their diet. It is interesting to see them convert the acorns into meal, bread and soup. After they have cracked the shells and taken out the meats they put them in large baskets to dry. They then grind them between stones, in the primitive manner of Bible times. They place the ground material in large shallow baskets with cloths in the bottom, covered with sand, and pour a great quantity of hot water over it.* When this has gone on for days and days, it is dried again, and thus is produced the acorn flour, which is the basis of their food.

Another staple article of diet is salmon. They catch them in long nets, which are dipped, as mentioned before, into the rapids of the Klamath River—Ishi-Pishi Falls. These are dried and stored for winter use.

Eels are considered a great delicacy, and are caught in large quantities. All during the eel season, the Indians live in plenty. They put sticks

*Acorns are very bitter, so the tannin was bathed from the flour in this way.

through them, as well as through the salmon, and set them up around a fire to roast or grill.

Quail, grouse and wild duck were shot with bow and arrows, and sometimes deer were killed in that way, but the usual method for killing deer was by trapping them. A noose ("ta-ta-hut") was made of the somewhat stiff Indian rope and fastened to a tree. The deer caught his head in it, and entangled his horns, while the noose drew tighter and tighter about his throat, and finally choked him to death. They were also successful in trapping bears by placing the noose nearer the ground.

CLOTHING.

The clothing of the Karocs consisted of buckskin, trimmed with shells and all sorts of furs, especially those of the smaller animals, such as racoons, weasels, fishers and squirrels. The babies were wrapped with moss around their bodies, and a piece of soft buckskin was fastened securely all over them like a little blanket. They were then slipped, like knives into cases, into a papoose basket, and strapped down securely.

MONEY.

The money of the Karoc Indians was composed

of long chains of shells, which were worn about their necks. These shells belonged to a certain kind of snails, and were gathered very early in the morning, when the snails came out of them.

BASKETS.

The baskets of the Karoc Indians are beautifully and wonderfully made. Their foundation consists of the roots of the Jack pine tree, and some of them are very large. They are cooked or baked for two days under the ashes; then placed in cold water for the same length of time. They are lined with hazel twigs, which are peeled off in May, and then dried. This lining makes the soup baskets, and others, as well, quite water-tight. The large packing baskets, which are carried on the back, are made of hazel twigs alone. The pretty white grasses, really a light green, are gathered far up in the mountains, and these, with the stems of maidenhair fern, are interwoven with the more solid materials. The fern stem is picked in July, and dried and soaked in water. It forms the black in the color designs*; the red is from the alder bark, which when boiled makes a fine indelible dye; so does the moss from the pine trees, prepared in the same way. This furnishes the

*The designs are similar to those on the pottery made by the Indians of New Mexico.

yellow used for coloring the porcupine quills. All these materials are woven together while they are wet, and then well dried in the sun to prevent mould.

The acorn soup baskets are in the shape of huge earthen jars, bulging at the center, and a little smaller at the top and bottom. Hot rocks are put into the mixture of acorn flour and water in these great baskets. It is then stirred with a wooden paddle until it becomes boiling hot. A little flat basket is used for ladling the soup into small individual baskets. The spoons with which the soup is eaten are made of clam shells, elk-horn and the wood of the madrone tree.

The whole equipment for acorn soup, as well as many other things, is carried in a large packing openwork basket on the back. The strap goes over the forehead, resting on the cap basket worn on the head for a hat.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Fire was a symbol of the Almighty, or the Great Spirit. The Karoc Indians were unique in their manner of producing it. They cut a stick of willow root, fairly thick and about eighteen inches long, and in this made little holes at intervals. Then they worked into these holes with a small stick until the friction engendered smoke and flame.

Long ago, the Indians used to get their wood by making a fire around a tree and burning it down. The girls and women carried all the wood after it was cut by the men.

In order to be lucky, a girl was obliged to gather wood before breakfast. She swept her home, then, too; so as to bring to sight at the beginning of the day any money that might by chance be hidden in corners or other places.

A boy was compelled to place a big pile of wood on one of his shoulders and carry it as long as his strength would permit, but not for the purpose of helping the women in their work. All the time he was doing this he was given only two meals a day, breakfast and a late supper, and was obliged to pray aloud and cry to the Great Spirit to help him in everything and bring him luck.

Another method of making boys endure hardness, as well as to give them assurance of good luck, was to force them, all through the dark of the moon, during the long nights in winter, to walk for many miles and then bathe in the river.

WAR.

In the earlier times, the Karoc warriors were clad in belts of sticks made of wild quince, a band of

the same around their heads, and a loin cloth of buckskins. They carried bows, and arrows and spears pointed with flint. They all went off to the mountains, always on foot. When the enemy were hungry, they would come out of their hiding places in the woods and from behind rocks to get food; then they would be fired on and killed. Those who could count the larger number of slain were the defeated side. They used to fight chiefly among themselves—sometimes with the Crescent City (Coast) Indians. They are still the enemies of these Indians, but stopped fighting with them upon the advent of the white people.

GAMES—THE STICK GAME.

The Karoc Indian stick game is played with sticks about three feet long and curved a little at one end, and with what is called a tassel, which is made of two pieces of wood five inches in length and connected by a thong of deerskin. The game is usually held on a smooth piece of road or a trail or any fairly level space. The goals are imaginary lines about five hundred feet apart. There are three men on a side—one for each team at either goal, and in the center two men called tassel stretchers, who carry the tassel and start the game. They are clad in trunks and are bare-footed. The center man on the visiting team holds the tassel in his teeth; both

scratch the earth with their sticks; then the tassel is dropped on the spot scratched. Each player tries to catch the tassel on the curve of his stick and throw it towards either goal. As soon as it is in play, they clinch and try to hold or throw one another, so as to keep the opponent from reaching the tassel with his stick. In clinching, each player holds his stick over his opponent's back with both hands, endeavoring to throw him. Sometimes the opponent is seized and thrown violently to the ground, the whole object of the player being so to hamper his opponent that he himself can run forward and reach the tassel. The struggle is violent, causing the muscles to stand out in knots, and the players are often so seriously hurt as to require substitutes. They are never supposed to drop or lose hold of their sticks. If this happens, the tassel stretcher has to pick it up and hand it to the player. Neither can the players touch the tassel with their hands. The end men do not seem to be good helpers, for they run on, too, if they can get away from their opponents and carry the tassel towards either goal. There is no time limit, and the side that scores two goals out of three wins the game.

THE KAROC INDIAN CARD GAME, OR SMALL STICK GAME.

A great gambling game is this Indian card game.

It is played with a bundle of small hazel sticks, nearly as many as a hundred and fifty to the bundle, and each one the size of a very small knitting needle. One which is blackened in the center is called the ace. A drum* is beaten and singing or rhythmic humming is carried on all through the game by the side who has the deck. It is usually played by men from two different villages up or down the river. There is no regular number, and they are seated opposite each other. The deck, or bundle of cards or sticks, and the drum are in possession of one side; the dealer shuffles the sticks behind his back and holds part of the bundle in each hand. Any one of the men on the opposite side may guess in which hand the ace is, making a sign by holding out his hand.† Then the dealer, with many motions and flourishes, casts the sticks on the deerskin (originally), or blanket or canvas, in front of him. If the ace is among them, the side guessing wins a point, and the deal goes over to them. The game is eleven points, designated by little sticks which are given each time to the winning side. The bets are indi-

*The Karoc Indian drum, or tom-tom, looks like a minute suitcase; sometimes it is round. The wood frame has deerskin stretched very tightly over it. The drum-stick is eight or ten inches long, with a knob of deerskin or cloth on the end.

†When it comes to the last two sticks, the guesser makes a sign as to which hand he thinks the ace is not in.

vidual, one man putting up a dollar, another five dollars perhaps, on the blanket. The man on the opposite side does the same. The money all goes to the winning side, and each man gets the money he puts up doubled; i. e., his dollar becomes two dollars, his five ten, etc. There is no chance for cheating, as the shuffling is done behind the back, and there is no manipulating of the sticks. Each one takes the word of the others for the amount put up with perfect confidence.

LOVE MAKING AND MARRIAGE.

If a young woman heard good reports about a certain man, or if she saw one that she liked, it was the custom for her to pack up her goods and set out with them for his home. It was her place to propose marriage, also, unless she discerned that the man preferred to speak of it himself.

At the Pickiawish dance, of which you will read later, the young men met large numbers of girls and women. They selected any they fancied, but the chief requirement was that they should be good workers. Then the young men purchased their choice with flint, heads of red woodpeckers and Indian money or chains of snail shells. About two weeks after the man made his selection he went to the girl's home, dressed in skins, and carrying a bow

and arrows. With all her belongings packed in baskets and slung over her back, she went to meet him, returned with him to his home and lived there. A very fine Indian, who later became a Christian, paid fifty heads of red woodpeckers, ten strings of Indian money and seventy American dollars for his wife. As she would not work, and also went to a hall in the village and danced with white people, she did not meet the marital requirements of the Indian. The husband and his family became very angry. The father tried to get back the money and goods which had been paid for her, but without success. After a few weeks, she left altogether, and went to live with some white people.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the most important element in the dances, especially in the brush dance. The Indian supposed to be in favor with the Great Spirit goes off by himself to the woods or up on a mountain and talks aloud.

DOCTORS.

The Indian doctor is much like the Chinese. When he is called in to visit the sick person and makes medicine, he collects a fee. If his patient dies within a year, he is obliged to return the fee,

and sometimes more than he has received. When it is thought necessary, there is a special dance, apart from the brush dance, especially carried on for the sick. At this the doctor, be it man or woman, is the sole performer. He jumps over the sick person, pinches him, drags out the evil spirit, and throws it far away. All the dances, about which we shall read a great deal, terminate in medicine making.

A medicine woman was generally the daughter of a doctor; otherwise, she must have seen a vision or have felt that she was "called." She began her education, when quite young, with a ceremony in a sweat-house in which a fire was built. She wore a heavy skirt reaching to the ankles, the arms and breast remaining bare. There were usually from fifteen to twenty people present, one or two of whom were close relatives and supposed to take good care of her. All of them stood with the girl, then jumped up and down around the fire. When she could no longer keep it up herself, she was carried on the back of one of the relatives. They continued this until she was completely exhausted; then she was taken out of the sweat-house and bathed, and permitted to sleep as long as she wished. While she was in training, she was not allowed to eat any fresh salmon or to drink water. All the water she had was that mixed with the acorn flour in the soup. Then she was taken up to a high

mountain peak. Three or four men and women, one of them an older doctor, fasted with her from three to five days, when they came down the mountain and partook of food. The young doctor bathed in the river, and, loosening her hair, combed it with a bone comb that hung at her waist.

The custom of profusely sweating themselves and of frequent bathing prevailed to such an extent because it made them more acceptable to the Great Spirit.

Very good care was taken of her health. After the mountain episode, she rested as long as she desired for the final ceremony. She went to a large house, from which the roof was removed, so that all might see her. At sundown a fire was built in the house, around which the young doctor, with those who were to help her, formed a circle. She took some instruction from an older doctor for a while; then the performance of the opening ceremony was repeated. With a man holding each one of her arms, she was kept dancing until she dropped. The rest of the party continued till daylight. The girl was then considered a regular medicine woman, permitted to marry and raise a family of her own. She became the principal figure in the brush dance.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

In case of death, all the members of the family used to cut off the ends of their hair and throw them into the river.

When the spirit leaves the body it flies off into the air for five days; then comes again into the body. It is released into the air by the wisp of grass burned at the burial, and perhaps enters the body of a moth-miller; therefore, the Indians never kill moth-millers. Or, it may be flying about of itself; in such ways it can visit all the places it was ever in while inhabiting its own body. But the more general belief is that it goes down, with the body, into the earth, and so on to the spirit world.

A special friend of the family is chosen to watch the fire, which is kept burning for five evenings after death. Eatables are burned at the same time in a basket plate. The spirit, after it returns from its wanderings during the day, is supposed to warm itself by the fire and derive sustenance from the smoke of the burning food. The man or woman watching the fire is obliged to eat alone, and bathe on each one of the five days, using in the water some very powerful medicine made from roots. The clothes worn during that time are thrown into the

river. The same rule holds good for those who prepare the body for the grave.*

On the first and fourth nights after a person dies, a piece of basket grass, twisted round and round, is fastened over the door. It is then attached securely at the other end to a stick, which is put on the door-knob. When the spirit returns and tries to enter the house, it bumps its head against the stick, and makes no further attempt to open the door.

The body after it was bathed, used to be tied on a board with a heavy rope; for in the old days there were no coffins. It was then passed through a hole in the roof; now, since these Indians live in cabins or houses like those of the white people, it is taken through a window. The reason for this is, that if a body is carried through the doorway its spirit will come back again and take with it those of the others who remain in the house.

A woman when prepared for burial is dressed in her very best attire. A new basket of her own making is placed on her head, and the face and ears are painted. The nose is pierced, and the puncture filled with a piece of Indian money, that is, an elk's tooth or a long snail-shell. Then a wisp of grass is burned and passed rapidly over the body. This frees the spirit, and it glides away in the smoke.

*These customs still prevail, even with Christian burial.

At the same time, the one who has cared for the body leans over the grave and converses at great length with the spirit as it comes forth.

For the men the preparation and ceremonies are much the same, excepting that money is placed in the ears as well as the nose. A quantity of it is thrown over the body, too; their bows and arrows, and their other special treasures, the skins of red-headed woodpeckers, and of animals, are arranged about them; also a supply of twine, to be used in their future work. Then ashes are sprinkled over the body, because the spirit is going a long way and will have no fire. A quantity of sand is thrown into the grave, because it is a symbol of cleanliness and purity, therefore an indication that the departed is going to a good place. In the old days, when there were no coffins, sand was put under the body as well as over it. The money that is placed in the nose and ears is a token of wealth to the spirits he is going to meet. The face is painted or blackened with soot, because that is the custom in the Pickiwish dance, and the other spirits as soon as they see him will know that he was a good man and lived among good people.*

The spirit, with all this equipment, then goes

*After the conversation with the spirit, this person, before he or she can enter any house, is obliged to bathe in the river.

down the Red Dirt Road; and on the way must not look back. At the end of this road he reaches a great river (the Styx?), and a boat with a spirit in it (Charon?) waiting to take him across. When he arrives on the other shore, he goes immediately into the Deerskin Dance.

During my visit in Orleans, I attended the funeral of a highly respected Indian, a man of fine Christian character. It was held in his pleasant home, a brown cottage, amid peach and grape trees, with an extensive arbor, too, and a pretty flower garden. When I arrived the missionary was standing beside the coffin in the large room, and reading the burial service of the Episcopal Church. He made a brief address, also, in which he mentioned the fact that this same Indian in his last illness said: "Preacher man told me three times lately there is a place all ready for me in the sky." It was an especially sad funeral. Many were sobbing violently, and one of the nieces became wretchedly hysterical. The poor old father set up a loud and dismal wailing and did not cease until he reached his son's grave. The casket was taken out through a window. It was of redwood, painted black, and presented the appearance of being covered with satin. The lid was covered with compact and beautiful wreaths of roses. A long procession followed it to the grave in a field a few hundred yards from the house,

and the usual Indian ceremonies took place. A circular hat, with no crown apparently, was placed on the head. It was gruesome to see his friend not only arrange this hat, but pierce the nose and ears with the Indian money (snail-shells or elk's teeth) and smear the hands and face with soot or paint. His bow and arrows, a large amount of money, a beaver skin and a handsome white deer skin were placed in the casket as well. It was then lowered, and a quantity of sand was thrown upon it. Then when the wisp of straw was burned, the old father leaned over the edge of the grave and talked with the spirit. After the missionary read the committal service the grave was filled. It was an unique and impressive ceremony on this brilliant afternoon in June, with a soft breeze redolent with the fragrance of spruce and pine, amid a panorama of evergreen wooded mountain, and no sound but the murmur of the Klamath River.

CLEANLINESS.

One of the marked characteristics of the Karoc Indians is cleanliness. This was especially evident at the funeral described above. Part of the time I stood on a side porch near a little cupboard resembling a refrigerator with a glass door. The glass was polished, and all the food within was as clean

and inviting looking as possible. They are not only clean in their houses and in preparing their food, but about their persons. I have already related, in connection with their ceremonials, that they bathe throughout them at frequent intervals; and bathing is also an important element in their ordinary daily life. The children, as a rule, are sweet and fresh in their dainty little dresses; their hair is neatly braided, and on occasion decked with large ribbon bows.

MEETINGS.

Achupiwa-ri-wun was the very largest meeting that was ever held by the Karoc Indians, and was occasioned by the murder of some one within the tribe. All the people—men and women and children—in a village were called together. Then a committee was appointed and sent to the family who had met with the loss, for the purpose of bringing them to the meeting. When they appeared, two large lines were formed for dancing. They were placed in the middle of one of the lines; and in the other, directly opposite to them, were some people selected to hand them gifts: long, whole pieces of flint, or a quantity of the skins of red-headed woodpeckers, or a bag of Indian money, each equivalent in value to about a hundred dollars. The two lines danced forward until they met, then

the gifts were presented to the members of the afflicted family, and all shook hands.

IDH.

Every autumn, the Karoc Indians celebrate a ceremony called "making the world," or so fixing it that it will not come to an end. They thought the famous Deerskin dance, of which you will read later on, accomplished this; but for sometime it was held on every other year. Idh always takes place, whether there is a Deerskin dance or not. For opening Idh, a medicine man, called Fut-a way-a-won, is chosen. He goes up on a hill or mountain, and builds a fire; then he fasts and prays and makes medicine. Meantime all the people have assembled in a place suitable for a dance. Two girls clothed in buckskin are sent to meet the medicine man as he comes from the mountain. The three return together, and sit until morning by the fire in the place appointed for the dance. The men sing songs, and they, only, dance, continuing the ceremony for two nights.

THE FIRST DEERSKIN DANCE.

The first Deerskin dance was held in a meadow on the edge of Orleans, and it was in the first days of the animals when they were all very happy.

Then the Indians came along and copied the animals, holding a Deerskin dance in the same place every year, during the dark of the moon in September. This was the beginning of the world. There were wonderful doings in those days, and fires burning in nine places. As they had no matches, they used the sticks of willow root, mentioned before, into which holes were cut at intervals. The friction caused by rubbing other sticks about in these holes produced flame. The animals made fire in the same way. Only the high-born people took part in the dance. The poorer ones were simply spectators, but there was feasting for all. They looked upon the first medicine man as something like God. He wanted to see how he could make his people live longer. Try as he would, they only lasted a year at first. Disease seemed to take right hold of them. After a while he managed to make them live, and went about among them talking and preaching. Finally when he had everything completed he turned into a rock. He went over by Ahir-am, near a big circle, where the people built a large fire. Then he said to them: "I will make a roar once in a while like thunder; and from that you will know I am near you. If you people do not keep up the medicine making and dances, you will all die off, and the world will kind of come to an end for you." It seems to have

done that since they stopped making medicine years ago. Now, the Deerskin dance is only a frolic and means nothing; but they still try to retain some of its pristine glory.

