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THE KOTZEBUE ESKIMO

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

IN the northeastern part of Kotzebue sound, on a small peninsula jutting into the mouth of Hotham inlet, is the Kotzebue village. The little town may be approached by small trading vessels, but the navigation of the sound, because of its shallowness, is extremely treacherous. Boats attached to the trading companies, of a draft not exceeding six feet, may drop anchor before the village; but larger craft, such as some of those belonging to the Government, are obliged to moor to the southward, in the vicinity of Cape Blossom. At present the Kotzebue village consists of a long row of frame or log houses built on the sandy beach a few rods from the water's edge. The surrounding terrain lies only a few feet above sea-level; the land behind the village is marshy. Because Kotzebue is the centre of activity of the surrounding country, the Signal Corps of the United States Army maintains a wireless station there, and the Government, as it does at all the large villages, supports a school. Traders, recognizing the strategic position of Kotzebue in relation to nearby villages. have set up headquarters in the town and make it a shipping point for their branch stores on Kobuk, Noatak, and Selawik rivers.

While the trade with outlying peoples, such as those along the coast to the north, the Diomede islanders, and the Cape Prince of Wales group, has become reduced in recent times, possibly owing to the establishment of trading posts and the activity of trading vessels, nevertheless it is still very brisk with the up-river people from Kobuk, Noatak, and Selawik. In the latter part of the season when the summer fishing was ended, the visitors' boats began to arrive, and their occupants camped along the beach below the Kotzebue village, each group a separate body, as they still do. Then the trading commenced, interspersed with feasting, games, and dancing, day and night. The Siberians brought furs, tobacco, and the skins of reindeer (for a few years ago there were no great herds of reindeer such as are now found in Alaska), and wolverene, which latter especially was greatly prized by the mainland Eskimo. Wolverene-fur was usually cut into strips for ornamenting parkas. The Eskimo of Cape Prince of Wales and the Diomede islanders loaded their boats with walrus-skins which the mainland

groups used for boat-covers, whale-blubber and -oil, rawhide lines of seal and walrus, seal-oil, and ivory. The up-river people brought caribou meat and skins, and the furs of beaver, fox, muskrat, and squirrel. The Eskimo of Kotzebue traded with all, acting as middlemen to all the groups, whether from the islands, the coast, or inland. At the close of the season, when fall arrived, the visitors struck tents, loaded boats, and departed for their homes, the refuse of the camps being the sole evidence of their summer's presence.

In former times the permanent homes of the Kotzebue were the conventional dugouts with wooden framework overlaid with split timbers, the whole covered with sod. Inside were the head-logs and sleeping-places, and benches above surrounding the walls. Floors were 'of split logs or gravel, with the firepit in the centre. Directly above was the smoke-hole, which in severe weather was covered with intestinal parchment. Cooking was done over stone lamps in the firepit, which, in most cases, ceased to be a pit but rather was a small mound of ash and debris. Often two or more families dwelled together, in turn using the lamps and cooking utensils. Dishes and bowls were of wood, of bark obtained from up-river Eskimo (these for berries and vegetables), or of clay obtained by trade with the Kobuk. Caches were of three kinds. One variety was built as a house, but much smaller and on high ground, for the storage of meat and fish. Such caches were erected in any convenient place, often far from the village, whenever it was impracticable to pack home quantities of fresh game. Food for more immediate use was stored near the village in caches erected on platforms supported by poles; these were protected with old skin boat-covers. The third form was a rectangular pit about eight feet long, six feet wide, and six feet deep; these were lined with split logs and were covered with wood overlaid with moss. In such pits were stored the oil-pokes, secure from spoiling by reason of the coolness. The tipi-shape summer house, of ample size for one large family or two small families, consisted of a framework of poles lashed together at the top and, covered with caribou-skins.

As with all the coast Eskimo, the sea furnishes the greater part of the food supply. Seals are caught along the edge of the shore ice from kaiaks in early winter and spring, and the meat is hauled to the village on sleds. The Kotzebue kaiaks are slender, narrow-beamed, shallow-draft craft, similar to those of the up-river peoples. They are unsuit-

ed to open-water hunting when the sea is rough. In winter, seals are speared through enlarged blow-holes in the ice. Fish are netted from the ice in winter, or are caught with hand-lines; in spring and summer the fishing is done with both gill-nets and seine nets. The protected shore-line of the sound, with its freedom from heavy breakers, greatly facilitates the handling of the nets. The fish caught in greatest quantities are tomcod. Some of the Kotzebue Eskimo cross the mouth of Hotham inlet to fish at their summer camps.

The Kotzebue people endeavor to obtain a surplus of seal and beluga for trading purposes. While the hunting of the former takes place in fall, winter, and early spring, beluga are hunted in summer. A ritual, directed by a medicine-man and strictly followed, accompanies the hunting of beluga. It is essentially the same as that performed by the Noatak and the Kobuk.

When all is propitious for the beluga-hunt, the people gather for a week of feasting and games, at the end of which they dance continuously in shifts for a day and a night. The dancing must not cease, not even at mealtimes. It is believed that the dance will bring a fair on-shore wind and that belugas will come in close. Then the boats and kaiaks put out, each hunter armed with two spears and two flint knives. They form a long line to seaward of the belugas and drive them in-shore. The older hunters, in kaiaks, cast the first spears and drive the animals into shallow water, where they become stranded and helpless. The men then stab them in the blowholes until they are dead. Kaiaks are used in the surrounding and killing, because they are much more mobile than the larger skin boats. The crews of these, too, hunt and kill, but their chief usefulness is in towing the catch to the village.

In the meantime, those in the village may not sleep or perform any work until the hunters return. No woman may touch a beluga until her husband gives permission. First the heads are cut off and left in the water in order that the spirits of the animals may return to the sea and enter the bodies of other belugas. When the procedure is properly conducted, the belugas will return again to be killed, it is believed. The bodies are next cleaned and cut up, but before the meat is hung to dry, all the people sleep. A dance, lasting four days and nights, then takes place. At this function all those who had been capsized during the hunt are required to dance, that they may shake off the salt water, where the beluga had been, from their bodies. The meat, after drying, is stored

away in sealskin pokes. The kaiak hunters retain for themselves half of their catch and give the remainder to the hunters in the skin boats and to those who had been unfortunate in not killing a beluga. A boat crew consists of eight paddlers, a spearman, and the steersman, the last being the owner of the boat. Of the animals killed from the boat, the owner receives those portions from neck to lower ribs; the spearman gets a strip about six inches wide from the girths, while the remainder is divided amongst the rest of the crew. In the cutting-up process, the men do the heavy work, including the severing of the bones, while the women take care of the flesh. At the present time, the ritual is not carried out at Kotzebue in its entirety, and the killing is done with rifles.

During the summer months, berries, which grow in profusion, are gathered in bark baskets by the women. Of these the blueberry and cranberry are most plentiful; the blackberry and Alaskan potato also grow readily in that arctic climate. Berries are eaten fresh or are stored away for use in winter, when they serve to relieve the monotonous diet of dried fish, blubber, and meat. Berries, meat, fish, and oil, mixed and beaten up with snow, form a favorite dish.

The many varieties of birds, such as ducks, geese, and snipe, in spring, summer, and early fall are caught with bird spears and snares. In the moulting season they may be knocked over with clubs. In winter ptarmigan are snared.

The Kotzebue people, subsisting, as they do, chiefly on sea products, kill but few caribou; but in the winter months they snare rabbits and foxes both for meat and fur. They are dependent on trade with the river people for the furs of most land animals.

The social life at Kotzebue, other than festivities occurring in the trading season, is most active in winter, when the days are shortest. The event of greatest importance is the Messenger feast, a ceremony common to most of the Alaskan Eskimo. Other ceremonies, such as that above described for the beluga, or for youths on killing their first game, are not confined necessarily to the winter season; indeed that for the beluga may be held only in the summer. Ceremonies, feasts, and dances are held under the direction of medicine-men, who play a prominent part in all Kotzebue activities. The sweat-bath in the men's house is held frequently during winter. These baths, in which the participants wear duck-skin caps and use respirators of wood shavings, last an entire night, until the fire has died and the men have become

cool. During the night, songs of departed relatives are sung and stories are told. In the morning, women bring in food for feasting, after which the participants return to their homes to sleep. When seal and fox are caught, messengers are sent out to the people, that they may gather and feast the hunters. The hunters, before going out, are directed by the medicine-men to clean their houses thoroughly, and to bathe. At other times when it is decided to feast, two messengers are sent to notify the people. Five men then dance before the assemblage, after which a feast is held. Women as well as men may dance at this time. Sometimes a contest is held to determine the best carver in wood or ivory. Again, some of the old men gather, make songs, and call in drummers to inform them how the songs were made up and to practise them until learned. Then the people would be asked in for a night of singing, dancing, and feasting. Such purely social functions might be initiated by any person and held at any time.

The medicine-men, who rule the village, supervise ceremonies, advise hunters, and treat the sick, are said to derive their powers from spirits whose instructions they must follow with great care. At death their supernatural power is usually lost; and they can pass it on to no one but a nephew, to whom the power must be given at birth. Medicine-men sometimes give talismans to those who ask for them. Such talismans, whether derived from medicine-men, bought from others, or obtained from old people or relatives, consist usually of the bones, teeth, or skins of birds or animals, which confer their supernatural powers on the owners. An informant possessed hollow ear-rings of seal-bone which contained an old man's tears, and so efficacious were they that the owner relied on them to give him any advice sought. The informant also had two small sealskin pouches, one of which contained a piece of sod from Little Diomede, and the other a similar piece from Cape Prince of Wales. These, given to him when a boy by a medicine-man, aided the owner while travelling. He said: "One time, while I was seal-hunting, a great storm arose. I drifted to sea on an ice-floe and was out several days. I talked to my powers. The wind changed, and the floe brought me ashore at my own village. No water touched me, because of my powers."

When a child is about to be born, a hut, containing bedding of caribou-skin, is erected for the prospective mother. Here, after the delivery, she must remain four days if the newborn should be a boy,

five days if a girl. The mother is fed heartily if the child is a boy, and scantily if a girl. The food is carried by relatives. When returning to her home the mother wears new clothing. The clothing and dishes which she has used while in the hut are rolled in a bundle and left behind. The child is named as soon as born, by the advice and sanction of a medicine-man. The name may be that of either of the parents, or of some relative or friend.

When a girl is able to perform her first task, or to pick her first berries, the event is celebrated by story-telling. On reaching the age of puberty, she must remain in one corner of the house, eat separately, and be tended by her mother. Then she bathes in urine, dresses in new garments, and may associate freely with the villagers.

As soon as a boy kills his first game of any kind, a feast is given in his honor and a dance is held. The proud father often gives away many valuable articles. The father cuts the meat into strips and distributes it to the assemblage. The parents keep the youth's later game until he marries, the marriageable age being attained when his lips are pierced for labrets.

