PRIMITIVE FOLK LORE.

AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY.

RELIGION AND ROMANCE.

Tales of Creation and of Legendary Heroes.

COLLECTED FROM THE INDIANS IN CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, AND GUATEMALA.

BY JEREMIAH CURTIN.

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XVI. HITCHINNA.*

PERSONAGES.*

Hitchinna, wild cat; Hitchin Marimi, wild cat woman; Hitchinpa, wild cat infant; Metsi, coyote; Putok-ya, small people.

Hitchinna had a wife and a son a few days old. Hitchinpa, the little son, was sleeping, and Hitchin Marimi, the wife, was taking care of her little child. Hitchinna had dreamed the night before, and his dream was a bad one.

"I had a dream last night," he said to his wife; "a very bad dream."

"What did you dream?" asked she.

"I dreamed that I climbed a big pine tree; the tree was full of cones; I was throwing them down; had thrown down a great many cones, when at last I threw down my right arm. I dreamed then that I threw down my left arm."

He told her no more. That morning early before he had talked about his dream the woman had said:

"I should like to have pine nuts; I want to eat pine nuts; I am hungry for pine nuts."

He went out to find the nuts, and she went with him, taking the baby with her. They went to a large tree, and he climbed it. Hitchin Marimi put the baby aside on the ground, and made a fire at some distance to roast the pine cones.

Hitchinna threw down cones; she roasted them to get out the nuts. He threw down a great many cones. She roasted the cones and pounded the nuts out.

After a while Hitchinna's right arm fell off; he threw that to the ground, and then he threw down his left arm. His left leg came dropped off, and he threw that to the ground.

The woman was roasting and pounding the pine cones; she did not look around for a good while. At last she went to the tree, found blood on it, and, looking up, saw that her husband was throwing himself down, that there was not much left of his body.

Hitchin Marimi was scared half to death; she ran away home; she was so terrified that she left the little child behind; forgot all about it. When she reached home she called the people and said:

"My husband went up into a pine tree; threw down heaps of pine cones; then he began to throw himself down; first he threw one arm, then the other. We must hurry and hide somewhere; he will be bad very soon; he will kill us all if he finds us."

The people asked: "Where can we go to hide from him, north, south, east, or west?"

"I know a good place," said one man, "and it is not too far from here, Wamarawi."

"Well, we must go to that place, and go very quickly," said Hitchinna's wife, and all the people agreed with her.

[Wamarawi is a round mountain at Ball Creek.]

The people ran there, went into a cave in the mountain, ran the whole way. When all were inside they closed the entrance very firmly, shut it up tight. Nothing could get in through that door.

After his wife had run home, Hitchinna threw down his ribs one by one, and kept asking his wife if she was there. He got no answer. She was gone and he did not know it. He threw down first his right side, then his left. Every time he threw a rib he called Uh! Uh! to his wife.

At last there was nothing left of him on the tree but his head, and that came down soon after. His eyes were very big now, sticking out, staring with a wild and mad look. The head lay under the tree a while. Hitchinna had become another kind of people. He had become a Putok-ya. He was one of the head people, a very bad, terrible people. Each one of them is nothing but a head.

Putok-ya is new now. He has a new mind, new wishes. He is under the tree, and lies there a little while. He cannot walk any more. He can only roll on the ground like a ball. After resting and thinking a while, he rose up to find his wife; rolls till he comes to the fire. There is no woman there. He looks around, cannot find her, looks again, and sees the baby. Now he rolls to the baby, catches it in his mouth, eats up the baby in one moment. The head talks then, and says:

"I dreamed last night that I ate up my own son."

He is dreadful now. He scatters the pine cones, quenches the fire, rages, roars awfully, a real Putok-ya. He rolls, bounds, knocks against the tree, cuts it down, breaks it to pieces, scatters it.

Next he starts for the village, springing and bounding along like a football, making a terrible wind as he goes, reaches the house, looks through it. All are gone from the house and from the village. All have run off to Wamarawi.

First he knocks his own house, breaks it, smashes it to pieces, and then he breaks all the other houses in the same way, one after another. He scatters and smashes up everything, wrecks the whole village, just as if a strong whirlwind had gone through it. The people are all in Wamarawi, in the stone cave in the mountain, a very great crowd of them.

Putok-ya looks around, finds tracks, follows the people southward, goes with a terrible roar, raising a storm as he moves. He breaks every thing he strikes, except rocks. From these he bounds off like a football.

He follows the people of the village, follows on their tracks, stops before Wamarawi, rolls up to the entrance, listens quietly, hears a sound inside like the buzzing of bees. Putok-ya is glad. He stops awhile and thinks what is best to do. "You cannot go from me now," says he.

All the people were inside except Metsi [coyote]; he had gone north somewhere.

"I will break in the cave," said Putok-ya.