THE DEERSKIN DANCE.

The Deerskin dance, then, as we have seen, is a religious ceremony, and held during the dark of the moon in September, the Indian New Year. The appointed medicine man starts from his sweathouse in the morning to camp on a mountain, then builds a fire, and eats nothing. He remains there for a day, sometimes all night, and is allowed to have some acorn soup, at midnight, once during the twenty-four hours, when he returns to the camp each evening. This he continues for ten days, visiting a different camp or medicine ground each time. He sits beside a small fire, which he keeps burning with wood gathered by his own hand; an axe is not allowed to touch it. All the time he is praying for the prosperity of the people for the coming year. Then the dance begins, and is very weird. Only men and boys, in number from eleven up, can take part in it, and they have to be good singers. They form in line in front of the fire, carrying white deerskins on poles. They wear skirts of white deerskin, and innumerable chains of Indian money (elks'

teeth or snail shells) about their necks and bodies. In the center are three men who lead in the singing and dancing. Then there are two, sometimes four, extra men dressed in fancier costume than the others. They wear pieces of basketry on the head and streamers of it hanging down the back, trimmed with a fringe of skin or feathers (an onlooker remarked, either more handsome, or more hideous, as one feels). In the headpieces are fastened four deer horns that curl upward. The basketry men dance in front, between the medicine man and the other performers. They start towards one another carrying flints in their hands, and blowing the whistles they hold in their mouths. Then they pass, with flints held aloft, and as they pass the other dancers hold their poles with white deerskins still higher. They dance all night, sometimes all day, lifting first one foot and then the other, singing songs, or droning and humming and yelling all the while. During the chants, they emit at intervals piercing screams, similar to warwhoops. The second night they go to their medicine ground across the river, and so on until they have made the rounds. On the last, or tenth, night of his vigils, the medicine man appears, naked, about nine o'clock on the dance ground for the whole tribe or band. All are compelled to hide their faces. He then goes to the fire and makes medicine, remaining silent. Then one

person goes over to him with a large torch of pitch; and after donning some scanty clothing he remains and watches the dance, which continues as before.

THE BRUSH, OR MEDICINE DANCE (EEOONA).

The Brush dance was always given for a sick child. Before it took place a medicine woman or doctor lived in a sweathouse for two or three days and made medicine. No one was allowed to see her. The dance was held in the evening, lasting, when private, from twenty minutes to half an hour. The sick child was laid on a blanket with the head in the mother's lap. A piece of brush or a young sapling was carried around by the medicine woman. When she came near the child, she made motions and danced around it. Then she heated rocks in the fire, and put them into a pail containing herbs and water. This created steam, which was inhaled by the child.

Sometimes, the Brush dance was held in a sweat-house with the top removed. The unmarried girls and the men, both single and married, all danced. Sometimes the songs were actual words, often merely tunes. On the second night it continued until dawn, different sets from different villages vying with one another in costumes as well as dancing. Besides holding pieces of brush, they wore arrows

and eagles' feathers on their hats or in their hair, and carried them, too, in otter skin quivers decorated with snail-shells and the scalps of red-headed woodpeckers.

THE PICKIAWISH DANCE.

The Pickiawish dance was started by ten brothers. Each one of them went to a certain place to keep the fires going. Some of them turned into little mountains, others into rocks. Pk-nay-a-fitch (which sounds very much as though it were Coyote), one of these brothers, built the last fire at Ishi Pishi Falls, where the salmon are caught. While building these fires it was necessary to fast; and because he fasted he simply starved. He fell over and turned to stone. Even the stick with which he stirred the fire turned to stone, too, and both are at Ishi Pishi. On Offield Mountain are two hillocks, one higher than the other. Sa-ti-mo-we, another of the ten brothers, is the lower hillock. He wanted to be so situated that he could watch the Pickiawish dance; then turned himself into this little mountain.

If the Pickiawish is ever discontinued, disease and death will prevail. Until the fires are built for this dance, the Indians dare not eat the steel-head salmon, or they will be unlucky. Some one was so rash as to eat this salmon before the fires

were built, and fell down dead. Another person was bitten by a rattlesnake, and died.

For eight days, a man who was called the sift-sand man, was painted with the juices of herbs, and went up Medicine Mountain, ten miles above Orleans. There he built a fire and communed with the spirit. While he was going up the mountain no one dared to look at him, for fear of bad luck. He started at twelve noon and was not allowed to eat anything until he returned in the evening, when all the people were dancing. Two girls took part in the ceremony. They could make no noise, and no one was supposed to speak to them. They lived during the day in a house by themselves and pounded acorns; then they went to the river and cooked the acorn meats into soup. This they ate twice a day, and when they attended the dance in the evening placed some of it in little baskets around the medicine man. After each meal they had to bathe in the river. When each praying station was completed the medicine man went to the river to bathe. One day during the dance he gathered wood for the next year.

Besides the regular evening dancing there were shooting matches with bow and arrows, carried on by trained men on a regular track. After the last station every one bathed in the river.

THE FISHDAM DANCE.

The Fishdam dance was attended with much ceremony, and took place when the big dam at Cap-pell was built. The person who assumed control was named Lock. He selected a girl, called Normer, and a man, named Locknee, to be his helpers. They went off to the mountains; the girl built a fire, and Lock unrolled his medicines, burning roots over the fire as incense to God. After three days they came down the mountain to the place where the fish dam was to be built. They took food for the first time since they started in; but could drink nothing until they had completed the dam. They called from the village all who were needed in construction work; and Lock assigned them their respective positions. First they gathered young pine trees, and peeled off the bark by running them through the fire. Then while they were yet hot, they split them into small planks. They did the same with hazel withes, and made a mat that could be rolled up and carried by one man to the place for the dam.

In the evening, Normer crossed the river and went to a secluded place in which Lock was hidden, as it was bad luck for the others to see him. She gathered wood for him to burn during the day.

She herself had to be secluded during the day, keep herself as neat as possible, and work on a dress of maple bark for her own use. Then she sent either Lock or Locknee's wife to select ten or less girls to be prepared for the final day of the dance. These girls did not see Normer at all.

On the fifth day, Lock came out of his seclusion, and he and Locknee went up the mountain and felled the first pole. The poles for the dam were all felled that day, and the work went on rapidly. The mats that were made at first were bound to the poles with a space between, so that the fish could go up the river. At noon on the tenth day a long pole was driven in, with a mound of sand at the foot of it. Normer went forward and placed in this mound a basket of acorn flour. She then ran as fast as she could to the girls who were selected from the village. They were in position for the dance; but Normer had to bathe before she could take part in it. Then she sat in front of the girls, and incited them to sing as loud and dance as fast as possible. She could command the people to do anything and they had to obey her. At sundown, she assumed a kneeling posture, and the girls fell down and hovered over her. Then came Lock and Locknee and the boys whom they selected, and they fell over the girls. They did this to protect Normer; for the workers, who came up just then, let



Phoebe Maddox, an old-time Karoc Indian, who knew many stories; and the writer received much of the source material in this book from her.

fall a pole on this heap of people. Then Normer returned to her house, accompanied by Lock, and Locknee caught a salmon, which she alone was allowed to eat. The next day all resumed their meals, after Normer cleared the ground. A few were

obliged to stay in order to watch the dam and see that it remained intact.

The Indians believed that if any one passed by the dam going down the river death would be sure to come to them or theirs. One time a judge went to Orleans on business and, while there, broke his leg. The only way in which he could be taken out of the place was by canoe. When they reached Cap-pell the dam was being built. They ported the canoe around it, but the Indians prophesied misfortune. The next year a niece of this judge was teaching school near Cap-pell. She was bitten by a rattlesnake, ran quite a distance and died. The Indians said death was to be expected, because the girl's uncle passed the dam.

For the material contained in this book I am indebted to the Rev. Charles W. Baker, Mrs. Baker, and Miss Katharine Baker, who furnished me with much valuable information.

Also, Fritz Hansen, a genuine Karoc Indian, who lived near Ishi Pishi Falls, told me many good stories, especially those of Weasel and Coyote; they were well interpreted by Ben and Sylvester Donohue, Indians.

Then came Phoebe Maddox, who was always

telling me stories and helping me. She interpreted, also, for Sandy Bar Jim, or James Roberts.

Carrie Roberts gave me one or two Uroc stories.

Georgie Orcutt was a great standby, her interpreter being Mrs. McNeil.

Mrs. Fred Ferris, and Beatrice, her young daughter, and Mrs. Harry Ferris helped me, too; and it is to Mr. Tuttle that I am indebted for Karoc Indian words and phrases.

I greatly enjoyed the experience of living among them and of talking to them all.

KAROC INDIAN STORIES

THE DOVE (SUMMER WITCH).

(Pim-nonne-te-noc-un.)

Once upon a time there was a young boy dove who used to gamble. Finally he lost everything, not only his horse and all his own clothing, but his grandmother's beautiful beaded gown. The poor old woman was both sorry and angry about her dress and scolded the boy. Then she turned into a noodle bug, so that he would never know her any more. The poor little fellow was very distressed and frightened over what he had done. He said he would always make that mournful sound; and he has, ever since. That is why the dove mourns.

WHY THE DOVE MOURNS.

(Another version.)

Once a family of doves lived with their grandmother in a sheltered cave, and were all very, very

happy. A lovely spring gushed up outside; and beautiful grasses grew everywhere. Best of all there was a large oak tree to which they could fly in case of danger. One day the handsomest brother decided he wanted to fly up the Klamath River as far as Weitchpec. While he was there he fell in with bad company, and learned how to gamble the Indian way.

He played and played, day in and day out. He forgot all about his poor, sick grandmother at home, who was waiting so patiently for him to come back. Finally a messenger went to search for him. On finding him he told the young dove that his grandmother was dead. The sad news had to be repeated many times before he could be made to understand. He was very sorrowful then, and said that he would mourn in the trees with a coo which would tell all the world that his grief would never cease.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

A long time ago, Robin Redbreast walked the earth as a man. He was very handsome and lived in a beautiful mansion on the river. He was exceedingly haughty, too; and, loving no one but himself, became very selfish. All the maidens in the world imagined themselves in love with him be-

cause of the glimpses they had of him as they covertly watched him stroll by their homes.

The customs in those days were very different from what they are now. If a maiden decided to marry, it was her place to call on the man first. She was supposed to propose marriage also, unless the man desired to first, and then he could.

As a result of this custom, many, many girls went to the home of Robin Redbreast every day. Robin had given instructions to admit none, but to let him know when they came. The first question he would ask the servant was what kind of dresses they wore. If he said "dock-ah-me-tah," or common dress, Robin would have them sent away.

These daily visits wrought havoc among the young females who were foolish enough to believe that their hearts were broken. Some hid themselves in dark caverns, so that they could not be seen by any one; but especially to avoid Robin. Others threw themselves into the river. Robin, man-like, remained secure in his own home and laughed at them.

Finally, all the girls but one had visited him, but none as yet had been selected as the favored partner of his love. The maiden that was left was a tiny little thing, and very attractive. At last she, too, decided to go. The servant described her dress to Robin. It was not "dock-ah-me-tah," but a lovely

crimson dress ornamented with beautiful red berries.

Immediately, Robin said she was to be allowed to enter. He was very joyful. When the beautifully-attired maiden stood before him, he went on his knees to her, and told her that she was the only one who had ever been admitted to his presence. He said he felt sure that she was his one and only true love. Then they decided that in the morning they would say the marriage words. Robin led her to a room which, he told her, would always be her own private room. No one would ever disturb her there.

That night, after she was asleep, he crept into the room and ate all the red berries, and in so doing stained his own virtuous bosom a deep crimson. After he was done, he cast a farewell glance at the sweet face of the slumbering maiden, and set to work to change the appearance of his home; so that it was no longer a beautiful mansion, but a sad, dreary place.

Then Robin departed in the form of a bird with a red breast, and since that time has never been seen to walk the earth in the shape of a man, but is always as a bird.

BLUEJAY.

A long time ago, in the great world forest, Blue-

jay was a doctor among the animals. One day a squirrel ate a large number of cocoons, which made him very ill. He sent Digger Squirrel, one of a lower order, to call Dr. Bluejay. When the doctor heard him coming, he hastened to get some ashes, and covered himself with them, so that he looked ill himself. Digger approached humbly and said:

"Oh. Dr. Bluejay, Mr. Squirrel is very, very sick, and wants you to go to him right away!"

"I'm afraid I can't," replied Dr. Bluejay, "I'm not very well myself, and am unable to fly any great distance."

Dr. Bluejay was a crafty old fellow. The sick squirrel had some squirrel oil that the doctor had craved, and, up to this time, had been unable to secure it. After Digger left, he thought to himself: "This is my chance now, because no one can help Mr. Squirrel but me, and he is so ill he will gladly give me anything I want."

Presently he saw Digger coming back.

"Oh, Doctor," said he, walking up timidly, "Mr. Squirrel will give you all the acorns you can use if you will only go to help him!"

"I cannot; I am too ill to go," whined Dr. Bluejay.

Again the Digger went back to his master, but soon returned. This time he declared Mr. Squirrel was willing to give anything to Dr. Bluejay *but* the oil. Still the doctor persisted in saying no.

When Digger came the fourth time, he said:

"Dr. Bluejay, Mr. Squirrel told me to tell you that if you will only go to see him he will give you some of the oil you want."

Immediately, Dr. Bluejay pruned himself until his feathers shone, and said to Digger:

"Go, and tell Mr. Squirrel I will follow soon."

In this way Bluejay obtained the oil for which he longed. So, whenever the Indians see a cocoon, they say some one will try to trick them. It is bad luck.

HOW THE BLUEJAY GOT HIS TOPKNOT.

One day Bluejay saw Deer mixing some mush for her family. Deer broke her own leg, and allowed the marrow to run into the mush or soup. When Bluejay tasted this soup she found it delicious. She thought she had learned something, and went home very proud.

The next morning, when she mixed her mush, she broke her own leg, too. But, alas, to her great grief, instead of marrow, blood ran into the mush. When Bluejay saw she was not successful, she was very angry, indeed. In her fury she pulled her tail feathers out and put them on her head. As a result of this fit of temper, all bluejays have worn topknots ever since.

BLUEJAY, DEER AND PANTHER.

Once upon a time, Bluejay married Panther. They had no children. Panther had formerly married Deer, and through this union there was a little girl. Bluejay used to perch on the roof of the Panther's home, peep through the cracks, and watch Deer make acorn soup, for she wanted to learn how to make it as well.

One day Deer was cooking soup in her acorn basket, when something hit her so hard on the elbow that it made her spill all the soup. It was Bluejay. When Panther came home and saw that there was no dinner for him, he said to little Deer:

"Girl, go and get me some acorns to eat."

Then Little Deer Girl put on her deerskin and hoofs. Soon she returned with acorns, making a great noise with her little hoofs. Bluejay was hopping around, and said to Panther:

"You can never eat them, they are too bitter."

He tried the acorns, and said they were dreadfully bitter.

Bluejay was with Panther every minute. He tried his best to go back to Deer, and have some acorn soup, but Bluejay would not allow him to have any more soup cooked by Deer.

Panther found it impossible to get along with his

two wives together. As it was, Deer and Little Deer Girl had been staying outside nearly all the time. Finally, Deer was so unhappy that she took Little Deer Girl, with all her belongings, and left Panther, and went to live up in the sky. Deer and Little Deer Girl had good times there, and joined in the big dances with all the other animals.

Meantime, Bluejay stayed on with Panther, but he felt so badly about his other wife and Little Deer Girl, way up in the sky, that he simply kicked Bluejay out. She packed all her belongings in her big basket, and, slinging them over her back, went on her weary way. In trying to cross the creek she was nearly drowned. After many hardships, endured with bitter tears, she reached her mother's home.

Panther, now without wives or child, went to live with his uncle, Wildcat. As he ate nothing, he was reduced to a skeleton. All he could do was to lie in front of the fire. One day Wildcat went out and killed some game, and brought it home to him.

After eating it, Panther felt much better, but he kept on inquiring:

“Where is Little Deer Girl?”

Wildcat knew where she was, but held his peace. One day, when he was hunting, he met Coyote. As we all know, Coyote had a finger in every pie.

"Friend," said he to Wildcat, "I'll tell you where Little Deer Girl is. As she is just mature, she will be at the big dance given in her honor by all the animals.* Come with me."

Wildcat went along with Coyote to the place where the big dance was being held up in the sky. Coyote was not allowed to enter, but hired Wildcat to go and fetch out Little Deer Girl. They were running races, and tossing her up in the air, and playing with her.

"Take care!" yelled Coyote to Wildcat. "If you use your paws you'll scratch her."

Little Deer Girl was dancing, too, with all her might, while her mother sang this song:

Hay—aye—yah!	Hay—aye—yah!
Hay—aye—yah!	Hay—aye—yah!
Hay—aye—yah!	Hay—aye—yah!
Hay—aye—yah!	Hay—aye—yah!

over and over again.

Panther is lying down by the fire, my girl!
 He is starving now!
 He didn't treat us well!

Then again:

*A large dance is always given for Indian girls when they are mature.

Hay—aye—yah! Hay—aye—yah!

After awhile she sings another song:

Ho-no—ho-no! How—now!

Eno—on-on! Eno—on-on!

Ho-no—ho-no! How—now!

Eno—on-on! Eno—on-on!

Old Panther is sick, my girl!

I'm glad of it.

I smell Panther; maybe he's around here!

Ho-no—ho-no! How—now!

Wildcat made a spring, and caught Little Deer Girl, and carried her off to a new home of his in the rocks.

Once Wildcat went back to his old home in which he had left Panther. He found him very feeble, just able to inquire about Little Deer Girl. He told Panther he had seen her at the big animal dance; that she was having a wild time with all the others; that she ran in a big race, and married the man who came out first in the race with her! Panther never saw her again on earth, nor Deer, nor Bluejay, nor Uncle Wildcat. He turned his face to the rock wall, and died.

WILDCAT AND SCREECH OWL.