No dance, feast, or ceremony is held when marriage takes place. A young couple mutually attracted simply go to live with the young woman's parents. Again, if a young man desires a woman, he asks the consent of her parents to marry her, and, if favorably inclined, they ask the sanction of the young man's parents. If all agree to the marriage, it takes place, regardless of the young woman's wishes. It was not unusual to have more than one wife. If either one of a couple is dissatisfied, they may separate, and the young man returns to his home. Separation also resulted in case of adultery. A faithless husband might go unpunished, but a husband might kill his wife and her paramour. Brothers sometimes exchanged wives in order that the parentage of their children might not be surely known and that the offspring would be considered as blood brothers and sisters.

When a person is about to die, the relatives remove from the house all utensils and personal possessions. As soon as death occurs, the body is removed outside, dressed in new clothing, wrapped in caribou-skin or an old boat-cover, and lashed. The corpse is then carried to a suitable spot and laid, head to the west, along the crotches of poles whose other ends are stuck in the ground and which are lashed together near the tops to form the series of crotches. If the deceased were a man

who had been endowed with strong supernatural power, the body was lashed tightly to the poles. A wealthy man, or a man with great powers, would be placed in a box lined with caribou-skin, with a pillow of wolverene-skin and a cover of wolf-skin. Nothing is left with the body, for all possessions are inherited by children and other relatives. The spirit is believed to go "toward the light." The village remains quiet for four days. Relatives must refrain from work for four days if the deceased was a male, and for five days if a female, that the spirit may be free to depart. The relatives renew the furnishings of the house and continue to dwell therein.

A glimpse into Kotzebue life is given by the following narrative related by an aged informant:

My name is Tutíksuk, which was the name of my mother before me. My father gave it to me. I am the only one of the Kotzebue people who can remember all the events of life from the very moment of birth; aye, and even before birth. I was born in a little hut away from the village. My mother and I stayed there four days, the custom in those times. As soon as I saw the light of day, my mother asked an old woman for a bead. This she placed in her mouth. The bead gave her a sickness, so that she vomited. Then my mother was well and healthy once more. The old women gave a great shout on seeing us both doing so well.

While we were in the hut, many people visited us, and none failed to wish us well. My mother had several children before I was born, but they had all died in infancy; so some of the people said to me, "You had better not die like the others."

After four days I was dressed in cut-down old clothes. These old garments would bring me long life, the old women said. My mother carried me under her parka, on her breast, and we went to Sheshalik to fish and to catch beluga. Everybody looked at me and wished me well.

Late in the summer we came back to Kotzebue for the trading. People from the coast and the islands, boats from all the rivers, and even some Indians from inland, came to trade with us. Our beach was crowded with boats. I remember that the Noatak were then the wealthiest of the visitors, and we traded with them first. The river men brought us many furs of land animals-beaver, caribou, fox, rabbit, and wolf. The men from the Diomedes and Cape Prince of Wales had a great store of Siberian tobacco, ivory, and walrus-skins. As soon as the

trading and feasting were over, we traded amongst ourselves, for we had many things from other places to exchange. Then I was old enough to be carried on my mother's back beneath her parka.[1]

In the fall, before the snow comes, the men kill many ptarmigan with bows and arrows, and gather driftwood, while the women pick berries. If the-freeze-up comes early, we can not gather enough berries and wood to last through the winter. Some winters we were very short.

With the coming of the first ice, we used to cruise along the edge in our kaiaks, spearing seal, which our wives cut up. We often ate the frozen meat raw. Later we speared seal through blow-holes. We went over the ice, kneeling on our sleds and pushing ourselves along with one foot. In early winter, when we snared fox, we put a loop over the fox-hole with bait in the middle of the runway. When the fox touched the bait, it released a trigger, which sprung a bent willow. This made the snare tighten on the fox's neck and hung him in air. Sometimes we put bait in a snowbank so that when the fox tried to paw it out, he sprung the snare. At other times, at night, we merely put fish-bait on the ground and some men nearly surrounded it with a net. When the fox came to eat, a man would so scare him that he would run into the net and catch his head in the meshes. But we always had to club him quickly, because he would try to gnaw his way through the sinew. We also caught rabbits with snares and nets.

Whenever more than five foxes were caught, the people gathered in our large men's house. The women brought in much food, and everybody feasted. Then the young people put on their dance clothes, with short parkas to the waist, and trousers reaching only to the knees. Each man who danced had to bring a gift for the old people. The dance then lasted all night. We always gave feasts and dances for strangers who visited us, and we loaded them with gifts. Dances were held as soon as boys made their first kill of each kind of game. Our fathers cut the meat in strips and gave it to all the old people. Girls? No, there is no feast or dance for them, but we tell stories. My father gave a great feast and gave away many caribou-skins when I killed my first game,

1 **At this point, the narrator, a very old man, departed from the chronological order of his life. He portrayed incidents of Kotzebue life interspersed with a few events of his own career.**

a ptarmigan, which I shot with an arrow. All my first catches he gave away, but after I married I kept all my game. I was ready to marry, as all young men were, when I had my lips pierced for labrets.

In midwinter, in the very short days, we did little hunting or fishing; but when two certain stars appeared, we made sinew fish-nets and set them on that sandspit. Some of us always watched our nets out there. We built ourselves small ice-houses to keep warm.

In those days we had a large men's house. We had many dugout houses, and my father's was the biggest of all. Those are all gone now. The old days are done.

LEGEND OF THE MESSENGER FEAST[2]

The people of one of the large Kotzebue villages always spent the summer fishing, and in hunting whale, seal, and caribou along the coast near Shismareff, extending their operations nearly to Cape Prince of Wales. After the spring seal were caught, the summer fish dried, and the caribou meat stored away, the people indulged daily and nightly in all manner of games. They did not know how to dance and sing.

Among these people was a young man, a famous and indefatigable hunter, who remained away the greater part of the time. He would kill game, even though he did not need the meat, while others were playing games. One time, about sunset, when out alone, the young man saw something shining far up in the sky. The object came closer to earth, and he made out the form of an eagle which was carrying a flint knife and a bow and arrows in its beak. With its claws the huge bird held a large whale. The young man was frightened. He thought that now he would be killed, but his spirit prompted him to shoot at the monstrous eagle. He removed the jade heads from his arrows, because if he failed to kill the bird, he did not wish to lose the points. As the eagle flew slowly above him, the young man shot an arrow at its breast. The bird glared at him with eyes as large as moons. It rose high in the air. The young man then shot at its belly. The eagle staggered in its flight and flapped slowly to earth, its wings making a thunderous beating and causing great air currents.

The young man was elated over killing such a huge quarry with

2 Compare with the Noatak version.

only two arrows, and those headless. When he stood at his full height he was unable to look over the eagle's neck. The whale which the eagle was carrying in its talons had a mouth as large as a house. The young man led the whole village to the kill, though it was night, and they all took shelter beneath the eagle's wings. The people cut up the flesh and dragged it back to the village on sleds, although it was summer. There was so much meat, fat, and oil that no attempt was made at division, but each took as much as he could carry. The young man instructed them how to dig deep caches and to fill them with water so that the food and oil-pokes would remain cool even in summer. Next, the bones were brought in and divided. The young man kept the greatest share for his sled-runners and arrow-heads, and he kept the eagle-feathers for his arrows.

Some days later while hunting over the same region, a stranger approached the young man. The man had the head and feet of a fox, and carried a staff with meat on the top of it. He spoke abruptly:

"I have come to meet you.
I have come to meet you.
The two old ones want to see you.
With me you must come."

The stranger, with a dance mark under one eye, handed his staff to the young man. That one replied: "How can I follow you? I can not travel through the air."

The Fox-man, without replying, set off for the mountain, followed by the young man. The way over the valley was long and hard, and the trail up the mountainside was slippery with oil. As they progressed, a thunderous noise, as regular as a heart-beat, shook the air. The two reached a huge cache from which oil dripped and ran down the trail. Great whale-bones surrounded it. Fox-man said: "The old ones who wish to see you live in a house on the highest pinnacle. You remain outside while I go in."

A young woman soon came out. Her face was painted red with blood, and she wore a hairless parka. She pointed to many human bones scattered about the house. She offered the young man food and water, enjoining him first to make an offering to the spirits. Before eating, he threw some small pieces of meat in air and sprinkled water

on the ground. While satisfying his hunger, he noted two great caches filled to bursting with food, furs, and clothing. Then the young woman bade him enter. In the entranceway were two huge eagle-skins hanging on the walls. Inside he saw an old couple, both of enormous stature, dressed in old clothes. The heart-beats of the woman made the air tremble. Food was again offered, and all ate in silence.

The old man finally spoke in a low, sad tone: "Young man, you have killed my only son, our hunter who brought us food. Now you must do something for us. I shall tell you how my Eagle son is to be brought home."

The young man answered: " I should not have killed the Eagle if I had known that he had a home up here. I slew him because I thought I was to lose my own life. I was afraid."

"Go home! You may use the feathers on your arrows. Choose five of your friends and give them feathers for their arrows. Let each pick out some one to help him. You yourself get a young boy for your helper. I shall give them clothes to wear. Let them wear knee-high boots of caribou-skin, and trousers decorated with caribou-toes and wolverene-fur. I shall give each a parka and thirty weasel-skins to wear over their shoulders. I shall place a dance mark under your eye, so that you will be recognized. Now you must dance."

The young man did not know how to dance, and was taught by Fox-man.

The old man continued: "When you go home, do not kill so much game, only what is needed. Now you know how to dance. Teach the young women, dressed in black decorated fawn-skins, to dance the woman's dances. Let the men paint their foreheads with charcoal, and the women paint around their eyes with blood. Let those who wish to make gifts to the old people bring them to the dance-,place. Two men must be chosen as messengers to invite other villages, and they shall go dressed and painted as I have instructed you. Make a box with a hole in each corner, carve eagle's feet on the bottom, and cover it with fox-skins. This will be your drum."

The old woman added: "My heart is beating fast. Whenever I think of my son, my heart nearly bursts, so I try not to think of him.

When the dance begins, I shall send my heart-beats to the box. It must have handles of whale whiskers. When you are ready for the beating, go outside and fill a bucket with water. This you must pour in

the box, that it may not become thirsty, but will beat faster and give the time for the people to dance by. If any one does not like our dance, send him outside, and we shall eat him. We must have some human to eat. By following these instructions carefully, the spirit of our son will return to us."

The young man then was allowed to return to his home. There he chose five men and a youth for his helpers. These in turn selected their wives as their partners. The young man made the box as instructed by the Eagles; gave staffs, each decorated with eagle-feathers, to his helpers — the staffs from which would come songs from the Eagle-man because the people at that time did not know how to sing — and took aside his helpers to teach them men's and women's dances.