He began at the west side, went back a whole mile, bounded, rushed, hurled himself at the mountain, whistled through the air with a noise like the loudest wind, struck the mountain, made a great hole in it, but could not go through to the cave. Putok-ya felt sure that he could break through. He went back a whole mile again from the north side, bounded, rushed forward, made a tremendous hole in the north side, but he could not go through, and the rock closed again.

The people inside are very glad now, they are laughing, they think themselves safe; jeer at Putok-ya. Putok-ya hears them. He is angrier than ever. He is raging. "I will try the east side," said he; "that is better."

He went back as before, bounded forward, made a deep hole in the east, but it closed again, and he left it. He tried the south. It was just like the other sides. Putok-ya stops a while, is afraid that he cannot get in.

"The Yana are not very wise or sharp people," said he. "I should like to know who told them what to do. They did not know themselves. Who told them to go to Wamarawi?"

He tried to go to the top of the mountain and see if there was a hole. He could not roll up in any way. He fell back each time that he tried. He could travel on level ground only, or rise by bounds.

"I cannot go up there. I am not able," said he.

He lay down close to the entrance of the cave and thought a while. He made up his mind to bound like a ball, to spring from point to point, higher and higher, on neighboring mountains, till he got very high, and then come down on the top of Wamarawi. He did this. Went far up on the top of other and higher mountains till at last he was very high, then with a great bound he came down on the top of Wamarawi, came down with a terrible crash. He made an awfully big hole in it, bigger than all the four holes he had made in the sides put together, and this hole did not close, but it did not reach the cave.

After that blow he came again to level ground. He lay there and said to himself: "I have tried five times to get at those people. I will try once more. I may get at them this time."

He went high up in the sky, higher than before. He was angrier and madder than ever, and he came came down with a louder crash; the whole mountain shook and trembled. No one inside the cave was laughing now; all the people were terrified.

Putok-ya went almost through to the cave. The rock above the people was very thin after this blow and the hole did not close.

"I will not try again," said Putok-ya. "I cannot get in." He was discouraged, and left Wamarawi. The people within were in terror. "If he tries once more," said they, "we are lost. He will burst through and eat us; eat every one of us."

The great hole remained on top of the mountain, and people say that there is a lake with goldfish in it where Putok-ya made the hole on the mountain top.

Putok-ya started north, went toward Pulshu Aina, his own village. As he went toward home he made a great roaring and wind, cut down trees and brush, people, beasts, everything that he met; he left a clean road behind. He swept through Pulshu Aina, and went further north, went almost to Jigul Matu [Round Mountain].

Metsi was coming down to the south, along the same trail; he was very well dressed. Metsi always dressed well. He wore a splendid elk skin belt and a hair net—he was fine looking.

Metsi was right in the middle of the trail. He had learned that Putok-ya was out killing people in the south; he heard the roar a great way off, and said to himself:

"I hear Putok-ya; he is killing all the people."

Metsi thought over what he was to do. "I will meet him. I will say to this Putok-ya, 'You are smart, you are good, but you are sick. I will cure you.'"

Metsi took off all his fine clothes in a hurry and hid them—made himself naked. "I must be quick," said he, "the noise and wind are coming nearer and nearer. I wish to have a rusty old basket here before me." The basket was there. He wished for an old strap to carry it. The old strap was there with the basket.

Metsi made buckskin rings around his arms and leg, turned himself into an old, very old woman, all bent and wrinkled, with a buckskin petticoat. He put the rusty basket on his back.

Putok-ya was hurrying on; the roar grew louder and nearer. Metsi knew that Putok-ya was very dangerous and that he must be careful. He took white clay, painted his face, made a regular old woman of himself. Putok-ya came near. Metsi was ready, the basket on his back and a stick in his hand. He was walking along slowly, a very old woman and decrepit. The old woman began to cry en, en, en.

Putok-ya stopped on the road, made no noise, listened to the old woman.

"He has stopped; he is listening to me," said Metsi, and he cried more, cried in a louder voice, and more pitifully. Putok-ya was quiet. Metsi walked right up to him, looked at him, and said, "I came near stepping on you." Metsi was crying more quietly now.

"Are you a dead person?" asked Metsi. Putok-ya was silent.

"I heard you from where I was," said Metsi; "when you had a bad dream I heard you in the south, heard you everywhere, heard you when you turned to be a Putok-ya, one of the head people, and wanted to kill everybody. You must be good, you used to be wise; if you are sick; you will die, and be among people no longer unless you are cured. That is why I started to go south; I started south to find you, to see you. It is a good thing that you came up here; now I see you. I am your relative, your nephew. I want you to be well, to be as you were before; to have your arms and legs again is to feel well; I want to cure you."

Metsi was sobbing all this time; he pretended to be awfully sorry; he wasn't, for Metsi wasn't sorry for any one, didn't care for any one; he only wanted to get Putok-ya out of the way, to kill him. Metsi was a great cheat.

"A good while ago," said Metsi, "I met a man like you. He had a dream, and he had nothing but a head, just like you. I travelled then as I am travelling today, and met this man just as I meet you now on this road. If you believe what I tell you, all right, if you don't believe me it's all the same to me. I will tell you what I did for that man, how I cured him. Do you want me to tell you what I did for him?"