Wildcat made his home in the woods near Sugar Loaf Mountain, and spent most of his time in hunting. Sometimes he would be out so long, and in the cold, too, that the icicles would be hanging from his whiskers. He would kill nothing except in the deep gulches in the hills, where he lay in wait for the deer. He had learned never to attack the big deer, because they threw him a long way when he jumped on them. He always watched for and grabbed the little deer, and they both rolled down the gulches together, before Wildcat could kill them. The meat was so piled up in his house that he could hardly open the door.

One day, Screech Owl (E-pus-na-wan-itch) went to visit Wildcat.

"Now," thought he to himself, "here is a chance for me to get a taste of fowl; I am sick to death of deer meat!"

As Screech Owl was leaving, he said: "I am going to give you some meat."

"Oh, how kind you are!" she replied, as he packed her basket.

Wildcat had so overloaded the basket that Screech Owl could hardly drag herself along with it.

"I will just run out and play a trick," thought

Wildcat. He crept stealthily from the house to a clump of bushes near by. As Screech Owl was struggling along the road with her heavy basket of meat, she was suddenly pounced upon by Wild Cat. But he was not so wise as Owl. She immediately dropped her basket of meat, and just as Wildcat put out his paw to grab her, she turned around like a flash and picked out one of his eyes, then flew with an awful screech into the woods. That is why she is called Screech Owl, because she made such a dreadful noise when she was suddenly attacked by Wildcat.

TOOSE AND ATHCONE.

There is a bird that whistles every evening in summer, and sometimes far into the night (the night hawk?). The Indians call her Toose. She lives right in the Klamath River Valley; also another bird named Atchcone. Toose owned one of the fisheries by Sugar Loaf Mountain. One day she met Atchcone, and said:

“My time for going back here is in the early summer to catch fish.”

Atchcone replied: “And my time for returning is when the acorns fall.”

Toose carried in her willow basket on her back

a large pan (flat basket), always ready for cleaning fish. Towards autumn Toose used to go to a certain spot along the river. It was called Toose's Resting Place (Toose-up-frum-wadum). Here she met many other birds. They always talked to her a great deal, and teased her about being late for the fishing.

"I don't care," said Toose. "I will throw a net into the river and catch a whole lot at once."

At that place every summer some one is sure to lose a fishnet.

One day Toose saw Atchcone again. On top of her willow basket she had pieces of old baskets all cut up. She was going to use them for building a fire to dry her acorns.

"Well," said Toose, "it seems to me you are very late in coming back to gather your acorns!"

"I don't care!" muttered Atchcone. "I can easily push a little girl down when she has her basket full; then the acorns will be spilled all over, and I can pick them up for my basket!"

The Indians believe that whenever they lose a fishnet, or whenever they fall down with their baskets, either Toose or Atchcone is the cause of it.

SEAGULL (IT-CAR) AND SALMON (AHWAK)

Once upon a time, Seagull and Salmon had a race. They started at Requa, the mouth of the Klamath, and went all the way up the river, Seagull high in the air, Salmon in the water. Their goal was a great flat rock. Salmon reached it first, and left some of his scales on the rock, so Seagull knew Salmon had been there. When Seagull flies to the rock and does not find any scales, he says to himself: "Well, I have beaten Salmon this time!"

CHIPMUNK (MONK-NOO-WAN-ITCH).

Chipmunk was a clever, active little body, and always laid by a good store of provisions for winter. Bluejay took note of this, and went to visit him. When he was leaving, Chipmunk felt ill, and went to bed. He said to Bluejay:

"Send me a doctor. I want Hummingbird (Cum-por-chee-nish-wen) and Bullhead (Hun-kut), too."

Now, Bluejay made Chipmunk sick because he wanted to be called in to cure him. He had an eye on Chipmunk's store of food. He went out and told Hummingbird and Bullhead that he was ill, but did not say that Chipmunk had sent for them.

He was secretly determined to go back to Chipmunk's house and doctor him, whether or no. When Hummingbird and Bullhead heard it they began to dance and made Bluejay do it, too, while they sang:

"Hummingbird is the best doctor! Hummingbird is the best doctor!"

Em—yeh—she! Em—yeh—she!

Em—yeh—she! Em—yeh—she!

"It is all Cah-ji-gah-gi's (Bluejay's) doing, Chipmunk, that you are ill!"

"I wish I could cure Chipmunk," said Hummingbird, demurely; "but I have such a tiny bit of medicine!"

"I'm going to see him right off," said Bullhead.

He paid Chipmunk two or three visits, and every time he went said to him:

"Give me a little more, and you will soon be well."

Finally, one day Hummingbird thought he would stop to see Chipmunk, and found him still very sick. He said to Chipmunk:

"Don't have anything more to do with Bullhead, or Bluejay, either. He is the cause of your illness. Both of them just want your food; that's all. I will take care of you without any charge."

So Hummingbird doctored Chipmunk carefully

with his mouth, and cured him entirely, asking for nothing.

EAGLE (WAH-CAH).

Once upon a time, two Eagles, brothers, lived together in a cleft of the rock. The younger one was very active. He said to his brother one day:

“Let us go to the great show near the ocean.”

The older boy did not care about it much, but finally agreed to go just to please his brother. There they saw all kinds of strange animals and birds. The younger one noticed everything as he went along, but his brother did not like to see all these new things; he felt afraid. Once they ran into a huge snake. It was just ready to seize them and hurl them into the ocean, when the older brother killed it, thereby showing great bravery. Then he skinned it. After this they were glad to return home.

Next day the older boy went hunting, and told his brother to stay at home. He returned in the evening with poor, lean meat. The younger one was not at all satisfied with it, for he loved fat buck meat. Next day he begged to accompany him, but his brother refused, as usual. The young fellow was determined to go in spite of him, and followed secretly. He went a long way; then he saw the

older boy kill a big buck and knock off his horns. The young boy rushed out from his hiding place then, and asked why he knocked off the horns. His brother replied:

“To start taking off his skin, and to help cut him open.”

He was not at all pleased at seeing his young brother. They skinned the animal, and found him very fat. The young one was delighted and cried:

“Now I am going to have some fat! You always eat it yourself, and bring me home the lean meat.”

His brother made no reply, but looked troubled. When they reached home, the younger one cooked and ate quantities of the fat meat. Then his brother went to sleep in the sweat-house. The other remained in the cook-house, and slept.

After a little while, he awoke suddenly, and felt something heavy on his chest. He got up and went over to the sweathouse, and said:

“Brother, I have something very nice and cunning in our other house.”

His brother did not answer. He knew all the time that a little sea-lion had followed them from the ocean, and had an eye on Young Eagle. He was tender and plump, and the more so because he loved fat. That was why he did not want to give it to him. The older one tried many times to kill this sea-lion, but he was too clever for him, always evad-

ing him and hiding away until he knew it was safe for him to come out.

Meanwhile, the young eagle was feeding this, to him, little unknown thing. He said to his brother:

“This queer little animal is growing. He runs all over the house, eating everything he can find.”

After a time he grew quite large. He acted meanly, too, chasing Young Eagle all over, and trying to catch him. Eagle told his brother about it, so he took him into the sweat-house and kept him there. At night he put the great snake skin over him and watched. The animal was afraid of him. But the poor older brother could not keep awake all the time. He had just dozed off one night, when Sea-lion took a board off the sweat-house, got Young Eagle out through the opening and carried him away. Young Eagle was drowsy at first, but after a time clawed and screamed so violently that Sea-lion had to drop him, and Young Eagle flew up into the sky.

When the older one awoke he soon found out what had happened. He wandered over wood and prairie and mountain, crying for Young Eagle. Finally, a little bird, Meadowlark (Tur-och-we-thim) said to him:

“Eagle, you have lost your brother!”

Eagle was proud, and it irritated him to think that any one knew of his trouble, especially a tiny

snip of a bird like that. He made a cane, and covered the end with pitch, hoping that Meadowlark would fly on it and get stuck. The next time he went out he found the poor little bird sticking in the pitch. Eagle was going to kill him, but the little bird cried:

"Oh, wait! I know where your brother is! I'll tell you if you don't kill me!"

Upon hearing this, Eagle paused a moment, then said, snappishly:

"Where is he? Tell me quickly!"

"He is way up in the sky," replied Meadowlark, "and will be roasted. When he is baked there will be a big feast. If you want to see him alive, you will have to hurry. I will take you there."

Just then Coyote appeared on the scene, like a thunderbolt out of the blue, and who else should come along but Spider (Cgah). They all went to work to make a rope. After awhile Coyote had a big basket (sip-noke) full, a great quantity. Spider had only a little piece. Coyote ridiculed her. He said:

"Your rope is no good, it's so funny and little!"

So they took Coyote's rope first. It only went half way up, and then came down in a heap. Then Spider said:

"I'll try mine now."

"Oh," growled Coyote, in a sneering manner

"What's the use? Yours is absurd, no good at all!"

Nevertheless, Spider's rope reached up to the sky, and there was even a coil on the ground as well. It was now time for some one to offer to ascend. Coyote hopped up and said:

"I'll go."

Nobody wanted him to attempt it, but he was quite determined. He climbed a little way, but could not make it. He fell with a heavy thud. Measuring-worm (Cha-wa-nich) was then called upon, and she went up and fastened the rope on high. Eagle ascended, and Meadowlark and Mouse, and Squirrel, and Mole, and Weasel, and many others, among the smaller animals. Then they had to cross a great river, after which they made their way over to a sweat-house. There they found a witch just getting ready to roast Young Eagle alive. When the older Eagle arrived he recognized him, and said:

"Brother, I am glad you have come; this is my last day!"

All of those who went to his rescue seized him and managed to get him into the boat. The old witch and all her friends rushed after them, but Mouse made holes in the boat, and after they all landed safely on the other shore, it sank. Mole was left behind, but made her way with her hands under

the river. They reached the rope and descended to the earth, and all lived happily ever after.

BLACKBIRD (CH-RR).

Once there were no people on earth, only birds. A pair of Blackbirds that built their nest in a great tree were almost like people. After a time four little ones came. The father went out and gathered food, while the mother remained home and watched with great care over the little brood, and they were all very happy. But, like everything else on earth, it did not last long. The father would go off and stay for days at a time. The mother, with her children, was almost starved. One day she wanted some food terribly. She did not know when Bird would return, so she killed one of the little birds, and took off the legs and cooked them. Bye and bye the father came home, and, missing one of the little birds, asked what had become of it. The mother would not tell. She had hidden the legs away. After a while more little birds came, so that is why Blackbirds spraddle and have such a peculiar, wobbly walk, because their legs were cut off once.

CRANE (OCH-WY) AND SEAGULL (IT-CAR).

Long years ago, Crane fell deeply in love with Seagull, and married her. Crane was a great fisherman. He used one of his long legs to spear the fish. One day, when Coyote was going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it, he went to visit him. He just gave one glance at Seagull, and thought to himself:

"Zooks! What a good-looking wife Crane has! I wish she belonged to me!"

One morning Crane went out early to fish. Coyote said he was going for a walk. After awhile, he wandered over to the place in which Crane was fishing. Then he made a dive under the water, and took off the leg Crane was using for a spear to catch the fish. Poor Crane hobbled home broken-hearted because he had lost his leg and his spear as well. Shortly afterwards Coyote came in.

"Too bad, friend," said he, "that you had such luck!"

Next morning he started off again. He said he was going down to the river to eat some milkweed blossoms. When he came back he said to Crane:

"Friend, I found your spear lying along the shore."

Crane said: "What will you take for it? I want

to buy it back." And he offered Coyote a good sum of Indian money.

Coyote would not let him have it for any money.

"Great grief!" murmured Crane, "what do you want?"

"Give me your wife," replied Coyote.

"Very well," said Crane, "you can have my wife."

To all appearances, he thought more of his spear, his leg as well.

Next day Crane went off, leaving Coyote in his home with Seagull. Then Coyote said to Seagull:

"You had better cook plenty of fish, just to get rid of it. We will now live on game, fine meat and other things."

He went out to hunt, and came back loaded down with stuff.

"Now," said he to Seagull, "you make a big fire; we are going to have a great feast. I have lizards here, and frogs, and toads, and snakes. Won't that make a lovely stew?"

She cooked them all. Then, when Coyote had eaten, she went and dug a big hole, into which she dropped the rest of the stew.

Seagull was so unhappy she could stand it no longer. Next morning, when Coyote was away hunting, she went down to a cove on the shore and made a great basket. When Coyote returned he found his bird had flown. He went to look for her,

but it was of no use. She was flying high in the air, and the huge water-tight basket which she had made was floating on the river. Out from the basket peered Crane, and he gave a sneering signal to Coyote, who was rushing wildly up and down the shore. Seagull flew downward and lighted on the rim of the basket. In this way she carried off her first husband, Crane, and they lived happy ever after.

That is why Crane stands always on one leg, because Coyote broke off the other.

PELICAN (CHOOK-CHOOK).

Many years ago, a family of ten pelicans all lived together. The youngest did nothing but sleep; the others played and cried and had a good time. On a fine morning number one said to his brother:

“Let’s go hunting.”

“No,” replied the latter; “not unless we take our little brother.”

“I don’t want to,” said number one. “He is all covered with sores and very sick; he couldn’t go.”

Then he thought it over, and after awhile concluded to take him and leave him somewhere in the wood. Number one took the sick little fellow, and

put him under a tree in some leaves, and then ran away. Bye and bye some woman came along. She led him by the hand quite a distance. Then she let go of him, and, giving him a little drinking basket, told him to get some water for her. There seemed to be none anywhere near, but poor Pelican started off with the drinking basket. Soon he came back with it full of water, and looked clean and sleek and well! As soon as the woman drank the water Pelican was all covered with sores again, and weak and sleepy. The woman said to him:

“We’ve got to travel fast, so as to reach your family before dark.”

When the woman brought him home the other nine Pelicans exclaimed:

“What! Have you brought him back? We don’t want him!”

Now, this woman was a person from the North who had ten brothers. She said to the little Pelican:

“I am going to take you to *my* home now.”

When the brothers of the woman saw the sick Pelican, they did not like his looks. Only the youngest spoke to him and said:

“Come, we will have some supper.”

The brothers slept in a big sweat-house, but Pelican slept outside, at his own request. Next morning, they all went hunting, except the youngest. He

remained with his sister, and helped take care of Pelican. He was wandering about very guiltily and surveying the premises. Bye and bye he said to the woman and her brother:

“Let’s have a swim.”

They exchanged glances, for they knew there was no water in all the country around; but Pelican was walking on rapidly and motioning to them, so they followed him. When he reached the foot of the hill, he stopped and said:

“We’ll take a swim here.”

The woman and her brother stood astonished, as there was nothing but dry ground. There they saw him put his elbow down into the earth, and immediately a great spring bubbled up. Soon the waters from it created a large pond. Pelican took a swim, and came out fine, sleek and well. He stripped some pine needles from the trees, and dropped them into the waters, and they all turned into gleaming fish. He had brought with him a bag of arrows, which contained robes trimmed with the brilliant feathers of red-headed woodpeckers. He gave them to the woman and her younger brother to put on, and they looked beautiful in these clothes. Then they returned to the house. On the way the Pelican said to the woman:

“Where do your brothers go hunting? Here

comes something right from the North that I am going to kill!"

He sat down, shot at it, and killed it with one arrow. When it fell it shook the whole earth. Shortly afterward, the nine brothers who had gone hunting in the morning returned with no game. They appeared weak and crestfallen, and said to their sister and brother:

"He has killed something which we have never been able to kill. We all fell on our knees when it happened, and he just reached right over and pulled in, directly in front of us, what he killed!"

Then they turned to him, offering to shake hands, and said:

"You are our brother-in-law!"

He paid no attention to them, but walked along with them all to the house. He continued to live with them, and married the sister, the woman who was so kind to him.

THE FOOLISH OLD MAN.

A long time ago, there was an old woman living in a cabin on the Klamath River who had two daughters. One day she said to them:

"You had better go and visit the young man who has a house near Some's Bridge. He makes a good living by killing deer. Maybe he will marry you."

The two girls packed their baskets, and went to see the man at *Somes*. When they drew near the house, they heard some one chopping wood, but could not see him. They called out, and asked him if he knew where *Yu-wen's* son lived. The old man laughed and answered:

"I am *Yu-wen's* son!"

The girls said: "We are going to marry *Yu-wen's* boy."

"Very well," he replied; "come along."

Now, this old man's teeth were all gone, so he went into the bushes and ate the heart and liver of a deer which he had hidden there. These were soft, and did not hurt his mouth. Meantime, the two girls had entered the house, and had begun to heat the rocks for cooking the acorn soup. When the old man saw them he jumped around like a boy; and sang gleefully. His spirit revived within him. Here was a chance for him to marry again.

"Sun—oon-oooh, un—oon—ah, kee-an-nee.

Chuffitch—kitch—na—wish—tan—tee!"

he sang over and over again.

It meant: "I am deceiving these girls here!"

"I like the meat around the bone."

He sang so indistinctly they could not understand him.

He told the girls to pour out an extra cup of soup;

that some one was coming. Then he said to the elder one:

"Pull out the longest hair you have and put it inside the cup. Push the supper aside, and just wait!"

Soon the girls heard singing and a noise at the other end of the house, as if some one had thrown a deer inside the door. The younger one said:

"I believe that is Yu-wen's boy! Let's go hide; we have made a mistake!"

Then they both hid and watched him. He was a nice-looking young fellow, and came in singing gaily.

He stood and looked in astonishment at the old man, who had begun singing his song again, and said to him, "Hoot-e-un—pick—a—witch?" (which means, "Are you crazy?") "There's your soft meat which you always want."

"No," answered the old man, "I want chuffitch" (the meat around the bone).

The young man cooked chuffitch for him, and told him to eat it. When the old man ate the meat around the bone, the young fellow saw blood running down from his mouth. It was from his gums, for the meat he tried to tear from the bone made them bleed.

Then the son discovered the long hair in the cup, and said:

"How did this come here?"

The old man answered, singing, for he sang now all the time.

"Oh, that crooked hair which had caught into something fell out when I was making soup."

"Well, why are you making such fine soup to-day?" asked the son.

"Oh," replied the old man, "my arm is better than it ever was before, not a bit stiff!"

The girls had been listening all the time. The younger one whispered:

"What shall we do? What shall we say?"

"We will go out and just run as hard as we can," replied the older one. "If either of them comes after us we will say we are in a great hurry to reach the big dance before it's over."

They were so disgusted with the old man that they did not even want his son! They were ashamed, too.

The young man, hardly yet knowing what it all meant, said to his father:

"You had better go and follow up those girls that ran out of our house just now!"

The old man ran after them, and, all out of breath, joined them. He said:

"Where are you going?"

"We are going to a big dance," they replied.