The leader called together all the people in the men's house, where they sat expectantly, dressed in their best clothing, for they did not know what was going to happen. The twelve dancers and singers took places near the entranceway, the leader with his box in front of them. He addressed the assemblage, telling of the slaying of the Eagle and its consequence. He added: "Had I known that it was the son of the Eagles on the mountain, I should not have killed it. This ceremony is for them. By it, if we follow instructions carefully, the Eagle's spirit will return home. Let all do their best. I have been taught by them and instructed to teach the people. This is not my ceremony, but that of the Eagles."

As soon as he had finished talking, he passed an eagle-feather among the people, that all might see that he was telling the truth. Suddenly one man cried: "Look! There are six bundles of feathers hanging from the smoke-hole. Some one has come here while we have been talking!"

All rushed out, but there was no sign of anybody about the village. No one knew how the feathers had come there. The people believed now that the young man had been taught by the Eagles. All went back into the men's house, except the dancers. Women were sent to bring food in dishes made of the huge quills of the eagle. After the feast, the leader entered with his dancers. They occupied the middle of the room. They danced well; the feathered staffs sang in both men's and women's voices; the box beat like a huge heart, now fast, now slow. All watched eagerly, because it was the first time that any of the villagers had seen dancing or heard singing. Then the leader commanded,

"Let food and furs be brought in for the old people!"

He separated into groups the old men and women, men and wives, and children. Then the food and skins were distributed amongst the aged. As soon as the food was consumed, the leader exhorted: "Let all be very quiet! Some one is coming here soon!"

While all were still, the dancers performed in the centre. Feathers were hung from the smoke-hole, and the leader sang. Then a strange man entered. He seized the leader, swung him about, and passed to all the dancers in turn. He spoke: "Now people may come and learn the dance. If any one wants anything, let him speak, and I shall have what he desires brought here. I shall have my villagers come here."

A man, clad only in boots, leaped from a bench and waved a knife. He strove to imitate the singing of the feathered staffs, but failed. Another man armed with a jade knife attempted to sever the feathers on the smoke-hole. These men pretended to fight. Then one of them succeeded in cutting down the feathers. All the people shouted. They put the feathers in the centre of the room.

A great number of strange people then came in, bearing skins and feathers, until they built a pile reaching to the smoke-hole. The stranger leader pointed out: "These are what must be brought in when other villages are invited. Let the dancers attempt to jump over the pile."

All the dancers, in turn, knocked down the heap, but the leader cleared it easily. The strange people silently departed. The leader addressed the watching villagers: "This is what we must do when strangers come. Now the dancers must get ready their best clothes and leave early in the morning to invite another village."

The young man leader with his six male dancers departed for the other village by dog-team, alternately running and resting. They arrived at dusk and were welcomed with a feast. No one in the village knew the object of the visit. One of the six quietly and unobserved hung some eagle-feathers from the smoke-hole. A villager spied them and pointed to them. All wondered whence the feathers had come. The leader of the six instructed the people of the village to dress in their best and return to the men's house. In the mean-time he and his dancers put on their best clothes and wore thirty weasel-skins. Each wore an eagle-feather on his breast. As soon as the people were inside, the leader, followed by the six, swung himself through the entranceway

and stood facing the assemblage. He pointed to the feathers, and told the story of the Eagle people and their instructions for the dance. After a feast, he had the villagers ask for whatsoever they desired from the people of his own village. Two of the dancers, stripped to their boots, pretended to struggle while cutting down the feathers, which were then piled in the centre of the room. The two dressed and returned to their places. The leader ordered, "Let all those who have gifts for the eagle-feathers bring them in!"

The people built a high pile of clothes and furs in the centre of the room. The leader leaped over it and ran outside the house, followed by his dancers. The last scattered the heap. The people rebuilt the pile, hung up the feathers, sang, danced, and sent for the dancers. After the dance, the aged were given nets and weapons. Until late that night all the people presented their requests to the leader and his dancers. The following day they told them where and with whom they wished to stay while visiting. On the third day the leader returned to his own village.

Arrived there, they proceeded at once to the men's house. They kept the house dark, did not dance, refused to answer questions, and looked very sad. The people wondered what had happened. As soon as all had assembled and food was brought in, the young man stood up and told all that had been requested by the other village. The old people were glad that their young men had been welcomed so well. The wives of the six dancers then brought in much whale and seal meat and fish for all to eat. That night was spent in dancing.

Now began the preparations for the coming feasting and dancing, preparations which lasted all summer and until after the fall freeze-up. Furs of all kinds taken in their prime and skins were laid away. Meat, marrow, and fat were stored. Toward the end of summer, fish were caught and dried, then new clothes were made. The people were glad to know that they had plenty of food for their visitors and themselves; that all would be well dressed.

Two messengers were sent in the fall to the neighboring village, each carrying two marked staffs and having his face painted with the dance mark. They carried packs with extra clothing. At dark they arrived and entered the men's house unobserved. When they were discovered, a great shout went up and all the people came in to welcome and feast the two messengers. The two dressed in their best clothes and

brought their staffs to the centre of the room. The sat on a bear-skin and were served food by two women. They read from the marked staff what had been prepared for the people and what they in turn were requested to bring to their hosts. The staffs, after the reading, were tied to the rafters with whale whiskers. The villagers welcomed the messengers with the dance which is given to all visitors. A day was set aside for the departure.

In the meanwhile, the leader of the new ceremony was directing further preparations and decorating the men's house as he had been instructed. Bird and animal heads stuffed with shavings, and with walrus-teeth inserted, were hung on the walls. Drums of caribou-skin with beaded beaters were made to furnish the accompaniment for the dance. Strings of beads crisscrossed the room. Small decorated drums and carved objects hung from the ceiling. Even the entranceway was coated with whitened sealskins and feathers. Near the entranceway were two planks, each with five holes all big enough to permit the passage of a man's body. These were for the use of the dancers, and later for the people. The planks were rubbed until they gleamed with a paint of jade dust and eagle's fat. The people made necklaces of squirrel-skins, each with two feathers, to be worn while dancing.

The leader instructed the young men to wear parkas of spotted caribou with short sleeves; to decorate the shoulders with caribou toenails and the waists with porcupine-quills. The young women were to make short parkas with decorated belts passing over the shoulders and around the breasts. Their boots were to be of full length. In practising dances the leader indicated the movements with his staff.

The leader made a large box, as directed by the Eagles. On the top he placed a fox-head and left a hole for water, so that the box would not become thirsty while beating. Two men brought water for the box-drum, which, when filled, would beat of its own accord.

Each fourth night the leader assembled all the people for instruction in the ceremonial dancing; other nights common dancing took place. The instruction, once started, had to keep up all night. Caribou-fur was laid on the floor, and after each separate dance fine skins were offered to the box in payment for the drumming. The six dancers and their wives had two outfits of clothing; they changed to the second after the first dance. They, led by their leader, practised most, keeping up the dance long after the others had finished. All knew that, if

instructions for the ceremony were followed carefully, the spirit of the Eagle would return home. The men's house was lighted with two poles wrapped in shavings bound on with seaweed and dipped in oil.

After several dances, the two planks with the fur-padded holes were brought in. The chosen dancers put on wolf-head masks and long, white sealskin mittens. During a song the dancers poked their heads through the holes, swaying the mask from side to side. Then they crawled through the holes and danced. When the feathered staffs, with the voices of the Eagle people, ceased singing, the dancers bowed heads on mittens and rocked their bodies back and forth until bade to stop by the leader. Then the masks were pulled down on the dancers' breasts and eagle-feathers bound in their hair, so that when dancing again the masks would sway and the feathers nod. They carefully followed the movements of the leader's staff. When exhausted, two women stripped them of feathers and masks that they might retire outside to cool off. After a rest and a change of clothing, they returned to the men's house, where all now danced, each using his own drum. Watchers paid furs and food to the drum-box of the leader. At daybreak food was brought in and distributed. One night, when the messengers returned, all ran to the men's house. The two changed into good clothes with their weasel-skin decorations and carried marked staffs. They placed the staffs in the middle of the floor, and each in turn read the requests of gifts which the invited villagers demanded. One after the other sang the songs taught them by the other village, in which the requests were repeated. They were plied with food, which they shared with their families; that which was left over the messengers kept for their own use. A great hubbub and talk of the coming visit arose. Some old women brought in food, and those who partook of it thus indicated their desire to meet and welcome the visitors, who were even then on their way. For this privilege they were required to make a payment of furs. Before daybreak these selected men lighted the men's house, loaded their sleds, and went out to meet the visitors.

The visitors were approaching in a long line, one team abreast another. The welcomers, bearing torches mingled amongst the visitors, running back and forth with their lights that their guests might be both warmed and accustomed to the new surroundings. Some of the welcoming group raced back to the men's house to tell the assembled people what was happening. Three of the best runners put on boots,

short trousers, and short parkas, and raced to meet the guests. These runners had painted their heads, arms, and hair with charcoal. Another man, naked except for boots, and armed with a bow, rushed up and threatened the visitors as if they were unwelcome. They in their turn shot arrows into the air. If any became frightened they would be ridiculed and not allowed to take part in dances, feasts, or gift-making. When the throng finally arrived at the village, torches were brought out, while the hosts shouted and cheered. The guests were then welcomed, led to various homes, and feasted.

The leader sent dancers to bring the visitors to the men's house. He ordered the two messengers to dress and lead the guests inside. All entered in a body. The leader had all the guests stand about the room to watch two women and the bowman (who had greeted the visitors, but who was now washed clean of his paint) dance and sing in welcome. The visitors were then sent out to dress in their best clothes and return for a feast. The food they received was that which they had requested of the six dancers in their own village. During the feast, the six dancers, one by one, began a dance dedicated to the food eaten. As soon as each had finished his dance, he tried to break through the crowd and go outside. The assemblage attempted to force the dancers back on the floor, but each succeeded finally in going out. They then gave a great shout. The leader announced that now the festivities of the first night were ended; that all must return to their homes.

The following day, while all rested, the leader was busy decorating the men's house, hanging up all the strings of beads and the stuffed animal-heads, and preparing for the evening. When all was ready, he sent his dancers to lead in villagers and guests. Everybody kept very quiet while the eagle-feathers sang. The drum-box beat now softly, now loudly, and the six danced, following the movements of the leader's staff. The young men and women of the village, in decorated costumes, brought furs and food for all the aged amongst the visitors. They presented them with the caribou-furs which had covered the floor, and laid down new furs. These young people now danced, following the motions of the leader's staff. Afterward the dance furs were given to the drum-box and the guests. For many nights the feasting and dancing lasted.

One night the leader acted as if he were very sad; he had everybody remain very still. Then when the eagle-feathers commenced to

sing and the drum-box to beat, his six dancers entered. They stuck their heads, masked with wolf-skulls, through the holes bored in the entrance planks, and waved them back and forth. With their arm-length mittens they motioned as if to enlarge the holes. Next they came through the boards and danced, following their leader's staff. After they had finished, whale whiskers and furs were given to the drum-box and distributed amongst all the people. The drum-box received the most and best of the gifts. These the leader stored away.