Putok-ya was looking all the time with great wildcat eyes at the old woman. Now he spoke, saying: "Talk more, tell me all, old woman. I want to hear what you have to say."

"Well, I made a man of that head again," said the old woman. "I cured that Putok-ya. I made him over again. I made him new again, and he walked around as well as before; I gave him legs and arms again; all the bad went out of him; I made him clean and sound and good again.

"How did you do that, old woman?" asked Putok-ya. "How can you make a man over again? I want to see that."

"I will tell you how I do it. I will fix you; I will fix you right here on this road, just as I fixed that other man. I made a hole in the ground; a long hole, a pretty big one. I lined it with rocks; I made a little fire of manzanita wood, and when it was nice and warm in the hole I put plenty of pitch in, and put the man on top of the pitch. It was good and soft for him, and nice and pleasant on the pitch. I put a flat rock over the hole. He stayed there a while and was cured."

Putok-ya believed all this; had full faith in Metsi, and said:

"Very well, you fix me as you fixed that other man; make me new again, just as I was."

Metsi added: "I put pitch very thick, one foot all around, and put him in the warm hole; covered him up; pretty soon he began to stretch and grow; grew till he was as good as ever. That is how I cured that man."

"That is good," said Putok-ya. "Fix me in that way; fix me just as you fixed him."

"I will," said Metsi. "I will fix you just as I did that man, and you will come out just as he did; you will be in the right way and have no more trouble; you will never be sick again."

Metsi did everything as he had said; made a long deep hole; put in fire and a great deal of pitch; a foot thick of it.

He placed Putok-ya on the pitch; put a wide flat stone over him; put on others; put the stones on very quickly, till there was a great pile of them.

The pitch began to burn well; to grow hot, to seethe, to boil, to blaze, to burn Putok-ya.

He struggled to bound out of the pitch; the stones kept him down; the pitch stuck to him; he died a dreadful death.

If Putok-ya had got out of the hole there would have been hard times in this world for Metsi.

When Putok-ya was dead under the pile of rocks Metsi threw away his old things; his basket and buckskin petticoat; put on his nice clothes and went along on his journey.

Metsi was a great cheat. He could change himself always, and he fooled people wherever he had a chance, but he did a good thing that time, when he burned up Putok-ya.

TIRUKALA [EEL].

PERSONAGES.

Chichepa, spotted chicken hawk; Chikpina, weasel; Hapawila, water snake; Jewinna, young chicken hawk; Kedila, soaproot; Matskina, turkey buzzard; Pakalal Jawicki, water dog; Tirukala, eel; Wirula, red fox; Weanmauna, hidden away.

Tirukala lived near Jamahdi, on the Juxa Madi Mountain, and he was thinking, thinking for a long time how to change this world, how to make it better.

"I have to fix this country. I will fix it now," said Tirukala. "I will make it better to live in." When he had said this he went off walking and began to sing. All the mountains stood too near together at that time, and Tirukala pushed the mountains apart from each other, made room between them. He put creeks everywhere, and big and little rivers. He made springs in different places, and swamps. He put salmon and other fish into rivers and creeks, plenty of them everywhere.

Tirukala had two persons to help him, Pakalal Jawicki [water dog] and Hapawila [water snake]. The three lived together, working and making the world better to live in.

Tirukala never ate anything; never took any food of any kind. He labored always, and sang while at work. Hapawila made salmon traps and caught many salmon. Just then Tirukala, he sang all the time. After a while two young girls heard this singing. They were the two daughters of Kadila. They went out to get wood one day and heard the singing.

They filled their baskets and went home, put the wood down, then went out and listened to the singing. They thought it was very sweet and beautiful.

"Let us go nearer to the singing," said the younger.

They went a little way from the house, sat down, and listened. Again they stood up and went on. Two or three times they did this, going further and further. Soon they came in sight of a salmon trap and went up to it.

"I see no one here," said each of the sisters.

"Who can be singing?"

They looked on all sides of the trap and saw no one. They looked up and down the river. There was no one in sight. They sat down near the trap, watched and listened. At last the younger girl saw who was singing. She saw Hapawila in the river, where he was singing.

When he saw the girls sitting and listening, Hapawila came out to them.

"Which way are you going?" asked he.

"We heard singing, and came out to listen. That is why we are here," answered the elder.

"Let us go home," said the younger.

"Take some of my salmon to your father," said Watersnake, and he gave them two very nice salmon.

They took the salmon home to their father.

"Where did you get these salmon?" asked Kedila.

"A man who sings and has salmon traps sent them to you."

That evening Hapawila went to old Kedila's house. The girls saw him coming and were afraid. They liked his singing, but did not like his looks. They ran away, found a great tree, climbed it, and thought to spend the night there. But Hapawila tracked them, came to the foot of the tree, and looked up and saw the two sisters near the top. He walked around, and looked at the tree.

