

they know that their legends will soon be buried with them, and forgotten, it is no easy task to induce them to repeat them. One may make half-a-dozen visits, tell his own best stories, and exert all his arts of persuasion in vain, then stroll hopelessly by some day, to be called in to hear some marvellous bit of folklore. These old people have firm faith in the witches, fairies, and giants of whom they tell; and any trace of amusement or incredulity would meet with quick indignation and reserve.

Two of these stories have been printed in Appleton's "Popular Science Monthly," and are in the English Magazine "Folk-Lore."

I am under the deepest obligation to my friend, Mrs. Wallace Brown, of Calais, Maine, who has generously contributed a number of stories from her own collection.

The woman whose likeness appears on the cover of this book was a famous story-teller, one of the few nearly pure-blooded Indians in the Passamaquoddy tribe. She was over eighty-seven when this picture was taken.