III. KOLYMA TALES.

1. One-Side.

There was a family of Tungus. They lived in a tent. They had three daughters. The girls, when going to pick berries, would turn into female geese. In this form they visited the sea islands. One time they flew farther than usual. On a lonely island they saw a one-sided man.[1] When he breathed, his heart and lungs would jump out of his side. The Geese were afraid and flew home. After some time, they had nothing to eat, so they went again to the sea islands for berries. Wherever they chose a spot on which to alight, One-Side appeared and frightened them away. At last they found a place full of berries. They descended and laid aside their wings. They picked so many berries that they could hardly carry them all. They went back to the place where they had left their wings. The wings of the youngest daughter were gone.[2] They looked for them a long time. At last, evening came and the sun went down. It grew very dark. The two elder sisters reproached the youngest one: "Probably you have taken a liking to One-Side, and you have asked him to hide your wings. Now remain here alone and let him take you!" She almost cried while assuring them that their suspicions were unjust. "I have never seen him and never thought of him." They left her and flew away. She remained alone.

As soon as they were out of sight, One-Side appeared carrying her wings. "Well, now," he said, "fair maiden, will you not consent to marry me?" She refused for a long time, then she gave in, and said, "I will!"—"If you are willing," said One-Side, "I will lead the way." He took her to his house. It was the usual house, made of wood, with a wooden fireplace.[3] He proved to be a good hunter, able to catch any kind of game. Still he had only one side, and with every breath his heart would jump out. They lived together for a while, and the woman brought forth a son. The young

[1] Samoyed (M. Alexander Castrén, *Ethnologische Vorlesungen über die altaischen Völker* [Petersburg, 1857], 160).— F. B.

[2] Samoyed (*Ibid.*, 172); Ainu (B. Pilsudski, *Materials for the Study of the Ainu Language and Folklore* [Cracow, 1912], 27); E. Cosquin, *l. c.*, vol. 2, 16.— F. B.

[3] The type of house generally used among Russian creoles and Russianized natives,— a square log cabin, having a fireplace in the corner, with a straight chimney made of wood and plastered with clay, the so-called "Yakut chimney." It is improbable that this chimney is really a Yakut invention. The ancient type of Yakut house had only an uncovered fireplace, with an opening in the roof above it. At the present time, however, the "Yakut chimney" is used everywhere among the Yakut, as well as among Russian creoles.— W. B.

woman nursed the infant. But One-Side did not want to stay at home. He would wander about all the time, and bring back reindeer and elk. They had so much meat that the storehouses would no longer hold it. He was a great hunter. He hunted on foot on snowshoes, for he had neither reindeer, nor horses for traveling.

One time he set off to hunt as usual. Then his wife's sisters suddenly came and carried the youngest sister and her little son off to their own country. The small boy, while carried on high, shouted, "O father! O my father! We are being carried by aunties to their home, to their home." One-Side ran home as fast as he could, but he came too late. They were out of sight. Only the boy's voice was heard far away. Then he shot an arrow with a forked head in the direction whence the voice seemed to come, and the arrow cut off one of the boy's little fingers. One-Side found the arrow and the finger, and put them into his pouch.

Then he started in search of his boy. He walked and walked. A whole year passed. Then he arrived at a village. A number of children were playing "sticks."[1] He looked from one to another, thinking of his boy. There was one poor boy who was dressed in the poorest of clothing. His body was mangy, and his head bruised and covered with scars. First, One-Side paid no attention to him, but when he finally looked at this boy, he saw that the little finger on his left hand was missing. He snatched the finger out of his pouch and placed it beside the hand, and indeed it fitted! The poor boy was his son! "Whose boy are you?" asked One-Side. "I am mamma's boy."—"And where is your father?"—"I have a father. I used to have one, but now I have none."—"I am your father." The boy refused to believe it, and only cried bitterly. "If my father were alive, we should not be so wretched, mother and I." The elder sisters had married and made their youngest sister a drudge in the house. "Why is your head so bruised and scarred?" asked One-Side. "It is because my aunts order me to enter the house only by the back entrance, and every time I try to go in by the front entrance, they strike my head with their heavy staffs."[2] "Let us go to your house." They arrived at the house. The boy

[1] A play of Russian provenience much in use among the Russianized natives.— W. B.

[2] This passage is interesting, since it shows that perhaps some of the native peoples on the Kolyma River had houses with two entrances, and that some members of the family were not allowed to pass through the main entrance. This recalls the type of house of the Maritime Koryak and Kamchadal, with its different entrances for winter and summer. Among the Koryak, as well as among the Kamchadal, in former times, women and children, also transformed shamans, often entered, even in the winter time, by the rear entrance from the storage room, while men considered it beneath their dignity to do so. (cf., for instance, W. Jochelson, "The Koryak," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. VI, 458). It is quite certain that this tale, though it mentions the Tungus, must have referred, not to the nomadic reindeer-riding Tungus, with their light tents of curried reindeer skin, but to the people living

went ahead and One-Side followed him. They came to the front entrance. As soon as the boy tried to go in, his eldest aunt jumped up and struck him with her iron staff. Then the woman saw the boy's father, and felt so much ashamed, that she fell down before him.

He entered the house. They hustled about, brought food of every kind, and prepared tea. They ate so long that it grew very late and it was time to go to bed. On the following morning, after breakfast, he said to his brothers-in-law, "Let us go and try which of us can shoot the best with the bow! You are two, and I am only one." They made ready their bows and arrows and began to shoot at each other. The elder brother-in-law shot first; but One-Side jumped upward, and the arrow missed him. The second brother-in-law also shot. One-Side jumped aside and dodged the arrow. "Now I shall shoot," said One-Side, "and you try to dodge my arrows." He shot once, and hit his elder brother-in-law straight through the heart. With the second shot he killed his other brother-in-law. Then he went back to the house, killed his wife's sisters, and took home his wife and his son.

One time he set off, as usual, to look for game. When he was out of sight of his wife, he took off the skin that disguised his true form and hung it up on the top of a high larch tree. He became a young man, quite fair and handsome, just like the sunrise. He went home and sat down on his wife's bed. While he was sitting there, he was about to take off his boots. The woman began to argue, "Go away from here! My husband will be here soon, and he will be angry with me. He will say, "Why have you let a strange man sit down on your bed?" "I am your husband," said he. "Why do you try to drive me away?" "No," said the woman, "my husband is one-sided, and you are like other men." They argued for a long time. At last he said, "Go and look at that tree yonder. I hung up my one-sided skin on it." She found the tree and the one-sided skin, and now she believed him. Then she caught him in her arms and covered him with kisses. After that they lived happier than ever. The end.

Told by Katherine Rumiantzer, a Russianized Yukaghir woman, in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, in the summer of 1896.

more or less sedentary lives along the Kolyma River or on the seacoast near its mouth. On the Bear Islands, for example, were found remnants of some houses, deserted long ago. The people living along the Kolyma were chiefly Yukaghir; and along the seacoast, also the little known Ca'ačet and Shelags. At the present time, among the Russian creoles and the Russianized natives on the Kolyma, several types of houses are in use; but the ancient type of house cannot be ascertained, because of the preponderant influence of the Russian log cabin with its wooden chimney of so-called "Yakut" type.— W. B.

2. A Yukaghir Tale.

Once upon a time there were some Yukaghir people. They had an only daughter, who was very active and clever. One time when she was walking about a whirlwind carried her off. It took her to the mountains. A big rock, which extended from the ground up to heaven was standing there. The whirlwind carried her there and left her close to the rock. She sat there, and after a while she saw a bluejay flying by. "O Jay, go to my father and mother and say to them, "Your daughter asks you for some glue and a glue pot, for a line, and for climbing hooks."[1] "I will not go. When you were still living with your father and mother, you were nasty; whenever I wanted to pick up some meat, you drove me away. I will not help you." A snow-bunting passed by. She said to it, "Go and tell my father and mother, 'Your daughter would dearly love to have some glue and a glue-pot, a line, and some climbing hooks'." — "I will go. When you were still living with your father and mother, you were very nice. I used to come and peek at the drying meat, and you would even leave for me some spare bit or a piece of dried roe; so I will help you. My wings are young. I will bring each and everyone one of the things you asked for." And really it brought everything. The girl felt glad, and sang aloud.

"O jay, blue jay!	Ай кукша, ты, кукша,
Give me your talons	Ты дай менѣ когти
To mount the rock	На камень понасти
And to get my overcoat.	Гагаглю достасти.
O bunting, snow-bunting!	Петишка, петишка,
Give me your talons	Ты дай менѣ когти
To mount the rock	На камень понасти
And to get my overcoat.	Гагаглю достасти.
Keyom-da, Keyom-da,	Кейом-да, кейом-да,
Keyom-da, Keyom-da!"	Кейом-да, кейом-да![2]

After some time the whirlwind brought another girl there, and then a third one. The first one said to her fellow-prisoners, "Why, sisters! there is no use to sit here and wait. Let us try to climb the rock! She prepared three lines and three sets of climbing-hooks. Then she threw her line upward. It caught around the stone, and she climbed up. The other two followed.

[1] Cf. Bogoras, "The Chukchee" (*Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. 7), 263.— W. B.

[2] I give also the Russian words, which are arranged in the form of a lay. The burden is said to be Yukaghir, and to have no particular meaning, like so many other burdens.— W. B.

When half way up, she asked of one, "Well, now, sisters, perhaps we shall find only one man there, and all three of us are going to marry him. Shall we then have quarrels and fights, as usual?"—"Of course we shall," said the other. So the first one, without more ado, cut off the line; and the unhappy girl fell down and was killed. Then she asked the second girl, "Well, now, sister, perhaps we shall find only one man and we shall both of us marry him. Shall we then have quarrels as usual?"—"Of course we shall," answered the girl. So she cut her line, and the poor girl fell back to the ground. After that she herself climbed to the top of the rock. She was full of joy, so she danced and sang: —

"How active she is!	Какая удалая,
How clever she is!	Кака бѣдоватая,
She climbed the rock.	На камешекъ попала.
Keyom-da, keyom-da,	Кейом-да, кейом-да,
Keyom-da, keyom-da!	Кейом-да, кейом-да.
The active ones climbed to the top	Вотъ удалы-те попали,
The slow ones all perished.	Кисловаты- те пропали.
Keyom-da, keyom-da,	Кейом-да, кейом-да,
Keyom-da, keyom-da!"	Кейом-да, кейом-да.

The top of the mountain was a high plateau. She walked across it and after a while she saw a house, well arranged and quite large. She entered. The furniture and appurtenances were of the best, but people there were none. Along the walls stood long rows of boxes and bags filled to the brim with costly furs. She opened one box and entered it. Then she closed the lid above her, and waited for events. In the evening a man came. It was One-Side. He had one leg, one arm, one side, one eye. As soon as he entered, he said aloud, "Chimney, burn! Teapot, bubble! Kettle, cook food! Take off my boots! they are too heavy." He lay down. The chimney began to burn, the teapot bubbled, the meat in the kettle was done just right. His clothes and boots were taken off and hung up to dry. Still the girl could not see anybody. The next morning One-Side went off. Then the girl left the box, and again investigated the house. Not a living person was in it. At last behind the chimney she saw a large flint stone. She lifted it; and under it there were mice and ermine, worms, flies, mosquitoes, and all kinds of larvae, as many kinds as existed in the surrounding country. Some were sewing and some were weaving, some scraping skins, and some again currying soft hides. These were the female assistants of One-Side. The girl felt jealous and angry. She filled with water the largest kettle that she could find. She hung it over the fire and when the

water was scalding hot, she poured it over the vermin, and scalded them all to death. After that she crept back into the box and waited till evening. One-Side came home, and called aloud, "Chimney, burn! Kettle, bubble! Let meat be cooked! Take off my boots! I am very tired." He waited and waited, but nothing happened. The chimney did not burn, the kettle did not bubble, and nobody came to take off his boots. "What is the matter with them? Perhaps my incantations have lost their power. Maybe I am going to die. Then let me have a last look upon my peltries. Before I die, I want to see once more my wealth, my goods, peltries, and clothes." He carried all his bags and boxes into the middle of the house and opened them one by one. At last he found the girl. "Ah, it is you!" said One-Side. "Come out! You have destroyed all my people. It seems I object to having servants and female assistants: so now just stir about yourself and make yourself useful. Get the household things ready. In the morning three reindeer herds will come to you. You must catch the driving-reindeer and harness them to the sledges, and then move away to another place. He did not indicate the place where she was to go. Early in the morning, before sunrise, she awoke, arranged all the sledges, and was ready to move. Then the three reindeer herds came to her. She caught all the pack-reindeer and attached them to the sledges. After that she drove on in front of the first line of sledges, as is customary. She looked back and saw all three lines of sledges, ever so long. Thereupon she rejoiced, and struck up her song: —

"What an active one,	Какая удалая,
What a clever one!	Кака бѣдоватая,
I arose early,	Утромъ рано соскочила,
And got myself ready.	И вся убралася.
My moving road,	Мое кочевище,
Just like a new-spun thread,	Какъ двоёсна ниточка,
So straight it is,	Такое прямое,
So finely it is done."	Такое хорошее.

Then she continued: —

"I wish I had some poor tent poles!	Кабы мнѣ худыя резвины,
I should pitch my tent,	Я бы руйту ставила,
And sleep in it alone."	Одна почевала.

Then she saw some tent poles on the trail. They were of the poorest kind; but she took them and pitched her tent. She slept alone in this tent; and the next morning she moved on; and so throughout the day from sunrise to sunset.

She sang again: —

"I wish I had some good tent poles!	Кабы мнѣ хорошія резвины,
I should pitch my tent,	Я бы руйту ставила,
My husband would come	Мой мужъ бы пришелъ
To sleep with me."	Со мной ночевать.

She saw some tent poles on the trail. They were of good quality. So she pitched a large tent, new and handsome. In the evening a young man came who wanted to stay. She saw him coming, and met him outside. "Who are you, and what do you want?"—"I am your husband."—"No you are not! My husband is one-sided, and his name is Lı'gıman."—"I say I am your husband." He went out and climbed a tree. Then he turned to the sun once, twice, three times, and was again one-sided. "There!" said he, "you would not believe me, although I am your husband. See, now! I am one-sided again." She felt much joy that he was really her husband. He turned three times toward midnight and became again a young man, quite handsome, and clad in white skins. They entered the house and slept there. In the morning they moved on. On the way they saw a lake. Some people were playing football on the ice. One of them shouted, "Ah, ah! Run home and tell the chief that his daughter is coming." They came to a village. The front house was covered with black skins as a sign of mourning. It was the house of her father and mother. They arrived at the house. The old people ran out and rejoiced. From mere joy they fell down and became ashes that were scattered by the wind. The end.

Told by Innocent Korkin, a Russianized Yukaghir man, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

3. Raven Tale.

There once upon a time lived a man and his wife. They had neither son nor daughter. They lived together for a long time. Then they talked to each other. The old woman said, "Well, old man, what do you think? We are getting old, and we have no children. Who will take care of us when we are still older? Who will bring us food?" So they prayed to God, and at last God gave them a daughter. The daughter grew up rapidly to womanhood. One day she went berrying. Then Raven-Man[1]

[1] In local Russian, literally Воронъ-Человѣкъ, though not in keeping with the spirit of the Russian language.— W. B.

caught her and carried her away. The old couple wandered about, looking for their daughter, but could not find her. So they prayed again to God, and asked for a son. God heard their prayer again, and gave them a son. They nursed him and fed him, and soon he was full grown. The young man said to his father and mother, "Did you never have any other son or daughter? I long to have a brother or a sister." They did not tell him. "We had none whatever." He walked about in the vicinity, and shot in every direction with his blunt arrow. One time his arrow entered the house of the old woman, Underskin,[1] through the chimney-hole. He almost cried for fright, still he went in to ask for his arrow. The old woman, Underskin, went out to meet him. "O you bad boy! Why are you wronging me? I am old and without defence. Why are you shooting at my house? Rather than shoot at my house, you had better shoot at Raven-Man, it was he who carried off your own sister." The boy cried aloud and went home. "Ah!" said he, "father and mother! You did not want to tell me about my unfortunate sister, but Underskin has told me all. Now, you cannot keep me back. I shall go and search for her."

