

## THE INDIAN AND THE THUNDER.

*Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.*

One time there was an Indian hunting in his canoe. It came on a big thunderstorm, and the Indian went to the shore and stood against a big pine tree. The thunder struck the tree where the Indian was but did not kill him. The thunder came down and took the Indian up and told him that he (the Thunder) was sorry he struck him (the Indian). The Thunder put the Indian in his (the Indian's) canoe and took him home. When the Indian got home he died. The end of the story.

## THE BIG THUNDER BIRD (No. 4).

*Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll.*

A long time ago there was a bay, nobody was allowed to cross this bay towards evening. One Indian, he was an old man, went across towards evening, and when he got halfway on the ice, there came a big cloud. A big Thunder Bird came on the cloud and took the Indian away, and when he came to know where he was, he was on the end of a big mountain. He saw lots of young thunder birds, and one of them came close to him. This Indian killed this young thunder bird and cleaned (took the insides out) it all up, and went inside of this big bird. Before he went in he put it on the edge of the mountain, and the bird fell down. Where they fell it was an island, and the Indian got out of the bird and took a look around. He was wondering where he was. Someone came and spoke to him, and said "There's someone on this island that is going to kill you to-night, I will tell you what to do. You make lots of dolls of cedar, you will make ten of these and tie them so as they look like Indians, and towards night you will run around this island and you will take the dolls with you, and when he gets near you, you will throw one of these dolls back and he will fight with the doll for a long time and give you a chance to get far away from him, and when you see daybreak coming, you will think that you are beating this wild creature that's going to kill you." It came daylight and someone came and spoke to him again and told him "I will take you where the Indians are." So it took him away from that island and they came to an Indian who was making a leg. He put it on his leg to see if he had made it the right shape, and this Indian said, "I am making my leg." The end of the story.

(Compare with No. 4, Report, 1915, and No. 37, Report, 1916, G. E. L.)

## THE INDIAN AND THE DIAMOND.

*Told by Lottie Marsden.*

Four Indians started off to hunt and they all had very good luck. One of the Indians found a stone shining like fire. He threw it into the lake. He said to the rest, "That must be the Devil-stone," but it was a diamond he found.