"I am going with you," said the old man.

"No, you are not," muttered the girls. "You are too old. We are going to dance around the world, and way down the Klamath River!"

Then they began to sing:

Ay—yeh, yeh, yah,

Ay—yeh, yeh, yah,

Ay—yeh, yeh, yah,

Ay—yeh, yeh.

They danced together, too, and the old man insisted upon dancing with them. Every little while he would try to sing:

Mutt—cy—ap—un—bay!

Mutt—cy—ap—un—bay!

Which means:

"Let us rest a while!

Let us rest a while!"

The girls knew that his legs were just dropping off from fatigue, but they kept on and on. Finally, his legs came off, and his arms as well. They had danced him to death! They gathered him together, and, running back to his house, pushed him in the door through which his son came in, while they were there. The young man heard a noise. When he saw what it meant, he took his bow and arrows and ran after the girls; but they were a long way off and going over the ridge. Then he returned, picked up the arms and legs of his father, and threw

them into the river at Somes. They were changed into turtles (Asak-noof), and are there unto this day. The girls were turned into quail, or pick-qua-ha-wah-way-nitch.

WHIP-POOR-WILL (E-HAY-DAH-AM-WAN)
AND SALMON (OTT).

Whip-poor-will and Salmon always had their homes near Sugar Loaf Mountain. In the early days birds and fishes were the only people on the earth. One morning, as Whip-poor-will went along the river, he saw two girls just behind the great rocks of Sugar Loaf. They were Quail (Pick-qua-ha-wah-way-nitch).

They called out to him:

"Where does Salmon live? We are going to see him."

"Follow the trail down the river!" yelled Whip-poor-will. "You will come to a place with a big pole in front of it, and will see lots of red-headed woodpeckers running up and down the pole; that is Ott's home. But you had better stay here," said Whip-poor-will, taking a glance at the pretty Quail and admiring them. "I'm really Salmon, and am only disguised now. Well, I'll come back in the evening."

Late that evening, the girls went along until they came to the pole. Then they said one to another:

“Here is Salmon’s home!”

But during the day Whip-poor-will had taken the pole and put it in front of his house. After the girls had been at Whip-poor-will’s a long time, they heard some one calling:

“What did Whip-poor-will take my pole away for, and all my pet woodpeckers?”

It was Salmon, and he had seen the girls walking about. They were ashamed when they found they were in the wrong place, and also very angry at being so fooled by Whip-poor-will. In a little while he returned. They were too mortified to say anything to him. He strutted about and yawned:

“Ott will come over soon, and tell me to help divide the game that has been caught.”

Soon Ott came along and called to Whip-poor-will to go and clean up the scraps! This was too much for his pride. He hoped the girls had not understood. So he said:

“I am going out to divide with Salmon; then we can have supper. You stay right here.”

When he was gone, little Quail said to her sister:
“Let’s go and watch him!”

They peeped around the corner, and saw him picking at the rocks on which fish had been baked,

and even the ones used for boiling the acorn soup!

"He had scraps, surely enough," said the older one. "I don't see that we are likely to get any supper at all here!"

"When Whip-poor-will came back, the Quail were as much ashamed of him as of themselves.

"It is so late we must go right home," muttered the older one. They did not give him a chance to make any reply or to stop them, but flew away in an instant.

After they left a number of birds and animals went over to Whip-poor-will's house and tried to kill him, for Quail had spread the news of his deceit. There was a great disturbance, and Whip-poor-will and Ott ran for their lives. They stopped on a ridge near Sugar Loaf, and the gap there was made by the shooting for the purpose of killing Whip-poor-will. Poor old Ott struggled along to the valley on the other side of Sugar Loaf, and lay down and died. To this day a rock can be seen, with backbone and gills and a great head with open mouth, just like a salmon. So Quail lost their good old friend, and it was all owing to sly little Whip-poor-will, who escaped without injury.

BUZZARDS.

Once there was a young fellow who went north to gamble. He was very unlucky. He lost all he possessed, even the clothes and moccasins he was wearing. He thought that the best way for him to reach his home would be by swimming. So he swam down the river for miles and miles, and then dragged himself out of the water nearly dead. A number of Buzzards were watching him afar off; but they kept coming nearer and nearer, and were getting ready for a great feast. As the young man lay on the shore he saw the Buzzards, and called to them as loud as he could to let them know he was alive.

"Look!" he cried. "The sky is all red! I am near home. My younger brother knows I am coming, and is building a big fire for me. There he comes now to look for me! He has his bow and arrows, and will shoot you!"

Still the Buzzards paid no attention, but hovered nearer and nearer. They were sailing right over him, and were talking among themselves. One of them said:

"We will pick his eyes out first, and we can do it with this big stick I am carrying."

So the Buzzard with the stick was hovering so close over the young fellow that he was almost

ready to alight. All of a sudden the young man, making a great effort, raised himself up, grabbed the stick, beat the Buzzard away, and stumbled as well as he could towards home. He did not tell his brother about the Buzzards, for he knew his brother would say it was what he deserved; but he never gambled again.

BUZZARD (AN UROC STORY).

One fine summer's day the Buzzards were going to have a picnic. They caught some of the hookbill salmon which comes down the river in the autumn. Then they made a fire on a flat rock, and put the salmon in a big pot on the fire. They boiled it until it was all in fine pieces, and made soup. One of the Buzzards was in great hurry to eat. He looked into the steaming pot to get some soup; but alas! was burned (scalded) all around the head and neck. That is why Buzzard is bald now. His bare head can be seen a long way off. When the hookbill salmon comes back in the Fall, he does not stay long. He hates Buzzards. They are bad friends.

GRAY BIRDS (WEEN-WEEN.)

Once upon a time, five little Gray Birds made their home on top of a mountain. Their father lived right near them in his sweathouse. The five boys used to go hunting nearly every day. When they returned one evening, they found that the younger brother was missing. They told the father about it, but he said nothing. The next time they went the same thing happened; but the old man held his peace. Every time the little birds came back one never returned, until finally all of them were gone, and the father was left alone. He took his old Indian pipe and his bow and arrows, and went to the foot of the mountain. There he sat for a long time and smoked. After a while he saw a man, who looked to him as high as a pine tree, coming over the hills; he had a long bow, and arrows. As the man came up to him he said:

"Ween-Ween? My name is Mar-du-car-dah. Are you looking for your boys, Ween-Ween?"

"I don't know," replied Ween-Ween, "I just came down here."

"Would you like to try my bow and arrows?" said Mar-du-car-dah, laughingly.

Ween-Ween took the great bow and the arrows and broke them all to pieces. Mar-du-car-dah

looked rather surprised. He began to think it might be well to keep on the right side of Ween-Ween.

"Take my pipe and smoke it," said he, handing it over to Gray Bird. The latter took it and threw it down with such force that it also broke into fragments.

"Let me take your arrows," said Mar-du-car-dah, just picking them up and slinging them over his shoulder. "I should like to try your pipe, too," said he, as he grabbed it from Ween-Ween, and began to smoke it. "This will be our pipe of peace."

In a moment he turned on the little Gray Bird and tried to kill him, but the latter was too quick for Mar-du-car-dah. He hid from him high up in a crevice on the mountain. There he found an Indian wedge with which he broke some of the rocks, and as Mar-du-car-dah was climbing up in search of him he hurled a big piece down on him and killed him.

Ween-Ween started out once more to look for his boys, and found them in a lake near the foot of the mountain. He brought them out of the water, and as he touched them they came to life again. Then they all went home with their father and were very happy together.



Sugar Loaf Mountain, Redolent with Legendary Lore.

IKE-NAI-A-CHAN.

(Something like a Chicken Hawk.)

A long time ago, Ike-nai-a-chan lived on Sugar Loaf Mountain. Every little while he left his wife, and said he was going to look for clothes for the Deerskin dance as well as for the other dances.

He charged his younger brother to stay with his wife while he was away. The boy's name was Koo-na-a-cha. He would say often to his sister-in-law:

"I want to see my brother (her husband). I hear he has children over on Etna Mountain where he goes to get clothes for the dances."

They were walking down near the edge of the water. Ike-nai-a-chan's wife was furious at the boy, because he knew this and had not told her about it before. She tried to bite him.

"Don't bite me!" cried Koo-na-a-cha. "I'll tell you all about my brother if you behave. He has ten children out there, and he is coming home with them and their mother very soon."

The wife tried hard to control her rage. She went underneath the dam by Sugar Loaf Mountain where they catch the salmon. The water poured over it with a great noise. A man made arrows down there with heads of flint. Ike-nai-a-chan's wife got some of these arrows, and with the flint

heads poked holes in the dam. She worked at it steadily for a long time, until finally it gave away, and the water made no more noise.

Meantime, Ike-nai-a-chan was leaving Etna Mountain with his other wife and their family of ten children. As he drew near Sugar Loaf, he could not hear the roar of the water as usual. He said to himself:

"I know she (his first wife) has done something mean. She has been working at that dam and spoiled it; and all the fishing, too!"

He told his other wife and his children to stop just where they were. Then he ran on above and climbed up a great rock, called Ush-a-ish-stock-a, to find out what was the matter. From there he saw his first wife, with all her belongings packed in a basket on her back and hurrying along as fast as she could. He put his knee down, took out his arrows, and shot at her. She was so badly hurt that she rolled around in agony and made a little flat on the hill where she fell. It is called A-co-ni-sheep-na-mish-o-a-log unto this day. The other wife and family could see all this, too, from the hill upon which they were sitting. They never moved again, but turned into solid rock. The first wife who was so hurt turned into a grizzly bear and ran off into the woods.

Ike-nai-a-chan went back to his home on Sugar Loaf, but cared for no more wives. He lived and died alone.

THE TWO GIRLS NEAR SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN.

Once upon a time, two girls made their home near Sugar Loaf Mountain, and not far away lived two boys, and they were fine fellows. Whenever there was a Deerskin dance they always danced in the center. They thought a great deal of the two girls. They were not very healthy, and in a few years they both died.

The two girls were always crying after the brothers died. One day, as they were sitting by the river, talking about them and weeping, Chicken Hawk, Ike-nai-a-chan, the big bird who lived on Sugar Loaf, flew down near them.

"I know where those boys are," said he. "Now, each of you make ten doctor's dresses (medicine dresses, or those which had virtue in them). Even that number will be worn out by the time we reach the place."

When the dresses were finished, the girls started off with Chicken Hawk. They carried a quantity of deer legs along with them on account of the marrow.



The Deerskin Dance.

"It will be late evening when we arrive," said Bird. "You will find the brothers just as they were before they died, and in the center of the Deerskin dance."

The girls with Chicken Hawk reached the place in the evening, and were resting. Soon the whistle blew for the dance to begin. As the girls watched, they saw the two boys dancing through the center, just as Bird had told them. Each girl tried to seize one of them by the arm as they danced, one up and one down the line. When they did this the boys vanished.

The girls thought they had been in this place one night, but it was a whole year.

"I am going home now for a while," said Bird, "but will come back for you."

In another year he returned for them, but it seemed as one day. They did not want to go but had to leave, as they were not quite ready for living in this place. They were obliged to tell others about it, too. They were told to take with them the meat close along the backbone of the salmon, and rub it on the lips of the people; that would keep them from dying. Those upon whose lips they rubbed this substance never died.

The world seemed to be filling up with people. When the girls had used up all the meat close to the backbone of the salmon which they had brought

from that place where the brothers were, the people began to die off.

SKUNK (CHEEMIN).

Once upon a time, five girls lived in a nice little home with their grandmother. Every morning they went out with sharp picks to dig the ty-eith, or Indian potatoes. The girls soon had a heap of them lying on the ground ready to take home. Skunk, who lived nearby, was watching them all the time. He came down a little hill, dancing and singing:

“Cofe-un-un-un-un-un
Cofe-un-un-un-un-un
Cofe-un-un-un-un-un
Cofe-un-un-un-un-un.”

He did this just to distract the attention of the girls from the potatoes; then he exhaled his perfume. They all fell over in a faint; and before they could recover, Skunk had run away with their potatoes. Next day, they went out for more potatoes. Skunk was watching as usual, and danced along close by them singing all the time. He again let off his penetrating odor, and expected to see the girls faint as before, but they managed to endure it for a few moments. “Now,” thought Skunk to

himself, "what shall I do? If they don't faint, I won't be able to get any more potatoes! Perhaps if they dance, that, together with the odor, will make them fall over." So Skunk began to dance and sing and dance and sing, and shouted:

"Hurry up, girls. Dance hard, like I do."

So the girls danced, too; but feeling ill from the strong odor they could not keep it up long, and soon fainted. Then Skunk busied himself with carrying off their potatoes. When he had finished he returned, and got some red earth and rubbed it on their faces until they came to again. Then he ran away. The girls found their potatoes had all been taken as on the day before. They hurried home, and said to their grandmother:

"That horrid skunk runs away with all our potatoes every time we dig them! What shall we do?"

The grandmother got a big stick and made it very sharp at one end; then she gave it to them, saying:

"Take this along with you, and when Cheemin comes again, just give him a good punch with it."

Next morning the girls went out and took the big stick with them. As soon as they had dug up a nice heap of potatoes, there came Skunk along again, dancing, and singing the same song. The girls, after he had asked them to dance, joined him

for a few moments. Then they all fell over, pretending to have fainted, and lay quite still. One of them kept her eyes open, and when Skunk came very near to her to gather the potatoes, she punched him in the side with the sharp stick provided by her grandmother. Skunk gave a little cry and rolled over, quite dead.

This time the girls went home with plenty of potatoes.

THE SKUNKS (CHINNIM).

Long years ago, ten skunks, who were brothers, started on a journey from their home on Etna Mountain. They were always traveling about armed with bows and arrows. They were ill-natured and killed anything that came in their way. The oldest one had fastened an eagle's feather on the end of a stick, and attached it to the big basket in which the fish were kept at home. When this feather waved, the old father would know the sons were fighting; when it dropped, one of them was killed. This time the brothers thought they would go down the river. On the way they met an old man with a cane. They said to him:

"You had better sit down and rest awhile. What a pretty cane you have!"

Said the youngest one:

"Give it to us!"

"No," replied the old man, "that's my leg!"

Then they attacked him, took away all his clothes and killed him with their bows and arrows for refusing to give them the cane.

The ten skunks started on their way again. They could see, a long distance ahead of them, another old man coming along the road. The oldest one whispered to his brothers:

"You must speak kindly to *him*, or he will kill us."

When he met them he remarked:

"Why, that looks like the old man's cane you are carrying! He is a relative of mine."

"We paid him plenty of money for it!" cried the skunks.

"Never mind! You just give back the cane and the clothes and everything else," said the old man threateningly.

They would not do it. The old man became very angry. He took out his knife and cut off the head of one of the skunks. The nine who were left began shooting at him with their arrows; but they were nervous. All the time they were shooting, they cried:

"He will kill us! He will kill us!"

Their arrows missed the mark. The old man caught these skunks and killed them one by one.

Their father at home saw the feather drop ten times. Then he knew his children were all dead. He and his wife began to weep.

"Let us both go and look for the one who killed them, father," said the old woman.

So they set out in search of the slayer of their children. The old man who had murdered the ten brothers started on his way, too. After awhile he came to the first old man whom the skunks had killed, but found him alive yet. He gave back to him all his clothes and his cane, then lifted him up and placed him on the branch of a tree. By-and-by the father and mother skunks reached the place alongside of the road in which all their children were killed. They moaned and wept. The old skunk was more anxious than ever to find the one who had murdered them.

"Let's hurry!" he said to his wife.

When they had gone some distance they saw the old man from whom their children had taken the clothes and cane perched up in a tree, just as the other one had left him. The father shot at him, and after using many arrows killed him. Then he gave a war whoop, and said to his wife:

"Let's go home. We have killed the slayer of our children at last!"

They had made a mistake. The second old man who really had murdered them was safely in his

own house. He was the great bird who lived on Sugar Loaf Mountain, and his name was Ike-nai-a-chan.

LIZARD (THE FRIEND OF MAN) ART-SO-U.

(An Uroc Story.)

Many years ago, Lizard made his home near the hole of Rattlesnake (Shmai-ep-e-yer). One day Rattlesnake said to him:

“You run out and see if the grass is growing.”

Lizard did not want to. Finally, Rattlesnake made him go. So Lizard went off to see if the grass was growing. He was gone a long time. He saw some pretty little children picking flowers in the grass. They talked to him; and he looked up and down and all around, as little Lizards always do when people talk to them. Then he went home. Rattlesnake was on hand at once, and asked him if the grass was growing.

Lizard said, “No.”

“Aha!” sneered Rattlesnake. “Let me see your tongue!”

“I won’t!” answered Lizard.

“Very well,” said Rattlesnake, “I’ll make you stick out your tongue.”

Then Rattlesnake hit him. It hurt so terribly

that Lizard could not help showing his tongue. It was all covered with green grass.

'Humph!' exclaimed Rattlesnake, "you acted a big lie. You wouldn't say there was grass!"

Poor Lizard died from the poison. It was all because he was afraid Rattlesnake would crawl in the grass and bite the children.

LIZARD AND GRIZZLY BEAR.

Once upon a time a nice little Lizard boy lived with his mother. He always remained at home alone while she went out to gather wild potatoes. One day she was gone much longer than usual. Night came on and she did not return. Poor little Lizard cried himself to sleep.

Next morning, Lizard started out early to look for her. On the way he met Grizzly Bear. Grizzly was their next-door neighbor. He said:

"Well, Lizard, where's your mother?"

Grizzly made the same remark every day. Time went on, and Lizard was growing to be a big boy. One day, when he was out hunting for food, and still hoping to find his mother, he met Coyote.

"How are you getting along, poor you!" cried Coyote.

"Pretty well," replied Lizard.

Coyote came nearer to him and whispered:

"Do you know who killed your mother?"

"Is she dead?" moaned little Lizard. "I was hoping that I might find her yet!"

And he sat down and cried.

"Yes," said Coyote in a low voice, "she is dead, and Grizzly Bear killed her. Now you had better try to kill him. I will help you. Wait here awhile until I come-back."

Coyote trotted away to see Grizzly Bear, and in talking with him, said:

"It's going to be a cold night. I should think you and your big family would all sleep around the fire in a circle."

"That's a good idea," replied Grizzly Bear. "It will keep us nice and warm all night."

Then Coyote went back to Lizard and told him his plan.

"We must wait until dark," he said, "and then we will carry this great pine-tree knot over to Grizzly Bear's house."

