

if you don't sleep with me," said the chum, "But you needn't be afraid of me, you know that I am a lot younger than your old man." "Well, I don't care," said the woman. She hurried to the lake shore and yelled to her husband. He heard her yelling, and went back and found his wife standing there crying. He asked her, "What is the matter with you?" and she told him everything. "Well, when I get to the camp," he said, "I'll go and kill him right away, where is my axe?" When he got to the camp his chum wasn't there, but before he (the chum) left he had burnt everything and told all the wild animals to go and kill the married couple, but the married Indian knew everything, it would take a lot to kill him, and one bird told him that his chum, before he left the camp, had put all the sharp things on the ground, so if the Indian and his wife would walk on them they would die, but they didn't go near where the camp was. They left that place for good. This is the end of these two Indians.

No. 164.

OJIBWAS AND MOHAWKS (No. 13).

*Told by Lottie Marsden.*

This story I was told by my grandmother. She said, "When I first got married this place was a very wild place. I'd never go picking berries alone, but one day I happened to go alone. I heard someone coming among the bushes; I had my dog with me and I set him on the person that was coming. I hid and I saw a Mohawk coming. He had feathers on the top of his head, but he didn't see me. I tell you my heart was beating like a clock. I hid under those bushes till he was a long ways off, then I called my little dog and hurried for home. I never went out picking berries alone after that. When I got home there was nobody home yet at my place, and I waited for my husband. It kept getting later and later and I heard the dog barking. I got up and peeked through the window and saw two Mohawks standing at the gate, and I could hear the stones falling on the ground that the Mohawks were hitting my little dog with. I was sitting in the house alone. Nobody near me, my husband was coming then. He saw those two Mohawks running for the bushes. He came in and we took the gun out, and watched for these two Mohawks all night. The next day I went to the place where the dog was barking and I found one of the feathers that the Mohawk had on the top of his head. I didn't know why he left it there. Maybe he left it so I might pick it up. I just set a match to it and burnt it up. We cleared all our land around the house. I worked like a man to help my man so as to keep the Mohawks away from my house, so I could see them a long ways off. I didn't want them to be watching me during the day and come to my house at nights. It kept getting better all the time. All the Mohawks were chased away from our reserve, and we were safe then." This ends this story that my grandmother told me.

Note by G. E. L.—In answer to the following queries, "Why did the Mohawk leave the feather there, and what would happen to your grandmother if she picked it up, and why did she burn the feather?" Mrs. Lottie Marsden replied: Letter of June 19th, 1918: "The feather that the Mohawk left was a piece of one of the feathers which must have broken off when the Mohawks hid in the bushes. That's what granny thought, and the reason why she burnt it was, she thought