After a day and a night of rest, the visitors were asked to dance. They entered the men's house dressed in their finest and carrying bundles of food and furs. Before each dance, an announcer told what was about to happen. The visitors had their own dance-leader and songs. After they had finished, they distributed sealskins, caribou-furs, nets, weapons, and food to all their hosts, to those with whom they were stopping, and most of all to the drum-box.

As soon as the visitors had finished, the leader ordered the planks with fur-lined holes to be set up once more. All his own villagers crawled through, and then the visitors. Those who picked the right openings would live long; those who chose the others would soon die. The leader knew in his own mind how long each person would live. He next allowed light rays from lamps to shine through the holes. Those casting long rays meant that the people who had chosen those modes of entrance would live long. and *vice versa*. The leader gave these planks to the visitors. He offered all decorations to the visitors, that they might use them some time in a Messenger feast, but everything had to be carried out through the smoke-hole. He had food brought in the huge eagle-quills, and after the feast he told the story of the Eagle, adding: "This is not my feast and dance. I have followed carefully the instructions given by the Eagles. If we have done everything correctly, the spirit of the young Eagle will return home."

At the conclusion, the old people exclaimed: "O, you six dancers, you have done well! Ask for anything you wish, and we shall give it." The dancers refused all gifts, saying that they would end the feast by jumping and pulling down the eagle-feathers from the smoke-hole. These were then stored away by the old people.

The following year it was the turn of the visitors to invite their hosts to a Messenger feast. They were led and taught by one of the leader's dancers. For equipment they used all the decorations given

them by their hosts of the previous feast, but their own eagle-feathers were small, not like any of those from the huge bird. For many days these people practised songs and dances, but they were short of food, animals, and furs, so they had to be taught caribou-hunting by their former hosts and were obliged to buy furs.

While teaching these people to hunt, the leader accidentally shot his own brother. He said nothing, but placed the body inside of that of a caribou and stored it away, after hiding the bones. All the people wondered why this man did not return to the village, and at last gave him up for dead.

As they had been taught, this village sent over first dancers, then messengers, and later welcomed their guests. During the course of the Messenger feast the leader watched carefully and found that all was done properly. The drum here could not beat of itself, nor could the eagle-feathers sing; but all else proceeded smoothly. The leader received many gifts of jade and arrow-heads. Toward the end of the feast, when all food was gone, the leader ordered in the caribou which contained the body of his brother. All ate and found it good. He then told the story of the Eagles and finished by telling the people what they had eaten. Some were sad and others angry. All spat to remove the human taint from their mouths. The leader then remembered that he had failed to provide human flesh for the Eagles. He was very sad, and thought about it so much that he became very weak. His people returned to their village.

When home in his own village, the leader immediately began preparations for another Messenger feast. He ordered his people to gather chips, shavings, moss, and all the inflammable materials they could find. As soon as the guests had arrived and had been taken into the men's house, the leader ordered the entrance and smoke-hole covered tightly. He commanded that all the inflammables be brought and set against the men's house. Then he thrust a torch into the pile and burned all his guests alive, because he had promised human flesh to the Eagles. Now the Eagle-spirit could return home.

For the rest of his life this man ruled his village, being known as a great medicine-man. Since that time all the neighboring people have learned how to conduct the Messenger feast according to the instructions of the Eagle people. Now their drums do not beat, nor do their eagle-feathers sing of their own accord; nor, after the one sacrifice, was

human flesh required. It is believed that if all is carried out properly the spirits of lost or killed children will go to the Land of Spirits, even as the Eagle-spirit returned home.

MYTHOLOGY

THE TRAP

A village by the sea gained its support chiefly from the hunting of foxes, consuming the meat and wearing the skins. Each hunter pursued his own method, some using snares, others deadfalls, while a few stalked their game with bows and arrows; but these latter were rarely successful. One hunter, a stranger who had come to live with the villagers, was the most successful, bringing in six foxes to one of any other hunter. Although many trailed him, none was successful in learning his method. At last the headman instructed his people to let the stranger alone and not to try to discover his secret.

One night, while the successful hunter was sitting by himself outside the village, he heard the voice of a fox saying, "Here are a fine trap and bait, but if I try to steal the bait I shall get caught. I am not very hungry; I shall find other food."

The hunter quietly followed the fox. Soon the animal stopped and mused aloud: "There is a snare. If I get entangled in that, I shall hang by my neck."

The fox journeyed on. He halted by a hole, and pondered: "I smell bait in that hole, but if I put my head in and touch the meat, a log will crush my skull. I shall try elsewhere for food."

The pursuing and watching hunter saw the fox sniff the breeze. There was a taint in the wind. Then the animal espied a man sitting very quietly, holding a line in his hands. The fox exclaimed: "There is another trap for me! If I bite that seal liver, the man will jerk on that line and choke me."

Coming to a willow thicket, the fox cried: "Oh, there is a net set in those willows! And that man who is watching it will try to scare me Into it. Lazy man, do you think I shall run into your net?"

The following hunter watched the animal approach a dead squirrel in a hollow stump. The fox cautiously ambled around it, muttering: "That is a fine, big squirrel, but if I reach within that hole, I shall get

my paw caught. I know all these traps and snares. I wonder why any fox gets caught. Any animal should know these. I think I shall return home empty-handed."

A little farther on the fox was attracted by a new odor. While he was circling about to sniff the wind, the ground gave way and he fell into a deep pit. The man rejoiced, for it was his trap, his secret method of obtaining foxes. He went home, thinking to return for the carcass in the morning.[3]

The fox had never seen such a trap. All efforts to jump up or claw his way out were unavailing. He thought that when people came to lift him out, he would pretend to be dead.

In the morning the hunter came to his trap. He spoke: "Now I have you, fox, you who are so smart. I followed you last night and heard what you said. You think you are sly. Any one could catch you in a poor trap like this, but no one has used one like this before."

The hunter lifted aside the whalebones and descended into the pit by means of a notched pole. He saw the fox with muscles stiffened as if dead. The man thought: "Now that is peculiar. I have never before seen a dead fox in my trap. I can not feel his heart beat."

He threw the body outside. The fox watched carefully. He saw the man come up, hide his notched pole, straighten the whalebones, cover them with moss, and scrape snow over the whole so that there was no appearance of a trap.

The fox thought, "If only that man would lay his knife down." Scarcely had the animal made the wish than the hunter put down his knife. The fox seized it and ran, hotly pursued by the man. The fox dived down a hole and escaped. While the hunter stood outside be-

3 Deep pits with strong bottoms and smooth walls are covered with a light brush framework and overlaid with sod and dirt. In winter they are covered with snow. The bait is then laid on the falsework, so that any inquisitive animal will break through of his own weight. The trap referred to in this story differs in that the falsework consists of whalebone. The butts are stuck in the pit edges and laid horizontally. The slender, very pliable tips are then covered with moss and grass. No bait is necessary, as the whalebone emits an odor attractive to the animal, which, while attempting to locate it, breaks through the grass and falls to the bottom. It is claimed that this method of trapping foxes was taught by visiting Siberians.

wailing the loss of his knife, a small fox poked his head out, and said, "My father wants you to come in."

The man answered, "I should like to, but the entrance is too small for me."

The fox withdrew, but soon another, a white one, addressed the hunter, "My father wants you to come in."

"How can I? I can not even put my head through the hole."

"Close your eyes and dive in."

When the hunter obeyed, and opened his eyes, be found himself in a large entranceway whose walls were covered with a great number of furs, hanging in bunches of fives. On entering the house, he saw many youths and maidens laughing and joking as they sat about the walls. At the far end were an old couple. The knife was hanging near them. When the hunter reached for his property, the old man said: "You can not have that. Once one of our hunters brought home a small knife, but we have always wanted one like this. You almost caught my best hunter. It is well for you that he escaped. What kind of a hunter are you to have a trap that we have never seen before? Now you must go home. Those furs in the entranceway will be payment for the knife, but do not touch them now. When you reach home, sprinkle seal-oil on the snow, so that my hunter can get it."

The man went home. Each morning thereafter for a long time he found a bunch of fine furs at his trap — black and white fox, weasel, wolf, and wolverene. After he had received full payment in furs, he always found some animal in his trap.

THE LOST BOYS

A couple with two young sons occupied a summer house built on the coast at Shismareff. It was their custom in the warm weather to fish and hunt caribou, returning late in the season to the winter village. One season the head of the family was successful in accumulating and caching a great amount of caribou meat and fur. This was hauled by sled from the caches inland to the skin boat and preparations made for departure to the winter home. The heavily laden boat was towed along shore by a string of dogs, the boys remaining aboard to steer and manage the craft. Man and wife drove the dogs from the shore and gathered up driftwood as they went along. After the boat had a complete load, the two continued to pile up wood beyond reach of heavy winter

tides, where it could be easily gathered at another season.

While they were thus engaged, the tow-line parted. The two boys seized paddles and endeavored frantically to reach the beach, but an offshore wind drove them slowly seaward. The agonized parents were helpless. The boys, to lighten the craft and to make paddling easier, jettisoned the load, except some of the meat. This manœuvre served only to raise the boat higher out of the water and thus to offer more freeboard to the wind. They drifted faster to sea and soon were out of sight. For days they were blown about; days stretched into seasons. Often storms arose, threatening to swamp the craft, and only desperate bailing saved them from sinking. The elder was much concerned over his younger brother, who became quite weak and cried much of the time. During a period of foggy weather, they abandoned all hope. One night, while sleeping exhaustedly, they were aroused by the boat pounding on the bottom. A paddle hastily thrust overboard proved that they were aground. In the morning the fog cleared away and the sun shone warmly. The brothers, now elated, saw that they were ashore in a low, flat country.

The brothers saw many people coming to fish-racks and caches along the beach. The younger wished to go to them at once, thinking that the people might be friends or acquaintances, but the elder brother warned him: "No, we must be careful. These people are strangers and have different customs from our people."

They made the boat fast, and clambered ashore. Near the footpath along shore they lay watching the people from a slight depression: men and women passing carrying nets and fish, and men dragging seal carcasses. At last they fell asleep. A man saw them, but kept on his way, because he thought the brothers were only children of the village. Toward night the boys awoke and followed the path to the end of the village. They saw many houses, fish-racks, caches, people, and dogs. They were cold and hungry as they watched the cooking fires being lighted and smelled the broiling meat; but instead of going to the people, the boys watched from behind a grave. The younger turned his face away, for he could not bear to see the feast. He was so cold that the elder placed him inside his own parka and trousers that the heat of his body might warm him. After the villagers retired into their homes, the elder brother descended to the fires, now burnt low, and gathered scraps of food. He also filled a boot with drinking-water.

The elder brother, the following day, found a deserted, partially caved-in house. He made beds of willow twigs and leaves. Here the two dwelled all summer, going forth at night for water and to steal food from caches and racks. Once, when the people gathered for a feast, the brothers heard complaints about the food which was missing and the decision to send for a medicine-man. One man, bearing a torch to light his way, brought back a shaman to the awaiting people. That one beat his drum and sang loudly. At length he announced: "I can learn nothing. There are no strange animals about here to steal your food. There are only humans in and near the village, so humans must have stolen it. Perhaps there are strangers near by."