"Let him come up," said the elder sister; "let him talk a while; we may like him better if he talks a while."

"No," said the younger sister, "I don't like him; I don't want to talk with him."

He tried to climb the tree, but could not. The trunk was smooth, and the tree had no branches except at the top. Now the elder sister fixed the tree so that he could climb to them; she wished for branches on the trunk—they were there at once, and Hapawila climbed up to Kedila's two daughters.

The younger sister was angry at this; hurried down the tree, ran home, and told her father that her sister and Hapawila were talking to each other in the treetop.

Old Kedila said nothing, and went to bed. A few minutes later the elder sister was at home. She, too, ran from Hapawila when she saw him the third time.

Early next morning Kedila was very angry. He caught his elder daughter, thrust her into the fire, burned her, and threw her outdoors. The younger sister went out, took up her sister's body, and cried bitterly. After a while she carried it to a spring, crying as she went. She washed her sister's body in the water. It lay there one night in the spring. At daylight next morning the elder sister came out of the water alive, with all her burns cured and not a sore left on her.

"Where can we go now? Our father is angry; he will kill us if we go home," said the younger.

Both started west, singing as they went. "I wish that I had a basket with every kind of nice food in it," said the younger sister toward evening. Soon a basket was there before her. It dropped right in front of her. She looked. There were fine nuts in the basket, different roots, and nice food to eat.

Now Jewinna lived in the west. He had a very large sweat house and many people. His youngest and only living son he kept wrapped in a bearskin and hidden away.

At sunset the two girls came to Jewinna's house and put down their basket of roots near the doorway. Jewinna's wife went out and brought in the two girls. Jewinna himself spread down a bearskin and told the girls to sit on it. He said to his son, who was wrapped in a bearskin: "Come out and sit down with these two young girls who have come to us."

The youth looked through a small hole in the bearskin; saw the two women, but said nothing; didn't come out. When night fell the two girls went to sleep. Next morning they rose, washed, dressed, and combed nicely. Then they went eastward, went toward their father's house.

Jewinna's son came out soon after, swam, dressed, ate, and followed the two girls. They went very fast, went without stopping, but Jewinna caught up and went with them to their father's house.

Kedila was pleased with Jewinna and treated both his own daughters well. He spoke to them as if nothing had happened.

Old Jewinna in the west called all his people and said: "I want you, my people, to sweat and swim, then come here and listen to me."

After they had done this Jewinna said: "I am sorry that my son has gone. I must follow him to-morrow. I don't know why he went. I do not wish him to go far from this place. Be ready all of you and we will go to-morrow."

Jewinna rose before daylight, called all his people, and said: "I cannot eat. I am sorry that my son has gone."

All took plenty of arrows and beads and otter skins and red-headed woodpecker scalps and started to follow the young man. As he started Jewinna sang:

"I pohó, I-no-hó no há, I-no-hó!" A great many followed and repeated:

"I pohó, no há, I-no-hó."

They went on all day, went quickly, and at sunset they were on a smooth plain, not far from Kedila's place. Kedila had a large, rich sweat house, and it was full of people. The old chief had a great many sons-in-law and a great many young men in service.

Jewinna and his men reached the place some time before nightfall, and Kedila went to the top of his sweat house and said to the strangers:

"I want you all to come in and enjoy yourselves. Perhaps my house is small. We will make it bigger." He blew toward all the four sides then and said:

"Be bigger, my sweat house, be bigger!" The sweat house stretched out and was very large. There was room for every one, and all came in.

"Bring food, my sons-in-law, for Jewinna and his people," said Kedila.

They brought in all kinds of good food and fed every one gladly.

"Bring your beads, otter skins, and red-headed woodpecker scalps, and put them down here at this side of the sweat house," said Jewinna to his people. All were brought in and given to Kedila. He took these rich things gladly, and put them away.

Kedila put down for Jewinna's part wolf skins with deer skins, and gave them to Jewinna.

"Let ten of you go out and hunt squirrels," said Jewinna to his people next morning; "let others fix beads on their arrows."

One of the ten saw a squirrel on a tree; he took a bead and put the squirrel down, and killed it. He saw another and another; the tree was filled with squirrels; a second man saw squirrels in a second tree, and then a third and a fourth in other trees. Right away the ten were killing squirrels on ten trees, and soon their had ten great piles of squirrels, each pile as large as one man could carry.

The two chiefs were delighted when they saw the ten loads of game, and there was a great feast of squirrel flesh that day at Kedila's.

Both sides sat down then to gamble, played with sticks, gambled all day, played till sunset. They bet all kinds of skins. Jewinna's men won a great many things and won back whatever they had lost.

Next morning Kedila's sons-in-law wanted to win back the beautiful skins and other things which they had played away, but before noon they had lost everything. When all was gone Kedila's men were angry. "You don't play right," said they to Jewinna's men; "you sha'l not have these things."

"We have won everything fairly," said Jewinna's men, "and we will take these things home with us."