He set off, and after a long journey, he saw a house in the desert. He entered it, and his sister was sitting on a bench. "Why did you come?" she said to him. "Raven-Man will kill you."—"Ah, he has taken you! Let him kill me! I shall not demur." She gave him food and drink. After a while Raven came. He croaked three times, then dropped upon the roof, and turned into a young man. Raven-Man entered the house, sniffed around, and then exclaimed, "Ah, ah, ah! We did not hear it, we did not see it, the Russian body came to us of its own will; not a strange man, either, but my own brother-in-law. There, wife, go and bring us some nuts! We will have some fun with them." The woman brought some iron nuts, about four dozen of them. They began cracking nuts; but while the young man was trying to open one nut, Raven-Man was ready with two or three. Then Raven said, "Go now and get ready a steam bath in which we may steam our little bones." She prepared the steam bath. They went to the bath house. Raven said, "You enter first," and the young man said, "No, you enter first." Raven got the better of the young man and pushed him into the bath house. It was as hot as an oven there, so the young man was roasted.[2] Raven took out the body and ate it. Then he went home, and said to his wife, "Go and get your brother's bones, pick

[1] In local Russian, Старушка Подкожурница. Perhaps it is a reference to some insect, rather obscure at present. Compare the Chukchee tales about Bright-Woman (Tă'gi-ñe'ut, *Coleoptera Alla*) in Bogoras, "The Chukchee," 329.

[2] See American parallels in Franz Boas, "Tsimshian Mythology" (*Thirty-first Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, Washington, 1916), 806.— F. B.

them clean, put them into a bag, and hang them up on a tree."[1] She cried for a long time; then she sewed up a pouch, gathered all the bones, and put them into the pouch which she hung high up on a tree.

The parents waited and waited, but their son never came home. So the old people prayed again to God, "O God! give us a child, a son or a daughter." So God gave them another son. The boy grew up, and inquired of his parents, "O father and mother! was there never at any time another brother or a sister of mine?" They denied it more strongly than ever, lest he too should go away. He walked about, playing with his bow and blunt arrow; and one time he sent an arrow into the house of the old woman Underskin through the chimney-hole. Underskin went out. She was very angry. "Why do you shoot at me? I am old and defenceless. You had better shoot at Raven-Man, who carried off your sister and killed your brother." He went to his father and mother, and cried for vexation. "Oh, father and mother! you did not want to tell me; but old woman Underskin has told me everything. She told me that I had a sister and a brother, but that they were taken by Raven-Man. I shall go and look for them, whether you are willing or not. I shall go away." They tried arguments and tears; but he paid no heed, and set off instantly. After a long journey, he arrived at the house. His sister was sitting inside. "Why did you come?" she said. "He will devour you." — "Let him do it! I shall not demur. He devoured my brother, and I am no better than he." So she gave him food and drink, and they waited for Raven. Raven flew homeward croaking, "food, food, food."[2] He alighted on the roof and turned into a young man. He entered the house. "Ah, ah, ah! we heard nothing, we saw nobody, but the little Russian bone came to us of its own will. He is not a strange man, he is my own brother-in-law. Go wife, and bring us some iron nuts! We will have some fun with them." So she went and brought some iron nuts, about four dozen of them. They cracked nuts; but while the young man was struggling with a single one, Raven was ready with two or three. Then he said again, "Go and prepare a steam bath for us. We want to take a bath." She heated the bath house. They went there. Raven said, "You enter first," and the young man said, "No, you go in first." Raven had his way and pushed the young man in. The bath house was so hot that the young man was roasted alive. Raven drew out the body and ate it. He went home and said to his wife, "Go and pick clean his bones, then gather them into a pouch and hang them high up on a tree." She cried bitterly, then she made a pouch and went

[1] The ancient Yukaghir used to gather the bones of their dead in pouches, and carried them along, or put them away in secret places.

[2] In Russian, Кормъ, кормъ, кормъ imitative of the sound of the croaking.—W. B.

there. She gathered all the bones, even the smallest joints, and put them into the pouch which she hung high up on a tree.

The parents waited and waited, but the boy never came. And how could he? So they prayed to God, "O God! give us a son or a daughter." God heard again, and gave them a son, the very last one to be given. The boy grew up and became strong of body. He also said to his parents, "O my father and my mother! I want to know whether I ever had any brothers or any sisters?" They were less willing than ever before to tell him, lest he too should go away and perish. So he walked about and played with his bow, and at last he shot an arrow into the chimney-hole of old woman Underskin. She went out quite angry, "Why do you shoot at me. I am old and defenceless. Better shoot at Raven-Man. He took away your sister and destroyed your brothers. He is a better target for your shooting." He cried aloud and went to his parents. "Oh, father and mother! You did not want to tell me, but old woman Underskin has told me the truth. Raven-Man destroyed my brothers and carried off my sister. I shall go and look for him, no matter whether you are willing or not to give me your blessing." They wanted to keep him back, and almost died with sorrow. Still he set off. After a long journey he found the house, and his sister was sitting in it. She recognized him all at once, and cried bitterly, "Why did you come? He will devour you like the others."—"Let him do it! I shall not object. He ate my elder brothers, let him finish the whole breed!" She gave him food and drink, and they waited. Raven-Man flew home, and croaked, "Food, food, food!" He alighted on the roof of the house and turned into a strong man. He entered and said, "Oh, oh, oh! we heard nothing, we saw nobody; but the little Russian bone entered of its own will, not a strange man, either, my own brother-in-law. Go, wife, and bring us some iron nuts. We will have some fun with them." She brought the iron nuts, four dozen of them. They cracked the nuts; but while Raven was trying to open a single one, the young man was through with two or three. "Oh, oh," said Raven-Man, "you are a good one, O brother mine! You crack the nuts even quicker than I do."—"Why," said the young man, "I crack them in the only way that I know."—"All right!" said Raven-Man. "Now, wife, go and get the steam bath ready. We want to steam our little bones." So she went to the bath house and heated it. All the while she was crying most bitterly. Her whole face became swollen with crying. At last she came home. Raven looked up at her, and said, "There, woman, it seems you have been crying again. Take care, lest I swallow you some day!" — "Ah, brother mine!" said the young man, "so you swallow human beings?" — "Oh no!" answered Raven-Man, "it is only a little joke. Nevertheless let us go and have our

steam bath. You must be tired from your long journey." So they went to the bath house; and one said to the other, "You enter first," and the other said, "You enter first. You are my guest." — "And you are my host." The young man had his way and pushed Raven into the bath house. Then he set fire to it and burnt it up together with Raven. He scattered the ashes to the winds. Then he asked his sister, "Where are the bones of our brothers?" She climbed to the tree and took them down. He entered the storehouse, and there was preserved a bottle containing the water of life and youth. He took the bones of the oldest brother and joined them all together. Then he sprinkled them with the water of life and youth. The first time he sprinkled the bones they were covered with flesh; the next time he sprinkled, the flesh was covered with skin; the third time he sprinkled, the young man sat up, and said, "Ah, ah, ah! I slept too long, but I am quite refreshed.— "Ah!" said the youngest brother, "if it had not been for me, you would not have awakened at all." Then he did the same with the bones of the second brother, and restored him also to life. They gathered all the goods Raven had in his house, and went home, all four of them. They went to their father and mother. The old people were quite joyful, and from very joy they became ashes that were scattered around. The end.

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian creole, in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

4. Yukaghir Tale.[1]

There once lived an old man and his wife. They had an only son. They lived together for a long time. One day the old man came home from the woods and said to his wife, "O wife! I am going to die tomorrow morning. Here in the neighborhood is a small abandoned hut. Put my body there; and take with it a kettle and an ax, a strike-a-light, and some food." The next morning the old man was as if dead. The old woman cried over him; then she put his body, with everything required, upon a sledge, and hauled it to the funeral place. The boy went along, and helped his mother haul it. On the way they came to a brook. The old woman pulled across it with all her might, and at last broke wind. The old man giggled. The boy noticed it, and said, "There, mother, father is laughing!" The old woman grew

[1] Compare various versions of this well-known tale about Raven feigning death: Bogoras "Materials for the Study of the Chukchee Language and Folk-Lore collected in the Kolyma District" (*Edition of the Imperial Academy of Sciences*, part 1. St. Petersburg, 1900), 403; Jochelson, "The Koryak" (*Publications, Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. 8), 326 (a Kamchadal story collected by W. Bogoras); etc.— W. B.

very angry and struck the boy. "He is dead. How could he laugh?" They continued hauling the sledge, and after a while they came to another brook. Again the old woman pulled with great force and broke wind. The old man giggled again; and the boy said, "See here! father is laughing." She struck him again. "Why, you liar! our father is dead." They came to the abandoned hut, and put the old man inside. They shut the door and went away. After a few days the boy passed by the house, and he saw smoke ascending from the chimney-hole. He ran to his mother. "Mother, come! There is smoke over that hut." She went, and saw the smoke. Then she approached with great caution and looked in. The old man was making a fire. He was cooking some fat meat over the fire. Before he feigned death he had killed a big fat elk, and had hidden it in the hut; and he now was eating it all alone. The old woman went home and said to the boy, "Go and set some snares for ptarmigan. I want some ptarmigan." The boy set his snares and caught a ptarmigan and brought it to his mother alive. The old woman took the ptarmigan and plucked it well, leaving only the wings. Then she spoke to the ptarmigan as follows: "O ptarmigan! you have wings, and your talons are sharp and pointed. Now fly off to my old man, enter his hut through the chimney hole, and scratch his body with your sharp talons. Draw blood from his body with your talons." The ptarmigan flew to the hut, and dropped into it through the chimney hole. It attacked the old man and lacerated his body with its sharp talons. The old man was much frightened. He left the hut and ran home to his old woman. He came to the house, but the door was shut tight. He said in the Yukaghir language,[1] "Oh, there, old woman! Open the door!" — "Why should I open it? You are not my old man. My old man is dead."— "No," said he, "I am really your old man." — "How can that be? From which world, then, did you come,— from this one, or from the other one?" — "So help me God! I am really your old man." She opened the door and then snatched the poker and beat him on the head. "Mind you do not eat alone without your old woman!" The old woman swore that he should never do that again. He brought home the elk carcass, and they continued to live together. That is all.

Told by Katherine Rumiantzev, a Russianized Yukaghir woman, in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

[1] Probably in an earlier version of this story the following words were really told in the Yukaghir language.— W. B.

5. A Bear Tale.[1]

A clan of the Tungus lived in three tents. The family in the first tent had two daughters. The elder daughter was married, and the younger lived at home. She was very pretty; and her parents made her sit in her sleeping room all the time, lest any strange eye should behold her beauty. An old woman lived with her, who gave her drink and food, and acted as a nurse. Even her parents rarely visited her. Once in a while in the night time she would go noiselessly to their sleeping room to be caressed by them.

One time when she was sitting alone in her sleeping room the lower edge of the cover was lifted up. No human hand appeared, but the flap of the cover continued to be lifted up, and at last there appeared a bear's muzzle. The girl was so badly frightened that she could not cry. The bear entered the sleeping room as far as his belly, and then caught the girl. He covered her mouth with his huge paw, and carried her off to his lair. It was in the middle of the fall; so he put her into the lair, and went in himself. He stopped up the entrance, as bears do, and they slept. They slept most of the time, but sometimes the girl would wake up and feel hungry. Then she would make known to the bear by signs that she wanted food. He would growl, stretch out one of his paws toward her, and she would suck at the thickest part of it. After she had sucked a while, fat would drip from it. She felt satisfied and went to sleep again. One time, as the days grew longer, the girl was awakened by a heavy weight that was pressing her down. She was unable to resist, and so became the wife of the bear.

At last the warm season came again. The bear left his lair and roamed about, looking for food. Every day he brought back all kinds of game—reindeer, hare, or at least ptarmigan. He never came home without something. He ate the raw meat. She could not eat it. So she prayed to the bear, "O bear! grandfather.[2] You see I cannot eat raw meat. How shall I subsist? Please bring me some fire!" He let forth a growl and set off. For a long time he did not return. Then he brought in his mouth a firebrand. He procured a knife and an ax (goodness knows where he got

[1] Similar tales are met among all the native tribes of these countries.— W. B.

[2] The Russianized natives of the Kolyma have a very strong superstitious fear of the bear. They never mention its name, but call him "he" or "grandfather." The bear is considered as a mighty shaman, the man of the wood. "He knows everything," say the people. None of them dares to attack a bear, even when the latter comes to the fishing camp and plunders the stores of dried fish and oil. Even the setting of deadfalls for bears is considered by most people as a sin against the bear. It is curious to notice that among the natives (Yukaghir, Tungus, Chukchee) this kind of superstitious fear and worship, though it also exists, is never felt to such an extent as among the Russian creoles and the Russianized natives.— W. B.

them!); and, moreover, he brought her large masses of every kind of meat. She made a fire, and roasted the meat on wooden spits. On this she lived all the time.

All the snow had melted off, and patches of last year's berries appeared. She roamed about, picking berries for her own food and also for the bear. Once she heard a human voice. She hurried to the place whence it came. It was the voice of her brother-in-law. He was a great shaman, and since the fall had been looking for her on land and on water, but had found no trace of her. Now she heard his call. She hurried to the spot, pretending, however, to pick berries along the way. He came toward her, and they met, "What is the matter with you?" asked the shaman. "Who caught you and carried you away?" She answered, "A bear carried me away, and made me his wife. He keeps me close to the lair, and does not allow me to wander far away." — "Ah!" said the man, "even now when you go back, he will be very angry, and he will give you a severe thrashing with his heavy paws. Then you must say to him, 'O, grandfather! why do you beat me thus? The berries are getting scarce, and, moreover, I feel a great longing for my parents and family, and this makes me restless.' Be that as it may, you must come again to this place." Then she went back. The bear was very angry. He pawed the ground and threw it about in great lumps. Then he caught the woman and gave her a severe thrashing. The woman said, "O, grandfather! why do you torture me so? The berries are getting scarce, and, besides, a longing for my people overpowers me. I am growing restless, and cannot stay in the same place." The bear ceased beating her. The next morning she awoke and prepared some food for herself. She ate her meal, and then set off, pretending to go berrying. As soon, however, as she was out of sight of the bear, she ran as fast as her legs would carry her to the place where she had met her brother-in-law who was already there expecting her. He said, "You must run on with all your might." He dropped to the ground, and turned into a big bear with a bell on his left ear. He rushed off to meet the other bear. On his departure, he said to her, "Run as fast as you can, but in running try to listen behind you. When the earth begins to tremble and to sway right and left, then know that we have met. Listen to the bell! If it rings with a full sound, then know that I have conquered; but if the sound grows fainter, then it is that he has vanquished me. Know then that you also will not live." She ran off, but tried to listen. At last the ground trembled. The bell was ringing quite loud; but gradually the sound grew fainter and fainter, and then ceased altogether. "Oh," thought the woman, "we are lost!" She ran off in more haste than ever. Then all at once the bell sounded again, stronger and stronger. Her brother-in-law had vanquished the other one

and was coming back. She arrived at home, but did not enter neither the sleeping room of her parents nor her own. She entered the sleeping room of her sister who was sleeping. She fell down at her side and lost consciousness. Her brother-in-law arrived soon after her and resumed the form of a man. He awakened his wife and their parents, and they tried to restore the girl. She was very ill, however, and swooned again and again. The bear spirit was tormenting and oppressing her. After three days she came to, and in a few months she gave birth to a boy, who had bear-ears. This boy grew up and became a strong hunter. His name was Bear-Ear. That is all.

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian creole in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

6. Grass-Blade Girl.

An old woman lived all alone. She had no children. One time she went for a walk. She saw a patch of yellow grass. One blade was growing higher than any of the others. She gathered that grass for her bedding, and kept this long blade separately. She carried the grass home, put it under her mat and slept over it. In the night time the long blade became warm from the heat of her body. In the morning the old woman mounted to the roof to open the chimney hole. Then she heard something crying in the house. It was the grass-blade which had turned into a little girl. The old woman swathed her in thin skins, fed her and nursed and caressed her. Thus Grass-Blade-Girl lived in her house and grew up. When the time came for her to be married she was a wonderful girl. When she wept her tears were costly pearls. When she smiled, her smile was all precious stones. She would swing her right sleeve, and sables and martens would drop from it. She would swing her left sleeve, and red foxes would fall out of it.[1] She was also very pretty. The like of her was not to be met. A strong young man heard about her, and went to pay suit to her.

On his departure, he told his brothers, who had remained at home, to make arrows and to feather them well, that he might shoot with them sables and foxes for his future bride. He ordered them also to prepare bags for the skins, and boxes for the precious stones and pearls.

He went to the old woman and saw the girl. She was all that people had stated her to be. Pearls and precious stones dropped from her mouth, sables and foxes fell from her sleeves. He offered his suit, and was accepted.

[1] These details belong to Old-Russian folklore, and, indeed, are met with in the folk stories of various peoples of the Old World.— W. B.

