

near the well. It was that close that she nearly caught it. The turkey didn't go away, and it had eyes just like the old witch had. The woman and the boy saw that the turkey looked quite a bit like the old witch, and in the morning they could see a turkey track on the doorstep, where the turkey was sitting during the night. This old witch would come again the next day to visit them. She'd ask the woman how her eyes were, and the woman would tell her that they were very sore yet. Again at night they would watch the turkey. It would come again, around the house all the time, and at last the old witch died. This woman never had sore eyes after that, and all her family grew up. They knew it was the old witch doing all this. This ends this story.

No. 167.

THE NICE INDIAN GIRL AND THE DEVIL.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

This story I was told by an old Indian squaw some years ago. She was very old, her hair was white as snow. She heard an old man telling this story about a nice Indian girl who was going with a nice young white man. This was not a white man or Indian either. It was the man that doesn't live on earth. Well, about this Indian girl. There were a couple of old folks living back north who had only one child—a daughter. They thought a lot of her. Every night she'd go away and stay out nearly all night, and the folks thought that she was going with some nice white man that was respected. This white man gave this Indian girl lots of money all the time, but she never told her parents. One day one of her chums came to visit her, and in the evening she and her chum went for a walk. She told her chum about the young man she was going with, and that he had given her quite a bit of money, two trunks full. She coaxed her chum to go with her and see this young man. When they got to the place it was a big hill, and she went right in that hill. Her chum couldn't see the place where she went in. Well, before she went in that big hill, she told her chum, "I won't be very long." Well, she wasn't very long going in that big hill, and when she came out she looked a lot different to what she was when she went in, and her chum was afraid of her. She told her chum never to tell anybody about her going with the nice young man. The other Indian girl couldn't keep this, she went to tell the girl's parents. The old folks cried. They said, "The devil has got our daughter now." They opened the two trunks and found they were full of chips and clay. It wasn't money that the devil had been giving the girl. One time the girl disappeared. She wasn't sick and died like everybody else did. The old folks knew that this would happen to her. She was taken by the devil. Her parents died, they were that worried about their daughter. This is the end.

No. 168.

NANBUSH (No. 15.)

Told by Marjorie St. Germain.

Once upon a time lived Nanbush. He had killed a lot of ducks. He put them all in a pot, after cleaning them, to cook, and now he must take a nap wondering who would watch the ducks. However, he took a nap, and along came some