Long after nightfall Lizard and Coyote went over to Grizzly's, carrying the big knot of a pine tree. Grizzly and his family of ten children were all fast asleep around a fire. It was getting very low. They sneaked in, and lifting the pine knot carefully placed it on the dying embers. It blazed up and made the place very warm. Coyote and Lizard hid themselves.

"Look!" whispered Coyote, "Grizzly's feet are in the fire! That is just what we wanted!"

Grizzly Bear, even in his sleep, felt the extra warmth, and stretched his feet towards it. Lizard, who was watching for a chance, hurried out from his hiding place and cut off Grizzly's legs. Then he ran away.

In a few moments Grizzly Bear woke up.

"Little Lizard has cut off my legs," he moaned.

"No, no," said Coyote. "He has been asleep all night. He has been nowhere. Look in the fire. That has burned off your feet and legs!"

Then Grizzly turned over and died. Coyote stayed awhile and talked to Grizzly's widow and children.

"I'll help you bury him," he said, in great sympathy. "But don't bury him very deep, because Lizard, and I feel so badly.

They buried Father Grizzly; then she and all the little bears went back to bed.

As soon as he was alone, Coyote called Lizard; and they dug up Grizzly, who had not been buried very deep, and ate him.

After this they killed old Mother Grizzly in the same manner; and they buried her, then they dug her up for food. Thus they carried it on with the little Grizzlies until only one was left. He was too clever to be killed in this way.

Little Lizard went up on the roof of his house and danced about as if in a frenzy. Coyote walked over to the only remaining Grizzly and said:

"Look at Lizard dancing on top of his house! He has cut himself, too! He is crazy! I'm afraid of him!"

Now, Lizard had not cut himself. But Grizzly thought: "If Coyote is afraid of Little Lizard when he is crazy, how frightened he will be at me if I seem crazy! I will do the same as Lizard."

So Grizzly cut himself, for he thought Lizard had. Then he climbed up to the roof of his own house and danced around; but he had cut himself too deeply, and soon dropped dead. So Coyote had another feast.

Lizard continued to sing on the roof:

"Yum-pa-chi-chi.

Ni-ni-awahha-akkawa-hid

O-ma-ka!"

"I am glad to see they are all killed off,
All killed off, all killed off!
I am glad to see they are all killed off,
All, all dead!"

LIZARD.

(A little different version.)

Once upon a time there were ten Lizards, all born at Forks-of-Salmon (Sum-nah-nick). They were always hunting. Many days went by, and one of them did not return home. So the other nine started out to look for their brother, as well as for food. That evening another was missing. Next morning there were eight, searching for two brothers, and the following day seven wandering about everywhere for the three others; and so it went on from day to day, until the youngest of the family was the only one left. Poor little fellow! He went home crying the night before; but started out bravely in the morning, all alone, to look for his nine brothers. After some time, he came to a big lake in the hills, and on the shores of the lake he saw the carcasses of all his brothers. A great Grizzly Bear was walking around. "Now, I know Grizzly has killed all my brothers!" said Lizard to himself. He was terribly afraid Bear would see *him*, so ran home as fast as his legs could carry him.

Little Lizard was no sooner safely in his house when Coyote came to see him.

"I think Grizzly Bear (Pid-ish-cole-drum) has killed my brothers!" cried Lizard.

"You are right; he has," replied Coyote, "and I have come here to help you. I am going to make something that looks like a heart; and I am going to paint you down the breast so that it will look as though you were cut open and your heart hanging out; then you go and dance on top of your house, and I will bring Grizzly down to see you."

"Very well," replied Lizard.

So Coyote made the heart and painted his breast.

In the evening Grizzly Bear came sauntering along with Coyote.

"I think your little enemy is going to beat you," said Coyote slyly.

"Indeed," answered Grizzly, laughing.

"Yes," replied Coyote. "What do you think? I cut him open, and he is dancing on top of his home with his heart hanging out!"

Grizzly Bear hurried, for he wanted to see Lizard doing this.

"Why, isn't that great!" exclaimed Grizzly, when he saw Lizard.

He was too far away to notice that Lizard was only painted, and that it was not his own heart dangling about.

"I think you had better cut *me* open, and let me dance up here on this rock from which I am looking."

So Coyote got his knife, and then and there cut Grizzly Bear open, so that his heart hung out.

"There, go ahead and dance," said Coyote, "while I run to tell Lizard to come and see you."

Grizzly got up and started to dance, but rolled over dead.

Now, Grizzly Bear had four brothers; so Coyote went and told them that their youngest brother was dead.

"You had better let me bury him," said Coyote. "You will feel very badly if you see him."

He did not want them to know he had cut Grizzly open.

"Yes, you bury him," mournfully said the brothers together.

"Very well, I will bury him with his head sticking out of the ground," said Coyote.

"How kind he is!" exclaimed the brothers. So Coyote buried Grizzly, leaving his head above the ground. Then he returned and told the brothers:

"Go down to see him any time in the day, but never at night," said Coyote to them. "It will be bad for you if you do."

Coyote hurried back to see Lizard.

"That bear is just as fat as he can be inside," chuckled Coyote. "We can go up there every night and get some of the meat."

"Good!" replied Lizard.

After they had gone for several nights, they had much more than they could eat, so they started to dry it and then fetch it into their houses.

MOUSE (CE-IT) AND FROG (HUNCHIEFT).

Mouse always made her nest inside of somebody's house. She went out one day, and when she came back found that all her little ones, which she had left sleeping in the nest, had been killed. Now, little Mouse was in great distress. She went and told Frog, who always made her nest in a pond or marsh.

"Well," said Frog, "why do you always make your nest in somebody's house? Look at me! I make my nest in the marsh. Nobody touches my little ones, and yours are killed."

Mouse just cried and said nothing.

BEAR (WEE-DOW-SAH).

One day Bear was out gathering berries. He ate a quantity of those green ones which afterwards

turn red—holly berries—and all the green huckleberries he could find, too. The people said:

“Bear does not know how to gather these berries. He always picks them green.”

Bear, overhearing them, called out:

“I do better than you; I pick them off entirely, and the leaves, too, and clean the bushes.”

BEAR.

Another day, Bear climbed to the top of a hill where Yellow Jackets (Pish-pish) had their nests. Wildcat (Koo-isht) saw Bear coming home; every few moments he would sit down and hold his paws over his mouth, which was all swollen.

“Heighol!” called Wildcat to Bear. “What’s the matter with your mouth?”

“I’ve been eating huckleberries,” said Bear, “and they’ve made my mouth sore.”

He was ashamed to say he had been eating Yellow Jackets. Wildcat put up his paw to conceal a smile.

FISH LAKE (OH-A-UN-KRAM).

Once upon a time there was a great hunter and trapper, U-ta-ta-pwut-i (meaning trapper)

among the Karoc Indians. He would go off for weeks to his favorite haunt, which was near a great lake in the mountains above Bluff Creek. He hunted and hunted and killed such quantities of deer he hardly knew what to with the meat and the skins. He got sick of deer-meat because he ate so much of it. He longed for some fish. One day he went to the lake and looked down into the clear waters. He could see no fish. Again and again he went, but still there were no fish. Finally he said to himself: "I must have some fish! Anything but this deer-meat any longer. I am going to take the marrow (ik-pat) out of the bones of this big deer and plant it in the water." When evening came he did as he said. The next evening he looked down into the waters of the lake, and saw them swarming with fish. It has been so full of them ever since that it is now called Fish Lake.

COYOTE (PIF-NAY-I-FITCH).

Once there was a big Coyote, the chief of them all, and very clever. When he wished for anything he generally managed to get it, but not always. He lodged near the Fishery, in Coyote Creek (Pif-nay-i-soof), right in the village of

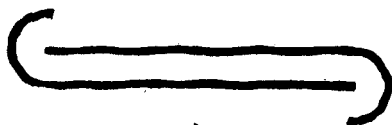


Some Leading Performers in the Deerskin Dance.

Orleans (Pi-nom-inee), where he could get plenty of salmon. Nearby lived two nice girls (coyotes) who were never allowed to go out. A big dance was being held in the village, lasting several nights. Coyote went every night to this dance hoping to see these girls there, but he always came away disappointed. One morning he said to himself: "I am determined to make them come out!" So he went over to their lodge and called to them, from the outside:

"This will be the biggest night of the whole dance. Lots of boys are going, some from Oh-u-tah-koh; way up the valley. You girls had better go, and have some fun. Don't be afraid of me; I shall not be there."

When evening came the girls heard the boys calling and singing and yelling on the hill west of the village. They looked out. The dancing had begun, and they wanted to go. They had never cared before, and this time it was all owing to Big Coyote wishing it on them. So they slipped out quickly and went over to the dance. The men and boys were painted red and white and black and brown, and were adorned, too, with feathers and money. The dance began with all in line like this:



Then they made a curve and danced the other way. Big Coyote had told the girls, if they went, to sit together near one of the curves, which they did. In either one of the curves, there was always someone dancing who was dressed more showily than any one else, generally covered with Indian money.

After dark, Coyote went down to the creek, pretending to fish. He took a big basket (sip-nook) with him, and put it in the fishery.

“Now, Sip-nook,” he said, “you must sing while you are in here.”

Some boys who passed by just then saw him with the basket. When they were gone, Coyote went into his lodge, painted himself quickly, put on his buckskin fringes and his feathers and quantities of Indian money, and hurried off to the dance. Some who were there said:

“Isn’t that Big Coyote dancing around?”

Others said:

“Yes, it is!”

"No!" yelled a crowd of boys, who had just come in, and heard the remarks. "We saw Coyote fishing just now. He had a big basket."

Then some boys were sent down to the creek to see if he were there.

"Yes," they said, when they came back, "he is there. We heard him singing!"

Big Coyote, gaily dressed, kept on dancing and dancing in one of the curves. Then, quick as lightning, he picked up the nice, quiet girls, tucking one under each arm, and dashed for the door. He had made some little headway down the road when the people found out what had happened. Some of the boys were fine runners. They chased him out of the camp and way over the valley. Coyote was mad. He threw one of the girls into the river and the other against the rocks. Both were killed. The boys passed this news back to camp. The people were furious now, and wanted to kill *him*. The whole tribe gave chase. He ran till he was ready to drop. Finally he reached an old sweathouse. He jumped in and saw some ashes on the floor. Then he called to the ashes:

In a few moments his pursuers arrived at the sweathouse and looked in. They saw an old man all covered with ashes, who seemed to be very sick. He could hardly say anything but "Aye, Aye." When they asked him if he had seen a

big coyote go by, he said, well, he had heard a noise but could not get up, he was too sick. He thought he must have run way down the valley. Then the crowd started in pursuit of Big Coyote again, but never found him.

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik! (Coyote did this!)
—the last word of all Coyote stories.

FISHER (DET-CO-NO-PECE).

One day Coyote, all dressed in Fisherskin, took his bow and arrows and went up the road to hunt Fishers. Now Fisher is an animal about three feet long, covered with short brown fur, and has a queer mouth, made for digging and cutting. Coyote, after going a little way, saw five of these Fishers up in a tree. "Heigho," chuckled Coyote to himself, "I don't want you any more, old skin, now; I can get a nice new one without any trouble!" So he took off his old Fisherskin and tore it up. Then Coyote shot at Fisher Number One. He jumped off and ran away. Fisher Number Two did the same. So did Three, and Four and Five. They were all too quick for Coyote. He not only lost his arrows, but had to walk around and gather up the pieces of his old Fisherskin and sew them together again. Coyote was mad enough at this to tear his own skin.

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik!

COYOTE AND THE BIRDS.

Once upon a time Coyote went to visit an old man who lived by himself in a big sweathouse. He walked right in without knocking. The old man was nice to him, and said, after awhile: "Come over to my other house and have supper."

"What in the world are we going to have to eat?" thought Coyote. "He has no wife."

The old man went to a cupboard and brought out two grouse. He handed one to Coyote and kept the other for himself.

"Why," muttered Coyote, "it is already cooked! How did you get that grouse, and who cooked it?" said he.

The old man made no reply, but Coyote went on asking.

"Well," said the old man finally, tired out with Coyote's questioning, "I killed it myself, and I will tell you how. I have some ground up on the hill. There is a pine tree there. I made a fire under the tree and called very loud, and shut my eyes. Pretty soon a grouse came and fell right in the fire. When I opened my eyes there were two grouse in the fire and already cooked."

Then Coyote said to the old man:

"You stay here, and I will go next time to get some grouse for supper."

So Coyote went up the hill to the big pine tree and made a fire, then called and called as loud as he could. He did not think two grouse were enough. Then he shut his eyes. All kinds of birds came, until the tree was loaded down with them. The branches actually broke off. Some of them fell on Coyote and stunned him. He was pretty badly scorched by the fire, too, and lay unconscious for a long time.

In the evening he crawled back to the old man and told him his story.

"Didn't I tell you not to call so loud?" said the old man. (Now he had not told Coyote, for he did not want him back.) "Two birds at a time is enough!"

"I wanted more than that," said Coyote. "I'm going again, too."

The old man said nothing. So away trotted Coyote to the big tree. It was a wreck. But the minute he called, the birds came in flocks. When they saw who it was they flew on him, and pecked at him, especially his eyes, and left him for dead.

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik!

COYOTE AND CHOOK-CHOOK.

A long time ago, Coyote went to Ishi-Pishi to get some salmon. Coming back, he looked across the river and saw someone—it was Pelican (Chook-Chook) fishing on the other side. Coyote had a quantity of salmon with him.

“I wish you would eat this one,” he called out to the bird, teasingly, as he held a fine fish up in front of his own mouth.

“Hong!” cried Pelican. “I wish you were asleep!”

After awhile Coyote grew very weary. He laid down on the river bank and slept very soundly. While he was sleeping, Pelican came over and took all his salmon away from him. After awhile Coyote awoke. He had to rub his eyes hard, for he was very sleepy. Then he looked around and discovered that all his salmon were gone.

“Oh!” he moaned, “Where’s my salmon that I carried all the way from Ishi-Pishi?”

He happened to glance across the river, and there was Chook-Chook laughing at him.

“Here! I wish you would eat this salmon!” he croaked to Coyote, as he held a big one up in front of himself.

"Sha-wash (Friend)," called Coyote softly, "you give me back my salmon!"

"Hah! You can't have your salmon!" laughed Chook-Chook. "I've got it now; and I'm going to keep it!"

Coyote did nothing but slink on down the river.

COYOTE AND THE OLD MAN.

Coyote thought he would go again sometime and see the old man who treated him to roasted grouse. On his second visit, the old man invited him to supper, too. Coyote said to himself, as before: "He has no wife. What will he have to eat?" The old man brought out two loaves of acorn bread, giving one to Coyote and keeping the other for himself. Then Coyote said to him:

"How did you get that good bread? You have no wife."

"I can have it all the same, *without* any wife," replied the old man.

"But," persisted Coyote, "I want to know how you get that good acorn bread!"

"Well," answered the old man, "I get it up on the hill."

"Let me go and bring it next time," said Coyote.

"*You* can't get it!" exclaimed the old man.

"Yes I can, and I will, too," said Coyote.
"You stay home,"

"If you insist upon it," said the old man, "go up to that rocky point on the mountain, and call out."

So Coyote went to get the bread. When he reached the rock he called too loud, as before, and great pieces of rock rolled down on him; but there was no bread. Coyote was very badly hurt by the rocks; in fact, he lay a long time for dead. When he recovered a little he dragged himself back to the old man, and told him about it.

"Well," said the old man, "you called too loud; you wanted too much. You should have cried softly, so as to bring down enough only for two."

Coyote wanted to go again.

"No," said the old man. "What's the use? *You* cannot get the bread if you go."

This time Coyote thought he had better not try it, so obeyed the old man.

INDIAN BREAD.

(Another Version.)

Many years ago a man and his two sons lived in a log house down the Klamath River valley.

Every little while the father would disappear. He always came back with acorn bread, which they thought was very good. The boys were curious to know where he went, so one day they followed him. They found he was getting this good bread from a tree. He called out, and the bread was thrown down to him.

After this one of the boys said to his brother: "I am going to call up in that tree and see if I cannot make that bread come down."

So he went over to the tree and called and called. A big stone fell and hit him between the eyes, and knocked him down. He was nearly killed, but after a long time dragged himself home.

"What has happened to you?" exclaimed the father and brother.

"Why, I went out to the big tree and called for bread. Instead I got a stone. I could not have called or prayed in the right way."

COYOTE AND THE ALDER (A-QUUT-TUP).

One day Coyote was walking around his place on a hill above Orleans. He went up to a dry-looking alder tree, thinking it was a person or another Coyote.

“What are you doing here?” said he.

There was no reply. Coyote was angry at this and struck into the tree with his elbow. He tried his best to pull it out, but found that it was stuck fast in the tree. Jerk as he would, he could not move it. A Coroot Bird that was flying around saw Coyote stuck to the tree.

“Heigho, there!” yelled Coyote, “I will paint you up nicely if you will loosen my arm from this tree!”

“Wait a few moments,” said the bird, “I will go and call my brother. He has good tools to work with.”

“Hurry up, then,” shouted Coyote, “and bring your brother.”

A great many other birds heard what Coyote said, and went to work to unloosen him, hoping to be made beautiful for their pains; but they could do nothing, so flew away disappointed. After a while the Coroot Bird returned with his brother, Woodpecker. Using his good tools he soon unloosened Coyote from the tree. Coyote, out of gratitude, painted him beautifully. And that is how the Red-headed Woodpecker got his pretty red cap. He is called Tuck-a-tuck-a-hen.

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik! (Coyote did this!)

COYOTE AND THE ALDER.

(Another Version.)

Once upon a time Coyote was walking along the road, and saw, as he thought, a short, stumpy fellow.

"How are you getting on?" said Coyote.

There was no answer.

"Get on, then!" said Coyote, and struck his elbow into him. But it was the trunk of an alder tree, and his elbow stuck fast. Coyote yelled for all the birds to help him, so they flocked around and picked and picked until he was free again. He was so grateful that he gave them beautiful feathers. He painted the woodpecker first, because he had done the best work. He made his head a brilliant red, then told him to look at himself in a clear pool of water near by. Coyote gave lovely feathers to some of the others, too. Crow had worked hard, and wanted some bright feathers; but Coyote's pretty colors had given out, so he had to paint him black. When Crow looked at himself in the water he did not like his appearance.

"You look very well," said Coyote.

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik!

COYOTE AND HIS INDIAN MONEY.