Then he married her and took her to his house. On the way, they passed the house of Yaghishna. Just as they were right opposite it, the bride said, "Oh, my dear! I am very thirsty. Bring me some water." He took the ice-pick and went to a lake. He cut through the ice, but there was no water. The bottom was dry. He tried another place, and still another. There was no water anywhere, and at last he went so far toward the middle of the lake, that he disappeared from the sight of the woman. In the meantime the dogs of the team scented the house of Yaghishna. So they rushed off with the sledge, and she could not keep them back. They arrived at Yaghishna's door. The witch came out, took the young woman by the hand, and led her into the house. She made her take a place on a new reindeer skin, and went to prepare some food and hot tea for her; but when she took the first cup of tea, the witch unexpectedly pulled out the bedding from under her seat, and the young woman fell into an underground cellar a hundred fathoms deep, a hundred fathoms wide, and quite dark.

She prayed and prayed to be let out: "O grandmother! help me out! I will give you anything you may ask of me." — "All right," said the witch, "take off your clothes and give them to me, then I will help you out." The young woman took off her clothes, saving only her undershirt, and made them into a bundle. The witch dropped a long line into the cellar. The young woman tied the bundle to the line. The witch pulled up the bundle, put on the clothes, and all at once became exactly like the young bride. So she took her place upon the sledge, and hurried back to the former place. After some time the husband came. He brought some water, but the bride refused to take it. "I do not want it. I did not ask you at all to fetch any water." They even had a quarrel. "Why," said the young man, "you were so thirsty. Have I not cut the ice maybe in twenty places to get water for you?"

After that they continued on their way. When they reached home all the people gathered to look upon the bride; but she had neither pearls nor sables. She coughed and spat, blew her nose; and only once a small glass bead fell down, which, moreover, was pierced awry. In due time, however, she bore a son. Her husband was an excellent hunter. He brought home geese and swans, reindeer and elks. The house was full of meat and of all kinds of skins. He passed most of his time in the open air, and paid no attention to the ways of his wife with their little boy. One time, however, he came home, and his wife prepared some dinner for him. While waiting for it, he took up the boy, who began to cry. "There," said the man, "the boy is crying. It is time to give him some food." The witch took the boy and turned her face toward the wall. After that she began to take off her left boot. He looked on with great wonder, and thought, "What is

this? I wanted her to suckle the boy, and she takes off her boots." The woman took off the boot, and instead of the breast she gave the boy her left heel to suck. He was very angry. "Why," said her husband, "is this the way you feed our boy? Truly, you have grown up in the wild country, and you are of wild blood. You are good for nothing. I took you for a treasure, and instead you are an unclean thing. You suckle your boy in this unhallowed way. Tomorrow morning I shall take you back to your mother. I do not want you any longer." They quarrelled all night long, and did not sleep. The next morning he carried her back to her mother. They arrived there, and lo, Grass-Blade-Girl was living with the old woman again.

She had been left quite naked in the underground cellar of Yaghishna's house. When groping about in the cellar, she found it full of dead bodies of men and women. She heaped them up and mounted to the top. In this way she succeeded in making her escape. The Witch, though living far away in the house of the young man, became aware directly of the flight of her prisoner. She sent some bears and wolves in pursuit, which overtook the fugitive. They tore her to pieces, and the blood flowed all over the ground. A new thin yellowish-green grass grew up from the blood. The old woman found the grass, and gathered it; and so again she had in her house the same Grass-Blade-Girl, as before.

The young man carried his wife back to her mother, and found there also this Grass-Blade-Girl. He recognized her immediately as his former bride. They had supper, and then lay down to sleep. The old woman said to Grass-Blade-Girl, "Tell us a tale." So the girl began, "There lived an old woman. She found a yellowish-green grass blade and took it home. She put it under her bedding. The next morning she went out to open the chimney-hole, and something was crying within the house. The grass-blade had turned into a little girl. The girl grew up, and a young man came and married her. He took her to his house. On the way she asked for a drink. The bridegroom went for some water. Near the trail stood the house of Yaghishna. The dogs scented it and rushed there."

As soon as she reached this place in the story, Yaghishna grew angry and interrupted her. "Enough of your prattling! We want to sleep. No need of your silly tales!" — "Not so fast," said the husband. He took Yaghishna and with twelve new arrows he shot her dead in front of the house. Then he carried Grass-Blade-Girl to his house. The end.

Told by Katherine Rumiantzev, a Russianized Yukaghir woman, in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

7. The Alder-Block.[1]

There lived an old woman who had neither son nor daughter. One time after cooking her supper, she climbed to the roof of her house to stop up the chimney hole. Then she heard from within a small child's voice. She was much frightened, but still she descended hastily and ran into the house. An infant boy was lying on the floor. She swathed him in swaddling clothes, and prepared food for him. She fed him on blood soup and minced meat, and he grew from year to year. She gave him the name Alder-Block. He was an excellent carpenter, and made excellent canoes of boards and of hollowed tree trunks. One time he said to his foster mother, "Mother, give me permission to leave. I want to visit all the wonders of earth and sea." The woman said, "How can that be? And who will then procure food for me? You are almost full-grown. All my hope lies in you." Nevertheless, he left in the night time and went away along across the sea. He traveled and traveled, and at last he saw an island. On the island there stood a house. In it lived the witch, Yagha.[2] She had three daughters, one Five-Eyes Girl; another, Six-Eyes Girl; and the third, Eight-Eyes Girl. She herself had ten eyes. The witch Yagha saw the canoe, and said to her daughters, "Here, girls! get ready! a small reindeer is coming from the sea. Do try and lure it hither." The eldest daughter cooked flour-cakes. She filled a birchbark vessel as big as a man with them, and put it on the shore as a decoy. She hid herself near by in order to catch the boy as soon as he should land. The boy saw the birchbark vessel full of cakes. He came close to the shore, and said aloud, "First eye, fall asleep! second eye, fall asleep! third eye, fall asleep! fourth eye, fall asleep! fifth eye, fall asleep! The girl fell asleep. He emptied the birchbark vessel into his canoe. He threw the vessel into the water, approached the girl, and, taking off his breeches, he defecated upon her head. After that he struck her back with the paddle, and broke her back. That done, he

[1] This tale represents a version of the well-known European story. Several details, however, belong to the native life. The underground oven is a primitive device, although it is not used at present in northeastern Asia, being superseded by the so-called Russian oven made of bricks or of beaten earth. In more ancient times, the oven dug in the ground may have been used by the natives.— W. B.—— E. Cosquin, *l. c.*, vol. 1, 246.— F. B.

[2] Witch Yagha (Баба-Яга literally, "(old) woman Yagha") is a she-monster often appearing in Old-Russian folk stories. It is presumed that in the Star mythology the witch Yagha was the personification of winter. Yaghishna is, properly speaking, the name of the daughter of Yagha, formed with the Old-Russian suffix *shna, vna*. Daughters of Yagha often appear in Russian tales; but their name, Yaghishna, is known only in the Kolyma stories. And, by the way, those stories confuse the mother and her daughters, and call the witch Yagha also Yaghishna. Yagha, Yaghishna of the Russian tales of northeastern Asia, often appears as a being more like the American Sednek than the Old-Russian Yagha (See, for instance, No. 9 (p. 133) of the Markova tales).— W. B.

paddled away across the sea, back to his mother. So he brought to his mother all those cakes. She was much astonished. She asked him, "O child, Alder-Block Boy! where did you get all these cakes?" — "At such and such a place." The boy told her everything. The old woman was very much scared. "Now," she said, "I will not let you go even one step from my side. The witch Yagha will devour you." That very night, as soon as the old woman had fallen asleep, Alder-Block descended toward the water, boarded his canoe, and set off again. The girls saw him, as before. They prepared a vessel with cakes, and put it out on the shore. The second sister hid nearby, ready to catch him. He paddled to the shore, and called out aloud, "First eye, fall asleep! second eye, fall asleep! third eye, fall asleep! and fourth and fifth and sixth eye fall asleep!" Again, the girl fell asleep. He emptied the vessel into his canoe. Then he defecated upon the girl, and broke her back with a blow of his paddle. Then he paddled back across the sea with his booty. The girl, however, came to, and crawled to her mother. The mother sprinkled her with the water of life and youth, and the girl became as sound as before.

The boy's mother took the cakes, but she reproached him. "O, child, you go away secretly in the night time. I shall lose you and shall not know where to find you. The witch Yagha will devour you. Do stop these awful doings!" The very same night the boy went again. This time the youngest daughter tried to catch him. She also put upon the shore a vessel full of cakes, and hid near by. He paddled shoreward, and counted aloud, "First eye, fall asleep! second eye, fall asleep! third eye, fall asleep! Fourth and fifth and sixth and seventh and eighth, do fall asleep!" He took the cakes and defecated upon the girl. Then he struck her with the paddle upon the back and paddled away. The girl could hardly crawl back to her mother. The next day he came again. This time it was Yaghishna herself who tried to catch him. She put the vessel upon the shore and hid near by. He counted aloud, "First eye, fall asleep! second eye, fall asleep! third and fourth, fall asleep! fifth and sixth and seventh, do fall asleep! eighth and ninth, do fall asleep!" but he forgot the tenth eye. He took the vessel and emptied it into his canoe, but the witch did not stir. He took off his breeches and wanted to defecate upon her; then she caught him by the breeches and carried him home. "There you, dogs, you could not catch this small reindeer, but I have caught him." They had an oven dug in the ground. The Yaghishna said, "I will call my brother; meanwhile cook this reindeer for our meal. When brother and I come back, we will have a meal of him."[1] She set off. The eldest daughter brought an iron shovel.

[1] Bolte und Polívka, *l. c.*, 115.— F. B.

and said to the boy, "Well, Alder-Block, sit down on the shovel." He spread his legs and stretched his arms. She tried to put him down into the oven, but could not do it. "Why," said she, "Alder-Block, you hold your body too clumsily. Sit down on the shovel, then draw up your legs and keep your arms together." — "How together? I do not know how. You had better show me how." — "Look here, you booby!" She took a seat on the shovel and held her body quite close. So he thrust her into the oven, snatched the shovel back, and shut the oven door. In this way he killed the eldest daughter of Yaghishna. The second daughter came and asked him, "Oh, Alder-Block, what makes it smell so strong here of something singed?" — "It does indeed," said Alder-Block, "Your sister singed a leg of mine, and also an arm, but in the end took pity on me and allowed me to live." — "I will show you what pity is. Sit down on the shovel, go your way down into the oven." He spread his legs and stretched his arms just as before. By no means could she thrust him down the oven. "Oh, there! Alder-Block, you hold yourself quite in a wrong way. Draw up your legs and keep your arms together." — "How together? I do not know how." — "Even so, you booby!" She sat down on the shovel and drew up her legs. He immediately thrust her down into the oven and shut the oven door. There she was roasted. The third one came too, the youngest one. "You, there, Alder-Block! why does it smell so here of something singed?" — "Yes, it does," said Alder-Block. "Your second sister singed a leg of mine, and then also an arm. Then she took pity on me and let me live." — "Oh, I will teach you what pity is! Sit down on the shovel, go your way down into the oven." He spread his legs and stretched his arms. She could not thrust him in. "Oh, there, Alder-Block! You do not hold yourself right. You must draw up your legs and keep your arms together." — "I do not know how. You must show me how." She sat down on the shovel, and he thrust her into the oven. After a while all three were done just right. He took them out of the oven, and drew them up to the ground. Then he prepared the meal, cut the meat, and laid it out on dishes and in troughs. All these he arranged on a large table. He put the table near the large bed of Yaghishna, where she usually took her meals and concealed all three heads under the bed near her seat. He hid himself behind the chimney and waited for Yaghishna. After a while she came back. She was driving the mortar, urging it with a pestle, and effacing the traces of the sledge with a big broom.[1] She had not found her brother at home. So she came all alone. She entered the house, and saw the food all ready for a meal: so she felt gratified, and exclaimed, "See there! my daughters have prepared the meal, and they themselves are gone, perhaps for a little walk." She

[1] Details usual in all Russian tales.— W. B.

took a seat near the table and tried to eat, but the first mouthful stuck in her throat. "Oh, oh, oh!" said the witch, "what is the matter? Why does even the first mouthful stick so in my throat? Is it possible that Alder-Block is a kinsman of mine?" She took another morsel, but could not swallow it at all. She spat it out, and looked down under the bed, and there were the three heads of her daughters. She clapped her hands and wailed aloud, "Ah, you hound, Alder-Block! You have eaten all my daughters, and none has stuck in your throat." She looked around, and found the boy behind the chimney. "Ah, ah, now I have you." She caught him by the nape of the neck and hurled him across the room and back again. After a few kicks and pushes, he felt nearly dead. Then he called aloud, "O, granny! that is enough. I want to ease myself before I die." — "Go, then, and ease yourself." He ran to her storehouse. She had there two wells,— one full of water of life and youth, the other full of water of death. He drank his fill of the water of life and youth, then he changed the places of both wells. After that he came back. He caught Yaghishna and threw her across the room and back again. After a few kicks, she felt very feeble, and asked of him, "O, Alder-Block! I want to ease myself." — "All right, you may go." She went to the storehouse, and wanted to drink of the water of life and youth, but instead she drank of the water of death. After that she went back, hardly being able to move. As soon as she stepped over the sill, her belly burst, and she dropped down stone dead. The boy gathered all her wealth — the costly furs, dried meat and fish, and all kinds of provisions — and took it to his mother. He also took along the water of life and youth. His mother drank of the water and became quite young, like a fresh berry. He became immensely rich. The end.

Told by Katherine Rumiantzev, a Russianized Yukaghir woman, in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

8. Yukaghir Tale.

There lived a man with his wife. They had a daughter. The name of this daughter was kept secret. The father announced that whoever should guess her name should have her for a wife. There came traders and hunters and all kinds of able young men, but nobody could guess her name.

The couple had only a single female servant. The suitors were too many, and the housework was too hard for her. The servant had to fetch water, chop wood, and cook food. Throughout the day and night she had no rest at all. She toiled and toiled. One time she went to an ice hole in the river to draw water, feeling wearied and unhappy. She wept and a tear fell down

straight into the water. At the same time she whispered to herself: "What is her name? They cannot guess it. Her name is, Kutika Mutika." All of a sudden some air bubbles danced on the water; and a Monster appeared from the ice hole, clad in hareskin.

So the Monster inquired, "What was it you whispered when crying over the ice hole?" At first the girl refused to answer; but after a while she said, "It is so and so. I feel wearied almost to death. And what is in her name, that they cannot guess it? Her name is simply Kutika Mutika." The monster jumped out of the water and rushed off, so that the ice resounded. He came to the house of the girl. All the people laughed at him, "This ugly old man also wants to guess her name." He hopped around on one leg, and said, "Her name is Spoon, her name is Ladle, her name is Big Fork, her name is Kettle-Hook." Then suddenly he said, "Her name is Kutika Mutika." All the people jumped up in wonder. The old father slapped himself on the mouth with the palm of his hand. The other suitors from mere shame and anger, left immediately without waiting for dinner to be served. The old Monster remained there. The next morning they were married. The father of the girl was wealthy and generous. He had a winged horse with a natural saddle and a natural bridle.[1] He gave this horse to his daughter as her dowry, so she mounted it. The Monster held the halter of silk, and led the way down the river directly through the ice hole. He went down, and she followed him. They descended into the river and found a trail. They followed it for a long time. At last the girl said, "O, old man! I feel hungry and thirsty. Is it still far to your houses?"— "Why," said the Monster, "Look there! Our houses are there." She looked, and saw a number of large bunches of grass which were standing like so many houses. From under every bunch smoke ascended. He took her to the largest of the bunches and helped her down from her horse. All kinds of monsters jumped out from under the grass. One had no trunk of the body, another was without a nose, a third even without a face. Last of all there jumped out a one-eyed old woman clad in hareskin. She hopped about on one leg, and cried, "Oh, oh! he has brought a reindeer and a doe withal." The young woman was frightened, so she cut the halter of the horse. The horse immediately flew up. It bolted through the ice-hole back to earth. It did not go back to the house of the bride's father, however, but flew on steadily. The old Monster followed it, running below. After

[1] This is borrowed from Russian folklore, where it forms one of the well-known rhymed formulas:—

Онъ былъ богатый да тароватый,
Былъ у него конь крылатый,
Отъ себя сѣдлатый,
Отъ себя уздатый.

a long time the Monster was left behind. Then he shouted with all his might, "Mind, woman! You will marry somebody else, and you will have three children by him. The first one shall be a boy, and the second a girl, and the third again a boy. Bear in mind that then I shall come to you again!"

