

THE STARVING HUSBAND.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Some time ago there were Indians camping, and they had a nice young daughter and she got married. Her husband was a good hunter and got all kinds of game. The old man got jealous of his son-in-law; he got his old medicine and bewitched the young man so that he couldn't kill anything. So the young man got very poor, and the old man would not let his daughter give him anything to eat. One night the young woman had a piece of meat, and she gave it to her man after they went to bed. The poor young man got to be a skeleton and was flying up in the air. Of course in the olden time if a person got hungry (i.e., starving) they'd fly up in the air, and if you burn oil, and if they smell it, they come to life again, and would be able to eat and able to work again, but it would be quite a while before they would be the same. The end.

(Compare with 116.)

THE BEWITCHED GIRL.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

On Snake island (in Lake Simcoe) some years ago Indians used to live. One girl took sick. The doctors did not know what was the matter with her. She had a sore knee, and they could not see anything on her knees. She was that sick she could not rest at nights. One morning they saw a blue head in the flesh, but they could not get it out. It went in farther all the time, until they could not see it at all, and when it disappeared the poor girl died. It was an old witch killed the poor girl. The end.

Note by G. E. L.—Snake Island belongs to the Rama reserve, and is in Ontario Co., Ontario Province.

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK (No. 8).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

One Indian in Rama told me this story himself. He said: "About forty years ago I was travelling one night, and I was afraid just like if there was some one after me, and I kept looking back all the time, and once when I looked back there was a stump alongside the road, and I saw a man looking at me, his face was all red and feathers on his head. I did not stop to look at him long, I only walked as fast as I could; I did not let him know that I was afraid of him. It was a Mohawk sneaking around. Maybe there were a lot of them and this fellow came ahead of the rest. That was what they all were to do. Just to find out who was near, and this fellow go to tell the rest, and they all come then with their bows and arrows." The end of my story.