

THE TWO BROTHERS.—PETIT JEAN, or TINZHAW STORY (No. 1).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

This happened a long, long time ago, somewhere among the Indian reserves. I heard the old people telling the story, which is about two young Indian boys. Their father went to church one Sunday morning, and their mother was in bed. She had a baby, and the father told the boys to "Take good care of their mother." The goose was setting. "Don't let the goose leave the eggs!" their father said before he left for church. "Don't let the flies get on the baby's face, and when your mother asks for a drink give her warm water, but be sure you don't have it too hot!" "All right," these two Indian boys said. Well, they went to see the baby; his face was full of (covered with) flies. The boys got a big rubber boot and threw it on the baby's face and killed the baby. Their mother asked for a drink. They gave her boiling water and she scalded her throat. The goose that was setting, they chased it away.

When their father came home, he said, "Where are you?" One of them said, "I am here. I am sitting on these eggs myself, the goose got away from us." Their father got mad (angry). They said to each other, "We'll go away. Father will kill us." They had a nice door and the boys took that with them. They got so far when they saw robbers coming on horseback. The boys said, "Let us go up this big tree," which they did, with the big door. One of them said to his brother, "You leave this door down here," but the brother wouldn't, so they took it up the tree. The robbers stopped under the tree to have a lunch and count their money. One of the boys said to his brother, "I want to defecate." The other said, "Wait till the robbers go away," but he couldn't, and the faeces fell on the ground, where the robbers were eating. The robbers were glad, they said, "God is giving us mustard to eat," but it wasn't mustard, it was something else. At last the brothers dropped the door and the robbers ran away and left every thing they had—lunch and money. These two Indian boys shared up with the money and ran away then. This ends the story.

Note by G. E. L.—Compare with 170.

THE RAMA INDIAN AND THE LITTLE CURRENT INDIAN WHO MARRIED A WHITE WOMAN.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

There was an Indian who left here (Rama) for Little Current (in Ontario), and when he got there he didn't like the place very well. The Indian reserve was full of whites. He said there were lots of very ugly looking people there. Very ugly old squaws who married nice young white men. Of course, if the white men don't marry them the squaws witch them. The Indian who went there said: "I was sitting outside one day when I saw a very ugly Indian coming with a nice white woman who was his wife. I was surprised, she was such a nice woman and he was so ugly, and had long hair too. He couldn't understand a bit of English.