She wandered on, and came to a wild country unknown to any one. There she married a man, who was a mighty hunter. Not a single living thing could escape his skill. They had three children,—a boy and a girl, and again a boy. When the last was still an infant in the cradle, the husband one day said to his wife, "Give me your horse, I want to use it to go hunting." The woman said, "Take the horse! but be careful when stopping in the woods! Tie it only to an old dry tree. Be sure not to tie it to a green tree."

He used the horse once, twice, several times. At last one day he went into the woods. About the middle of the day he stopped for dinner, and quite forgot his wife's warning about tying the horse, and tied it to a green tree.

In the meantime the woman busied herself about the house. She cooked food, then she raked up the burning coals and covered them with ashes, as is customary. The children were playing near the fireplace. All of a sudden something fumed and smouldered among the coals. She thought it was the children's fault: so she grew angry, and said to the older boy, "Now, just scrape that off with a piece of wood and throw it on the floor!" He scraped it off on to the floor; and, lo! there was the Monster, clad in hareskin, sitting near the fireplace. She was so frightened that she nearly had a fit. Then she came to herself, and said, "I will bring some food from the storehouse." She went off, and the older boy followed her. The Monster said, "Be quick! Hardly step out of the house, and you are back again!" So she took off one of her boots and squeezed it between the door and the doorpost. They had in the storehouse an old box clamped with twelve iron hoops. The woman said to the box, "You were a box clamped with twelve iron hoops. Now become a raised storehouse with twelve iron supports, and every support as thick as a man can embrace!"

So the box turned into a storehouse raised on twelve supports, each support as thick as a man could embrace. The woman and the boy were on top of the storehouse. Then she shouted, and called for her husband; but he was so far away, he could hardly hear her voice. When he heard it, he ran for the horse; but the horse had been left in the woods quite a way behind. The horse also tried to make itself free, but the green tree held it fast, notwithstanding all its efforts. The Monster went out of the house, and saw the iron storehouse. He grew very angry. First of all, he caught

two of her children and swallowed them. The girl's legs just passed through his mouth like a flash. "You also shall not escape," said he, and began to vomit. After a few efforts he vomited out a large ax and attacked the iron supports. He chopped at them with supernatural force, and big iron splinters flew about. At this time a little She-Fox came and said, "O, granny! you are so tired, let me relieve you and chop a little in your stead!" He gave her the ax. She ran away and threw it into the sea. The monster vomited again and threw up a hatchet. With this he chopped at the supports with greater force than before. The Fox thought a little, then she wallowed in white clay and turned white, just like an arctic fox. She came to the Monster, and said again, "O granny! you are so tired, let me work in your stead for a while!"—"And who are you?" asked the Monster. "Methinks you are the same fox."—"Oh, no!" said the Fox, "don't you see! I am an arctic fox." He gave her the hatchet, and the Fox threw it into the sea. The Monster vomited again and threw out a large lance. With this he chopped at the iron supports harder than ever. Eleven supports were cut down. Only the last was left, and the storehouse swayed to and fro upon its base. Then the winged horse with a last effort uprooted the green tree and ran home. It rushed straight to the storehouse and with its iron hoofs it broke the Monster's back. Then the husband also came home. He cut up the Monster and chopped its body into small pieces. He put what remained on a leather sledge cover and dragged it toward the sea. Then he threw all the remnants of the Monster's body into the sea. After that they left, and wandered to another country. They lived there and had more children.

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian creole, in the village of Pokhotsk in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

9. Tale about Čuʹmo.

There were three sisters. They knew no men, and subsisted by hunting wild reindeer. They also wandered about gathering roots and berries and every sort of thing that the earth produces. One time the eldest sister said, "I wish we had at least one baby." As soon as she spoke these words, she glanced at a rock, and saw a severed piece which had a human face and looked like a baby. "Ah, sisters!" exclaimed the girl, "come here and see! I have found a baby in the rock." So they took the child of the stone and carried it home. They made a cradle, and put the baby in it. Then they rocked the cradle with much zeal.

After a while the baby began to cry and became like a human being.

The next day the two elder sisters went, as usual, to hunt wild reindeer, but they left the youngest sister at home. "Stay at home and nurse the infant," they said to her.

As soon as they went away, the baby began to cry louder and louder. At first the girl rocked the cradle, but the baby was not to be thus silenced. At last a sudden fright seized her without any apparent reason. She could not stand it, so she hid herself under the bed and tried to listen to what would happen next. The baby cried as before. Then it ceased, and seemed also to be listening for something. It was listening to hear whether anyone might suddenly enter. Then quite unexpectedly the baby said with a deep man's voice, "Ču'mo, Ču'mo, make yourself large!" In the same instant, it left the cradle and rose to its feet. It said again, "Ču'mo, Ču'mo, make yourself large!" And lo, its head reached the very roof. It gathered all the dried meat and fat, sausages and tongues, hanging from the rafters, and devoured all this most ravenously. Then it heard some voices. They were those of two elder sisters coming home from hunting. In the same moment it said aloud, "Ču'mo, Ču'mo, make yourself small!" So it became quite small, and was lying in the cradle and crying, just as before. The youngest sister, however, came out of her hiding-place and ran with all her might to meet the other sister. "O elder ones!" she sobbed out, "I will not stay at home alone any longer. You may stay there yourself if you want to." — "What is the matter with you?" asked the eldest sister. "It is thus and so," answered the youngest one. The eldest sister was very angry. "You certainly are not telling the truth. How can a baby leave the cradle and make itself large?" The next morning, however, the youngest sister refused to stay, so the eldest sister ordered the second one to stay at home in her stead. The other two went away hunting. The girl stayed at home and rocked the cradle; but the baby cried incessantly, and at last a great fright took possession of her, quite unaccountable, and she too hid herself under the bed and listened for what would happen next. The child cried and cried. Then it became still, and also began to listen. Nobody came, however, so the baby said again with a man's deep voice, "Ču'mo, Ču'mo, make yourself large!" At that very moment it dropped to the floor and rose to its feet. Then it said again, "Ču'mo, Ču'mo, make yourself large!" and its head reached to the roof. It gathered all the dried meat and fat, sausages and tongues, hanging from the rafters, and devoured them most greedily. Then it heard human voices. They were those of the two other sisters, who were coming home and talking to each other. It said instantly, "Ču'mo, Ču'mo, make yourself small!" and all at once it was small again and in the cradle, as before. The middle sister crept out of her hiding-place and ran out to meet the sister. "Oh," said she, "it is too awful! I will not stay here any longer." "And what is the matter with you?" asked the eldest sister. "This and this," said the middle sister. "Oh, please! enough of this! How can a little baby leave the cradle and become large?"

The next morning, however, the two younger sisters refused to stay at home: so the eldest sister remained. The two others went off hunting reindeer. The eldest sister rocked the cradle; but the baby cried and cried, and at last there came over her also without any cause a terrible fright and she hid under the bed and listened for what might happen next. The baby cried and cried. Then it stopped and began to listen. Nobody came, however: so it said aloud with its deep bass voice, "Ču'mo, Ču'mo, make yourself large!" It dropped to the floor and rose to its feet. Then it said again, "Ču'mo, Ču'mo, make yourself large!" and its head reached the roof. It gathered all the dried meat and fat, sausages, and tongues, hanging upon the rafters, and ate them all. Then it heard distant voices. The two other sisters were coming home. So it said very quickly, "Ču'mo, Ču'mo, make yourself small!" and it was again small and lay in the cradle. The eldest sister left her hiding place and hurried to meet the other sisters. "Oh, indeed! you were quite right. It is awful! What shall we do?" They talked for a long time, trying to find a way to get rid of Ču'mo. At last they took a kettle and filled it with reindeer meat. They hung it over a large fire to cook the meat. When the meat was done, they took it out, leaving the liquid and the fat to boil in the kettle. Then the eldest sister took the baby in her arms and said in a caressing way, "Look up there! A birdie is passing there." The baby looked up, and at that moment the girl threw it into the kettle. They had nine driving reindeer: so they left behind everything else they had, and, taking these nine reindeer, they fled. Each sister drove one reindeer, leading the other two behind her sledge as relays. They hurried off at top speed. Ču'mo went in pursuit, kettle and all.

The fire was burning, the kettle was bubbling, the iron sides were clattering as Ču'mo gave chase to the three sisters. After a while he approached them. Then the youngest sister took her ivory comb[1] and said to it, "O comb of ivory! You were a comb, now turn into a mountain of ivory, from earth to heaven, and from east to west." She threw the comb back over her shoulder, and it turned into a big mountain, from earth to heaven, from east to west. It was just behind them: so they stopped close to it, took a rest, and ate a meal; then they attached fresh reindeer and hurried on. Ču'mo came to the ivory mountain and began to gnaw at it. Splinters of ivory flew in every direction. He gnawed it through, and went across, kettle and all, and gave chase again.

[1] See p. 9, note 3.

The youngest sister said, "Here, my sisters! put your ear to the ground. Perhaps he is pursuing us again." They put an ear to the ground, and indeed the kettle was clattering quite close behind. Then the second sister took out a piece of flint. She said to the flint, "O flint! you were a piece of flint. Now turn into a mountain of flint, from earth to heaven, from east to west." Then she threw the flint back over her shoulder. It turned instantly into a mountain of flint. They stopped near the mountain, and took a rest. They also had a meal, and, attaching fresh reindeer, started on again. Čuˊmo came to the mountain and gnawed it. Chips of flint flew in every direction. He gnawed it through and went across it, kettle and all.

The second sister said to the other, "O sister! put your ear to the ground and try to hear whether he is following us again?" They listened, and, lo! the kettle was rattling quite close behind. Then the oldest sister took out a piece of steel from a strike-a-light. She said to the steel, "O steel! you were part of a strike-a-light and produced fire. Now turn into a river of fire from earth to heaven, from east to west." Then she threw the steel back over her shoulder, and it turned into a river of fire, from earth to heaven, from east to west. Čuˊmo came to that river and tried to cross it, but he was confused by the fire and perished there. "Ah," he called after the sisters, "you ran away from me; but nevertheless my mother will catch you." The sisters were hurrying on. All the reindeer fell and perished from exhaustion. The sisters sped onward on foot. At last they came to a river. It was quite deep, and there was no ford, so that they could not cross it. On the other side of the river sat an old woman scraping a skin. "Oh, grandmother! help us to cross the river!" "Ah, you dogs! cross it by your own skill." "O grandmother! we cannot. Do help us!" The old woman stretched one of her legs[1] across the river like a bridge, and they crossed over on it. "Where do you come from?" asked the old woman. "We ran away from Čuˊmo. He wanted to eat us, but we burned him in a river of fire." — "O, you dogs! Čuˊmo is my only son. I shall punish you for it." So she locked them in an empty storehouse, and hurried to help Čuˊmo.

(After this follows the well-known episode detailing how the Fox saved the girls from the She-Monster, leaving in their stead clothes filled with twigs and ashes to be swallowed by the Monster.[2] The narrator, however, declared that she had forgotten the details, and left the tale unfinished.)

Told by Anne Vastriakoff, a Russianized Yukaghir woman, in the village Omolon at the confluence of the Omolon River with the Kolyma River, in the autumn of 1896.

[1] See Waterman, T. T., "The Explanatory Element in the Folk-Tales of the North American Indians" (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 27 (1914), 43, under Crane Bridge.—F. B.

[2] Compare, for instance, Bogoras, "Chukchee Materials," 408.—W. B.

10. Yukaghir Tale.

There was a man and his wife. They had a little boy. One time the woman felt a yearning for some pike. Her mouth watered at the thought of it. Then she said to her husband, "Do go to the lake and set your nets! I want some pike to eat." He went to the lake, and on the same day he caught a large pike. The woman immediately cooked it. She ate the fish beginning at the intestine and ate as far as the head. When she came to the mouth and opened the teeth, she saw that they were of iron. She was scared, and threw away what was left of the pike; but from that time on she grew with child, and after due time gave birth to a girl. The girl grew up rapidly, not like an ordinary child from year to year, but hourly; so that on the next day she was playing out of doors with her brother, who, although older, was nevertheless much smaller than she. In playing, she said, "One day more, or perhaps two days, and I shall eat all of you." The boy went to his father and mother and told them of her words; but they did not believe him, and even punished him. "You do not like your sister, and therefore you slander her." The same happened in the evening and again the next morning. The boy could not stand it any longer. He felt angry, frightened, and sore. So he left his parents and fled. Far away in the tundra he saw a house with an outer room. He entered there. Two wolves and two bears were tied up in front of the inner door. The animals wanted to attack him; but he whistled three times, and they grew quiet and lay down. Then he entered the inner room. In the middle a white reindeer skin was spread. On the skin slept a naked girl, dazzling white of body. Her tresses were auburn and as long as the sleeve of an overcoat. He hid under her tresses and slept with the girl. In due time she awoke, sniffed about, and said, "Who are you? Make yourself visible. If you are an old man, I will have you for a father; if a young man, I will take you for a husband." So he appeared from under her tresses. She married him, and they lived together. After some time he wanted to visit his father and mother; so he asked his wife to give him some animal to drive, even if it were a wolf or a bear. She gave him a reindeer with six legs. He set off. When near the house of his parents, he tied the reindeer to a tree and went on foot. Then he arrived at the house and opened the door. The Pike-Girl had eaten up his father and mother long before, and was playing with the bare skulls. As soon as she saw him, she threw the skulls under the bed. The young man felt afraid. She rushed up to him, however, and said, "O brother dear! you have come at last." In the evening she asked him, "Where are you going to sleep?" He said, "I am going to sleep on the

roof." "Why do you do so?" said the girl, "I do not want to sleep alone. I have not seen you for such a long time." — "Well, then," said the brother, "I will lie down close to the chimney-hole, and will thrust my legs down the chimney-hole, so that you may look at them, when going to sleep." He did just so, and feigned sleep. The girl tried to catch at the legs, but the chimney was too narrow; and feeling tired, she desisted. After a while she was snoring. Then with great caution he left the roof and went away. He found his reindeer and raced off.

He drove the whole night through, then he looked back and saw that the pike girl was following in pursuit. He urged on the reindeer and it galloped off; but the Pike-Girl galloped still faster, just like a winged bird. After a while she overtook the reindeer, and at first tore off one of its extra legs. While she was eating that leg, the reindeer hurried on. She finished the leg, and again gave pursuit. This time she tore off the other extra leg. The reindeer galloped off with four legs. Then she overtook it again, and tore off one leg more. Then the reindeer could run no longer so the young man left it and hurried on afoot. He had one blunt arrow. Holding this, he ran onward. When the Pike-Girl had eaten the reindeer leg she gave pursuit again. When she was close to him, he lifted up the arrow and said, "There, arrow mine! You were an arrow. Now turn into an iron tree. I want to be safe on top of that tree." Instantly, it turned into a big iron tree, and he was high up on its top. The tree was as thick through as a man can embrace. The Pike-Girl came to the tree, and said, "O brother mine! your iron tree is not tempered, but my iron teeth are tempered and hard." So she gnawed at the tree, and iron splinters flew around like rotten wood. A jay flew by, and he said to it:—

"O jay! fly to my wife!
Bid her send off her dogs!"

But the jay answered with a man's voice, "I will not fly. When you were living with your father and mother, whenever I came to your drying poles and wanted to peck at the pike-roe, your blunt arrow would instantly hiss by close to my head. I will not fly." A snow-bunting flew by, and he said to it:—

"O, snow-bunting! fly to my wife,
And bid her send off her dogs!"

So the bunting flew away and came to his wife's house. It perched upon the window-sill, and twittered:—

"Pititi pititi,
Send off the dogs!"

She heard this, and in a moment she sent off two wolves and two bears.[1] They ran off and reached the tree. The Pike-Girl, as soon as she saw them, turned into an ermine and went under the roots of the tree. The bears dug at the roots to get at the ermine, and at last caught it. The young man descended from the tree with his ax and chopped up the ermine. He gathered the pieces and burnt them in the fire, and the ashes he let fly to the winds. Then he went back to his wife and told her all. After that they lived in peace, and they are still living. The end.

Told by Anne Korkin, a Russianized Yukaghir woman, in the village of Sukharnoye in the Kolyma country, in the autumn of 1896.