One day Coyote went on a long journey as far as Klamath Falls, to get some Indian money, or snail shells. He was busy at least a month before he started making string or putting it together, and carried a pack of it on his back. As he went along, the different ones he met on the road told him not to eat or drink anything, unless he happened to pick up a few acorns; if he were half-starved he would be very lucky and find lots of money or shells to string. But Coyote got hungry, and if he could find anything to eat he must have it. The first thing he saw was a clump of bushes filled with berries. He picked and ate them in great quantities. Then he came to a large flat place that was burned off, in which hundreds of grasshoppers were roasted. He devoured them by the peck, and thought they were delicious. When he reached Klamath Falls, he was so thirsty, after consuming all those grasshoppers, that he drank water there by the gallon. He was bloated with such an amount of food and drink; in fact, he could scarcely walk. He just rolled over and fell into the water. He floated all the way down to the Ocean. When he reached the shore he found an Indian sweat-house. It was empty, as all the men were away eating their sup-



Phoebe Maddox and Her Indian Money.

per. Coyote entered, and hid himself on top of a pile of wood. He had never seen the Coast Indians. Soon the men who owned the sweat-house came in to go to bed. They began to sing a sweat-house song:

Say yong, say yong, say yong,
Say yong, say yong, say yong,
Huh ho, ho huk, huk.
Hah ho huh huh!

over and over again. It meant: "I'm a goose! I'm a goose!" and so on, imitating the song of the wild goose.

Then these men said: "We will go over to Orleans and sing that song."

At this Coyote jumped out and sang: "Chu-who, chu-who—chu-who!"

He was so glad to think there was a chance of his getting back. These people looked a little surprised. Then he spoke to them:

"If you are going up that way," cried he, "do take me along. I am so homesick."

"Very well," said the men. "We will take you in our boat."

Next morning, when he got into the boat, they told him to lie down quietly, and close his eyes. He did as they requested; then they covered him with a buckskin. The men carried him all the way to Orleans. He was so glad to be at home again that he made a nice bar down by the river, which has ever since been called Orleans Bar.

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik! (Coyote did this!)

COYOTE AND KLAMATH FALLS.

(Another Version.)

Once upon a time Coyote started from his home in Orleans on a journey to the north for money, planning to go as far as Klamath Falls. After he had traveled a long distance he came to a ranch and a sweat-house. Somebody was inside the sweat-house. It was Lizard, and he was singing:

Hou-in-a-weh-eh-eh-eh!

Hou-in-a-weh-eh-eh-eh!

over and over again.

Now, Lizard had put a little cup outside the hole or door of the sweat-house. This cup was full of berry juice, which Lizard drank to rest and cool his throat when it was tired and dry from singing. He went to the door to get a drink, but there was no berry juice in it. Coyote came along and drank every bit of it; then he kept on his way. Lizard was very angry when he found his cup was empty. He looked all around; then saw Coyote in the distance, going up north. Lizard wished and prayed hard for that one (Coyote) never to find any water when he was thirsty, and for him to die in such a way.

After a time, Coyote wanted a drink. He heard

water babbling in a creek, but when he tried to help himself to it he found it all turned to dust. This happened the whole way along because Lizard, through his prayers, caused everything to be dried up. When Coyote reached Klamath Falls, he drank and drank; in fact, he became so bloated that he could not walk, and finally rolled over into the water. He floated down the river a great way, then struck a snag, and was taken up by some fishermen for dead.

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik! (Coyote did this!)

COYOTE AND INDIAN MONEY.

Coyote once thought he had found out how Indian money was made.

"That's easy," he said to himself. "I'll have plenty of it."

He took the stem of the wild orange tree (calewish), cut out the pith and broke up the hollow wood into pieces the length of Indian money; then he strung these pieces into long chains. He packed it on his back, and went to the house of an Indian who lived near the river.

"See my money!" cried Coyote to the old man. He knew Indian money was scarce.

"That is not real money," replied the Indian.

"Show me your money, then," said Coyote. The

man brought out several pieces and showed them to him. "How do you get that kind of money?" asked Coyote.

"It is impossible for me to tell you," answered the old man.

"But I *must know*," said Coyote.

"Well," replied the old man, "I gather it way up north by the ocean, where there are many savages. It is a place that is very hard to reach."

"I don't care," said Coyote. "I am going."

So he traveled with the old man day in and day out. Finally they came near a big camp among the northern people. They had built a great fire, and were dancing and singing. Coyote saw a huge pile of money. It was a heap of snails. These people took out the inside, or snail, and threw away the shells. The old man and Coyote picked up quantities of these shells. When they had filled their sacks they ran. After a while they stopped to rest. Coyote looked at his sack, and was very dissatisfied.

"That is not enough," said he. "I am going back for more."

"If you do you will surely be killed," said the old man.

"No, I won't," replied Coyote. He filled another sack, and ran very fast.

This time the people saw him and gave chase.

He had almost reached the dividing line between his county and that of the northern people. He managed to throw the sack over the line, but was caught himself, beaten, and left for dead. He was gone so long the old man went to look for him. Coyote came to life again. He went to Hupa, showed his money to the people there, and was robbed. So Coyote, after all his pains, was as poor as ever.

HUN-YEP-AEH-TUNE

OR WHAT THE (KAROC) INDIANS MADE THEIR
FIRE FROM.

Long years ago, Wind blew so hard that he took Fire entirely away from the Karoc Indians, and carried it far to the north. One day, Big Coyote came along and told the Indians how to get Fire back again. They all wanted to start in a body, they were so anxious to have Fire with them once more; but Coyote said: "No, Frog (Hun-chief-itch), you stay where you are down by the river." Then he and a small party went on for quite a distance. "Now, Eagle (Wah-kah)," said Coyote, "you stay here and wait." The others traveled a little further, when Coyote stopped. "Hummingbird (Hou-pu-chee-naish-wen), you wait where you are now." After a long time, Coyote halted

again. "Now, Chicken-hawk (Id-kid-Ione, different from the Ike-nai-a-fitch), remain here till I come back."

Coyote wanted to go after Fire alone. When he had traveled a good distance he came to a house which belonged to another tribe of Indians. He went in, and saw a number of children sitting around a big fire. He said to these children:

"Where are all the older people?"

"The men are hunting, and the women have gone to help with the hides and meat," answered the children.

Coyote got a large pan, and put water in it; then he painted each child beautifully.

"Just go and look at yourselves in that pan," said Coyote, smilingly.

While the children were looking in the pan of water, as in a mirror, he went over to the fire, and put his shoes in it. Now, Coyote had fixed his shoes with a certain kind of bark (Ach-tune), which would smoulder a long time; so when he took his shoes out of the fire the bark was burning. The children were so busy looking at themselves in the pan of water that they did not notice what he was doing. They thought he was a nice Coyote, because he painted them. He was watching the children all the time; then he backed slowly out of the house, with Fire in his shoes. The children soon realized

there was no Fire. They all ran out, yelling:

“Fire is gone! Fire is gone!”

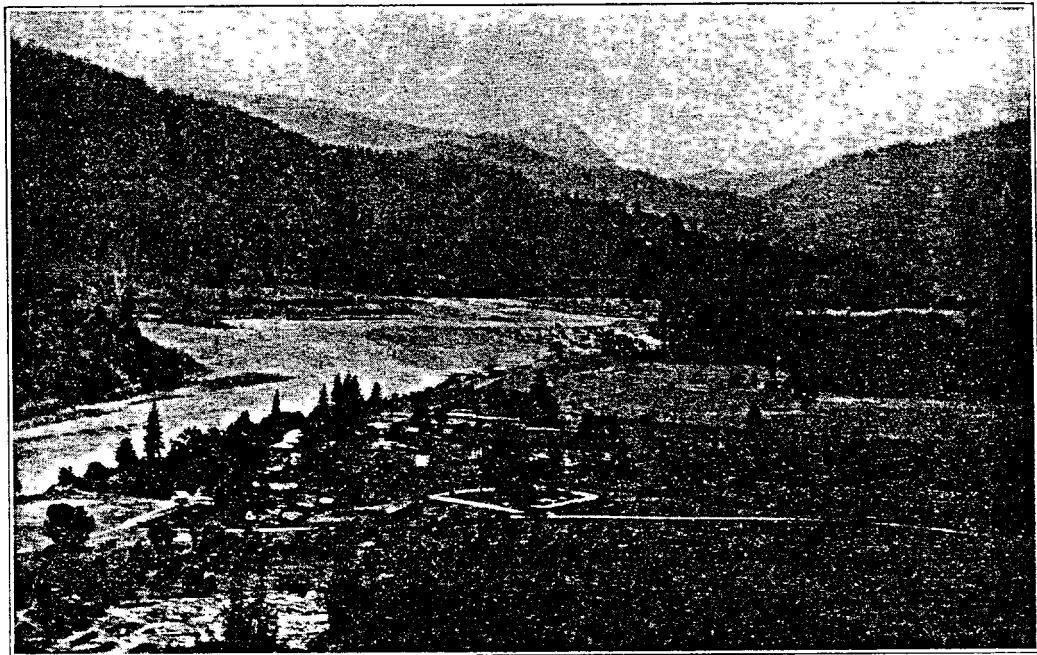
When the men came back they all started off to chase Coyote, but it was of no use. By that time he reached Chicken-hawk, and, taking off his smoking shoes, he handed them to him, saying:

“Go with all speed and carry these to Hummingbird.”

When Hummingbird received the shoes from Chicken-hawk he flickered away with them to Eagle; then Eagle sped on rapid wing, carrying the burning shoes to Frog. They were all aflame then. Frog had been waiting for Fire with his mouth open; so Eagle, when he reached him, put the blaze into his mouth. Then Frog swam across the river, beneath the water, with Fire in his mouth, and spit him out under the willow roots. Fire ran all through the roots like quicksilver. Then Wind came down on his side of the river, and saw smoke rising from every place on the opposite bank. So Wind returned home, and this time left Fire with the Karoc Indians.

These Indians, as was stated before, take a stick of willow root about eighteen inches long, cut little holes in it at intervals, and work around in these holes with another willow stick. Soon the friction causes smoke and fire to come out.

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik! (Coyote did this!)



A View up the Klamath River, Towards Sugar Loaf Mountain.

COYOTE AND THE SALMON.

A long time ago, Salmon was scarce in the Klamath River, but Coyote was going to let people know as they passed by that he had plenty of it. He collected a quantity of Alder-bark, which was very red on one side. He greased it, and cooked the other side over the fire. Two young girls who were walking along saw Coyote roasting the alder-bark, and thought it was salmon. These girls had any amount of salmon. They owned a place near Ah-mike-i-arum, or the falls, where they dried their fish. One evening, Coyote went and looked into the house, but did not find the girls at home. Neither did he see any salmon.

"I will just go in and stay all night," said Coyote to himself. He went to sleep, and when he awoke looked into every nook and corner of the little house. In the middle of it he found a pond with gates and all covered over. When the girls wanted Salmon they got one from this little pond. Coyote opened the gates of the pond, and the water ran out of it, taking the fish along. They all went into the Klamath River, and that is why there is so much Salmon in the river now.

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik!

A STRANGE BEING (ELK-YERO-PETE-EWE).

This queer thing came from the South, where there was no water. He had heard of the water up North; also that the North was a dangerous place because those who went there burned their feet in the fire. Before he started he made himself ten pairs of moccasins, and put them all on at once.

"Fire cannot burn through these to my feet," he said to himself.

As there was no water in the South, of course there could be no salmon. Queer Being started on his journey North, so as to arrive during the fishing season. He saw some people in front of a sweat-house, cooking salmon.

"I'll cook some, too," said he to himself.

So he got some alder-bark, greased it, and placed it red side up on the fire he had made. One of the people then invited him to sleep in their sweat-house.

"Very well," said he, "but I am tired, and should like to go to bed early." So he lay down and soon began to snore.

"He goes to sleep very readily," said one or two of the men.

"He is only pretending to be asleep," laughed the others. "Let us put some fire on his foot; then we'll

see." They got some fire and held it on his foot for quite awhile. He did not stir; he could not feel it through the ten pairs of moccasins.

"There is no doubt about his being asleep," they said. "We can get some more fish now, and clean it."

There was a pond carefully hidden in this big sweathouse, which was filled with fish. Queer Being was watching these men out of one eye, and saw them take out the fish. Later on, when he knew they were all fast asleep, he pulled at the gate which shut in the water. It ran out with such force that it broke the dam; and this was the origin of the Klamath River.

COYOTE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Coyote once had a daughter in Orleans who was very fine looking. He had been away and had just returned. He said to the girl: "I wish you would marry that man who has such a nice home up the river; it looks just like ours—sweathouse and all. The man seems and looks very much like me." So the girl went out to pick up acorns. Then she packed them and her clothes in her large basket and started off to see this man.

"Don't walk very fast," said Coyote to her; "you will be there too early; and don't look around on the way."

When the girl arrived she saw the man outside near the door. He talked with her a while; then she went in and made acorn soup and bread. She remained with him for some time, but became very homesick. One day she decided to go home to her father. As she started off her husband said to her:

“Don’t look around!”

When she reached her old home, everything looked the same. The father was glad to see his daughter. After a time she returned to her husband’s home again. As she was going away, old Coyote called out to her:

“Don’t walk so fast! Don’t look around!”

All at once she thought to herself, “I *am* going to look around this time.” She went up to the ridge and peered over. There was her father down the road! He had packed up the old home—sweat-house and all—and was going to set them down in the other place! So, he had done it before! He was the man who had such a nice home up the river, the man that she ought to marry!

Pik-nay-i-fitch-o-coo-pon-nik! (Coyote did this!)

THE YOUNG COYOTE.

Once upon a time several young coyotes made up a party and went out to hunt deer. They carried bows and arrows over their shoulders, and camped

in the hills. Early in the evening they all went to sleep but one. This little Coyote had made up his mind that he would go ahead of the others and kill the first deer. After a while he became so sleepy that he could not keep his eyes open. So he fumbled around for some little sticks and propped up the lids with them. Just the same they went tight-shut, and he was soon fast asleep. When he awoke he found himself all alone, and in the dark. The others had gone out a long time before, and came in soon with quantities of deer. Little Coyote had nothing at all!

THE ROCK (Oss).

Once upon a time an Indian and his wife and little baby had a home up in the hills. This man used to hunt deer. For a long while he got nothing; he and his family were starving for want of meat. One day his wife heard a strange sound. Some one was stumping around on the rocks near the house, and would not come in. She looked out of the window and was so frightened at what she saw that she squeezed and pinched the little baby to death, not knowing what she was doing. It was her husband outside, and he had cut off his leg for meat! She picked up her bucket and went along without looking at him, saying: "I am going down to the brook for water." She did not, but ran as

fast as she could all the way back to her own family. Her husband waited in the house for her return. As the days and weeks went by and she did not come back he grew weary, and hobbled down to the river to look around for her. He sat there and waited a long time—so long that he turned into a rock; and the water has been rushing around him ever since.

THE WATER-DOG (POOF-POOF).

A long time ago there lived a little Indian maiden who had seven brothers. She was always going to Camp Creek to make her baskets. There she met and fell in love with a Water-Dog. One day when she returned home, she said to her brothers:

‘If you see a big black cloud and hear a great noise you will find that I will never come back again; I am going to marry Poof-poof, the Water-Dog. He lives in the pool at Camp Creek. Every time you go by, you must throw a fish or something in the water for me to eat.’

During the afternoon, the brothers saw a big, black cloud, and heard a great noise. They ran to look for their sister, but she was gone. For a long time the brothers and every one who passed that way threw a fish or something else into the water for the Indian maiden; but she never appeared. The

brothers thought they would camp near the pool for a while. One morning while they were walking near the brink of the pool they saw a beautiful rock in the midst of the water. It was their sister, who was turned into a rock; and there it is unto this day.

PANTHER.

One fine morning Panther was wandering around, when he saw some one across the river making a fire. He looked over many times. "I think I will go and see who that is," said Panther to himself. He went over, prowled about, and saw the house in which the man lived, well stocked with dried deer meat. This man, a very slim fellow, was sitting by the fire.

"Where did you get all that deer meat?"

"I killed it myself," replied the man.

"I would like to know *how* you killed that deer meat!" growled Panther.

He crawled up, stealthily, close to the man, grabbed him by the arm, and said:

"*You* are too thin!"

"Ouch! you hurt!" cried the man.

In an instant he seized Panther by the throat and nearly choked him.

"Oh!" gurgled Panther, "I am afraid! Don't kill me!"

"*That* is the way I kill! And I kill the deer that way, too, if you are so anxious to know!" ground out the man between his teeth. "I can kill anything!"

Panther slunk away and never troubled him again.

EEL.

Once upon a time Eel got into a stick game with Sucker. It was a rough fight. Eel lost all his bones; that's why he has none now.

EEL.

(Another Version.)

A long time ago, Eel and Sucker played a card game with sticks. It was a stiff game. Eel lost everything—he even gambled away his bones; now he has not one, for Sucker has them all—he is full of them.

EEL AND THE KLAMATH RIVER.

One day Eel started from her home on the shore on a journey far up North. She was going to visit her mother's birthplace, at the head of what

is now the Klamath River. At the end of every few miles, as she went along, she built up heaps of rocks. "Now," said Eel to herself, "whoever comes this way and remembers me by putting a rock on each of these piles will live a long time, especially if he places one on the heap I have made near Happy Camp." The long row of these piles of rock can be seen to this day.

Eel, as she traveled, picked up acorns to make bread for her lunches. She found she had gathered many more than she needed. Then she went back over the way she came and scattered them over the ground, so that new acorn trees would be springing up in these parts. There are none at the head of the Klamath River where her mother used to live.

After a long time she reached the place in which her mother was born. When the eels living there saw her they all went out to meet her.

"We are so glad you have come back; you must live here now," they said to her.

"No," I cannot, really," said Eel. "I had a hard journey. I piled up rocks here and there on the way, and hope people as they pass by will keep on piling them up—if they do, they will live to a great age. Then I planted acorns along the way so that there will be plenty of trees to supply acorns for bread to these people, the Indians, who will live a long time."

Then Eel made a hole in the ground with her elbow, and water gushed up. She started back over the way she came, and brought the water along with her. On and on she went all the way to Requa. That is how the Klamath River began. At Requa it runs into the ocean.

Now, Eel's home was there, on the shore. As she stood and looked over the water, she kept throwing rocks into it. The rocks all turned into little birds, and flew away. "Well," said Eel to herself, "I must be the cleverest person living. Those rocks turned right into birds.

After a while she went back again to her mother's home, all the way along the Klamath, and how proud she was of that river! She made great baskets for acorns and salmon, and hung them on the trees. "Now," said Eel, "when people see these they will copy them and use them for acorns and fish. I have done enough now." She went back to her home on the shore, and is there yet.

THE JACK PINES.