The boys were very much frightened, but they continued to live by the theft of food. At a gathering of the people another medicine-man was sent for. The brothers, now bolder, were watching on the edge of the crowd. This shaman declared: "Your food is being stolen by two persons. They are over there!"

He pointed in the direction of the two brothers, but no one gave them any attention, thinking that they were merely children of the village. The villagers, enraged by the continual losses, sent for a medicine-woman. After a long incantation, she sent away all the spectators. Then she sent word to the people that they would be no longer troubled with thefts. The medicine-woman, led by her spirit-Power, next proceeded to the hiding-place of the brothers. She said to them: "My spirits tell me that you are my grandchildren. Your father left this village a long while ago. You have been here a long time, and you have suffered. Now you must come home with me."

The entranceway to her home was well lighted, and crowded with dried foods and hunting equipment of all kinds. There she bathed the brothers in urine and dressed them in squirrel-skin clothing decorated with wolverene, as was her own. She led them into the house proper, which was decorated with many strings of beads and had fine beds of caribou-skins. They were each instructed to choose a bead. The objects of their choice were then strung with smaller beads and worn as headbands. Their lips were pierced for bead labrets. The brothers were kept inside until they were strong youths. They learned athletic games, but were not allowed to leave the house except late at night or when the villagers had gone away on seal- or whale-hunting trips. No one knew that the old medicine-woman was rearing grandchildren. One

time they disobeyed her instructions and went outside. A medicine-man saw them. Soon a messenger appeared at the smoke-hole. The grandmother asked, "What do you want here?"

"The medicine-man wants you and the two youths to come to the men's house. You must all dress in your best, because you are about to die."

All dressed in their best decorated clothing. The old woman gave each of the youths a walking-stick, and they set out for the village. While still on their way, spearmen and bowmen, yelling and posturing, surrounded the small group. The old men and women watched from housetops. The medicine-woman stopped and raised her right leg. Immediately all the threatening men, the watchers, and even the dogs, became powerless, and stood with one leg upraised. For a whole day, until the entire village was tired to exhaustion, they remained in that posture. The medicine-woman and the two brothers felt no distress, because their staffs with the supernatural powers aided them. The people at last begged and pleaded to be released, promising pots, beads, skins, meat, and furs. The old woman dropped her upraised leg, and with her grandchildren went home. Soon the people came with their gifts, until the entrance-way was filled. The main room had many additional strings of beads. The proffered food lasted them eight seasons.

Again a messenger appeared at the smoke-hole and bade them come to the men's house, wearing their best clothing, because they would soon be killed. The old woman and the young men donned parkas with huge hoods of wolverene, took up their staffs, and departed for the village. On their way they were met and surrounded by armed and threatening villagers.

The medicine-woman held out her staff, causing all to remain fixed in one spot. When very cold and tired, the people pleaded, and offered many gifts if only they might be released. They even offered their houses. The medicine-woman accepted only the gifts and let the people go free. Her house was then filled with enough food to last more than twelve seasons. It also had a profusion of pots, dishes, furs, skins, and weapons.

In the winter, after the freeze-up, they were summoned once more. This time the old woman was uneasy, and talked of the possibility of death. However, they dressed and went out. When the peo-

ple surrounded and threatened them, the medicine-woman closed her eyes, and, perforce, all the villagers did likewise. They ran helplessly about, blundering into objects and becoming colder all the while. The medicine-woman and the young man remained in one place and were warm. To be freed from the spell, the people were obliged to strip their homes of all belongings and to bring them to the old woman's home.

In the fall of that year the medicine-woman called a messenger to her, and ordered: "These boys are now grown men and it is time for them to visit their parents. They are the ones who stole food from the caches long ago. They must be allowed to go about the village unmolested. You and the medicine-men who have tried to do us harm must build a large boat-frame this winter. In the spring it must be provided with a skin cover and loaded with provisions and wealth of all kinds."

In the spring the old medicine-woman, the two young men, and the messenger as pilot, embarked. Although there were no sails or oars, the boat moved swiftly until it reached the home village of the young men. There a joyful reunion took place between parents and sons. The old medicine-woman was recognized as the mother of the young men's father. She remained with the happy family four seasons, and then returned to her home, the boat laden with many furs and a great amount of food, given to her and to the pilot by her son as an expression of gratitude.

THE SPIRIT WIFE

In a large village there lived a young man who was so successful in all kinds of hunting that he was made headman in place of his father, who was too old to hunt. When after caribou, this young man shot the animals, while the other hunters stampeded them. He could stalk caribou and bring down twelve or more in a day. He hunted caribou all summer and late in the fall, even when the ground was hard and easy for the animals to run on. His mother dressed all the game. She made use of and saved every part, even the blood. The young man erected caches for his meat, because, although they used dogs and sleds to haul back the catch, it took three days to reach the village. In the springtime the young man assembled the hunters for sealing. He had given away much meat during the winter, so his food supplies were running low; yet the others were less able to provide than he. The party soon killed

enough seal to last for several seasons, and he told the hunters, "If you killed caribou as you do seal, there would be no shortage of meat in the village."

The young man had never consented to marry, although his family often had urged him to do so. In the evenings it was now his custom to stand beside a cache and watch the young women of the village play ball, returning home after nightfall. One night his mother entered, leading a girl. The young man asked, "Why did she come here?"

"I brought her in to marry you if she is suitable," replied his mother.

The young man judged women by their ability to sew. He gave this girl some intestines to sew into a waterproof parka. Her needle squeaked so much that he rejected her. However, the thought of marriage was now in his mind, so he sallied forth each night to watch the young women at their games. He desired for his wife only the most adept at sewing. His mother brought several for his approval, but after being tried at sewing, they were sent away, because their needles squeaked. One night he saw a girl, dressed in an ill-fitting parka, playing with the other young women. They rudely jostled her and audibly exclaimed: "Why does she want to play with us? That good hunter would never choose her for a wife. We can sew better than she, and he always sends us away. Look at that parka!"

When the young women walked past as he stood by the cache, he smiled at the girl in the long, ill-fitting parka, an act which aroused the others to jealousy, and they ridiculed her more than ever. The young man then seized her by the arm and commenced drawing her toward his home. She hung back and cried, whimpering that she was not clean; that her clothes were ugly, but the young man took her home. His father immediately rebuked her, saying: "Do not come in here, you ugly looking one! You will soil our entranceway! "

His son retorted: "You have always wanted me to marry, but I have never liked the women you have chosen for me. Now I have picked one myself, and you must not scold her."

The parents kept silence. The mother bathed the girl in urine and dressed her in wolf-skin trousers and a parka trimmed with wolverene. The young woman had sewed only a few times, but her needle did not squeak. The young man was greatly pleased, and said: "You can sew well. You will always be my wife."

The young man ordered his mother to bring in caribou and whale meat, seal-oil, bracelets, and a woman's knife. He instructed his new wife to wear the bracelets, to keep the knife, but to take the meat and oil to her grandmother. This she did, and, as she entered, her grandmother asked, "Who comes here smelling so clean?"

"It is I, Grandmother. That good hunter has taken me to wife."

"You must never be lazy. If you want happiness, cook for your husband when he is hungry, and make his clothes."

"What shall I do, O Grandmother? I have never learned to cook or to sew."

"Do what your husband says, and you will be happy," answered the grandmother.

The young wife went to her new home, bringing back the empty dish. In the evening, when all prepared for bed, the hunter went outside for a last look over the village. Suddenly he became bereft of all reason and began to run toward the sea. He did not stop nor come to his senses until nearly at the water's edge. He returned home, but said nothing of his strange experience. The couple slept apart in beds on opposite sides of the room. Several nights the same urge came to him to run toward the water, an action which he was at a loss to explain. Each night, also, the beds of the couple were placed closer together. Finally he spoke to his father, who was unable to explain the strange actions. The young man pondered long, then instructed his parents: "Tomorrow bring here my whale, seal, and caribou meat. I wish to speak to all of the people."

The young hunter gave a great feast. He sent away the young people when they had eaten their fill; but to the old men he told the story of his running toward the sea. None could explain it, but one man ventured that some one from the sea must be calling him. He ordered his boat to be made ready, that he might put out to sea and find out what was influencing him. That night he slept with his wife for the first time.

In the morning he set sail with provisions sufficient only for a mouthful of food each night for four days. He encountered ice and rough stormy seas which threatened to swamp his frail craft. Toward nightfall of the fourth day, after he had consumed the last of his food, the young man discerned two huge stones with smooth water between them. He ran the channel and found a river emptying into the sea.

There were many lights of a village on shore, so he pulled up before the nearest one, which was dazzling in its brightness. As he approached, no one came out to welcome him, so he went toward the entranceway. This was guarded by a huge stone which swung back and forth. When he stood, undecided, the stone door stopped its movement, but when he made as if to enter, it swung rapidly. Finally he decided to risk being crushed, and darted through. The entranceway within was as large as a house of ordinary size, and brilliantly lighted. At the farther end, another stone door swung to and fro, even more rapidly than the first. He thought that if he had to die, it might as well be now as later, and with that in mind, he jumped through.

Once in the main room, he saw a woman who greatly resembled the wife he had left behind. She answered his thought: "No, I am not your wife. When you married that poor girl, I tried to draw you to me, but you always remembered your home and went back."

The young man wondered, "So this is the one who was calling me?"

At once she answered the unspoken question, "Yes, I called you each time."

Then the woman ordered him to hide his boat and return to her. After a bath they slept together. He remained with her a long time. But one day the thought came to him to return to his own village. She answered his thought, "Yes, some day you may go home, but your boat must be filled with dishes, furs, and knives."

He debated with himself, "It is too rough to sail now."

She replied: "Wherever you go, you will have smooth water, even though all is rough around you. You may load your boat in the morning."

The young man stopped thinking, because she always read his thoughts. That night the woman instructed him: "When you get home, I want you to build a tiny room by your entrance way and to put a small outfit of caribou clothes in it. In four days they will be large enough for you. Have your wife make a small outfit of women's clothes and put them in a tiny room beside the other. In four days these will also be large enough to use. I am a spirit. Next, have the people gather, sing, and dance. I shall appear, and you, your wife, and I shall dance together."

In the morning he set sail. He wondered if the spirit-woman was

with him. A voice answered in his ear: "Yes, I am with you. 1 have promised you fair wind and smooth water. Do not be afraid."

When storms arose, though his boat rode quietly, fear arose within him, and his heart grew heavy. The voice reassured him: "Have no fear. I shall aid you safely home."

When the young man reached the village, all were greatly surprised to see him and the wealth he brought. He distributed dishes, beads, and knives to the women, and long knives and iron to the men.