They began to fight at once. Kedila's sons-in-law attacked Jewinna's men as soon as they were outside the sweat house.

"We are here to fight if there is need," said Jewinna; "go ahead, my men, you are likely to win, every one of you." Jewinna's men fought, going westward, fought carrying with them what they had won. Jewinna fought bravely and sang as he fought. Kedila's people followed.

They fought till near sunset. All were killed now but eight men, four on each side, Jewinna, his half-brother, and two more western people. Kedila with three others were still alive of the eastern people.

These eight closed once more in fight; both chiefs fell with Jewinna's half-brother and Kedila's youngest son-in-law. Matskilla was so sorry for this last one that he threw away bow and arrows and fell to the ground crying bitterly. Seeing this Chikpina picked up a rock and beat Matskilla's brains out. Wirula on Kedila's side killed Chikpina and there were only two left: Chichepa, the last of Jewinna's men, and Wirula, the last on Kedila's side.

"Now," said Wirula, "we have fought enough. You are alone. Go home and tell the women that your people are all killed. I am alone. I will go home and say that all our people are dead."

Jewinna had taken his son with him when he left Kedila's house, and he, too, had been killed in the struggle.

Now Wirula and Chichepa started off in opposite directions; went a little way; lay down and rolled along the ground, cried and lamented. Wirula sprang up and said: "I will kill that Chichepa. I will kill him surely, and there will not be one left of our enemies."

Wirula turned and followed Chichepa slowly; drew his bow and sent an arrow after him. But Chichepa dodged; the arrow missed. Then Wirula ran away.

"I will kill that Wirula now," said Chichepa.

He turned and followed carefully, cautiously; came up with him, and struck him fairly on the skull. Wirula dropped dead.

Chichepa turned homeward now, crying all the time. When he was near home the women watched; saw him staggering, then saw him fall. When he reached the top of the sweat house he fell in, rolled along the floor, and cried. It was a sad day that night; he was too sorry for his people. He slept awhile and then woke up crying.

Early next morning he took ten otter skins; went back to the dead people, pulled one body from the head of each one of them, and filled the ten otter skins. He had the work done before sunset.

"Build a good fire," said he to the women when he reached home that night. "Give me four big water baskets." They gave the basket. He filled them with water and put hot rocks in them. Then he emptied the ten otter skins into the water.

"Stay all night in your houses. Let no one put a head out. I will stay in the sweat house," said he.

The four baskets boiled hard. Just at daylight the largest basket fell over; then the second, the third, and the fourth fell. After that there were voices all around the sweat house, hundreds upon hundreds of them.

"We are cold; open the door," cried the voices. When full daylight had come Chichepa opened the door, and all hurried in. Jewinna came first, and with him his son. All followed them, dressed as they had been when they went to Kedila's; all alive and well, strong and healthy. Jewinna laughed. He was glad.

On the way home Kedila's two daughters had two sons; the sons of Jewinna. The boys were born the next day after Jewinna had looked on their mothers. They had come from the eyes of their father. He had just looked through his fingers at Kedila's two daughters.

After Jewinna's son had been killed and then brought to life by Chichepa, he went east to Kedila's great sweat house, stayed five days and nights there, then took his two wives and two boys and went back to his father's.

Kedila's youngest son, born when his father was old, came to life. He had sat always at the central pillar, at the edge of the ashes, and had always kept moving his arms, but had never danced on that floor or on any other. He had burned his face because he had sat so near the fire, and had sweated often from being there.

Every one laughed at him; jeered at that "Burnt Face," who sat day and night in the ashes. He always spat in one place. The eldest son of Kedila said many times:

"If we are killed we shall come back to life again."

But this "Burnt Face" said: "I don't think that you will; but when I am killed I shall live again through my own power."

"Burnt Face" went out to fight, and was killed with the others. Now a little baby came right up out of the spittle of this "Burnt Face," a boy. The women took him and washed him. In one hour he had grown a good deal, in two hours still more. On the following day he had his full growth.

Then this young man who had been from his own spittle went outside; followed the course of the struggle; found all Kedila's people dead; struck each with his foot; turned them over. All came to life and rose up, as well as ever.

When Jewinna came for his wives their brothers and brothers-in-law gave the women presents; but when his two wives and two sons went home with him and old Jewinna saw them coming, he took two bear skins quickly, and when they were on top of the sweat house, he caught the young boys, put them into the bear skin; rolled them up, and put them away to be Weanmauna.

BACK TO LIFE.

A Weird Story of the Experience of Two Scientific Men in the North.

From the London Sun.

It must be fully ten years ago that the doctor and myself were engaged upon a geological survey in the north. On a cold November day we shouldered our knapsacks and turned our faces homeward. Our way led through a chain of black and rugged hills toward a frontier town, twenty miles distant. A more forbidding region it has never been my misfortune to see. It was a perfect chaos.