11. The She-Monster.

There lived a family. They had three daughters and no sons. After some time the father and the mother died. The girls remained alone. They hunted game and caught fish, and in the summer time picked berries and gathered roots. They never knew a man. One time the eldest sister stayed at home. The other two went berrying. They came home. The youngest wanted to be petted: so she dropped into the other sister's lap, and said, "O, my sister! I am so very hungry! Give me something to eat." The eldest sister, standing by, said, "Why, then go to the storehouse, and pick out a piece of the very best dried fish. That is the food for you." Then she laughed. The youngest sister looked up at her, and saw pieces of raw meat sticking out all around between her teeth. She felt frightened, and whispered to her second sister, "Why, sister, look about! all our stores of dried meat, reindeer, and elk, are gone! and why are the teeth of our eldest sister filled with pieces of meat?" The second sister refused to believe it; and, still, she also was afraid to look up, lest she should see those horrible teeth. After a few days the two younger sisters went for a visit to the graves of their parents. They invited the eldest one to go with them, but she refused. They arrived at the graves, and found that they had been dug open. The body of the father had been eaten up, and of the body of the mother only a part was left. This was the doing of their eldest sister. They sorrowed and cried aloud. Then they went back, and on the way they talked to each other. "O, sister! we cannot go home. She will finish eating our mother, then she will come for us. Let us rather leave in time! Let us run to the open country, or let us flee across the blue sea!" Just

[1] For comparative notes see Elsie Clews Parsons, "Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas." (*Memoirs, American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 13, 66).— F. B.

then they saw on high a flock of wild geese flying. They shouted upward to the geese, "O geese! drop down to us a feather apiece!" The geese, ever so many, dropped down for them a feather apiece. The girls gathered the feathers and stuck them between their fingers. Then they flew up, and followed the geese. The youngest sister said to the second one, "O sister dear! she will doubtless pursue us. Take care, though, if she should call to you, and shout, and ask for an answer, not to take any heed! and especially do not look back at her."

Then the eldest sister actually went in pursuit. They flew on high, she ran below on the ground, and cried out, "O sisters dear! why have you forsaken me? Have we not been nursed at the same mother's breast? Have we not been begotten in the same mother's womb? And now you leave me behind! How shall I live alone, without your company?" The second sister was moved with compassion: so she looked back and down. In a moment the She-Monster opened her mouth, and the girl fell directly into it. The She-Monster swallowed her without chewing. The youngest sister flew on, and did not look back, notwithstanding all her cries and entreaties. She flew onward; the eldest sister ran in pursuit. At last the She-Monster gave up, and at the last only shouted, "This time you do not want to look at me! But later you will be married, and you will have a boy and a girl. The girl will sit on an earth bench,[1] and she will play with her little scissors; and the boy will play with his bow and arrows. Then I shall come to you." The other one flew on. At last she saw a small house, standing all alone. She sat down near the chimney-hole, and looked down through the chimney. A young man was sitting near the fireplace, feathering his arrows. He did this for some time. Then he was lacking a white feather for the last arrow. So he said, "Oh, I wish I had one more feather!" In a moment she tore away one of her feathers and let it drop through the chimney. He caught it, and looked up, but no one was there. So he finished the arrow, and brought some more arrows and feathers, and resumed the feathering. After a while he was again lacking one feather for the last arrow. This time it was a black feather. "Oh," said he, "I wish I had one more feather." And immediately she let drop a black feather. After that she dropped a third feather. Then he said, "Who are you? If you are really human, come down and let me look at you, and if you are an evil spirit, then remain invisible." She took off her feathers and turned into her former self. Then she descended into the house. He took her for a wife.

They lived together for a long time, and she brought forth, first a boy, then a girl. The husband went out every day to go in search of game.

[1] The Russian log cabin and the Yakut hut are surrounded by a low earth wall up to the window-sills. This wall serves also as a bench.— W. B.

The children were growing up. One spring day they were playing on the earth bench in front of the house. Then suddenly appeared her eldest sister, the She-Monster. She hugged the children and kissed them. In doing this she bit off the upper lip of the boy and the under lip of the girl. They shrieked, and ran to their mother. Their faces were covered with blood. O, she became so frightened! "Who has been treating you like this? Or perhaps you have been fighting with others?" — "Oh, no! It was our aunt, who kissed us." Then the eldest sister entered. They did not even salute each other. Then the human sister wanted to go out. "Do not do that," said the Monster. "But I want to ease myself." — "All right! but make the utmost haste. Hardly step out of the house before you are back again." She sat down near the fireplace and waited for her. The human sister went out of the house, and the boy slipped out after her. They ran to one of their storehouses. Standing there was an old wooden box. They squeezed themselves into this box. Then the woman said, "O, wooden box! henceforth be an iron storehouse standing high upon twelve iron supports." The wooden box turned into an iron storehouse with twelve supports, and they were safe within. The boy called for his father, and she called for her husband. The eldest sister went out and saw the girl: so she caught her and swallowed her. Merely the feet stuck out from her mouth. After a while, she spit out her small bones. She came to the iron storehouse and gnawed at the supports, and splinters of iron flew in all directions. Then the iron storehouse rocked to and fro, with only three supports left. All of a sudden the man came up. He struck the She-Monster with his sword and killed her. He chopped her into small pieces and burned her in the fire. She was burning, and every kind of worms and vermin crawled out of her body. He gathered them all, scraped them up with a shovel, and thrust them back into the fire. At last her body was destroyed, and he threw the ashes to all four winds. The remaining bones he threw into the sea. Then they went to another country. They lived there.

Told by Katherine Rumiantzev, a Russianized Yukaghir woman, in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

12. The Monster with Iron Teeth.

There were three brothers. One time they traveled together in lonely places. The first night they stopped at a way house.[1] They made a fire,

[1] Small log cabins, or houses of other types, are built in various places for the use of travelers, especially along the trading or official routes. They are called in local Russian поварня ("cooking-house").— W. B.

cooked some bread-soup,[1] and had supper. While they were eating, a board of the floor was lifted up. There appeared a monster[2] with iron teeth, two feet long. The eldest brother said to the other two, "Go out and get the dogs and sledges ready. I will stay here. And you must wait outside for me." They took their bread-soup and went out of the house. They could hear the eldest brother within fighting with the monster. They did not know in what way, but could only hear great noise and gnashing of teeth. Before sunrise their brother came out of the house. They started off on their sledges. They drove till dark. Then they saw another log cabin. They entered, made a fire, and prepared some soup. As soon as they had swallowed a spoonful or two, a board was lifted in one of the front corners of the house and up came the Monster with Iron Teeth. The oldest brother made the other two go out and he fought the monster alone. The next morning, when he came out, they saw that he had turned into a quite different being. All his blood, and his face, were no longer human. He was more like a devil. The second brother said to the youngest one, "Look at him! He has iron teeth at least half a foot long."

They drove onward again until evening. It had grown quite dark when they came to another log cabin. They made a fire and prepared soup. When they were half through with their meal, there appeared a woman with iron teeth, covered with blood, who rushed at them. The eldest brother also fought the woman. The other two exchanged looks, and slipped out of doors. Then they turned their sledges back and drove homeward. They traveled the whole night and the next day. Then they came to the log cabin in which the second fight with the Monster of Iron Teeth had taken place. They made a fire and prepared their soup. Then they heard outside the shuffling of snowshoes. They were so much frightened, that neither dared to go out. Then the door opened of itself, and the oldest brother entered. He was very angry. "Why are you making so much trouble for me? If you want to leave me behind, why do you stop in this very place?" He had hardly finished these words, when the Monster with Iron Teeth appeared. They fought again; and the eldest brother said, "Go away! Do not wait for me any longer! But mind you do not stop at the first log cabin. When I am through with this fight, I shall give chase; and if I catch you in the first log cabin, I shall fight the first monster, but I shall also punish you."

[1] Затирань, a kind of soup prepared of bread-crumbs or flour roasted in butter, and then boiled in water. In former times it was generally used in these regions for breakfast or supper. At present brick-tea is substituted for it.— W. B.

[2] In local Russian it is called "heretic" (еретикъ). In colloquial Russian, in Europe and Asia, "heretic" is used as a synonym for "devil" or "evil spirit."— W. B.

They drove away from there, crying for fear. They traveled throughout the night and the next day. After sunset they came to the log cabin, and of course wanted to pass it, but they could not induce their dogs to pass by. All the dogs rushed in and fought as if they were worrying somebody to death. No one was to be seen, however. They wrangled with the dogs far into the evening, and at last dragged them out of the house. They were quite tired and hungry; and the second brother at last proposed, "Let us stay here over night!" The youngest answered, "How could we do that? The monster will appear, and then our brother; and he warned us beforehand that he will punish us." The second brother answered, "Curse him for a fool! I do not fear him at all. I myself have become as bad as he." The youngest brother looked up, and saw that the second brother also had iron teeth half a foot long. He was so badly frightened that he could not speak. Meanwhile the shuffling of snowshoes was heard outside, and there entered a being similar to their brother in face and body; but they did not recognize him. He said not a single word, but rushed at the second brother. They fought like wolves. The youngest brother slipped outside, took his dogs, and fled. He drove on until midnight, and heard nothing. After midnight, however, he heard a voice like a distant shaman's call. The voice said, "A man is pursuing his own brother. He wants to gnaw at his bones, to eat of his meat, to drink of his blood!" The youngest brother out of fright, urged his dogs on with all his might. In the meantime he said to himself, "When he overtakes me, how shall I defend myself?" He remembered having heard from older people, that, when pursued by a monster, one may defend oneself by striking the monster with an old kettle. Then the monster will fall down and will be unable to follow for a couple of hours, which at least will give respite at the most critical moment. So he loosened the kettle, and made ready for the blow. Kettle in hand, he watched when the monster should reach the sledge. When it was at hand, he uttered an incantation and struck its face with the blackened kettle. The monster fell face down, and cried aloud, "Oh, you are too clever for me! I shall catch you, nevertheless. The village is yet far off. I shall rest for a couple of hours; then I shall catch you, drink of your blood, eat of your meat and gnaw your bones." The other one urged his dogs to the limit of their strength. He knew, that the village was not very far away. They moved on. The monster gave pursuit again. Then they heard the bell in the church belfry ringing. He crossed himself, and said, "Thank God, I am safe now!" And the monster shouted from behind, "You are safe; but I shall catch you somewhere in time to come." The young man reached the village, and straightway went to the priest. He said that in such and such places in the woods there were monsters; that

these monsters were probably unburied corpses, which walk abroad and attack human beings. The priest listened to him, and then laid a curse of the Church upon the monsters; that they should cease to appear and make trouble. After that all the people traveled about without fear or danger, and they met with nothing extraordinary. The end.

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian creole (cossack), at the village of Pokhotsk in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

13. The Girl from the Grave-Box.

Some Lamut were living in three tents. One of them had two sons. They had set their deadfalls at distant places: so the father sent his sons to visit these traps. They came to the traps and walked along all day. They stopped for the night at the farthest traps. Then the elder brother said to the younger one, "Oh, I wish we could find here some girl to be our assistant! It is tedious work to cut firewood and cook food. Have we not enough to do with the traps?" — "Do not say so!" said the younger brother. "Why do you wish for a girl? We are in the wilderness. If anybody comes, it will be some monster or spirit." The first brother replied, "Be it who it may, I should like to have a girl for an assistant." In the middle of the night a girl came, handsome, like the sunrise. The older brother took her for his wife. When day was coming, she went away, but the next evening she came again. They lived in this manner.

A week passed. Then the younger brother said in the morning, "How long shall we remain here? Our father and mother must be anxious on our behalf." But the other one refused to listen. He said, "You may go home, but I shall stay here." The younger brother went home on his snowshoes, and told his parents what had happened. His father called together several neighbors, all men, and they went to bring the young man. He refused to come and cried for vexation; but they bound him hand and foot, tied him to a reindeer-sledge, and took him home. The father said, "Now, I shall stay and see who lived with him,— a human being or some impure creature." So he remained there for a night, made a fire, and waited. After sunset the girl came. When she saw that another man was in the house, she wailed aloud, and went back into the heart of the woods. She was wailing all the way back, till at last her voice died out. Next morning the father followed in her tracks. He came to a small river, which he followed upstream. At last he found on the bank an ancient wooden grave-box. The tracks of the girl led to that grave-box, and then vanished. The old man opened the box and saw a skeleton. The bones held together only by the dry sinew.

He cut the skeleton, disjointed all the bones, and laid them down in four separate places.[1]

After that the young man began to droop and pine and suffer. When walking, he would even stumble over the grass. When near to death, he said, "As you have done to my love, so do also to me." So they took his body to the grave-box, gathered the bones of the girl together, and laid him by their side. After that they left the country and went far off. The end.

Told by Katherine Rumiantzev, a Russianized Yukaghir woman, at the village of Pokhotsk in the lower Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

14. Small-Pox, a Yukaghir Tale. (*First Version.*)

There lived a man all by himself. One time a woman came to him. She was Small-Pox. She was quite tall and lean of body, her teeth were long and sharp, and her eyes burned like glowing coals. "Where are the other people?" asked Small-Pox. "I do not know." — "How is it that you do not know? Are you not human-born? Where are your house and village mates?" — "No," said the man, "as long ago as I can remember, I always lived all alone." Small-Pox stayed with him. Every morning and every evening she climbed a very high tree and listened in every direction. One time she descended, and said, "Yonder to the east, I can hear early in the morning and late in the evening the ringing of iron;" and indeed, there were young men chopping wood, and young girls carrying water from the river in iron pails. For this reason, even at present, our old men forbid young men and girls to chop wood and to carry water early in the morning or late in the evening. Every one must prepare the wood and bring the daily store of water in broad daylight.

"Oh!" said Small-Pox, "human people are living on that side. You must carry me to those people." — "And how shall I carry you to them? Here is a bladder of the ptarmigan. Creep into it. I will carry you concealed in the bladder." She entered the bladder which he tied up with a cord, and then hung it up before the fireplace to dry. The bladder was drying up more and more, and she was drying with it. Day and night she struggled within the bladder, but by no means could she pierce it and come out. After a while she became quite shrivelled up,— mere bones and dried skin; and even her voice was hardly audible.

[1] Grave-boxes made of wood were used by the Yukaghir. They are met with in the country of the Kolyma, chiefly in deep woods, on the banks of some lonesome little river, as described in the tale. This tale expresses the superstitious fear of the ancient grave-boxes common to all the peoples of the country, the remainder of the Yukaghir included.

"Oh, let me go!" pleaded Small-Pox in a hoarse whisper. "I promise I will never touch any man whatever of your house and kin." — "And how will you recognize my house and kin?" — "Let the people of your house and kin wear small red tufts on their caps." For this reason the Yukaghir people of our clan wear red tufts on their caps even at the present time.

Then the man opened the bladder and took out Small-Pox. She was so weak that she could not stand up,— a mere soul without a body. He put her on a board and sent it floating down the river. "Go wherever you choose! Land wherever you may!"

Told by Nicholas Vostriakoff, the head man of the Vostriakoff clan of the Russianized Yukaghir in the village Omolon, at the confluence of the Omolon and Kolyma rivers, summer of 1896.

(*Second Version.*)

There was a large Yukaghir village on the Indighirka River. In that village lived a powerful shaman. One time he beat the drum; then he went out of the house and said, "A great disease is coming towards us, the like of which we have never seen." There was a crossway where three small trails converged into a single one which was very broad and straight. He went to the crossway and hid under the roots of a large tree. Lying there, he listened for those whose approach he had foreseen. Three sisters were coming along the road. They were riding red horses, their coats were as red as fire, and their hair was burning like lightning. The younger sisters were inquiring of the oldest one, "Where shall we go this time?" The eldest sister answered, "This time go on without me. Near by there is a large Yukaghir village. A powerful shaman lives there. I want to take him away." — "Do not speak so loud!" answered the other sister, "somebody may overhear you." — "Who should overhear me? Deep woods are all around us." The shaman, however, was hidden under the roots of a tree, and heard all. He ran home, and said to his house people, "Get the meal ready. At mealtime she will come to the people eating food." He had a magic iron box, sealed with a magic seal. He opened it and put it upon the table, close to himself. They ate, and during the meal a long red hair fell upon the table, at the left hand side of the shaman. All at once he caught the hair and put it into the box. He closed it and sealed it up with the magic seal. "Now make a big fire," said he to the people. They made a big fire, and he put the box into it, and began to rake the fire. Soon the box was glowing red. Then a wail, like that of a human voice was heard from the box. "Oh, set me free! I cannot stand it." — "Ah, you cannot!" said the shaman, and raked the fire. Thus, he roasted her for three days and

three nights. On the fourth day there was a faint squeal like the voice of a red fox. "Oh, please let me go! I cannot stand it." Then he asked the other people of the village, "What shall I do to her? Shall I really set her free?" — "You are the shaman," said the people, "do what you think best. We cannot tell." — "All right," said the shaman, "let me have a look at her." He opened the box. A red girl was sitting within it, half dead with exhaustion, mere skin and bones, dryer than a withered leaf. "Now you may go," said the shaman, "but be sure not to forget our treatment of you." "I shall not forget. But I am very weary, I cannot walk. Give me some food and a drink of water." So he kept her for three days, and gave her food and water. After that she grew a little stronger; so she went to the woods, found her own horse, and hurried off. When departing, she swore to herself that she would never go back to that awful place. So she came to the crossway. Her sisters had been waiting for her for two days. "Where have you been so long?" — "Oh, the Yukaghir shaman caught me and nearly murdered me. He put me into a box and burned me in the fire." — "There you are! Did we not warn you not to be so loud in your boasting lest somebody should overhear you?" — "You did. And where have you been?" — "Oh, we have had some little fun. We slew the people of one village, and in another we left only one boy and one girl." After that the sisters rode on.