There were many Jack Pines in the Klamath River Valley, and quantities of grasses of every shade of green, from almost white to very dark. One of these old Jack Pines went fishing one day, and always came home bringing only the tail of a

salmon. His wife and large family, and outside people, too, begged him to bring more salmon.

"If you do not you will have bad luck," they told him.

"I stay at home and cook acorn soup for you," said his wife to him one evening. "We are a big family, and very hungry. It is queer that you can never bring us more than the tail of a salmon. You *must* catch them, or else you wouldn't have even the tail."

The old man made no reply. Next day she sent some of the children down to the river to watch him, and told them to hide in the bushes so that he would not see them. In a little while the children, who were peeping from the bushes, saw old Jack Pine catch a big salmon. He took out his knife, cut off the tail, and said aloud, not thinking anyone saw or heard him: "That is for the children." Then he built a fire, cooked the salmon and ate it all himself. The children ran home and told their mother.

Towards evening, Jack Pine, looking sleek and well, as he always did, came back with only the tail of a salmon, as usual. His woman was very angry.

"*You* can eat the tail yourself," said she. "We will make no more acorn soup for you!"

During the night, while he was asleep, she and

the children packed up all their belongings and left him. They could not go very rapidly, because they were weak from hunger. There had never been enough acorn soup for such a large family. After a time they heard some one calling:

"Come back, children! Come back! Here's the tail!"

"Don't even *look* back," said the mother.

She was crying all the time, and muttering to herself: "Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?" Suddenly she said:

"I will turn you into something else—and the old man, too! What shall it be? I know! I will turn you into roots and grasses and ferns; then some one will always pick us up and make us into baskets; we will go among the rich Indian people, and they will use us; and we shall never want food again!"

So the little children became roots and grasses and ferns.

"Now, old man," she cried, as she blew her breath down into the valley, "I wish you to stay always by the creek in the marshes!"

And he did; for she had turned him into one of the creek blackbirds.

THE SMART, OR LUCKY, MAN.

Once upon a time a great stick game was being played a long way up the Klamath River. The two men who were the best players were to marry the two fine girls who lived nearby, and who had ten brothers. The brothers wanted to win, too, just to keep the game on their side. But they played badly; they could not seem to do anything.

There was a very clever man who lived in a sweathouse at Somes. The mother of the girls told them they had better go down the river and ask this man to come back with them. It was quite a journey. They packed their baskets and went on their way. After a while they came to the woman's house in which lived the mother of the clever, or lucky, man. The girls asked her where he was; and she said he would come in soon. They heated the rocks for the acorn soup, and when the supper was ready the clever man came in. He was called Ek-mac-i-arum-ishup-way-ka-ray-yah. When the girls saw him they were surprised and disappointed. He was very ugly and diseased; in fact, his skin was all broken out. He had a dog, too, with no hair, and covered with sores like his owner.

After supper the sisters talked together.

"It is too bad," said the younger one, "that we have come so far for this ugly man."

"Hush! Don't say anything," replied the older one, in a low voice. "He must be a great man; we have heard so much about him."

"Let us go home," said the younger one.

"No; not yet," answered her sister.

She had told him at supper that the young men wanted help in the big stick game a long way up the river.

"If you will help my brothers, we will both marry you," she said.

"I am not going to marry YOU!" spoke up the younger one, hastily.

The dog came in, ran past the girls, and lay down by the clever man.

"I can eat no supper!" said the younger one. The man and the dog looked so repulsive that they took away her appetite.

The man told the girls that he would start off with them in the morning and help in the stick game.

"But you need get no breakfast ready for me," he said to them and his mother. "I am going to make a fire and sweat myself in my house, then bathe in the early morning."

The old mother told the girls he could play well. They had their own grounds, and he was always practicing.

The next morning the man went with his little

sharp-eared dog to bathe in the river. When he came back he said to the girls:

"Perhaps we had better start now. You go ahead."

He took his little sack with him. The only time the Indians ever carry this sack is at the New Year dance. He went over the hills, and looking down in to the valley saw the girls quite a distance ahead. Then he began to walk with high, long strides, as they do it in the New Year dance. Three huge steps over the ridge brought him a little beyond the girls, and the older one saw him.

"Look at that red color wherever our lucky man is going!" she cried. "Everything is red; the ground is red, the dog is red, he himself is red! I told you he must be a person of some account!"

But the younger one would not look at all.

When the girls reached home, they told their mother and brothers the smart man would soon arrive. He was there in a few moments. When the brothers saw him they disliked him, too.

"How unsightly he is!" they said among themselves, when they saw him coming nearer. "His sack is all patched up and he is dreadful looking in every way!"

But the oldest one went out of the house to meet him, and said:

"How do you do, my brother-in-law! I am glad you have come."

Then all the brothers came, and took him into their sweathouse. The dog was with them, too, and they hated to have him there. They sweated themselves that night, and next morning bathed in the river.

After the lucky man had bathed, he returned and took sticks out of his sack.* Then he went over to the grounds where every one was lined up for the play. When he began, a red color came over him, as well as the sticks and the tassels and the dog and everything about him. He laid his hand on that of the oldest brother, and said: "I am going to help you in this game now." The brother was colored red all over, too. He did not play, but watched the others. The clever man took his tassels and tossed them up; then told his dog to run and get them. He was playing on the side of the brothers, but alone, with the dog, against the men lined up on the other side. They were hoping to win the girls also. It was a stiff game. Whenever he won the tassel, he hooked it down the other way, and the dog went after it that way, too, so they gained the prize every time.

That is how the clever man and his dog won the

*See description of stick game on page 36.

great stick game. When he came out of the red color his sores were healed, as well as those of the dog. They were both well and strong and fine looking. The younger sister was very sorry she had so little faith in him. The young men who lost the game went off crying and never even put down their names.

The lucky man took the older sister home for his wife. Her name was Ki-uras-uf-up-ut.

A STORY OF ORLEANS (PE-NOM-I-NEE).

Once upon a time there was a young girl who was born in Orleans, on the Klamath River. Every morning, early, she went out to dig wild onions.

"There are plants a little bigger than those onions; don't dig up any of them," said the people at home as she went off one morning. She wondered why she should not touch the larger plants (Tree of Knowledge). "I am going to dig one up!" she said to herself. Then she changed her mind and thought she had better not, for her people might punish her if they found it out.

The next morning while the girl was digging onions she said to herself: "I don't care; if I see one of the big plants, I am going to dig it up!" Bye and bye she saw a very large plant, like a carrot or a turnip, setting in the ground. She dug for a

long time with her sharp stick, and finally pulled it up by the roots. Lying in the hole from which she took the plant was a child. She carried the little thing home. When she walked into the house with it her people exclaimed:

“We told you not to dig that up!”

“I can’t help it,” said the girl, “I dug up the child because I liked it.”

So she made clothes, then a basket and put the child into it. In ten days the child was walking around. When he was a month old he could talk. One day he said to the girl: “I wish I had a canoe.” She started to make one, but it took her a long time. When it was finished she put it into the still water of the river below the bridge at Orleans. Ow-au-sak-ee-etch, or this boy, paddled the canoe up and down, up and down, day in and day out.

In a year’s time he was as big as a man. One morning he went to the river and rowed as usual; but he did not come back. The girl had been pounding acorns between rocks. She held one of these long rocks in her hand when she started out to search for the boy. She could not find him anywhere along the river, so she climbed all the way up to Orleans Peak, and looked towards the ocean. There she saw the boy in the canoe just floating out to sea. She was angry, and threw the rock in her hand with such force that it went all the way

to the ocean and touched the boy. His clothes were made of feathers, and the rock as it hit him tore away all of the feathers from one side of him. These feathers turned into birds; and that is why there are so many Gulls along the sea. The girl went back to her own house.

BLUFF CREEK (UCH-PY-ENID-E-PAH).

Once upon a time there was a man who lived inside the mountain near where Bluff Creek is now. In this mountain there was a great quantity of water. Whoever found it first could marry the man in the mountain.

"I am the first one," said Frog. "I am going to look for it."

Frog started out, and tried his best to get into the mountain—on the sides, underneath, everywhere. She could not, and therefore did not find the water. Others went, too; but were no better off than Frog. Finally, two birds went on the mountain. High up they saw an opening.

"Now, if we can see where that water is, we can marry the mountain man," said one to the other. This man had a fireplace inside, on which he cooked salmon.

The birds saw him down the opening, and went in. They cooked acorn soup, and roasted salmon

for him. He took a fancy to them. Then they looked all around for the water.

"You, like many others, want to know where that water is," said the old man. "I will show you."

Then he showed them a great deep pool in the heart of the mountain. He married these two pretty bird girls.

"Let some of the water run out from the pool," said he.

They turned it on, and a quantity of it ran outside, forming what is now known as Bluff Creek.

RATTLESNAKES.

The Indians think the rattlesnakes are their grandmothers; therefore, the older Indians will not kill them.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

There were once two brothers who lived in a sweathouse near Sugar Loaf Mountain. Two girls, sisters, lived on the other side of the mountain, close to them. They used to go over a hill nearby to gather wood. The brothers could see them. One day, the brothers themselves were gathering wood, too, when they met the girls. They made love to them; the older one first, to the older sister;

the younger one fell in love with the younger sister. She did not see it that way, and beat him with her apron. The older one was angry at this treatment of his brother, and said to him:

“Let us leave these girls and go north in search of Indian money.”

So they started on their journey. After traveling some distance, the younger brother grew weary, and returned home. He was out picking up wood, when some queer creature caught hold of his load of wood, and said:

“See here! There is going to be other people in this world soon. You give a Deerskin dance.”

Then the younger brother looked around and saw the mountains springing up everywhere.

“There is one good level place for the dance, any way,” said he, pointing it out to the strange creature.

The Deerskin dance has been held on that spot ever since. Then the younger brother made a canoe and put it in the river.

“We will have a boat dance, too,” he said to himself; and there has always been a boat dance connected with the Deerskin dance.

The younger brother got in his boat, and sailed down to Weitchpec. The two sisters followed him as far as that. The younger one hoped that on the way she might meet the older brother, for she wanted to marry him. The two girls followed the

younger brother as far as Weitchpec, but could go no further.

"We are left here," said they.

"I am ashamed," said the older one. "Let us go back now."

When they drew near home, they heard dogs barking. They thought they were people, and said:

"Now we know there are others on this earth besides us Indians."

They did not know that the older brother had returned and brought dogs with him from the north. The younger one was coming back from Weitchpec also. It was too late. The sisters, tired, frightened and ashamed, turned into rocks just where they stood.

MEDICINE MOUNTAIN (Oo-y).

The two brothers mentioned before were alone in the world. When other people began to come around, they went to Medicine Mountain. That mountain watches over the people who live here today. It is one of the brothers. If an Indian yells when he should not, or disturbs the peace in any way, the mountain turns his face towards him for one moment, and he dies. Medicine Mountain faces north for ten months in the year, but south in September and October. When the time used to come—

the old of the moon in September—for the Indian New Year, all the little children used to go over to Medicine Mountain and set him on fire. They said they were burning his hair off. (An old Indian custom, to cut off the hair or singe the head. The U. S. Forestry Service has put a stop to building fires on this mountain.)

The brother of Medicine Mountain said that he would look after it; that no one could come or make a fire or cook or eat a meal or dig or cut wood or do anything there. After the brother had been attending to it thoroughly he always took a bath in the river.

Medicine Mountain is the ruler of the (Karoc) Indians. As he sits there today, he knows everything. When he hears people in the Fall of the year, singing and calling, he realizes it is time for the Indian New Year, and he must face the South. Then, while the New Year dances are going on, he is watching and calls out for a good man to come from his sweathouse to one of the cleared places, and make his medicine. The medicine is made by taking a root named wild cherry (kishwoof), and burning part of it; the part not burned is used for medicine in sickness or for good luck in gambling or anything else.

THE DOCTOR.

Once upon a time there were two young Indians who lived near Sugar Loaf Mountain. They had plenty of food, and were very well off. The other people who lived all around had scarcely anything. One day another young Indian went over to see them.

"You had better let me live here for a little while," said he. "I am starving. I can cut wood, and in that way earn my food."

The young men let him stay. He worked hard, and packed quantities of wood for the sweathouse. Then he used to go out in the hills and cry, and wish he had plenty of money, too, so that he would not have to be a slave to those rich fellows.

One evening, when he came from the hills, he started to bleed from the mouth. He nearly fainted as he went to the sweathouse. The elder of the rich boys said to his brother:

"Did you see that fellow bleeding at the mouth? He is queer; we had better let him dance, and turn him into a doctor."

"No," said the younger one. "He is no good for that. Then there will be people dancing here for ten nights (at the Pickiawish). He will be want-

ing to use the sweathouse and keep me awake all the time."

"*You* don't have to sleep in the sweathouse. You can sleep in the other house," answered his brother.

"Very well, then, I will. Let him be a doctor," said the younger one.

The young fellow, when he heard he was to be a doctor, or medicine man, made a big fire in the sweathouse, and sweated himself, and bathed in the river, and fasted and danced at the great Pickiawish dance. He had taken two baskets, and set them on the roof of the sweathouse. At midnight, after he had been dancing for hours, he looked into these baskets. They were full of tobacco (E-bele-dalehah).

He was soon a regular doctor, or medicine man. When people were sick he was able to cure them at once. He sat close to them smoking the tobacco, and in that way drew the pains right out. He cured every one who ever sent for him, and was paid a good price. He soon became a very rich man, so he got his wish.

One day the rich young man who did not care about his being a doctor fell very ill. As he lay dying, the doctor went over, sat close to his couch, and smoked some of his tobacco, and healed him. The sick man got up and sat in his chair.

"You can go, now, wherever you want," said he

to the doctor. "Take all that belongs to you. We claim nothing."

"Very well," replied the doctor; "I will go tomorrow morning to the place from which I first came. I will take nothing that I have earned. That can go to the poor people about here. I will never die. Tomorrow morning early, all the Indians can come to the sweathouse and see me go. When they are all here I will start, but you will not see me leave. I will turn into fog and go through that door."

The next day, when the people came to take leave of him, he disappeared in a fog. He went on the ridge near Medicine Mountain, and the Indians believe he is still there. Before he left, he told them that if they packed wood in the little hollow near the ridge, they would always have good luck.

WEASEL (AHN-A-HUS).

Weasel was born down South. One day he said to his mother:

"I am going to travel all over the world."

"You had better not," said she. "There are too many savages and wild animals. You may be killed."

"I don't care," said young Weasel. "I'm going anyway!"

After he had traveled quite a distance, he came to a house. Now, in the early days, houses had no windows in the walls, only a hole in the roof. So Weasel climbed up to the roof of this house, and looked down through the hole or skylight. Inside he saw an ugly old woman kneeling down and pounding something on the floor. He did not know she was a witch, and that she killed everything that came in her way. He went into the house, and talked with her.

“Let us gamble,” said the old witch to Weasel.

“Very well,” said Weasel, “we will gamble.”

When people gambled with her, she cheated, and won all the games, and they could not pay her. That is how she got a hold on them and killed them.

The old woman began singing a song:

“Ahn-a-hus, i-twara-twara!

Ahn-a-hus, i-twara-twara!”

It means: “Weasel, stir around! (the mud and water in that bowl). Weasel, stir around.”

She placed a bowl before him, and thought while he was stirring what was in it, with his back turned to her, she could easily kill him, because he was so little.

Weasel repeated the song after the old woman. She became very angry at this, and tried to kill him, but she could not do it. She wore great, heavy earrings. Whenever she wanted to murder any one,

she took off these ear-rings, and, holding the person on a big rock in the corner of the room, pounded the ear-rings into him. Weasel, slipping behind her, took the ear-rings from her ears, and, pounding them into her, killed the old witch, because she had murdered so many others.

WEASEL AND THE OLD WOMAN.

(Another Version).

As Weasel was traveling along the river, he came to a large house. He stopped to look in, and there was an old woman pounding acorns. Weasel dodged back, and she saw his shadow.

"I must have done this way," said the woman to herself, and she leaned over towards the left. "Or I must have done that way," and she leaned towards the right.

Neither time was there a shadow like Weasel's. The old woman had long pieces of rocks for ear-rings. By and bye Weasel walked in.

"Have a scat," said she, "and after you have rested we will wrestle a little."

"I am too weak for that," replied Weasel. "I never did wrestle."

"You'd better try it," said the woman. "We'll wrestle anyway."

"Very well, then," said Weasel, "but we'll wrestle easy at first."

At one end of the room was a place in the wall from which spikes could be seen sticking out. After wrestling with men and animals, the woman threw them on the spikes, and they stuck fast till they died. The large space behind her house was full of bones.

"There!" said she to Weasel, while they were wrestling. "I almost threw you back on those spikes!"

"I'm tired. Let's stop!" cried Weasel.

So he sat and rested awhile. Then they started wrestling again. The old woman almost threw Weasel on the spikes.

"I just about caught you that time!" said she.

Weasel was careful, and waited his chance to throw *her* against them. All of a sudden he grabbed her, and, giving a big toss, threw her on the spikes. She stuck right there, and died.

WEASEL (AHN-A-HUS).

When Weasel was at his home in the South, he had heard of all the other animals who lived along the Klamath River; so, when he started on his travels he made up his mind to visit them. As he was strolling along the river bank, one day, he found an old Indian making lumber.

"Are you here, too?" said the old man when he saw Weasel. "Come and help me with the board I am splitting off this log."

"How can *I* help?" replied Weasel.

"Why, you crawl in that opening I've made in splitting the board from the log," said the old Indian.

"Very well," replied Weasel.

So he hopped up by the big wedge and into the opening. Now, Weasel had a live rat in his hand. The old man hastened to pull out the wedge, but Weasel ran like lightning through the split log, leaving the rat behind. The log closed up, and the rat was smashed.

"How glad I am Weasel is dead!" muttered the old Indian.

"What did you say, old man?" remarked Weasel, peeping at him from around the end of the log. "Now, you put in the wedge again and crawl in yourself. You are big and will easily split off the board."

So the Indian crept into the opening. In a second Weasel knocked out the wedge. The log closed up and crushed the old man to death.

WEASEL (AHN-A-HUS) (Cont'd).

Weasel went on his way following the river. When he had traveled a long time, he looked up and saw smoke coming from the chimney of a house. Near it was a large sweathouse. He peeped through the door of the first house, and saw an old woman and two girls.

"How do you do, my son-in-law?" said the old woman. "Now, you had better get some wood and take it over to that sweathouse, then build a fire, and go in and sweat as the Indian men do for a couple of hours."