The young man closely followed the spirit-woman's instructions. At the end of the four days she appeared to him, saying: "A boat with much wealth, driven by no human hands or sails, is coming here. Tell the people it is sent by a spirit, and divide the contents amongst all."

This he did, and kept four pots filled with beads and knives for himself. As soon as he had hung them up, they overflowed until the entranceway was filled. His father was very glad, and patted his son's shoulder approvingly. The young man immediately vanished, then reappeared, and said: "Soon I am going to have strong supernatural powers. Do not touch me until what I have to do is done."

No one was allowed to come near him but the spirit-woman, with whom he slept. He called the people together and trained them in songs and dancing. The drummers and singers were to wear headgear of dog- and fox-heads. He told the people to have no fear when the spirit-woman came before them.

On the night of the dance, the drums were at first soft and low. The tempo changed and the beat became loud. The singers sent forth the songs with strong voices. Then the people saw a wolf's head rear itself through the floor. It weaved from side to side. The fore-paws clutched at the flooring, and the body rose from below. The spirit-woman stood before them wearing a parka and mittens of wolf-heads trimmed with wolverene. The young man's first wife came in, dressed like the spirit-woman. The young man danced very slowly before the drummers, then as the time increased he stepped faster. The two women danced before him. The young man and his first wife next encircled the spirit-woman, and finally stopped the dance and went home. The two women were so alike that no one could tell them apart.

From that time the man, the two women, the parents, and the old grandmother wore new clothes every day. They gave many feasts to the people. Each night they slept together, the man in the centre of the

room and his two wives on each side. Each night the beds were closer, until on the eighth night the three were in one bed. They lived long and happily together.

One night the spirit-woman said to the other wife, "I want to find out which of us can make clothes the faster."

The first wife finished the quicker, and her work was well done, while that of the spirit-woman was only rough work.

The pots of the young man continued to overflow with wealth, so that all the surrounding villages came to trade. He gave up hunting, because he could always provide plenty of food through trade. He and his family became known as great medicine-people, and many came to them to be cured of sickness.

THE TREE-MAN

A village was once dominated and terrorized by a vindictive and cruel man. In his desire to excel in feats of strength and prowess in hunting, this man removed all opposition by killing his rivals. It was his custom to invite his victims to his house, where he wrestled with them and dashed out their brains against a huge stone which he kept for that purpose. All male visitors to the village met a similar fate. This cruel man took married women away from their husbands and snatched maidens from their parents. Some men he enslaved to perform menial tasks. Such was the fear of him that bereft relatives did not dare to mourn aloud.

In the house dwelt an old man whom the cruel one treated very severely, giving him the filthiest tasks, heaping ridicule and abuse upon him. He compelled the old man to wear a costume made of the grass used for cleaning pots and dishes. In despair, one evening, the old man tottered to the door, and cried, "If any supernatural power wishes to help me, let that tree which is now being washed ashore become a man to avenge me."

A short distance offshore a tree was being washed by the waves. The current bore it past the village and along the beach. Wind and tide caused the tree to ground gently on the sand. The tree gained consciousness; it remembered that it had once lived and stood on a large stream. It recalled memories of drifting hither and thither on the water. Driven by a sudden impulse, the tree decided to become a man. It endeavored to stand erect, but the heavy branches caused it to topple

over at each attempt. After many trials over a long period of time, the tree balanced upright and stood erect until a puff of wind caused it to sway and fall heavily. The mighty crash broke off the weighty top. At once a young man, wholly nude, stepped out of the tree-trunk.

The Tree-man knew nothing of the land; be had never seen people; he knew only how to stand upright as trees stand. A gnawing sensation developed in his stomach. He soon found that seaweed and shellfish drove away hunger. A seabird flew down to him. The bird removed his skin and was as a human. It spoke to Tree-man: "When you were a tree, I rested on you many times. Now I shall aid you. I know that you are no longer a tree, but a man. There are grasses here to weave into garments, and near by is a lake filled with good fish."

The bird taught Tree-man to make a nest of grasses, and instructed him: "In the morning you must catch some fish. Then build a fire, and roast and eat the fish."

Tree-man did not know what fish were, nor how to catch them, nor how to build a fire and roast them; but he went to the lake in the morning, where he made a good catch with his bare hands. On his return, he found Bird-man waiting with a knife and a bow-drill. He taught Tree-man how to clean and dress fish; to build a fire by putting the spark from the bow-drill on grass and tinder, and heaping shavings on the tiny flame. Tree-man learned to cook game and to eat by watching Bird-man carefully. He was taught to store away me at in a cache dug in the earth, lined and covered with sod. He amused himself by building huge fires.

When Bird-man flew to the village to get weapons, Tree-man, who had never seen humans, walked along the bank of a stream talking to any animals he met. He learned that they were not people, because none answered his voice. Bird-man, on his return, instructed his pupil in the use of the bow and arrow. He pointed out caribou swimming in the river. Tree-man was greatly frightened at beholding these animals, because he thought they were monsters with willow branches growing on their heads. He was shown how to kill, dress, pack, carry, dry, and cache the meat and to dress the skins. The eyes and waste meat were stored in a poke and allowed to rot. This, in cold weather, was considered as a confection.

Bird-man brought needles. He instructed Tree-man in the tanning and softening of hides, in shredding sinew and sewing clothing. Tree-

man learned to make trousers of caribou-leg skin, allowing the wet hide to dry on his own legs for shaping.

In the fall, Bird-man fetched spears from the village. He taught Tree-man to drive belugas into shallow water and spear them; to drag a carcass ashore by means of a line passed through a hole in the lip. The meat and flippers were dried on racks, the oil was kept in pokes, and waste flesh was used for bait on traps.

Bird-man brought two metal clubs, one short and one long, which had hollow shafts and heavy whale-bone handles. While hunting, food could be stuffed into the hollow. The shorter was used for clubbing caribou in deep snow, and the longer for polar bears. These had been obtained from Siberia.

Tree-man was taught to erect a timber framework and to cover it with sod. Each day a layer of sod was put on and allowed to freeze until the house was weatherproof. Tree-man was so pleased at his new-found skill that he built a second house near the first. He learned to boil meat in wooden pots by dropping hot stones in the water. He was taught to make and use stone lamps.

As soon as winter set in and the river froze solid, Bird-man said: " It is now too cold for me. I shall become a bird again and fly south. You must not wander far from your home. If people come to visit you, tie up their dog-teams under the cache and feed them. Welcome the strangers in your house."

During the winter, Tree-man caught many foxes, rabbits, and wolves. He killed a bear with his flint-headed spear when he surprised the beast robbing his cache. The skin he used to sleep upon. He brought in driftwood for shelves and floor planking. He dragged his tree, from which he had sprung, above the highwater mark. He was such a good hunter that he despised red fox and killed only black or white animals. Soon his caches were filled with food and furs; even the house was thickly floored and the walls covered with them.

One winter night two men and a young woman came to his house. Following Bird-man's instructions in courtesy, Tree-man tied up their dogs and fed them. Then he welcomed and feasted the strangers in his house. He was so glad to have company, to hear voices, and to talk, that he kept up an incessant conversation all night. Tree-man said: "Now I know that there are people near here. I have never seen humans before. I can travel and visit homes too."

"Yes," was the answer, "there is a great village not far distant, but a cruel man rules it and kills all visitors."

Tree-man asked many questions. He desired to be informed on customs and manners of living, on the ways of people who lived in villages, and on the villages. He asked why his guests had departed from their home. The men replied, "We fled because that cruel man was going to kill us and take our sister."

Tree-man felt great anger, and vowed some day to meet and conquer the cruel man.

His guests remained a long while, for the hunting was good. He married the young woman. Tree-man was still determined to overcome the cruel man; he felt impelled to go to the village. In preparation, his wife made heavy and light clothing with decorated boots. When all was ready, Tree-man loaded his sled with furs, and set out with his wife and the two men as guides.

The small party entered the cruel man's house as soon as they reached the village. He was rude, and without attending to any possible wants, or even offering food to his unexpected visitors, the cruel man blocked his doorway with the great stone and stood by it. He taunted Tree-man, saying: "You are a huge fellow. My doorway is almost too small for you. You seem to be so strong that I shall try your strength in wrestling."

Tree-man approached his foe and briefly replied, "We shall wrestle."

While divesting himself of clothing, Tree-man noticed an old man clad in a filthy costume of woven grass, and in his heart pitied the oldster. The old man shrilled: "I knew you, young man, before you were human. You must wrestle hard with this man, because he has killed many strangers, seduced women, and kept others as slaves. I am one, and you see how he has treated me."

The cruel man was greatly surprised to hear one of his broken creatures speak so daringly. With a cry he seized Tree-man to hurl him head-foremost against the stone, but instead found himself grasped roughly and flung to the floor. He sneered at Tree-man: "You are strong. You think you are mighty by beating me in this one fall. I shall try you again."

A second time the cruel man was jarred against the floor, but still undaunted arose for another trial. The third time Tree-man maintained

his crushing hold and squeezed the cruel man until he howled in pain. The watchers, male slaves and captive women, shouted in joy. The old man screamed: "Kill him! Kill him!"

The cruel man offered wives, plunder, and great riches if he were released. Tree-man, not cruel, allowed his opponent to sit when he saw blood running down his sides. The old man shouted: "Do not let him go! I sent my bird-power to change you from a tree into a man and train you until I could call you my son. Now slay this man who has treated us so cruelly and killed so many good hunters!"

The cruel man pleaded: "If you will free me, I shall give you my food, my furs, and my wives. I shall be your slave and work hard."

Tree-man answered: "I care for no riches; I have plenty. I care for no wives; I have one. All of you people know this man and what he has done. Now you may shame him before he dies."

The watchers shouted. They recounted the shameful deeds of the cruel man, the killings, the starvation, the woman-stealing. They stripped him of clothes, which they gave to the old man. They jeered at the cruel man until he writhed in agony: "Where now are your furs, riches, and wives? Where now is all your mighty strength?"

Tree-man had a strong line passed through the smoke-hole, a line with a sharp caribou-horn on the end. With joyful cries the released slaves thrust this horn through the cruel man's neck, tied hands and feet together, and pulled him through the smoke-hole. They dragged him about the village until all life was gone, and flung the naked, quivering body beneath a cache.

The women cleaned the house and Tree-man had much food and many furs brought from his sled. Of these he gave the best to the old man. All the village trooped in for feasting, dancing, games, and stories. The old man told how he had sent his bird-power for aid, and how the tree had become an avenging man. Tree-man said that his tree was the biggest of all that had ever drifted ashore; that it was now well above highwater where all might see it.

The next morning Tree-man killed three polar bears and gave two of them to the village for fresh meat. He remained there until spring, hunting for the poor and the old. Then, ac companied by his wife, her brothers, the old man, and the poor people, Tree-man went to his own home. He presented the old man with many bear-skins and fox-furs, so that he could sleep on a new bed every night. The people of the village

lived from that time in peace and plenty.