We halted at sunset, and building a fire at the foot of a crag, disposed ourselves to rest as well as we might. How long I had slumbered I knew not, when I found myself sitting upright, peering nervously into the darkness. It seemed to me that some one had uttered a wild, appealing cry in the very portals of my ears. I was on the point of lying down again when I was arrested by a repetition of the cry. This time there could be no mistake. Wild, long-drawn, and, it appeared to me, full of intolerable anguish. I shook the doctor to awake him.

"Be quiet," he muttered; "I heard it all."

The cry was repeated. It was a woman's voice, but it expressed such supreme misery as, I believe, woman never felt before. Again it came; but now like a low, tremulous sob. I am not a superstitious man, but I confess that I sat there shivering with a species of horror that was utterly new to me.

"Help! O God! help!"

At this intelligible appeal to our manhood our superstitious weakness instantly disappeared. Seizing a torch, we made our way hastily toward a pile of rocks a few hundred yards distant. Scrambling up the height we came suddenly upon a strange and startling tableau. Before us stood a wretched-looking hut. Through the open door we saw the body of a man, apparently lifeless, lying prone upon the floor. Beside him, with arms flying wildly over her head, knelt the figure of a woman, evidently the one whose cries had alarmed us.

The woman raised her eyes as we approached, but gave no further heed to us. She was a young creature, hardly 20, and, despite the signs of hardship and sorrow, very beautiful. Her companion, a young man of about her own age, dressed in a coarse woodsman's suit, had evidently succumbed to hardship or disease, and was either insensible or dead.

"Who are you?" said the doctor very gently, "and what has happened?"

"He is dead—dead!" she muttered, hoarsely.

"Perhaps it is not so bad as that," he rejoined.

"He died this morning before my very eyes," she moaned; "died, oh, my God! of starvation. And I never knew that he was depriving himself for my sake. Oh, my husband! why did you not let me share with you?" And she threw herself across the body, sobbing as if her poor heart would break.

We felt that we had chanced upon a strange, sad story of love, pride, and suffering. The doctor stooped down and felt at the heart of the prostrate man.

"He is dead," he whispered.

How we made the truth known to the poor wife I do not remember. It would seem that she had preserved some faint remnant of hope. With low groans she fell suddenly at our feet, insensible. Fortunately the doctor had his medicine case in his pocket. Administering a powerful sleeping potion to her, he placed her upon the wide couch.

"Briefly I can say that both the doctor and myself have received some few testimonials as to our scientific ability from the world. You will probably believe, then, that we are capable of deciding upon a very simple case of death by starvation. Very good; remember, then, that I assert this upon my professional reputation that the man was stone dead.

"Yes," added the doctor, who had hitherto remained silent, "life must have been extinct more than five hours when we found him."

"Well, having satisfied ourselves upon this point, we placed the corpse decently and sat down to wait for morning. But at length, completely overcome with weariness and excitement, I fell into a slight slumber. Almost immediately it seemed I was awakened with a start by the doctor who was bending over me with wonder and alarm upon his face.

"Wake up," he said, in a troubled whisper; "something very strange has been going on in this room for many minutes past."

"What is it?" I asked. "I thought that I heard a dead one speak twice."

"You did," he replied; "I have distinctly heard a voice close beside us, yet there is no one in the room except ourselves and these two poor people."

"Perhaps the woman has been talking in her sleep," I suggested, "or maybe that the man is not dead after all."

"No, I have looked at both," he returned.

"There it is again," he muttered agitatedly.

A low, confused murmur arose in the room. Again it arose, coming from a point over our heads until it seemed to emanate from some invisible source behind us.

"Oh, my poor wife!"

The weird, canny, startlingly significant words amazed us.

We scrutinized the corpse. It had not changed position or appearance. The flesh had grown perfectly cold, the muscles rigid. There was not a trace of vitality in it.

Now, I do not expect you to believe what followed. Yet I swear to you, on the word of an honest man, that I do not deviate from the truth by a syllable.

"In the name of God, assist me back to life," were the next astounding words.

We gazed at each other absolutely unnerved and appalled.

Again was the voice audible. "Oh, have pity," it said.

"Who speaks to us?" cried the doctor at last.

"The soul of the man who lies dead before you."

"It is impossible that the dead can speak," said the doctor.

"No, for the intelligence never dies. My body is dead, but that with which I lived and loved is in the room. I dared not leave my poor wife unprotected in this wilderness. By the power of my love I have remained near her. I cannot, I will not be separated from her."

The doctor spoke no more. But for the poor wife lying on the bed we would both have fled forthwith.

Some hours passed in ominous silence. The dawn came. Suddenly we both started. The voice had again spoken. "Help," it cried in faint accents; "for God's sake, help."

We hesitated, then hastened to the corpse and removed the covering. There was an alteration in its pallor. Our instinct conquered our weakness. A powerful restorative was administered, and before many moments the color was coming back to the wan cheeks. A sigh, and the eyes opened. The young man was restored to life.

* * * * * * *

Tender and wonderful was the meeting between the pair in the beauty of the morning.

