

## THE BAD INDIAN AND THE WHITE WOMAN.

*Told by Lottie Marsden.*

One time an Indian was hunting. He was a bad man, too. He met a white woman who got lost, but *he* knew the way to get back, but he didn't want to take this white woman back. He thought to himself, "She be my wife." He made a camp that evening. He said to the white woman, "We sleep here to-night; I don't know the way to go back," but he did, of course. He knew this woman would stay whether she liked him or not, but she didn't like him very well. She wouldn't sleep with him. This Indian lay down and she went to the other side of the camp, but he didn't like that very well. He said to her, "Say, do you hear something. It's the wolves coming!" This white woman went near him, and he said, "Do you hear them again?" The woman went to him and hugged him; she was afraid of the wolves. He kept her there for a year, till she fell in love with this ugly looking Indian. The Indian did not hear anything at all. He knew the woman would go to him then. He was a bad Indian. The end.

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## SOCIAL LAWS.

*Told by Lottie Marsden.*

They say that in the olden days the Indians had this law: If anyone steals their wives or husbands, they get their nose cut off. That is for the first offence, and if caught a second time they get their right ear cut off, and the third time the left ear.

If the Indians had that law now, it would be awful to the people here in Rama. There wouldn't be very many that would have noses and ears. The end of this Indian law.

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## THE INDIAN GIRL AND THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG MAN.

*Told by Lottie Marsden.*

Some time ago there was a real nice Indian girl. She had two fellows (admirers). One of them was about 45 years old, and the other one was very young. This old man, who was 45, was a witch, and the girl didn't know what to do, whether to marry the old fellow or the younger one. She was afraid that she wouldn't live long if she married the young fellow on account of the old fellow being a witch. So they got married (the old man and the girl). The old man tried to kill the young man. He was jealous of him. He thought the young man might run away with his wife. So that fall when they got married the young man went away to the camp. The young man was all the time troubled by a bumble-bee that was after him at night. He made up his mind that he was going to kill this bumble-bee, but he didn't quite kill it. The old witch was very sick all fall, and never tried to bewitch the young man, for he was very wild looking. Nobody would marry the likes of him. The end of the story.