EAGLE-WOMAN

The son and daughter of the two wealthiest men in the village married. The parents outfitted them with equipment of all kinds and sent the young people inland to live by themselves, because near by dwelt an evil medicine-man who often killed young people.

The young man was a good hunter, and soon filled his caches. Then he sent a dog, carrying a carved stick in its mouth, to his parents. The father read from the stick that the son had much fur and food, and to come soon for some. Both parents set out to visit their children and came back with several sledloads of meat, which they distributed amongst the poor of the village.

The young woman had asked her father to send some of the village women to visit her, because she was lonely. When they arrived, she sewed with them and paid with furs for their aid. The parents sent them seal-oil, beluga meat, and seal meat, and the young man in return exchanged caribou meat and the furs of inland animals. There was so much traffic between the sea village and the young couple inland that the trail was always hard, summer and winter. Many of the young people visited the couple for games and feasts.

One night the young man failed to return home at dark. His wife made a bright light and waited for him. The moon came up, very red, but still her husband was away. While waiting, she sewed. After a long time the young woman heard a noise as of something coming down through the air, then two feet clad in white boots appeared through the smoke-hole. The woman was greatly frightened, and laid aside her sewing to watch. When the stranger had descended and stood before her, she noticed that his feet did not touch the floor, a proof that he was not human. The woman screamed in fright, and ran out the door and down the trail leading to her parents' village. After running a long time, she thought that she should see lights and houses. Closer observation showed that the trail was strange, but the woman still ran on.

Meanwhile, the young husband had killed many caribou during the day, which he began to skin before they froze, a task that lasted after dark. He decided to camp there for the night. After eating, he watched the moon rise, a moon which seemed larger and redder than usual. He was astonished and frightened to see it approach the earth

and soon rise again. The man was so frightened that he ran swiftly homeward. Once at the lighted house, he leaned his weapons against the wall, beat the snow from his clothes, and cleaned his boots. He was astonished that his wife had not come out to meet him. When he went in, he found her gone, the room in disorder, and the sewing thrown to one side. He puzzled over the signs of hasty departure and concluded that for some reason his wife had gone to her parents.

He snatched his weapons from the outside wall and began to follow his wife's tracks. When near his village the young man was surprised to see that the tracks left the beaten trail. He began to run fast to overtake his wife and lead her right. The new trail led over a lake, through a valley, and to the seacoast. He followed it as it ran northward, more and more disturbed as he found he could not overtake his wife. He knew that he was fleeter of foot than she. He ran until completely exhausted; for days he walked, until his boots were worn out and he had to use his bow as a cane. At length he came to the home of two old women. They cried out in pity: "Oh, the poor young man! He is worn out. He is having a hard time to find his wife. While she was sewing, she pulled a moonbeam through her seams and the moon came down and snatched her away. Poor young man, you can never get her back. You had better return to your parents."

The young man ate of the food the old women provided, and rested. Then he took up the trail once more. He continually thought of his wife, and was downhearted, but grimly kept on. He thought: "I may perhaps never reach home. I have kept on the trail so far and shall follow if it leads to the moon. I shall not go back without my wife."

For many days he plodded on. When his strength was almost at an end, he spied a house with many caches. It looked deserted, for no smoke came from the top. The young man put forth the last of his strength and succeeded in getting to the doorway. There he fell, thoroughly exhausted. At the noise of the fall, a huge woman came out. She was an Eagle-woman. She cried: "Oh, the poor young man! He has tried so hard to find his wife. She has just gone toward the moon. You must come in and rest."

She carried him inside, and bathed, clothed, and fed him. He saw many weapons and a huge eagle-skin in the entranceway. After many days of rest and careful tending, the young man regained his full strength and married Eagle-woman. He still thought so long about his

first wife that he remained silent most of the time, talking only when necessary. For a long time the two lived in quiet. Eagle-woman at last broke the silence by saying: "You are always thinking of your first wife. She is wild now, running with the winds near the moon. Even the greatest and swiftest of Eagles could not bring her back."

The young man wondered how this woman could read his thoughts. She continued: "You can not bring her back. You should take pity on your parents, who are worrying so that their hair is standing on end. You should think of her parents who are weeping continually."

Because the young man still remained quiet and wept to himself, Eagle-woman volunteered: "I have an eagle-skin. Perhaps I can catch her."

The young man was joyful. He responded, "If you will only go for her I shall do anything you ask."

"Perhaps you will not be able to carry out my instructions. I shall do my best to bring her back. You must stay here and take care of my house."

"I shall stay here, even for years, if you will only get her," promised the young man.

"I shall do my best, though your wife may be so wild that I can not come close to her."

Eagle-woman cried, for she loved this young man, but she brought in the eagle-skin, wet it in the urine pot, and thawed it until it was soft. Then she said: "Tomorrow I shall go. You must not leave the house after I am gone. Even when you hear me return, do not come to meet me. There is plenty of food and water in the house. If you disobey my orders, your wife and I both will be dead and you will never see your home again. I took pity on you. I saved your life. I have loved you. Now I shall do my best to bring back your wife."

In the morning she took her eagle-skin and went out. The young man restlessly roamed the house all day, forgetting even to eat or drink. After dark, be heard a great wind as if caused by the whirring of wings. Soon Eagle-woman entered, panting and tired. She said: " I saw your wife. Her parka is in shreds from the wind. Her boots are worn out from so much running, and she is very thin. I tried to get her down, but I could not; she was too heavy. She was in a very high place, but do not be disheartened. I have taken pity on her and on you. I shall try again tomorrow, but you must continue to follow my orders."

A second time Eagle-woman went out and returned empty-handed. She reported: " I have her out of the moon now, and below it. Your wife can move neither up nor down. Tomorrow I shall try again."

The young man was greatly elated at these words of hope, and regained heart. His manner was happy. When Eagle-woman came back after the next attempt, she was smiling, and said: "Young man, I have your wife near the earth now, not so very high. Perhaps the next time I can bring her down. You may go outside and see her."

The young man went out and saw a small speck, which was his wife far up in the sky.

In the morning, on awaking, he saw a great store of meat, oil, and clothes on the floor. He did not know how they came there, but thought they had been brought by the power of Eagle-woman. She spoke: "This shall be my last attempt to rescue your wife. Listen carefully to what you must do. You must get plenty of hot water ready to bathe your wife. I shall bring her near that high rock at dark; you must jump up and grab her, and then let go. If you hang on, you will squeeze the breath from her body. Then I shall bring her here. If you are a good jumper, you will get your wife back. I have made some new, light, soft clothes for you to jump in. Wait here until I return. Do not become frightened or weak, and do not weep."

Toward evening Eagle, woman returned, and said: "I have your wife near the earth and above that high rock. If she is too high, do not jump, but wait till she comes close. If you miss, you will lose her forever. After you have seized her and brought her to earth, come back here for the hot water. I shall bring her in."

When the young man went out, he saw his wife in air near the high rock. Her hair was streaming in the wind, her clothes in shreds, and her feet bare. He was angry at her appearance. He waited until she was quite close, then jumped and easily brought her to earth, but released her so that his clasp would not drive the breath from her body. He then ran back, very happy, to the house. Eagle-woman soon carried his wife in. Together they stripped and bathed her. She was as if asleep, and so thin that the bones of her hands and feet protruded. Eagle-woman directed: "I can do nothing until nightfall. I shall look into the future and see what her life will be. You must go outside until I am ready."

At nightfall he was ordered to bring in water. Eagle-woman

dropped five drops in the woman's mouth. She warned the young man that he must not touch his wife in any way until the proper time. In the morning the wife was conscious, but so weak that she could not move or speak. On the fourth day the young woman could drink easily and suck the juice from meat.

Then the husband wanted to help, but Eagle-woman warned: "No; do not touch her. If you do she will not live, and her parents will be very sad."

In four days more the young woman could sit up, move about in bed, eat and drink, but she could not talk. Four days later she was completely recovered. Then Eagle-woman said to the young man: "Now you may touch your wife. You may even sleep with her."

The young man was glad that his wife was now well and that her new, decorated clothes fitted her so well. He was happy when she was able to perform her usual housework, and he aided by bringing in wood and water while Eagle-woman obtained fresh meat. He slept with both women alternately, for Eagle-woman was his second wife.

Eagle-woman brought in much caribou, which the man and his first wife dressed and stored away; but they were never allowed to see her put on her eagle-skin and go for game. In midsummer she brought back a large beluga, which the two cut up and dried. All manner of land and sea-food was cached. In the winter the women made many clothes.

Eagle-woman began to look sad. She kept silent most of the time, speaking only when necessary. The others finally asked: "Why are you so downcast? Have we done anything we should not have done?"

Eagle-woman replied: "I have been thinking of your parents who are still searching and mourning for you. They are having a hard time, for they are very poor. The trail is now good, if you care to see them."

"If the time is right, we shall go."

"I think it is time for you to go. I do not want to send you away, but I am pitying your parents, whose eyes and faces are sore from weeping. I shall protect you on your way, so that you will not become lost. I give you thanks for storing away so much food for me. You may return here whenever you wish."

In the morning the young couple loaded pokes of food, and bags of furs and clothing, on two sleds, and took their departure. After several days they arrived at the home of the two women who had aided the

young man so long ago. They spent the night there, feasting and story-telling. As they left in the morning and looked back, they saw that the women had become foxes, and the house was their hole. On the trail they laughed, sported, and raced. After a long trip, they arrived at their home village.

Their parents, though poor and starving, and wearing thin, torn clothes, welcomed the couple, who had been given up for dead. They told how they had spent their wealth sending out searching parties. The whole village greeted heartily and feasted the returned young people in the men's house. They listened to the story, and acclaimed Eagle-woman as great and powerful. The parents thought they should return to help her some time, adding, "We do not care how long you remain away, because now we know that you are living and where you will be."

The young man lived with his own and his wife's parents for a long while, and hunted so well that they soon were wealthy in well-filled caches again. The couple then prepared to return to Eagle-woman. They loaded much seal meat and oil on their sleds. On the way they stopped with Fox-women, and left the foxes a gift of seal-oil, which all foxes like. Eagle-woman welcomed them happily. She taught them to fly with eagle-skins, and laughed at their grotesque antics at the first trials. She showed them how to kill game while in that garb. For a long time the young man and his first wife alternated visits between their own village and the house of Eagle-woman, staying a year at each place.

STORY OF KAIYÓNANIT

The headman of a village snugly situated in a spruce grove, and his son Kaiyónanit, were known far and wide as great hunters. The people always had full caches. One spring, after the seal season was finished, the young man went into the forest to cut timber for new floor-boards for the house. While working, he was startled to hear the sound of a paddle dipping, and a voice raised in song. There was no stream near. The noise drew closer; it came from above. The frightened young man looked up and saw a kaiak riding through the air. Fright caused Kaiyónanit to drop his woodworking tools and to hide under a log. The kaiak circled above, and the trembling Kaiyónanit listened to and remembered the song.

