

"Why do you come here? For it is you that is trying to kill me. I can see the string (of little fingers) you have got around your neck." The old witch had a string (necklace) of little fingers of people that she had killed already, and the sick woman saw them. The old witch started to cry and went home crying all the way. When she got home she started to another person's. This person knew it was her again. This person was a man and he cut out a stick a foot long, and when the old witch came to him he pecked her on the arm with the stick, and the old witch fell and moaned there for a long time. She laid beside the log and she died. This happened about 200 years ago. The end.

No. 62.

MY OWN STORY (WITCH STORY No. 9).

Told by Lottie Marsden.

About fifteen years ago I was troubled about the witch. I was working in Victoria Harbour (Ont.), and I saw some very wild looking Indians there. I was afraid of them. I would never speak to them. One young man had his eye on me. His father was a witch, so I judged he thought I was going to be his son's wife. About two weeks after I saw these wild Indians (of course they weren't real wild Indians, but they looked quite a bit like it any way) my father received a letter asking him if he would give his daughter. After I read the letter I cried all night. I said to my father that "I would not marry that wild looking Indian, even if he had all the money that was in this land," and my father wrote back and told him that "he had not anything to say. My daughter is her own boss, and she says 'she will not marry you for all the money in this world.'" The young man's father tried to kill me then. There was a fire all the time at night around our house. So one night my father saw a cat outside of our house and he shot it, and I was troubled no more. The cat was the witch my father killed. The end.

No. 63.

THE INDIAN GIRL AND A "DEVIL."

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there was a nice Indian girl. She was a farmer's daughter. She went about one mile to milk the cows. She never liked to go with anybody. She had a young man who came to help her to milk. She had nice rings that that young man gave her, so she kept on nearly all summer. One day she was going to scrub; she took off her rings and put them in a tumbler. The rings got on fire and the sideboard and all got burnt. This young man was a "devil" and he fooled her. All the family left there, they sold their farm and left that country. They were afraid of the "devil" who came and acted like a young man (who was a devil). So they went away and he never was known of, no more. The young Indian girl was ashamed of herself. She did not like to see anybody who lived near them. The end of this story.