

door of the house, and as she came up the long central corridor, the red light of the seven other fire-places successively fell upon her, and the women sitting around them spoke pleasantly to her. When she came, the eldest matrons made way, and she stood among them.

“Yea,” said garrulous Kâwi, “according to the tradition it was Adohasu the Beautiful who in times long ago was wooed by the youthful brave in his lodge in the forest. And at night, in the hour of dreams, he saw her flitting brightly out of the doorway and fleeing away with her wampum necklaces in her hands. And when he ran after her, she ran faster and faster, until his swift feet brought him near and he stretched out his hands and caught at her robe. But she raised her arms in her fright to the Moonmother. And Ataensic the Sorceress shone down upon her the light of ghosts, her feet became rooted in the earth with fear, her flying robes became long leaves, her hands and wampum beads became corn-ears, her hair became the tassels, the feathers in her hair became the corn-plumes. Then the young brave wailed and sat down to sing his death-song. But she said to him, ‘Mourn not, my love, for now I am Osizy the Maize, who shall be thy