The young man remembered nothing since the previous evening, save a vague, dreamlike, intense sorrow for his young wife. He had no knowledge of the voice which addressed us.

We learned that the persecution of relatives opposed to their marriage had driven the young pair to flight and poverty. We insisted on the right of securing their future prosperity out of ample means.

A Blue Racer That Dodged Bullets.

STAMFORD, July 11.—Chauncey N. Foote of High Ridge was walking about his farm one day last week when he saw a blue racer snake sunning itself at the foot of a large tree. About the time that Mr. Foote observed the snake the reptile saw Mr. Foote, but did not move, though its eyes glistened in the sunlight. Mr. Foote has the reputation of being the most accurate rifle shot in this vicinity. He determined to shoot the snake's head off, and with his Winchester fired bullet after bullet. Each time the snake dodged and the bullet hit the ground, and then the snake made its escape. Mr. Foote doubts if any beast or reptile has so remarkable eyesight as the ordinary blue racer. To satisfy himself that the snake he fired at actually dodged the bullets he made an examination and found that every bullet which had left his rifle had lodged in a space the size of a silver half dollar just behind the place where the snake's head had been.

RODNEY STONE.

A Reminiscence of the Ring.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

It may have been a humble object lesson, but I can give you my word that many a time in my life I have braced myself to a hard task by the remembrance of that morning upon Crawley Downs, asking myself if my manhood were so weak that I could not do for my country or for those whom I loved as much as these two would do for a paltry stake, and for their own credit among their fellows. Such a spectacle may brutalize those who are brutal, but I say that there is a spiritual side to it also, and that the sight of the utmost human limit of endurance and courage is one which bears a lesson of its own.

But if the ring can breed bright virtues it is but a partisan who can deny that it can be the mother of black vices also, and we were destined that morning to have a sight of each. It so chanced that as the battle went against his man my eyes stole round very often to note the expression upon Sir Lothian Hume's face, for I knew how fearlessly he had laid the odds, and I understood that his fortunes as well as his champion were going down before the swashing blows of the old bruiser.

The confident smile with which he had watched the opening rounds had long vanished from his lips, and his cheeks had turned of a sallow pallor, while his small bead-like black eyes looked furtively from under his craggy brows, and more than once he burst into savage imprecations when Wilson was beaten to the ground. But especially I noticed that his chin was always coming round to his shoulder, and that at the end of every round he sent keen little glances flying backward into the crowd. For some time amid the immense hillside of faces which banked themselves up on the slope behind us, I was unable to pick out the exact point at which his gaze was directed. But at last I succeeded in following it.

A very tall man, who showed a pair of broad bottle-green shoulders high above his neighbors, was looking very hard in our direction, and I assured myself that a quick exchange of almost imperceptible signals was going on between him and the Corinthian baronet. I became conscious also as I watched this stranger that the cluster of men around him were the roughest elements of the whole assembly, fierce, vicious-looking fellows, with cruel debauched faces, who howled like a pack of wolves at every blow, and yelled execrations at Harrison whenever he walked across to his corner. So turbulent were they that I saw the ringkeepers whisper together and glance up in their direction, as if preparing for trouble in store, but none of them had realized how near it was to breaking out, or how dangerous it might prove.

Thirty rounds had been fought in an hour and twenty-five minutes, and the rain was pelting down harder than ever. A thick steam rose from the two fighters, and the ring was a pool of mud. Repeated falls had turned the men brown, with a horrible mottling of crimson blotches. Round after round had ended by Crab Wilson going down, and it was evident, even to my inexperienced eye, that he was weakening rapidly. He leaned heavily upon the two Jews when they led him to his corner, and he reeled when their support was withdrawn. Yet his science had through long practice become an automatic thing with him, so that he stopped and hit with less power, but with as great accuracy as ever. Even now a casual observer might have thought that he had the best of the battle, for the smith was far the more horribly marked, but there was a wild stare in the west countryman's eyes, and a strange catch in his breathing, which told us that it is not the most dangerous blow which shows upon the surface. A heavy cross-buttock at the end of the thirty-first round shook the breath from his body, and he came up for the thirty-second with the same jaunty gallantry as ever, but with the dazed expression of a man whose wind has been utterly smashed.

"He's got the roly-polies," cried Belcher. "You have it your own way now."

"I'll right for a week yet," gasped Wilson.

"Damme, I like his style," cried Sir John Lade. "No shifting, nothing shy, no hugging nor hauling. It's a shame to let him fight. Take the brave fellow away!"

"Take him away! Take him away!" echoed a hundred voices.

"I won't be taken away! Who dares say so?" cried Wilson, who was back after another fall upon his second's knee.

"His heart won't suffer him to cry enough," said Gen. Fitzpatrick. "As his patron, Sir Lothian, you should direct the sponge to be thrown up."

"You think he can't win it?"

"He is hopelessly beat, sir."

"You don't know him. He's a glutton of the first water."