Then he jumped up in his alarm and shouted loudly, hoping that

his parents would hear and rescue him. At once the kaiak slowly tipped over; the occupant, dead, toppled out, and the craft gently settled to the ground. Kaiyónanit was still frightened, and very sorry. This was the first man whom he had killed, and he had done it by a shout. He examined the kaiak. It was of deep draft and broad beam, similar to the kaiaks used by the King Island men. It was sheathed in metal. Paddles and weapons were also metal-tipped. The body had a metal headband which covered the nose and eyes. Kaiyónanit was puzzled, for he had never seen such a boat nor so much metal. In grief over his deed, he built a grave-box for the corpse. He covered the box and the kaiak with moss.

At home Kaiyónanit acted strangely. He would answer no questions, but told his parents that something terrible had happened in the forest. He brooded long over the innocent man he had slain. In the early fall sealing he caught few animals, because his troubled mind could not concentrate on the work. By great effort Kaiyónanit banished his brooding and then caught enough seal to last a year. He gathered quantities of wood. In the first snows, using snowshoes made by his father, he killed many ptarmigan.

As soon as hard winter set in, the village abandoned all hunting and fishing. Nightly they gathered in the men's house for feasting and dancing. One night a great shout went up. The cry rang through the village that two strangers had come, messengers from another village. It was apparent to all that they were about to be invited to a Messenger feast, so they hurried to the men's house to view the strangers. They crowded the two tiers of benches in the circular men's house, a house supported by one huge centre-post. The messengers were dressing in their finery in a dark room off the entranceway, a room in which the dancers always dressed.

One messenger rubbed the doorway with his long-mittened hand as if to enlarge the opening. Then he walked to the middle of the room, carrying his staff over his shoulders. There he waited for the second messenger, who came out in a similar manner. A drum was beaten slowly and in low tone; a soft song began, led by a man whose sleeves and trousers were cut short. The assemblage followed his direction, stopping when he lowered his arm and beginning again when he raised it. The song-leader bent over the messengers, who read to him in a whisper the meaning of the carved staffs and he repeated the words in

a loud voice, the words which invited each villager by name to a Messenger feast. Each except the headman and his son Kaiyónanit received an invitation. The song-leader then seized each messenger in turn and swung him in the centre of the room. The staffs were hung from rafters. Three women brought in a great feast of berries, meat, oil, succulent roots and grasses, and water for the two messengers. These men told of their village and of the preparations being made there. No one had ever heard of this village or seen any of the people. The messengers put on metal headbands and danced. Kaiyónanit was astounded. He immediately remembered the young man whom he had killed. The thought came to him that the two messengers were from that man's village, but he remained silent, brooding and sorrowful. The messenger remained for one moon and half of another.

The whole village made ready to leave, all but the headman and Kaiyónanit, who had not been invited. Their people urged them to come, because they had a large store of food and furs. After a great deal of urging, father and son loaded two sleds apiece very heavily, and departed with their people, led by the two messengers. When near their destination, the messengers halted the throng and went ahead to announce to their village that the visitors were nigh.

The hosts, the following day, led by the young and fleet men, all wearing metal headbands, came out to meet their visitors. They called them out by name and took them to their houses; all but the headman and his son, who came to the village alone and watched the welcome of the others. The visitors gathered before the men's house, the men sitting on the handle-bars of their sleds, and their families perched on the loads. Hosts and guests pretended to fight, shooting arrows into the air. Then hot meat was brought to the visitors, and they were housed with different families. Kaiyónanit and his father, unwelcomed, lived by their sleds. The headman continually pondered why he had not been invited. Kaiyónanit was sad. He knew that the slain man had belonged to this village, but he said nothing. Night after night he heard the messengers call his people by name into the men's house. He heard the sound of feasting, dancing, singing, and the uproar caused by the exchange of gifts.

One night the messengers bade father and son to enter the men's house. They sat apart and watched. No gifts were offered them, nor even food. KaiyónanIt saw a weeping old couple who also remained

apart. This couple had no guests housed with them, nor did they exchange gifts or offer food to any one. The heart of Kaiyónanit was sad, for he thought that such a couple might be the parents of the slain man and were weeping bitterly because their son had never returned home.

A man came to the centre of the room and softly beat a large drum. Kaiyónanit became excited, because he thought that he was about to hear the song of the man he had slain. But this song was different. The drum was passed around to all, and each sang. Kaiyónanit was the last to receive it, but he did not sing; he only beat it. The assemblage jeered. Then he sang loudly the song of the dead young man. The weeping old man jumped to his feet, and cried: "Where did you learn that, the song of my son who never came home? Where is he?"

Kaiyónanit sadly told the tale, and added: "I am sorry. I should not have shouted if I had known that it would kill him. I buried your son well and I can show you the grave-box."

The old man thanked Kaiyónanit, saying: "Young man, I am glad to learn about my son. I am happy to know at last where he is and that he is well buried. We asked you to sing, because we knew that you had killed our son. We wanted to know if you would tell the truth."

The old woman said: "We are glad that you have taken such good care of our son's body. We know now that he has gone to the land of spirits. You must be as a son to us, to take his place."

The following day the messengers brought an invitation from the old people to Kaiyónanit and his father to attend the feasting. They donned their best garments and went. The old couple welcomed and prepared food for them. The old man gave new clothes to Kaiyónanit and a squirrel-skin parka to the father. The two were laden with furs and food of all kinds. When ready to leave their hosts, Kaiyónanit gave much seal meat, rawhide, and seal-oil to the old couple, for inland people prize these things.

After the Messenger feast, Kaiyónanit hunted for his own parents and the old couple whose son he had killed. He was as a son to them, and lived in both villages alternately. By the aid of the old man's power, Kaiyónanit was able to ride his kaiak through the air. Previous to this time the two villages had not known of each other, but after the death of his son, the old man, through his supernatural power, learned about the village and the slayer. The old man always knew when a young man went to the land of spirits, the Land of Light.

STORY OF ULULÍNA

A young couple, who had a small son by the name of Ululína, lived in a large village far up the coast. They left the boy with his grandmother at a fishing camp farther inland, but returned at long intervals to see him. Ululína cried long and hard for his parents, and it taxed the grandmother's ability to stop the wailing. One ruse usually succeeded. She would call loudly, as if to the boy's mother: "Your son is crying for you! You should come here and put him on your back!"[4]

Ululína would then cease crying and watch for his mother.

One night a woman, face concealed and wearing a beautiful, decorated parka, entered. Without a word she cleaned the house until it smelled fresh, and cooked a good meal. Then she said to the grandmother: "The boy's mother has sent for him. I shall carry Ululína to her."

Shortly afterward the parents came for Ululína and were dismayed to find him gone. The grandmother walled: "A woman dressed in a fine parka took him away. She said that you had sent for him. I could not see her face."

The parents searched every house in the camp. They wandered up and down the coast all winter searching for Ululína. Such was their anxiety that they did not even stop to make new clothing and boats, but traded for them when necessary at whatsoever village they chanced to be stopping. In the spring they decided to extend their search into the mountains behind their own village. While on the trail they saw, off to one side, what appeared to be a crow. They thought, "Perhaps that crow is devouring our boy."

As they approached, they soon saw that the supposed crow was their son. He spied them, and called: "Inside this cave is a man with bow and arrows. His wife wears a decorated parka."

The parents perceived the opening to a cave behind the boy, and a stout line tied about his waist leading into it. Ululína recognized his parents and struggled to run to them, but the line held him back. The parents stood puzzled. They knew that the people were Bears and the cave their den. The father thought to go above the entrance, lower

4 Babies and other young children are carried on the mother's back under her parka, which holds the child safely in place. A belt prevents it from falling.

a line, and pull Ululína to him. The father cautiously creeped to his son and cut the rope leading into the cave, while the mother pulled the boy up to her. Mother and son began to run home. The father remained there, pretending to be Ululína by moving about and now and then jerking on the rope so that the Bears would be deceived.

Before long, the spirit-animals discovered the man and gave chase to him. He ran away from the village to lead a false trail so that his wife and son might have more time to regain the village. The father once stopped and shot an arrow at the male Bear, but he turned the missile aside by his supernatural power. When he thought that wife and son were safe, he easily outdistanced the lumbering Bears and returned home. The parents carefully trained Ululína themselves after that, and also kept the grandmother with them.

When a young man, Ululína one fall disappeared. His parents knew that he had gone back to the Bears, but they were afraid to search for him. He returned in the springtime. For four years Ululína spent the time from the season of feasts and dances in the men's house until spring, with the Bears, returning to his parents for the warm season.

All the people knew now that Ululína had a great power. They regarded him with awe and carried out his advice and orders. But because he was not cruel, he won great respect. He brought home much game and gave it to the people. One winter the Bears came to the dance in the men's house and proclaimed: "Ululína has a great power. He will always be a great hunter and provide for the village if he uses his powers as we have taught them."

THE TRADER

A woman was so occupied with her new-born child that she could not accompany her husband to the nightly winter dances in the men's house, although she sometimes stood by her own door to listen to the singing as it was wafted by the wind. One night, while sitting alone with her child, she was surprised to see a strange man appear suddenly through the doorway. His clothes were rich, but his face was black from exposure, hunger, and thirst, and his body was thin. He signed for water, and drank a bucketful without stopping. He gulped a huge quantity of meat. Now that his throat was clear, speech flowed easily. The stranger presented the woman with a large bead set on a string of beads in return for the hospitality. He said that he had been

storm-blown from Siberia and had landed at this village, but he was so ashamed of his appearance that he kept hidden, living in a grave-box. The woman repaired his boots, which were in tatters from ice cuts, and gave him small pokes of meat, oil, and water. She offered to make two more pairs of boots which would last until he could return home.

She said nothing to her husband of the stranger. That one returned the second night for more provisions, and for the first pair of boots, which were finished. His body had filled out somewhat, and his face seemed less pinched and blackened. He watched her sewing, and then went back to his place of concealment without saving a word.

On the third night the village held a feast and dance for a recent arrival, which the husband attended, while his wife remained at home. She stood by her doorway for a while, listening to the singing from the men's house, then went inside to finish the second pair of boots. The Siberian soon entered, and said, as he took the new boots: "I give you thanks for your aid. I am well and strong once more. Next summer you and your husband must make your camp on that point of land across from this village. I shall be with the Siberian boats which will visit there. I shall bring gifts for you and your husband."

As he left, the woman gave him much meat, berries, oil, and water. When her husband returned after the dance, she showed him the beads and told of the Siberian. He was vexed, and exclaimed: "Why did you not let me know? I should have given him all new clothes!"

"His clothes were very good, all but the boots. I fed him until he was well, and sent him away with plenty of provisions," rejoined the wife.

The husband grumbled: "You should have told me. I should have given him many furs."

During the winter and spring, the husband obtained more sealskins and oil than he could use. When the ice was out, he re-covered his skin boat, and with his family and household belongings sailed for the point of land designated by the Siberian. There they fished all summer.

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