Told by Timothy, a Tunguso-Yukaghir, on the western tundra of the Kolyma, spring of 1895.

15. Tale of a Shaman.

A shaman was living with some other people. One time he took his drum and began to practise. Then he died suddenly. Now, the ancient Yakut had the following custom: Whenever a man of importance died, every one would leave the village, and move to another place. So the people went away. The shaman was left in an empty hut, stone dead, drum in hand. In midwinter, on the twelfth day after the shortest day, the young men of the Yakut were in the habit of gathering and playing games. One young man suddenly said, "Why, comrades, who dares to go to the dead shaman and cut off his braid? He must bring it here as proof that he has been there." The others said, "Who will go? That is too much to ask; and, by the way, at what time of day do you want us to go?" — "To be sure, about midnight, in utter darkness." — "We shall not go. Better go yourself." — "I should go on a good wager. Then I should cut off his braid and bring it here."

They argued among themselves. The one said, "Let us bet a horse

each!" They consented, but secretly they proposed to send a man along. This man was to lie down behind the shaman; and when the daring one should stretch out his hand for the braid, the other one was to make a noise and clatter, and so frighten him off. Then the one asked, "Is it time to go?" They said, "All right, go!" and he rode off. He arrived at the empty hut, tied his horse to the post, and entered the hut. When he was opening the door, he heard in the darkness a ringing of iron and a clattering of the drum, as if the shaman were stirring about; but he said, "There, uncle, you may ring and clatter, but I shall take that for which I came." So he approached the dead body, and, catching hold of the braid, cut it off at the very roots. Then he went out. Behind him something rang and clattered again, but he paid no attention to it. He came to his companions and showed them the braid; the other man arrived later, and said, "Indeed, he is quite undaunted. I made a noise and beat the drum, but he paid no heed at all. He cut away the braid and carried it off." So that man won the wager, a horse from each of the partners. That is all.

Told by John Parin, a Russianized Yakut, in the village of Bystraia, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

16. Tale of a Shaman.

There was the head man of a village. I do not know exactly whether it was a village of Yukaghir or of the Yakut clan.[1] This head man used to gather tribute among his clansmen. Then he carried it southward to the town of Yakutsk on the river Aldan. On the Aldan lived the tribute chief of their tribe.[2] One time this Kolyma head man came to the Aldan tribute chief. The wife of the latter was suffering very much from one day to the next and they were afraid she might die. The Kolyma head man, seeing her condition said to the tribute chief, "Have no care about my dinner, I will go elsewhere." The tribute chief answered, "You were my guest in times of good fortune. Will you go away in these evil hours?" So the Kolyma head man entered, and saw sitting there in the house around a table, seven people, all quite unknown to him. He asked the tribute chief, "Who are these people — your workmen or your guests?" — "Oh,

[1] For the last hundred years, the northern Miatushski clan has been living on the Great Anui River, in the Lower Kolyma country. This clan has been superficially Russianized. Their way of living is quite Russo-Yukaghir. They have no cattle, and catch their fish not in the lakes, but in the Great Anui and Kolyma rivers.— W. B.

[2] This indicates that they were probably Yakut. The tribute chief in local Russian is голова (literally, "head"). This chief was elected by several clans related to one another and forming together one tribal branch.— W. B.

oh!" said the tribute chief, "what are you thinking of! These people are no workmen, nor are they simple guests. They are shamans, all seven of them. They have come here for nine days, and they practise their art all the while; but we do not see any help. My wife is getting worse and worse. O friend! Your Kolyma country is renowned for its shamans and magicians; and you too, come from a country far distant, and you select your assistant from the whole community without doubt with great care. I am sure that you pay attention also to this (*i. e.*, to magic). Can you not ask your assistant? Perhaps he knows enough to get for us at least temporary relief, even if for only a couple of hours." — "I cannot tell. Indeed, as a young man, he suffered from fits,[1] and perhaps he really is able to practise the art of shamanism, though I do not know whether for himself only or also in behalf of other people. However, we may call him here, and see what he can do. Where is he? Go and call him."

They brought the assistant. He was a small fellow, quite young, with only one eye. The house master asked him, "Here, you, of Kolyma birth, perhaps you have some knowledge of this matter, some shamanistic power or magical force. Have a look at my wife, and try to help her somehow!" — "All right!" said the fellow. "If I were in my own place, or if I had at least my own shamanistic garment, I might try to do something." To this the tribute chief answered, "If you only will try, I will procure the necessary garment and all appurtenances." The man was silent for a while. Then he said, "I will try to practise, as far as I may and know. But if she should die, do not be angry with me!" — "Oh, no! surely not! Do whatever you like. Before the beginning, however, give me a few hours only. Let me have one more look at her, though she is suffering." They brought the shamanistic garment and arrayed him in it. The garment was too large for him. He looked in it just like a stump in an overcoat. The owner of the garment said, "Tie him up with a girdle. He will tear off all the tassels." One man went up to him and said, "Let me gird you up!" — "Wait a while," said the Kolyma shaman, "then you may gird me. I will give you a signal." So he began to practise. He croaked three times like a raven; then he roared three times like a bear; then he howled three times like a wolf. After that he stood up. His head pierced the roof, and the garment burst between the shoulders. Then the door flew open, and the seven shamans were hurled

[1] Fits of shamanistic hysteria (Cf. Bogoras, "The Chukchee"). Among the Russian creoles and Russianized natives, both on the Anadyr and the Kolyma, women often have so-called "fits" (припадки, without any adjective). The patient, during the fit, sings improvised tunes, and even pronounces words of an unknown language. When coming to herself, she pretends not to remember what she has done. Such singing is also called shamanistic, and probably all this really represents the remnants of a more ancient shamanistic practice.— W. B.

out of the house like seven shreds of skin. They died on the spot. He began to practise. After some time he went to the patient, and cut her body into small pieces. Each piece he took into his hands and put into his mouth, sucked it all around, and then blew on it. He put them together, and blew upon them three times. They joined again, and were covered with a new skin. He blew three times more, and the body breathed. After that he stepped toward the entrance and sang for an hour, then for another hour. At the beginning of the third hour, the woman came to herself, and turned over on the other side. She even asked for a little piece of meat to be put into her mouth. So he went back to her from the door, and asked her, "How do you feel?" — "I feel numb all over!" He resumed his singing and performed until dawn. Then he stopped and ordered all the people to lie down to sleep. When they awoke, the woman awoke with them, and asked for food and drink. They put another piece of meat into her mouth. From this time on she recovered rapidly, and after three days she was able to take food and drink without assistance.

After that the tribute chief took his best horse, renowned in that region for its swiftness. He put on it a saddle of silver, a bridle of steel inlaid with silver, and a saddle cloth embroidered with silk. To the saddle he tied a pouch containing two hundred rubles in cash. Then he took the horse to the Kolyma shaman, but the shaman refused to accept anything. So the tribute chief felt greatly afraid, and with much insistence and almost in tears, begged him to take something. At last, the shaman consented. He took the horse; but the bridle and the saddle, together with the saddle cloth, he took off and gave them back to the master. He also took thirty rubles only, and those not in silver, but in paper money. He rolled them up and tucked them into the horse's left ear. Then he blew upon the horse and struck it with his staff; and the horse soared up on high, flew away, and vanished. They asked him, "Where did you send it?"— "I sent it to my mother and sister. This will last them until my return."

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian creole, in the village of the Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

17. A Hunting Tale.[1]

Three men lived together. I cannot tell to what tribe or clan they may have belonged,— whether they were peasants or cossacks, or Yakut or

[1] This tale seems to be composed of mixed elements, Russian and native. The sables that play so prominent a rôle in it, were quite abundant in the Kolyma country a century ago, but since the sixties of the nineteenth century, not a single track of a sable has been met with in the Kolyma, partly because they have been mercilessly pursued and partly because they have migrated to the south.— W. B.

Yukaghir or something else. They were good hunters, and every fall with the first snow they would set off to hunt sable and red and gray foxes. Each time they would divide the skins into three equal parts. One year the snow fell very early and it was time to go on the hunt. One of the companions, who was somewhat poorer than the rest went to the others and invited them to go. It seems that he wanted to buy some provisions, and so wanted to make haste to get the means for purchasing them. The other, being richer, wanted to wait a couple of days. He waited two days, but still they were not ready. They asked him to wait a little longer. He waited again. Meantime the fallen snow had grown harder. It was the very time to go: so he went to his companions, and said, "See here! Perhaps you are not yet ready, but I shall not wait any longer. You see, the snow has already hardened. We have missed the last time. Further delay will spoil the hunt altogether."

So he went home, mounted his horse, and called his hunting dog. With these he went, and at once found the tracks of four sables. He had a good dog: so he let him loose, and the dog followed the sables and chased them to an open lake. There on the ice he caught all four of them. He crossed over the lake, and on the other shore made a fire, prepared some food, and skinned the sables. All at once the other two companions arrived and congratulated him on the successful hunt. He thanked them, invited them to pass the night with him, and the next morning to start hunting in common, as was their custom in former times. They consented, and stayed there. The night passed. In the morning they got up and went hunting in different directions. They also chose the halting-place for the next night, and promised to be there in time for the evening meal. The first hunter arrived there, however, the last of all, he was so late. The other two brought eight sables, and he alone also brought eight. They skinned them all and dried the skins. The next morning they proposed to continue the hunt; but the first hunter said, "I must go home for a couple of days. We will divide these skins equally among us; then I will go home, and be back in two or three days." They had, in all, twenty sable skins, but in distributing them they gave him only five skins, and took fifteen for themselves, and he was the one who had caught more than half of the whole. So he said, "No, that is not fair. Let us share equally. You have given me too little. We must have six sables a piece, and the two sables over are surplus." They refused to comply, and offered him the former five. He took these five skins and felt wronged: so he departed without any greeting. After some hesitation, they followed him. They rode quite silently for a long time, and then they saw near the trail a house that they had never seen before. Near the entrance stood a birch tree, very thin and high. They wondered at the house and the tree, and asked themselves, "How is it that

never before have we seen this house in our neighborhood? Let us enter and see who may live in it!" So they entered, and saw an old man, quite small, and wizened with age. He was so thin that his head was held in place by a single sinew only. His arms and legs were like grass blades, almost ready to break in two. They entered, and saluted the old man. He said, "Sit down, O hunters! Tell me, please, what success have you had in your pursuit?" The two said, "Thank God! fair enough." The third one replied, "Look here, uncle! We hunted together, and were indeed fairly successful. I caught a little more than they, and in the end they refused to give me even a fair and equal share." — "How was that," asked the old man. He told what had happened. "Listen, my friends!" said the old man. "I will tell you a story of a similar kind. I too, in my time, was a hunter, and was always ready to wander about. No kind of game could escape me, but in sharing with my companions, I was too exacting and close-fisted. One time, while traveling alone, I met a young woman, or, rather a girl. She came to me and stretched out her hand and gave me a blow on the ear. At the same time she said, 'You were a man, now you must be a wolf. For three days, you shall run, and after the third day you shall come here to this very place.' So I, who had been a man, immediately turned into a wolf. I ran about for three whole days, and then I returned to the same place from which I had started. The woman was already there. She struck me again on the face, and said aloud, 'You were a wolf, now turn into a man again!' I turned into a man. She took my hand and led me on to a village. When we were near the village, she struck me again on the face, and said, 'You were a man, now turn into a bunch of grass.' So I turned into a bunch of grass and remained motionless at the place where I stood, close to the trail. The people of that village were driving over me, and the runners of the sledges hurt me every time. The people often felt angry at me, and wanted to cut me down, but they neglected to do so. Well, I existed somehow. I felt much pain and fear, and it was only in the depths of the night that I had any respite at all. I cannot tell how long I stayed there, days or months, or maybe years. I was more dead than alive. Then at last the woman came. She kicked me, and said aloud, "You were a bunch of grass, now turn again into a man!" So I turned into a man. I felt quite savage, and wanted to retaliate. She took my hand and led me on. I said to myself, 'What if I try and do the same to her?' So I stretched out my hand and gave her a blow on the ear, and said aloud, 'You were a woman, now you must turn into a birch tree.' I remembered the incantation; but in my haste I could not think of anything besides a birch tree, so she turned into a birch tree. From that time on, she has been a tree, and I do not know how to restore her to her former

human shape. The second part of the incantation has ceased to work. I have tried it again and again; but it has lost its force, I do not know why. So I constructed this small house, and am living here. I say to myself, 'Let me die at least near this birch tree!' So you see I am severely punished. My arms and legs have become like grass blades, my body is almost ready to break down, and my head to fall off. I think that God has sent this punishment to me and to the woman, in order to make us a living lesson to other people who pass by on this road. So I say to you two, cease to do wrong to your companion, lest worse luck befall you!"

The two greedy ones felt afraid, and they said, "The old man speaks the truth, it is too dangerous." They shared the sable skins equally, and gave six skins to the first hunter. Two sable skins were left over. They took one for themselves, and gave the other to the first hunter. Then the old man fell down and died, and the birch tree turned into its former self and became a woman. "Who are you?" asked the men. "I am hunting luck," said the woman. She asked them to help her in burying the old man. The other two hunters refused to do so; but the first hunter said, "I will bury him all alone." So he dug the grave, and then made a coffin of larch-wood. He buried him in due form, as is the custom. The woman thanked him; and when he departed, she gave him a small pouch made of various shreds of cloth. He took the pouch, and said to himself, "For what is this pouch? It seems of no use." She answered his thoughts, "Do not say that this pouch is of no use. It will be good all your life." He went home and opened the pouch. It was full of silver money. He spent the money, but whenever he took out money, the pouch was filled again. So he lived and lived, and could not empty the pouch; and his widow after him also could not spend all the money.

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian Creole, in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

18. Story about the Bad Merchant.[1]

Three brothers lived. I cannot tell who they were, whether Russian or Yakut. They lived in a wild place, somewhat after the manner of Lamut nomads. Two of the brothers used to go on hunting trips. The third one stayed at home. None of them knew whether they ever had had father, mother, or sister, or even so much as a relative. The two elder brothers

[1] This story refers perhaps to some real incident. Events like this still happen in northeastern Siberia. However, the manner in which it is told corresponds to the style of local Russian folklore.— W. B.

would come home for a day or two, and then leave again for six or seven days. They used to bring home costly peltries, also reindeer and elk carcasses. They gave everything to the third brother, and they did not even care what happened to their game. They never asked him, "What are you doing with all these things? Do you store them away, or simply throw them away as rubbish?"

One day these two brothers prepared for a longer trip than usual. So they said to the housekeeping brother, "Perhaps we shall not be back for a long time. Stay at home, and eat of the meat we have brought." After that they left. One evening, the brother who kept house was singing songs for his own recreation. Then he heard a noise without. He hurried to the entrance; but at this moment entered a man, tall of stature, carrying in his hands a bear lance inlaid with silver. He was clad in beautiful garments embroidered with silk. It was the bad merchant. The young man was much frightened, and receded to a remote corner; but the visitor said gruffly, "Help my workman unload the pack-horses!" The house master hurried out, and saw a man busying himself with nine pack-horses. He helped him take off the loads. While doing this, he heard somebody cough. He looked back, and saw a woman wrapped up in fox garments. He approached her, and asked her with much gentleness to enter the house. Then he opened the door and showed her the way. As soon as she was inside, he helped her lay off her garments. She was middle-aged, but very strong and pretty. The Bad Merchant looked at his doings with much scorn. He sat before the fire, warming his back. All the time he held in his hands the big bear lance inlaid with silver.