So Weasel gathered some wood, and went over to the sweathouse. He found it full of rattlesnakes. He walked around in rattlesnakes up to his knees. Weasel caught each one by the head, and smashed it with his hands. That is why rattlesnakes have flat heads now. After he had thrown the last one out of the door, he built a fire. In the sweathouse was a big board, and he laid on it, in front of the fire. Now, the whole of the sweathouse was lined with pitch. It began to melt rapidly, and was falling on him. Weasel jumped up quickly, turned the board over, and crept under it, so that the pitch fell on the board instead of him. In a few moments he heard some one singing:

Ahn-a-hus,
Ahn-a-hus,
 Yo-twa-tu-e-wel
Weasel, Weasel!
 I am glad you are dead!
 I am glad you are dead!

By this time the fire was low, and the pitch had stopped running; so Weasel ran out of the sweat-house, and said:

“Well, old woman, what are you singing?”

“I am only crying,” said the old woman, surprised at seeing him. “I said ‘Poor Weasel! he’s dead!’ But come over to my house.”

He went with her. The two young girls whom he had seen at first, with beautiful hair, were now two old women, with bald heads, crouched over the fire.

“Go and sit between them,” said the old woman, their mother.

So Weasel sat between them, and each one put a hand on his shoulder. When they looked around he was sitting near the door. They intended to jerk off his head. Then Weasel ran out and went on his way up the river.

WEASEL (AHN-A-HUS) (Cont'd).

One day, as Weasel was resting at the foot of a hill, he looked around and saw a little house. Curious, as he always was, he went over and peeped into it. The old woman to whom it belonged soon spied him, and said to him:

"I'm glad you're here. I've been wanting you to come for a long time. Go down to the river and spear a salmon for me," and she handed him a spear. Weasel took it, and went down the river. He saw many salmon there. He speared a big one, but the Salmon pulled Weasel into the river. Weasel held on to the spear, but when he tried to let go he stuck fast. The old woman had covered the end of the spear with pitch.

Weasel was just about to sink when he heard a voice saying: "You're not supposed to catch these things. Stop! They are for me!"

It was King Fisher (Os-koo-pou-oo--wan). He pulled Weasel out, and the fish, too. Then he got his club made of flint, and killed the salmon with it. After cutting off a big piece, he said to Weasel:

"You pack the rest of this up now, and take it to the old woman who hired you."

So Weasel packed up the fish and carried it to the old woman.

"Here's your fish you told me to catch for you," said Weasel, handing it to her.

"I don't think I can eat any of it," she replied.

She did not really want the fish. She was only hoping that he would be drowned by sticking to the spear. So Weasel built a big fire, and put the fish on to boil for himself. When he had eaten it he shut up the house tight, with the old woman in it, and went off a little way to watch. The house caught fire, and the old woman was burned to death.

WEASEL (AHN-A-HUS) AND
MOLE (ACK-A-ROSS).

One day, as Weasel was continuing his travels, he came to a place where two women (moles) were digging potatoes, or ty-i-uth. The plant has a rough, blue flower, and the roots are like bulbs. The two women were blind. They had no fire and no way of cooking the potatoes, so they were lying on some of them and trying to warm them with their fur. After a while one of the moles offered the other her piece, but, as she was blind, she did not know whether she had it or not. So Weasel took it and ate it.

"Did you hand me anything?" said Mole.

"Yes," replied her friend; "I did."

"Well," said the other Mole, "I didn't know it; I haven't anything."

Weasel felt sorry for them both. He took out his knife, and carefully pried open one of the eyes of the Mole from whom he had taken the potato.

"I can see a little now," said Mole. Then he opened the other eye. "Now, I can see you! I can see with both eyes," she cried to her friend joyfully.

Weasel opened the eyes of the other one as well. Then he built a fire for them and said: "You can cook your food now."

Ever since then little Moles have been able to see, and are great friends of Weasel, because he was so kind to them.

WEASEL (3 Cont'd).

As Weasel traveled on he came to a sandbar. He saw two boys swimming near it. Now, Weasel did not like small boys.

"My, but you are fat!" he called to them. "I was fat once, but my people roasted me in the ashes, and I said, 'Ouch! Ouch!' So they took me out. That is why I am so nice and slender now. I think I had better roast you boys in the ashes; then you'll be nice and slender like me."

The boys objected. "No, no!" they shouted; but Weasel made them get into the hot ashes of a fire he had built.

"Now," he said, "after you have roasted a little

while just yell, 'It's hot, it's hot!' Then I will take you out and duck you in the water."

The boys soon yelled, "It's hot, it's hot!" But Weasel paid no attention; he just left them. When he knew they were killed he took them out and had a fine feast. He was soon fit for the fire again himself.

WEASEL (4 Cont'd).

One day Weasel saw in the distance two boys with a long pole trying to kill a gray squirrel.

"What are you doing?" shouted Weasel.

"We are trying to kill this squirrel," replied the boys, "but we can't."

"Wait," said Weasel. "I will make something with which you can kill him."

So Weasel went to work and made a bow and arrows.

"There," he said. Before they could look around Weasel shot both of them. The boys were chicken hawks, who try to kill anything, even squirrels.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you enough!" called the little gray squirrel from his hole. "But I wouldn't go any further, if I were you. I am afraid you will be murdered. If you do, and if any one tries to kill you, just call me."

Now, Weasel gave the bow and arrows that

were left to Squirrel, and this made Squirrel very happy, for he felt so safe with them.

After this, Weasel went on his way. He soon came to a house in which lived an old man and his two daughters. The old man asked Weasel to stop overnight.

"I am glad to have you here," said he. "There is an old jackrabbit on the hill. I want you to go out and kill him for me; no one else can."

"Don't you go," said the girls to Weasel. "You will surely be killed yourself."

That was what the old man wanted, for he had heard Weasel was a hard character. Weasel thought he would like to go with the old man. So the latter took him up the hill; then left him, running away as fast as he could.

Now, there was a big pond on top of the hill, in which a water-lion made his home. As soon as the water-lion saw Weasel, he tried to catch him. Weasel shot at him with his arrows until they were all gone, and he himself was tired out. So he put his hands up to his mouth, and shouted for Little Gray Squirrel. Meantime, he was cleverly dodging Water-lion. By and bye Squirrel came bounding along with his bow and quiver of arrows, which Weasel had given him.

"If I can hit that big fellow over there in the

pond, I think I will get him," said Weasel. "I have no more arrows; let me have yours."

"Here they are," said Squirrel.

Weasel took aim, shooting Water-lion first in the paw, then through the heart, and he fell over dead. There was no Jackrabbit at all. Weasel was fooled. He went back to the old man's house, and said to him:

"Why in the world did you tell me it was a Jack-rabbit on that hill instead of a big water-lion?"

"I wept for you," said the old man. "I thought you were killed."

Weasel ran off with his two daughters, and the old man never saw any of them again.

WEASEL (AHN-A-HUS) (Cont'd).

As Weasel continued on his way, he came to a house in which lived another old woman. When she saw him she said:

"I am so glad you have come. I want you to teter on this see-saw with me for a little while."

"Very well," said Weasel; so he jumped on the see-saw. She was not planning to get on the board herself, but to hold it at one end, and when Weasel was on the other, to give it such a bounce that he would fall off and his end of the board come down

on him. Weasel had a field mouse in his hand; so, just as soon as the old woman gave the see-saw a plunge he jumped and left Field Mouse in his place. Field Mouse was bounced off, and down came the board on him and smashed him. When the old woman saw the blood she said: "How glad I am Weasel is dead. He has come a long way, and nobody could kill him; but *I* have killed him at last!"

Weasel heard all this in his hiding place behind a tree. Then he came out and, hopping along side of her, muttered:

"What did you say, old woman?"

"Oh, I was just saying 'Poor Weasel is dead,' " she replied.

"Now," said Weasel, "you told me you wanted to see-saw. You just get on the end where I was."

"Oh, I can't get on there!" cried the woman, frightened,

"You will have to!" said Weasel.

As she would not move, he picked her up and placed her on the see-saw; then, quick as a flash, he bounced her away up in the air. She came down on the ground so heavily that it killed her.

WEASEL (AHN-A-HUS) (Cont'd).

Weasel went on his way rejoicing and came to another house. All around it outside were piles of

bones. When he looked in, he saw an old woman sitting in a corner, crying. She had a big fire piled full of rocks, and the rocks were all red-hot.

"Why are you crying, old woman?" said Weasel.

"I am crying because I am still wondering whether the person is still living who built this house," she replied. "It is done wrong."

Now, the door fell shut every time anyone attempted to get out. Then the old woman would seize the person or animal and roast him on the hot rocks.

This time Weasel had Chipmunk with him. He started to run from the house, but made Chipmunk go first. The door suddenly fell and killed Chipmunk. Weasel escaped unhurt, but was still inside of the house. He jumped into a crevice between the beams.

When the door went shut on Chipmunk the old woman thought Weasel was killed.

"I'm glad you're dead! I'm glad you're dead!" she cried. "You've killed everybody in every place you've been; now *I've* killed *you*."

Weasel, from behind the beam, called out:

"What did you say, old woman?"

"Oh," she replied, very much startled, "I was just saying, 'Poor Weasel was killed going out of the door!' I don't know how it happened!"

"I know better," said Weasel, jumping from his

hiding place. Then he picked up the old woman, threw her on the hot rocks in the fire and left her roasting, while he slipped quietly out through the doorway, uninjured.

WEASEL (AHN-A-HUS) (Cont'd).

After resting a while, Weasel continued his travels. He had not gone far before he met a man walking along the road.

"Take care!" called out the old man, "I think my dog is going to bite you!"

Weasel heard the dog growling behind the old man.

"You'd better scold your dog," said he, "I don't want him to bite me."

"I hardly believe he will," replied the old man, "you're too smart."

Then Dog, Chu-shu, jumped out and chased him. Weasel called for help as loud as he could, while the old man just stood and laughed. Weasel was so tired he was ready to drop, but Dog was still after him. When Weasel was just about giving up, another little dog appeared in answer to Weasel's cries for help. Then Weasel hurried back as best he could to the old man and held him.

"Now, my little dog, come and help me quickly!" almost sobbed Weasel.

Then his little dog jumped out and started to fight the old man's dog.

"He will kill your dog yet," said Weasel, as they both watched.

The old man seemed helpless. Then Weasel went over to the side of the road and smoothed out a nice flat place in the grass.

"Here's where your dog will fall when my dog kills him!" shouted Weasel to the old man.

In a few moments the dog fell there dead.

Then the old man slipped over to Weasel, as he was sitting on a log, and grabbed him.

"Don't try to hold me," said Weasel, "my dog will get after you! Come, my little friend!"

At this Weasel's dog ran at the old man and chased him round and round. Every time he tried to stop, the dog would bite him. The old man kept on going and Weasel kept on laughing.

"You had better run over here to *me!*" shouted Weasel to the old man. "You are ready to drop! I am going to tell the dog to ip-wash-cock-ah-pu (or turn into a hide)".

Dog did so at his bidding; then Weasel packed it up and took it with him wherever he went. When he needed help, the hide turned in a little dog.

WEASEL (AHN-A-HUS) (Cont'd).

Weasel was soon ready to start out again. Bye and bye he came to a nice little house, in which lived a woman who was not very old.

"I am so glad to see you," said the woman, going to meet him as he drew near her home, "there is a bird's nest in that tree. I wish you would get the eggs for me."

She pointed to a great, tall pinetree with no branches to speak of.

"Very well, I'll try it," said Weasel. "Can you help me a little?"

Then the woman went and fetched a rough pole. It reached to the first sprouting out, or tiny limb. Weasel climbed the pole and up the little limbs till he reached the nest. When he looked down he saw the woman going off with the pole.

The birds in the nest were very big, and they attacked Weasel. He broke off a limb and used it for a club. After a hard fight, he managed to kill both of the birds.

Weasel looked about, but did not know how to get down from the tree. He found some pitch, but it was very hard. He cut pieces and chewed them; and as they softened he stuck them on the tree, and went down that way step by step. When he was

partly down his supply of pitch gave out, so he fell the rest of the way. He hit the ground hard, and was shaken up and angry. He went back to the woman and said:

“Look here! Why did you take that prop away?”

“Why two of us put it up!” said the woman, “I couldn’t get it down alone! The wind blew hard after you were up in the tree, and easily shoved it off!”

“The wind didn’t blow,” sneered Weasel.

He attacked the woman and bit and scratched her head and face so hard that she fell over dead.

WEASEL AND THE TREE.

(Another Version.)

One day, Weasel climbed to the top of a great tree and looked over the county. Then he broke off the branches, so that he would have clubs for killing game. Sometimes he could bring down the trees themselves. When he went hunting he travelled a long way.

Once, as he came out on a fine prairie, he saw a man walking around and singing. When this big man espied Weasel, he said:

“Come over here; I have wanted to see you for a long time. I hear you can climb trees and

break off the tops or crack them anywhere. I wish you would show me how you do it."

"Very well," said Weasel. "This is how I do it."

So he grabbed the man by the leg and held him very hard.

"Oh! don't hold my leg so tight!" cried the old man. "Is that the way you do when you break the trees down?"

"Yes," said Weasel, "but I have not finished yet."

So he seized the man again, and this time threw him down. He fell with such force that he shook the whole prairie. All the animals came flocking out, and said:

"Why, there's Weasel! He must have killed that big man!"

And when Weasel threw him down he killed him surely.

Weasel was tired now. He went South, to the other end of the world, from whence he came. He told his mother about *some* of the things he had done.

KAROC INDIAN WORDS.

- Above**—Cotteen.
Baby—Yupsiptinutch.
Bad luck—Dibeechrahcup.
Basket—Sipnook.
Baskets (red)—Teep-teep.
Basket (hat)—Upham.
Belt—Tiboakooka.
Big—Kaich.
Black—Iekhurangoonch.
Blue and yellow—Sukungoonch.
Boulders—Asocheom.
Many boulders—Asocheomsody.
Bread—Sada.
Brush Dance—Ecoona.
Chair—Kahtinikit.
Clock (goodbye moon)
 koossalah.
Clothes—Eifgoodi.
Clouds—Pickardum.
Come down—Ishi pishi.
Cook stove—Iminishuram.
Crazy—Yuhyan.
Creek (small)—Somwaru.
Creek (large)—Somwarucum.
 (Falls of Water).
Crowbar—Seemeem.
Daughter—Mooifopa.
Deer—Poofitch.
Deerskin (white)—Poofitch
 dahko.
Deerskin Dance (10 days)—
 Wuwuinah.
Dog—Tishec.
- Dress**—Yahafoos.
Dress (pretty)—Yahmayahfoos.
Drink—Nihish.
Eels—Achra.
Eye—Nooup.
Falls—Een.
Father—Mo-ookha.
Fence—Tahsh.
Fishing (line)—Donishrahad.
Fishing (net)—Donackorea.
Fire—Ahah.
Flint—Oocta.
Fly—Chofnaka.
Flowers—Icheniahiach.
Friend—Akitch.
Game (cards)—Pahntinistit.
Game (Indian Stick)—Ahrasatit.
Glass (any kind)—Poomooli-
 wanaha.
Garden—Osthomah.
Gold—Edip.
Good man—Yavapuomnens.
Gum boots—Asokeasyukookoo.
Hair—Ifoone.
Hammer—Abachcoreme.
Haven—Binaniowak.
Hell—Yumorabick.
Here—Chah.
Horn headpiece—Ekidekiti.
Horse—Yumsehishi.
Hot—Imchukli.
House—Kitwadam.

- Husband**—Moahwani.
Iron—Se.
Liar—Pigshy.
Look well (nice)—Yahka.
Lots—Ty.
Man—Ahawans.
Married man—Ifmar.
Married woman—Ehiro.
Medicine Man—Jeahriahda.
Medicine Man—Fahdovrenah.
Medicine Woman—Kiawan.
Milk—Mushamushaocheech.
Money—Ishpooop.
Mother—Moothaht.
Mule—Dubharish.
Nails (iron)—Seemeem.
Nice—Yahmitchick.
Nice girl—Yahmitchick
yardbock.
No—Pooabah.
Panther—Yoopsookiara.
Pig—Unkish.
Pipe—Ooharalun.
Plate—Imuvarum.
Pretty—Yamich.
Rain—Aboseree.
Red—Ahkhgoonch.
River—Ishkaish.
Rock—Aesh.
Sack—Pooish.
Salmon—Ahmah.
Shirt—Wornunoonotsh.
Shoes—Yukookoo.
Sky—Pinamsowoohum.
Small boy friend—Kodutch.
Small girl—Yembuchwich.
Snow—Daah.
Son—Muyaneifti.
Stocking—Bickhooma.
Strawberries—Ookhuatch.
Stump—Sichkkahua.
Sturgeon—Kakka.
Sugar—Asocuhream.
Sun—Imchaka.
The beginning (as of a story)—
Uh-nec-ee.
**Three paint marks on chins of
women**—Sookwin.
Trail or road—Impahh.
Trees (forest)—Ecpah.
Wash—Bisthhahieh.
Water—Ishaha.
Whisky—Oshiookh.
White—Jimjafgoouch.
White woman—
Apondinesekuwetowa.
Woman—Asicitawan.
Wind—Kidamiah.
Woodpecker heads or money—
Forahkh.
Yes—Huah.
Young lady—Eflabutch.

TERMS IN DEERSKIN DANCE.

(OR WUWUIENAH).

- Baskets (red)**—'Peep-teeep.
Deerskins (white)—Poofitch dakko.
Flint—Ooocta.
Fire—Ahah.
Headpiece—Ookit.
Horn headpiece—Ekidekiti.
Medicine Man—Ichriahda.
Skin worn around the waist—Tibookooka.
Whistle in dance—Pahswackoet.
The songs are without words—simply chants.

INDIAN PHRASES.

- Give me**—Doch.
Goodbye—Chimiqueop.
Go out—Akluun.
How do you do?—Iliyuku.
I am going to drink—Chimini ishish.
I am going to get married—Chimini famaraish.
I am going to wash clothes—Chimini drishthhabeh.
I am going to work—Dounakeaweech.
I have not—Poofa.
I like, or I love, you—Anidahpoop.
Is it not?—Homi.
I want a drink of water—Dock ishaha uiluish.
Lots of boulders and lots of money—Asachanti ish poop.
Lots of boulders and no money—Asach-ampoofa ish poop.
Put it down—Ahpentstish.
What is the aim, object or person?—Whodoosthwoit.
What time is it?—Iffeatuoom.
When are you coming back?—Hirinari eif goodi epoekich?
Whip him—Eccan.
You had better eat—Chimigi galun.