

witchcraft and accursed, such as violet, purple, dark brown, etc., which reminds us of Ruskin's remarks upon the fact that God has associated certain colors with innocent and innocuous qualities, and others with what is harmful and venomous. Obviously to the Indian even color is a matter of religion, and, above all, red is sacred, sometimes absorbing four fifths of the blanket. It is said that grocer's supplies if wrapped in red paper will sell with ten times the rapidity with which those in other wrappings will be disposed of. The finest blankets are worn by the chiefs, and are thus exalted to the foremost uses, and seldom shown even then save on festal occasions sacred to religious rites.

The Indians have stone fetiches, which they employ in hunting—pretty stones of quartz, agate, jasper, and striped spar, with eyes of coral or blue turquoise, and the hearts always of turquoise, sacred to them as having stolen its hue from heaven's blue. No party of Indians would go on a hunt for deer, antelope, or even rabbits without the aid of this "blind hunter." These fetiches are cut into images of animals of prey rudely carved. An arrow-head of agate or volcanic glass is bound with sinew to its right side, and under the "heart" is a pinch of sacred cornmeal. These stone fetiches are believed to impart to the hunter the strength or cunning or sagacity of the animal whose rude likeness they bear; hence, the favorite image is that of the cougar, which they consider king among animals. The hunter puts his mouth to that of the image and "drinks its breath," a ceremony deemed essential to precede a successful hunt, and repeated at times during its progress.

The hunter, on striking a trail, places in front of a footprint a forked twig with the fork opening backward to trip the game. Then he draws from the "left-hand bag" or shoulder pouch the fetich, that he may inhale its "breath of strength"—a sort of invocation to the animal it represents to aid him; then he imitates the roar, howl, or cry of his patron beast to smite terror to the heart of the game he pursues. These solemn rites augur success.

Around the *bow* (as in the Greek, *βίος* stood for both life and the bow as the means of its support) everything vital to life has become associated; hence, to the Indian the most sacred beliefs cluster about the hunt, and the whole matter is a matter of religion, the very animals that are hunted being held in reverence.

One class of the shamans have full control of all matters pertaining to the sacred hunt, and are known as *Hoo-mah-koon*—those having death in their arms. These, created just after mankind began to be, were first of all branches of medicine men save only the *Kah-pee-oo-nin* (dying of cold, so called because they appear in almost nude condition).

The night before the round hunt the official crier proclaims it in loud voice. The "drawing" dance is performed to charm the game, and the dancing and chanting are believed to make the wild beasts deaf to the approach of the hunter. The songs sung imitate the cry of the animal to