After a while the Bad Merchant asked the house master with still more gruffness, "Do you not know of some good pasture here for horses?" "Yes, I know of one." "Then help my workman to take the horses there." They had a meal and drank their tea. After that they took the horses to the pasture. When they were going back, the house master asked of the workman, "And who are you, this visitor and the woman?" — "Do you not know him? He is the Bad Merchant. I thought he would kill you at first sight. He has a very bad temper. No house did he ever pass that he did not kill somebody. It is your special luck that you have been spared so far." The young man ceased asking, and kept his thoughts to himself. They entered the house. The Bad Merchant was sitting, as before, near the fire, lance in hand. The house master hurried to his back room and threw out a great number of furs, sables, gray foxes, black foxes, bears, all kinds of peltries that exist in the world. He threw all this at the feet of the Merchant. The latter, seeing such riches, put the lance on the floor and bent over the heap. The young man, with an innocent face, picked up the

lance. "What a beautiful lance!" said he, "and what a shaft! Stro like iron. Even against a bear such a shaft would hold out and neve break." Then he poised it in his hands. Together with the shaft it weighed no less than one pud.[1] He took the lance by the iron and lifted it, shaft upward, and all at once struck the Bad Merchant on the neck. The woman seized a knife and tried to stab him; but he struck her with the shaft, and she fell down senseless. Then he cried to the workman, "Bring those elk-hide lines there in the corner!" With them he bound him securely. The woman came to herself, but he violated her. Then he said to the workman, "You accompanied him on his travels, and were compelled by him to do his work, and he paid you with blows. You might have expected a violent death at almost any hour. Now that God has brought you here to me, I restore you to freedom. Take his horses and go wherever you wish!" The workman stayed there, however, for five days more. After that the elder brothers came, and saw the Bad Merchant in bonds. The woman was bound likewise. So the elder brothers said, "Ah! it is you! We have heard much about you. So many people of these parts complain of your doings. This time God has given us occasion to overcome you. Now the complaints of the people will cease. They turned to their brother and thanked him heartily: "It is you who caught him and liberated the country." I do not know, however, what they did to the prisoners. Probably they tortured them to death. That is all.

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian creole, in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1895.

19. Stepmother and Stepdaughter.[2]

There was an old man with his wife. They had one daughter. After some time the old woman died. He married another woman, and also had a daughter by her. The woman hated her stepdaughter and ill-used her in a thousand ways. As soon as the father was gone, the stepmother abused the girl with words and blows. Then she would push her out of the house, unfed and unclad. In the evening, the father would come home, and say, "O daughter! why have you such a tired look? Perhaps my new wife does not act quite fair toward you?" — "No," the daughter would say, "she does nothing wrong to me." Thus she would refuse to complain. They lived in this way, and the young girl suffered much. At last she could

[1] Thirty-six pounds avoirdupois.

[2] This is a version of the well-known Russian tale, but with some details of local life.— W. B.

endure it no longer; so when the father came back in the evening, she said, "O father! take me away! I cannot live here any longer. Take me rather to the Unclean Idol."[1] The father said, "Why, my child, if you feel so badly, I will rather stay here and watch over you. Perhaps then life will become more bearable for you." So the next day he did not go hunting, but stayed at home. His wife, however, was so angry with him, that she began to ill-use both him and her stepdaughter. She even beat the latter worse than ever. The old man tried to stop his wife, but she struck him also. Then he said, "O child! you were right, I cannot bear to look upon your distress, and I have no power to help you: rather than have you stay here I will carry you away to the Unclean Idol. He shall eat you all at once, and there will be an end to this sorrow."

In the morning he attached his dogs to his sledge, and said to his daughter, "Now get ready! We will go to the Unclean Idol." His wife was very glad, and helped her stepdaughter get ready to depart. The old man said to the girl, "You must take from the fireplace some ashes and a few coals, and put them into a handkerchief. When you feel hungry, take a kettle and put into it some of these ashes and coals. This will serve you as food." So they went away and drove for a long time. They came to the house of the Unclean Idol. He was not at home. So the father said, "O child! I will go back and you must stay here and wait for the house master." He went away. The daughter stayed there, full of sorrow. Evening came, and she felt hungry: she took a kettle and put into it some ashes and coals. She put the kettle near the fire. After some time she looked into it, and it was full to the brim of cooked fat and meat. She put the food into a bowl of birch wood, on a shelf she found a horn spoon and went to eat. All at once a board of the flooring was lifted up, and from there appeared a great number of mice and toads, ermines, and all kinds of small vermin. They piped, "We are children of the Unclean Idol. Our father has not come back for several days, and we feel hungry. Give us some food too from your birch bowl with your horn spoon! We know those things very well. They are of our own house." So she fed the whole pack, giving to one a spoonful, and to another half a spoonful, and in the end nothing was left for herself. The vermin had enough, and went back under the flooring, and the girl lay down to sleep quite hungry.

Early in the morning there was heard a great noise and clatter. The Unclean Idol came flying with his broad paper wings, alighted, and entered

[1] "Unclean Idol" (Russian идолъ поганый) is usually applied in Russian stories to representations of heathenism. The word поганый (unclean) is derived from the Latin paganis ("pagan"). Here, however, it is simply a monster.— W. B.—— See Bolte und Polívka, *l. c.*, vol. 1, 207.— F. B.

the house. "Oh, oh, oh! We heard nothing, we saw nothing, the little Russian bone came to the house of its own free will." All at once a board was lifted, as before, and his vermin children spurted out in all directions; and they piped, "O father! do not do her any harm! She treated us kindly, and gave us food to eat. You must reward her for this. Otherwise, we might have died of starvation." "Ah!" said the Unclean Idol, "she is clever." He brought a sable overcoat and a bagful of silver money. "This is my present to you. When your father comes again, you may take this and go home with him." He stayed for a while and departed again. In the meantime her father felt very sorry about her, and at last said to himself, "Let me go, at least, and have a look at the little bones of my dear daughter." So he set off, and came to that house. The Unclean Idol was not there. He entered the house, and his daughter was sitting there quite ready to depart. She was clad in a sable overcoat and had in her hand a bagful of silver money. She said, "O father! let us go back to our house!" They set off. The stepmother waited for them at home. Her small bitch, however, also waited near the entrance, and then she began to bark: "Bow-wow! the old man is coming, and he is bringing his daughter and her money is rattling in the bag." The woman struck the dog with a stick, and ordered, "You little fool! you had better say, 'The old man is coming and is bringing his daughter, and her bones are rattling in the bag.'" But the dog was quite firm. She would cease for a little while, but as soon as the woman stepped away, she would bark louder than before: "Bow-wow! the old man is coming; he is bringing his daughter, and her money is rattling in the bag." At last the old man came to the house, and the woman saw the sable coat and the money of her stepdaughter. She looked on with much envy, and then said to the old man, "Now, you must take my own daughter also, and carry her to the Unclean Idol's house. Let him give her too similar presents." He took the daughter of his second wife and carried her over to the Idol's house. He left her there and returned home. Evening came. She felt hungry: so she put some ashes and coals into the kettle, and put it near the fire. In due time the kettle was full to the brim with cooked fat and meat. As soon as she was about to eat, a board of the flooring was lifted up; and the vermin children of the Unclean Idol appeared from there, more numerous than ever. She grew very angry; and struck at them in all directions. She even broke the legs and arms and backs of several. So they scurried back, piping and crying. In the morning, the Unclean Idol came home. He asked the animals, "Well, now, children, and this one, how did she act toward you?"—"Ah! she beat us mercilessly. Our legs, arms, and backs are dislocated or broken. All of us are suffering." The Unclean Idol grew angry. He caught the girl and tore her in two. Then he swallowed

both parts, and vomited the bones into the corner. After a while her mother said to the old man, "Now, go and bring my daughter back. Take care lest you leave behind any of her presents." The old man went to the house of the Unclean Idol who was not at home when he arrived. He opened the entrance, but the girl was not to be seen. Only some bones were heaped in the corner. He looked at them, and recognized them as the remnants of his daughter. So he put them into a bag and started home. Her mother waited on them with great impatience; but the little bitch barked again: "Bow-wow! the old man is coming back, and the girl's bones are rattling in the bag!" "Ah, you little fool! rather say 'The girl's money is rattling in the bag.'" The old man came. She rushed out and caught the bag. It was filled with bones. "Ah, ah! where is my little girl?" "I found only her bones, so I brought them home." The woman wailed aloud, but it was too late. The end.

Taken down by Innocent Beresken, a cossack of Kolyma from the words of a Russian creole woman, Mary Beresken, in the village "Crosses" ("Кресты") in the Kolyma country, winter of 1895.— W. B.

21. Sea-Wanderers.

On the seashore, upon an island, stood a village of the Maritime people. The village was very large, the houses were more numerous than the leaves on a tree. Several people began to talk among themselves. "Let us travel, that we may see all the wonders of the sea!" One of them was "a knowing one."[1] He knew all kinds of incantations, even the chief incantation of the Zyrian people. These Zyrian people were an ancient heathen tribe, who lived on the seashore.[2] All the other travelers were quite common people. They entered a skin boat and started off. After a long time the winds and the currents carried them toward an island. They landed at a safe place and walked along the shore. It was a broad strip of sand, and higher up was a steep bank of firm ground. On it were the houses of people. They climbed the bank, but the houses had disappeared. The entrances were not to be found. Only a number of willow bushes were scattered about and wherever they stepped, or wherever they put their feet a great clamoring of children came up from underground. The whole

[1] In local Russian знатливый. This is nearly the same as "shaman," but of more indefinite character. Cf. also Bogoras, "The Chukchee," 472.— W. B.

[2] The Zyrian tribe is of Finnish origin. The Zyrians live on both sides of the Northern Ural Mountains, along the Pechora River, and also along some tributaries of the Obi River. A confused remembrance of them was brought into northeastern Asia by Russian cossacks and other immigrants, the greater part of whom came from northern European Russia and all along the northern parts of Siberia.— W. B.

bank resounded with the noise of their voices. At last they found an entrance among the roots of a willow bush, and entered a house, which lay entirely underground. The people bade them welcome, and gave them food and drink. These people were Polar Fox people. All of them were quite young and strong. Only one was an aged, decrepit old man who could hardly walk about, even with the help of his long staff. The other people soon went out; but the old man stayed behind, and immediately said to the guests, "O you Christians![1] if you are such, indeed, do not stay here for a single night, but rather sail away. While walking above, you trod down ever so many Fox children. If you should stay here for a night, they would certainly kill you out of spite and revenge. Take warning and go away in time!" So they entered their skin boat and sailed away. They moved on for a long time, and at last they saw another island. On that island was a village and some people were living there. In front of the island, in the sea, stood a tree of gigantic size, full of boughs. These boughs and branches were so close to one another, that not even a finger could be thrust in between them; and in the middle of the trunk there was an excrescence, ever so large. They stopped their skin boat and gazed at the new wonder. The tree stood bolt upright; then all at once it bowed down lower and lower, and at last was immersed in the water, boughs, excrescence, and all — and vanished from sight. Then they saw on shore a number of people, all one-sided,[2] running to and fro, and catching fish. They were just like ordinary men split in two. The two halves would meet and stick together and would become whole men. Then they would part again, and each half would race along the shore so swiftly that it would outrun a flying bird. These halves of men were catching fish in the following manner. They spread their fingers, ran down into the water and vanished in the sea. After a while they came back on a run and to every finger a fish was hanging. They caught the fish with their fingers. After that the big tree would also emerge from the water, bough after bough, and stand straight up again, as before; but it would be thoroughly white from the mass of fish on it. Every little bough would have a fat fish hanging on it. The tree stood up and trembled, as if alive; and then all the fish were swung up to the excrescence, when they vanished.[3]

[1] Literally, "orthodox" (православные), an invocation much used in Russian among the larger classes of people, meaning about the same as the English "gentlemen." — W. B.

[2] See Bella Coola (Boas, Franz, *Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Küste Amerikas*, 256); Chipewyan (Petitot, Emile, *Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest*, 363); Tsimshian (Boas, Franz, "Tsimshian Texts" *Bulletin 27, Bureau of American Ethnology*, Washington, 1902, 105.) — F. B.

[3] See the Eskimo tale of Giviok (references in Boas, Franz, "Eskimo of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay" *Bulletin, American Museum of Natural History*, vol. 15, 36); Tlingit (Swanton, John R., "Tlingit Myths and Texts" *Bulletin 39, Bureau of American Ethnology*, Washington, 1909, 317).— F. B.

The voyagers gazed upon these wonders, but, being afraid of the one-sided people, they did not land there, but sailed by. After a while they were carried off to still another island. They landed there, and walked along the shore. A village stood there, with numerous houses. They approached, and saw near the village, down the steep bank, a great mass of food lying in heaps higher than a man's stature. It was mostly meat of wild reindeer. The people had neither anus nor urethra. They killed many wild reindeer. Then they cooked the meat in huge iron kettles. When it was done, they put the kettle under their bare armpits and kept it there for a while. They lived on the steam they inhaled through their armpits. After that they would turn the kettles over and throw all the meat down the bank. The voyagers felt very hungry, and wanted to eat of this strange refuse; but all of a sudden there came from the houses men with long staffs, who shouted to them, "Don't touch that meat! It is bad. Rather come here! We will give you good meat, we will feed you with clean provisions. That is offal!"[1] They entered the nearest house. The people of the island gave them the choicest meat and dried fat and brought in large bladders filled with pure oil. They ate heartily.

An old man was sitting opposite them, and was all the time attentively watching their doings. "Ah!" said he, "so this is your manner of eating! It seems you relish it." The "knowing one," the man with incantations, wanted him to do the same. "Do try and have a morsel!" "I wish I could!" said the old man; "But you see yourself, with your own eyes that we have neither anus nor urethra. What, then, would become of me?" The other one, however, did not desist. "Ah, father! Do take a morsel! I will arrange that you may enjoy it without danger." "Ah!" said the old man, "I have lived long enough; so let me try it once, though I die from it!" He took a small bit and swallowed it. "Ah! it is sweet." He took another piece, and by and by had eaten a large and hearty meal, in the manner of human beings. In due time, however, he felt uncomfortable, and shouted, "My buttocks prick me, my buttocks prick me!" Tears started from his eyes from pain. The man with incantations took a splinter of drift larch-wood and made it round and sharp-pointed. He pronounced several incantations over it, and then thrust it through the old man's breeches, thus making an anus for him. In a similar manner he made for him also a urethra. At the same moment the old man eased himself in both ways, and became like an ordinary man. But the others were without openings, as before.

[1] See references in Boas, "Tsimshian Mythology" (*Thirty-first Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, Washington, 1916), 773.— F. B.

The next morning, however, the visitors were requested to furnish the whole population with anus and urethra, for which they were paid generously with costly fur. Till then they had traveled among all these wonders and terrors without any provisions, but from here they took along plenty of dried meat.[1]

They sailed on, and reached another island. A single house, quite large, stood on the bank. In it lived an old man and his wife. Before the entrance a big brown bear was tied to a post. It was their watch-dog. Close to the house stood two racks of drying poles filled with human flesh. There were shoulders along with arms and hands in one piece; and the fingers glistened with rings, gold and silver. The heads were ornamented with earrings, and the legs with feet booted in leather and chamois. The travelers were much afraid, but they did not dare to say anything. The old man said to his wife, "Bring some cloud-berries for our guests." So she brought a dish full of rosy finger tips of women and children, cut off with great care. These finger tips, indeed, looked like so many berries. The "knowing one" said to his companions. "Do not eat this food. Hide it in the bosom of your clothes." They were all clad in fur shirts, and girt around with large girdles of many-colored stuff, as is the custom with our people. So they did as they were told, and after the meal they went out of the house as if to ease themselves. They loosened their girdles, and all these awful finger tips glided down to the ground. They went back. The old woman was already preparing beds for them. "These places are for you, and these also. Lie down and have your rest." They went out again; and the "knowing one" said, "We cannot stay here. The only way to do is the following. We will return, and I shall take my pipe and have a short smoke. That done, I shall knock the glowing ashes out of the bowl. Then all at once I shall howl like a wolf. You must be careful and hold on to me at that very moment. I shall rush out and take you along."

He had a smoke, and knocked the glowing ashes out of the pipe bowl. Then all at once he howled like a wolf. The bear in front of the door fell down at once and snored loudly. The old man and the old woman within the house fell asleep and slept like logs. The visitors went out and found the skin boat.

They gave up journeying farther, and turned homeward. On the return journey, they made almost no landings, but sailed steadily on. They revisited only those people whose intestines they had provided with openings, and obtained from them more provisions for the last part of their journey.

[1] See Eskimo (Boas, "The Eskimo of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay" Bulletin American Museum of Natural History, vol. 15, 170)); for other references, *Ibid.*, 360; Wishram (Sapir, "Wishram Texts" *Publications, American Ethnological Society*, vol. 2, 19).— F. B.

