

I was talking to his wife, and I asked her, 'Why did you marry this wild-looking Indian?' She said to me, 'Just to save my life. I met this Indian in the raspberry patch and he asked me to marry him. I told him, no! He told me right there that he would witch me if I didn't marry him.' This white woman could understand Indian, I talked in Indian and English both. She told me to leave that reserve as soon as I could or some one would be after me. 'I am very sorry you came here,' she said to me, 'but if you leave right away you might pull through all right.' The Indian got jealous of my talking to her and began to talk so loud that they could hear him all over the reserve. What we didn't want him to hear us saying we talked in English, and when we talked in English he got awfully mad (angry) and said, 'No more of this, now. If you had a wife you wouldn't let me talk to her what you didn't understand.'" The Rama Indian said to him, "I wouldn't care if you talked to my wife." "Stop this right away," the other Indian said to the Rama Indian. "I advise you to leave this reserve, we don't want any of your tricks here. It's the women you are after, not for work. If you don't leave here to-day you will find out you won't walk to your home, you will be in your coffin." "Well, if I go away now I bid you good-bye. I don't mean to take your wife away from you, but I am surprised you married such a good-looking white woman," said the Rama Indian. "Well, if she wouldn't marry me she'd have been in her grave now, and the same with you if you don't leave here," said the other. "Well, I am going now. I leave here as a good friend. If anything happens me I will blame you for it. You mind and be careful. I know about this sort of thing myself," said the Rama Indian. "What you know you can just keep quiet too, and I will also," the other said. This ugly Indian never bothered the Rama Indian. This ends my story.

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# THE GRANDMOTHER WHO WAS WITCHED (No. 25).

*Told by Lottie Marsden.*

I must tell this story about my grandmother, who lived on Georgina Island. My grandmother was quite well off. They had everything they needed, had plenty of good stock (live stock), had a nice big house, and nice furniture. In the fall they'd set their nets and would pack about two barrels of fish. There was one Indian woman who got kind of jealous of them. One fall my grandmother took sick. It was during the night when she first took sick. That night they saw a fire not very far from their house. There were two young men who went by the house who were the ones that saw the fire. My grandmother sent for the doctor the next morning, but he didn't know what was the matter with her. She was sick all winter, until in the spring she got one of the Indian women to poultice her. She had a sore spot on her head, and the woman poulticed this place. One morning when she was taking the poultice off she found sweet hay (sweet grass) on the poultice, that's what the old witch used to witch her with. My grandmother was well for a long time and the old witch tried another kind of medicine, and my grandmother died right away, but she was well for along time after the sweet hay was taken out of her head. This ends my story. (The old witch was the jealous woman.)