"A gamer man never pulled his shirt off, but the other is too strong for him."

"Well, sir, I believe he can fight another ten rounds." He half turned as he spoke, and I saw him throw up his left arm with a singular gesture into the air.

"Cut the ropes! Fair play! Wait till the rain stops!" reared a stentorian voice behind me, and I saw that it came from the big man with a bottle-green coat. His cry was a signal, for like a thunderclap there came a hundred voices shouting together, "Fair play for Gloucester! Break the ring! Break the ring!"

Jackson had called "Time!" and the two mud-plastered men were already upon their feet, but the interest had suddenly changed from the fight to the audience. A succession of heaves from the back of the crowd had sent a series of long ripples running through it, all the heads swaying rhythmically in the one direction like a wheatfield in a squall. With every impulsion the oscillation increased, those in front trying vainly to steady themselves against the rushes from behind, until suddenly there came a sharp snap, two white stakes, with earth clinging to their points, flew into the outer ring, and a spray of people dashed from the solid wave behind were thrown against the line of ropes out. Down came the long horsewhips, swayed by the most vigorous arms in England, but the winding and shouting victims had no sooner scrambled back a few yards from the merciless cuts, before a fresh charge from the rear hurled them once more into the arms of the prize fighters.

Many threw themselves down upon the turf and allowed successive waves to pass over their bodies, while others, driven wild by the blows, returned them with their hunting crops and walking canes. And then, as half the crowd strained to the left and half to the right to avoid the pressure from behind, the vast mass was suddenly rift in twain, and through the gap surged the rough fellows from behind, all armed with loaded sticks, and yelling for "Fair play and Gloucester!" Their determined rush carried the prize fighters before them, the inner ropes snapped like threads, and in an instant the ring was a swirling, seething mass of figures, whips and sticks falling and clattering, white, face to face, in the middle of all, so wedged that they could neither advance nor retreat, the smith and the west countryman continued their long-drawn battle, as oblivious of the chaos raging around them as two bulldogs would have been who had got each other by the throat. The driving rain, the cursing and screams of pain, the swish of the blows, the yelling of orders and advice, the heavy smell of the damp cloth every incident of that scene of my early youth comes back to me now, in my old age, as clearly as if it had been but yesterday.

It was not easy for us to observe anything at the time, however, for we were ourselves in the midst of the frantic crowd, swaying about and carried occasionally quite off our feet, but endeavoring to keep our places behind Jackson and Berkeley Craven, who, with sticks and whips meeting over their heads, were still calling the rounds and superintending the fight.

"The ring's broken!" shouted Sir Lothian Hume. "I appeal to the referee! The fight is null and void."

"You villain!" cried my uncle, hotly. "This is your doing."

"You have already an account to answer for with me," said Hume with his sinister sneer, and as he spoke he was swept by the rush of the crowd into my uncle's very arms. The two men's faces were not more than a few inches apart, and Sir Lothian's bold eyes had to sink before the imperious scorn which gleamed coldly in those of my uncle.

"We will settle our accounts, never fear, though I degrade myself by meeting such a blackleg. What is it, Craven?"

"We shall have to declare a draw, Tregellis."

"My man has the fight in hand."

"I cannot help it. I cannot attend to my duties when every moment I am cut over with a whip or a stick."

Jackson suddenly made a wild dash into the crowd, but returned with empty hands and a rueful face.

"They've stolen my timekeeper's watch," he cried. "A little cove snatched it out of my hand."

My uncle clapped his hand to his fob.

"Mine has gone also," he cried.

"Draw it at once or your man will get hurt," said Jackson. And we saw that as the undaunted smith stood up to Wilson for another round a dozen rough fellows were clustering round him with bludgeons.

"Do you consent to a draw, Sir Lothian Hume?"

"I do."

"And you, Sir Charles?"

"Certainly not."

"The ring is gone."

"That is no fault of mine."

"Well, I see no help for it. As referee I order that the men be withdrawn and that the stakes be returned to their owners."

"A draw! A draw!" shrieked every one, and the crowd in an instant dispersed in every direction, the pedestrians running to get a good lead upon the London road, and the Corinthians in search of their horses and carriages. Harrison ran over to Wilson's corner and shook him by the hand.

"I hope I have not hurt you much."

"I'm hard put to it to stand. How are you?"

"My head's singin' like a kettle. It was the rain that helped me."

"Yes, I thought I had you beaten one time. I never wish a better battle."

"Nor me, either. Good-by."

And so those two brave-hearted fellows made their way amid the yelping roughs, like two wounded lions amid a pack of wolves and jackals. I say again that if the ring has fallen low, it is not in the main the fault of the men who have done the fighting, but it lies at the door of ringside parasites and ruffians, who are as far below the honest pugilist as the welsher and the blackleg are below the noble race horse which serves them as a pretext for their villainies.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLIFFE ROYAL.

My uncle was humanely anxious to get Harrison to bed as soon as possible, for the smith, although he laughed at his own injuries, had none