They were traveling, not for a single year, nor for two years, but for three complete years, of twelve months each. All of them had wives at home, some of whom had been left with child. These women had had time to give birth to their children, and the children were already toddling about and babbling lustily, though not very intelligibly. So they came home. Their wives were told by neighbors, "Come out! Your husbands have come back!" They almost lost their senses for joy, because they had believed that their husbands were dead and gone. As soon as the men came into the house, the women glanced at them and swooned. They remained unconscious for many hours, and could hardly be restored. After that they lived with their husbands exactly as they had in former times. The end.[1]

Told by Innocent Korkin, a Russianized Yukaghir man, in the village of Pokhotsk, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

22. The Tale of La'la.[2]

(Kolyma Version)

La'la was very rich in peltries. Among all the Chukchee people along the border he was known for his costly furs. He was also a great warrior, and lived all by himself; only with his own family. One time the Chukchee said among themselves, "Let us go and make war on La'la! We will take his peltries and kill the people." They went, and they were more numerous than mosquitoes, all young men and strong. La'la's father and mother were quite old. He had also a single brother, a mere lad, not yet full grown. This morning La'la walked on snowshoes and broke the one for the right foot. Therefore, after dinner, he went into the woods with his brother to hew out a new board for the broken snowshoe. While he was working the lad climbed a high tree, and was playing among the thin branches near the top. He played there, and looked homeward. From the top of the tree he could see their house and everything around. He played there for some time, and said suddenly, "Khadya,[3] there are the Chukchee, coming to

[1] See p. 87, note 3.

[2] This story is very interesting, because it treats of La'la, the tribal hero of the Chuvantzi, whose name is known to the present day among the last remnants of this tribe, and also speaks of the wars between the Chuvantzi and the Chukchee. It is probably only a fragment of a longer tale. The episodes composing it reappear in several other tales among the Russianized natives, Chukchee, and Yukaghir. The Kolyma version of this story, however, calls La'la and his brother Yukaghir. The interchange of these two tribal names, adds to the probability that the Chuvantzi were a branch of the Yukaghir tribe (Bogoras, "The Chukchee," 15).— W. B.

[3] This word was indicated as belonging to the Chuvantzi language. It is supposed to mean "elder brother". — W. B.

attack La'la!" La'la looked up, and asked, "What do you say?" — "Ah, nothing! I am only playing with twigs." After a while he said again, "Khadya, they are coming to La'la's house." La'la looked up, and asked again, "What do you say?" — "Ah, nothing! I am playing with twigs." A third time he said, "Khadya, they are coming!" And indeed, they had come. The old man ran out, and they followed him around the house. He said, "Khadya, they are going to kill him." Three times they chased him around the house, then one of them seized a piece of a sledge runner of birch-wood and struck the old man on the head. "Khadya," said the young brother, "they have killed the old man. The old man is gone." And after a while, "Khadya, they are breaking down the house and are looting the sledges. They are driving a long needle into mother's tongue and make her drag the tent poles. Now they are gone."

At last La'la had finished his snowshoes, "Let us go home!" They went home. "Why is it so quiet here? Not a voice is to be heard. And where is the old man? Why, the tent cover is torn off the poles! Are they going to move to another place?" Then he looked at the sledges, and they were empty. He came to the entrance. His father lay there in the house, close to the entrance. The old man's head was broken, like an egg. The mother was gone. "Ah, sorrow!" said La'la, "was it of this you spoke up in the tree?" — "Just so," answered the lad. "I saw from the tree, how they killed the old man, and looted the sledges, and drove a long needle through the old woman's tongue. Then they made her drag the tent poles." — "Ah!" wailed La'la, "what is to be done?" They thought and thought; but the bow and the quiver, the arrow and the spears,— everything had been carried off. They were unarmed, and he had only the snowshoes which he had mended in the forest. La'la put on the snowshoes, and they set off. His younger brother followed him. They walked on; then they came to a large lake, round and smooth, just like a frying pan. In the middle of it, on the smooth ice, was pitched the camp of the assaulters. They were distributing the spoils among themselves. La'la spoke to his younger brother, and said to him, "Listen! I am going to turn you into a fox. After that I shall go straight to them, and you must stay here and wait. I shall go to them and try to get my bow and quiver. You must watch me; and if I succeed in getting them, at that very moment you must appear, and run within shooting distance. Glide in among the sledges, turn in zigzag directions, and try not to be hit." — "How shall I do it?" said the young man. "Are you not a Yukaghir?"[1] said La'la. "You must know how to

[1] But the word "Khadya" a little above was indicated as Chuvantzi. Cf. Anadyr version, footnote, p. 95.— W. B.

avoid arrows and spears. Run down the lake and lure them on, only mind not to lead them too far away, and I shall follow." He made a circuit around the lake, then he took off his snowshoes and left them behind. He went to the Chukchee camp from the north, along their usual way. He waded in the snow, pretended to stumble, and assumed the air of being very tired. Then he went over the beaten path, and boldly approached the camp. "Here, boys! What about La'la? Have you killed La'la?" — "Oh, yes, we killed him with a piece of wood, just like an old woman. He did not lift a hand in his own defence." — "Ah, ah! I thought he was a great warrior. I came here from afar merely to have a look at him. I was told several times that people would try to assault him, and he would wind in among the assailers like a wet nettle-cord." — "Ah, nonsense! he was an old man. He never struck a blow." "True, he did not, but at least his peltries were numerous." — "As to that," said the Chukchee, "there is no mistake about them. The peltries were abundant. We are ever so numerous, and every one of us had a share." After a while he said again, "See here, brothers! They say his bow and quiver are ever so large, and also his snowshoes. Show them to me! I have come from afar in order to have a look at them, because it is said, 'La'la's bow is a three men's bow.' Is it really so heavy and imposing?" They suspected nothing, and so brought forth La'la's arms. Two men were carrying his bow, two others his quiver, and two more his snowshoes. "Ah!" said La'la, "indeed, it is true! They are quite heavy." He took the bow and pretended to drop it. Then he tried the snowshoes and deftly put them on. At that moment, the small fox started off and ran away. All the young people rushed out, and crossed his path, far ahead of him. So the fox returned to the camp, and hid among the lodges. The Chukchee shot at it (as thick as rain fell the arrows), but nobody could so much as graze it. It turned again and ran away up the trail. The young men followed it, shooting and shouting. Two old men were sitting on a pack-sledge looking on at the chase. One said in his mother tongue, "He, he, he! La'la monia'lo khanidula,"[1] which means, "Be careful, boys! La'la will tear the stomach out of your bodies."[2] "Why have you given him the bow and the quiver?" His neighbor, however, nudged him with his elbow. "You fool! Hold your tongue!" The young people, however, did not listen to any one, and ran on. La'la followed in the rear, and one by one he killed the Chukchee, beginning with the one running farthest in the rear. He shot and shot. Not a single arrow missed its aim. After that he turned back to the

[1] These words were also said to belong to the Chuvantzi language.— W. B.

[2] In dressing the hunting-quarry, the belly is ripped up, and the stomach and other intestines are immediately pulled out.— W. B.

sledges. These two old men were sitting there. He killed one,— the one who said, "Be careful, boys!" He struck him on the head with a piece of wood. He took the other one along and married him to his mother. He also turned his brother back into a man. To these three he gave everything he took from the Chukchee.

He went away from there, and arrived at another village. There he married the pretty daughter of the chief. He lived there with his pretty wife. They had two children,— a boy and a girl. The children were growing up. The girl already could carry water from the river, and the boy could fetch fuel from the woods. One time the father brought home a large heath cock, and said to his wife, "Cook that heath cock!" She cooked it, and they had a meal. After the meal she carried out the bones and the odd pieces in a large frying-pan, and then she vanished. They waited for her, but she never came back. La'la went out to look for her; but she was nowhere to be seen. There were left only traces in the snow, as if a giant bird had brushed it with its wings. From this he knew that someone with wings had carried her off.

One night passed. In the morning, he said to his children, "I will go and look for your mother. You must stay at home and not show yourselves outside. In three days, I shall come back. Whether I find her or not, I shall come to you." After that he left. On the way, he met a Buzzard: "Here, Buzzard! have you not seen my wife?" — "I will not tell you. Every time you meet me, you shoot at me. Why, then, should I tell you the truth?" After a while he met a Bluejay. "Here Jay! who carried off my wife?" — "I will tell you. When you lived with your wife, you used to bring home all kinds of meat and other food. When I came and pecked at the food, you would not hinder me; so I will tell you the truth. He who carried off your wife is Raven-Son, with beak of iron, and tail of grass. You must go straight ahead in this direction, then you will find him." La'la thanked the Jay and set off. He walked straight ahead, and came to a place where there was a round hole in the ground, just like the furrow of a fox. He looked in. A small old woman, wearing an apron of summer skins, was there, skipping about like a grasshopper. As soon as she saw him, she tore off a narrow shred from her apron, cut it into small pieces, which she put into the kettle. She hung the kettle over the fire; and after a while she took it off and invited La'la to eat, saying, "The meal is ready. Sit down and eat!" He tasted of the food, and it was fat meat of the mountain-sheep cooked with edible roots.

He went on, and after a while he came to another place. Smoke was coming up out of the ground. He looked down the hole. An old woman clad in a coat of autumn skins was skipping about like a jumping hare.

As soon as she saw him, she cut off a narrow piece of her coat, chopped it up fine, and put it into a kettle. She cooked it and invited him to partake of the meal. He ate of the food, and it was fat meat of wild reindeer. When he wanted to go away, the old woman said, "Go straight ahead, then you will reach a place where the ground is smooth as ice. There you will see a village. A number of children will be playing near the houses. Many of them will call after you. You must not answer, or go near them. Far off, alone by himself, a small boy will be standing, all covered with scabs. You must go to him. It is your own son." — "How can it be my son," shouted La'la. "My son is at home. I left him at home." "You did," said the old woman, "but meanwhile the Raven went back there and carried off your boy. You must wait there till sunset. After sunset, in the pale light of the night, when the moon is rising in the sky, Raven will be asleep. Then three women will come out of his house. They will walk around and cry softly in the moonlight. You must go to them. They are his wives, all carried off from their husbands." La'la went on and found the village. In the evening, when the three women appeared, he went to them. They saw him, and cried more bitterly than before. "Oh, cease crying! Better let us talk over what is to be done! Is there any way to kill Raven-Son?"— "How can you kill him? His body is iron. Unless, you succeed in setting fire to his house, so that he may burn with the house, being asleep, and unable to wake from fatigue." — "All right, let us try it!" They went to fetch fuel, and carried it to the house quite noiselessly, like so many mice,— green wood and dry wood, branches and sticks — all kinds of fuel. They surrounded the house with a wall of wood as high as the vent-hole. Then they set fire to it. The whole blazed up, and Raven-Son with it. He had no time to wake up and groaned only once in his sleep. The fire subsided, the coals burned out, and even the ashes grew cold. La'la gathered the ashes and let them fly to the winds. Then he went home, taking along the three women. He kept his own wife and sent the other two away to their former husbands. After some time he gathered all his goods and set off for his own country. The end.

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian creole, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

23. The Tale of La'la.

(*Anadyr Version*)[1]

There were some Chuvantzi people, among them was an old man who had four sons. The middle one was of great strength. His name was La'la. He fought all the time against the Chukchee, and killed a great number of them, hundreds and thousands and more. The Chukchee sought revenge. One time La'la went into the woods to cut down a birch tree which he was going to use for making a new sledge. He took along his youngest brother. The latter climbed to the top of a birch tree and all at once muttered, "Ah! The Chukchee are coming!" La'la asked from beneath, "What are you saying? I cannot hear you." — "Oh, nothing. I only said 'Ravens and crows are coming.'" In truth the Chukchee were going to their father's house. After a while, the youngest brother muttered, "Ah! the Chukchee have attacked father and our brothers!" — "What are you saying? I cannot hear what you say." — "Oh, nothing. I say that some ravens and crows are attacking one another." After a while he muttered, "Ah! they have killed father and our brothers. They have driven off our herd; and mother is following in the rear, dragging the tent poles like a pack-reindeer." — "Ah!" said La'la, "let us go home!" — "Oh, oh!" answered the brother, "this time you did hear what I said."

They hurried home. Their father and their brothers lay there murdered. The herd had disappeared; and the ground had been trampled down by the feet of the invaders. "Let us make haste!" said La'la. They hurried along on their snowshoes. After some time they saw the Chukchee caravan. Their old mother, in the very rear, was dragging some heavy tent poles. She looked back and laughed softly. "Ah! now I am safe." The brothers saw that the Chukchee were stopping for the night. The women scraped the snow from the ground and pitched the tents. The brothers overtook their mother and said to her, "Mother, you stay behind here, and we will go on." They approached the Chukchee camp. Then La'la said to his brother, "You also stay here, and I shall go round about until I am in front of them. Then I shall come back to you. And when I make a sign with my first finger, thus, you must turn into a fox, and run about in full view of them. In this manner we shall vanquish them." He made a circuit, and boldly went straight to the Chukchee camp. "Who are you?" — "I live farther away than you. I came too late. I wanted, though to kill La'la." One man retorted, "La'la has been killed." Another

[1] Inserted here for the purpose of ready comparison with the preceding tale.— W. B.

contradicted, "No, he has not been killed." An old man said, "I am not sure. His weapons though, have been taken,— his bow, quiver, and arrows." — "Show them to me!" said La'la. It took six men to bring the bow, so heavy was it, and eight men to bring the quiver. "Ah! here they are! He took the bow and tried to string it, and then he let it go. "It is too strong. I cannot string it." All at once he interrupted himself, and pointed at something far ahead. "Look there! What is that there?" It was his younger brother, who had turned into a fox, and was running about in full view of them. All the Chukchee looked at the fox, and forgot everything else. Then La'la seized the bow and shot them. In three hours he had killed five hundred people. Only a few were left. Then he laughed aloud, and said, "Ah! that is enough; but another time do not come here with such evil plans." The others, who were glad to be spared, immediately broke camp and drove away.

La'la went to his mother, and said, "O mother! now that our brothers are dead, how shall we live? I think I must look for a wife. You are too old. So I am going. Please get an overcoat ready for me of the worst shreds of skin. I want it for my journey." He put on his best suit of clothes,— trousers of white reindeer legskins, and a coat of spotted fawnskin, all embroidered around the skirts,— and over all this he donned a poor and shabby overcoat made of shreds of skin. He went along on his snow-shoes, and came to a river. There was a village there of thirty houses. Near a water-hole he saw a number of women and girls. He went there and lay down close to the water-hole. When the women saw him, they laughed and scoffed at him. "What do you want, you shabby one, you dog of the springtime?" They spat at him, kicked him with their boots, and even poured water over him. Finally, three sisters came there too. The two elder ones also laughed at him, but the youngest did not laugh. They wanted her to ill-use him, but she would not do so. "Ah, ah! scoffed the others, "it seems that you like him! Perhaps you will marry him." At last they filled their pails and went away. "Who are you?" asked the girl, "and why are you lying here? Better get up and come to our house!" — "And how can I find your house? I do not know the way." — "Our house is the one farthest away, it stands by itself. It is the highest of all, and its skin cover is dazzling white. My father is the chief of the village. He is the strongest man, and the best hunter. If you want to do so, you may follow me." She went off, and he followed her. They came to the house. Her father said, "Who is it, so poorly clad, that you bring with you here?" — "He is to be my husband." — "Ah! if he is to be your husband, bid him welcome." She made him sit down, and brought reindeer fat and dried tongues. They ate heartily. After that she arranged the bed, and they lay down. He married her.

Told by Mary Alin, a Russianized Chuvantzi woman, and noted down by Mrs. Sophie Bogoras, in the village of Markova, the Anadyr country, summer of 1900.

24. The Woman's Head.

There was a village on the seashore which had ten or fifteen houses. One of the inhabitants had a lazy son. The father could not induce him to bring water from the river or to fetch fuel from the woods. All he did was to walk along the seashore, singing songs. There was no end of his songs. One day he left the village, and walked so far that he lost sight of the houses. He strolled on, singing lustily. All of a sudden, he saw a canoe of iron moving across the sea directly towards him. He stopped and waited for it. A young, pretty girl was seated in the canoe. She had in her hands a large double paddle, also of iron, but she did not paddle at all. Nevertheless, the canoe moved on, cutting the water like a living thing. It came to the shore. The girl extended the iron blade toward the man, and said to him, "Here, young man! put your pretty head upon the iron blade. I want to louse you with my gentle fingers." — "No," said he, "I have no lice, and so I do not want to do as you request." — "Ah! at least lay your pretty cheek upon this iron blade. I want to admire your gentle beauty." He felt flattered, and stooped down toward the iron blade. All at once his face stuck firmly to the iron. She drew the paddle back, and pulled him down along with it into the canoe. Immediately the canoe moved off across the sea, going back the way it had come. He prayed to the girl, "Oh, please, let me go! I want to go back to my father and mother, or at least to bid them farewell." — "No," said the girl, "I shall not let you go. In former times, whenever your parents sent you for water and for wood, or tried to urge you to go hunting, you were too indolent to follow their advice: now I shall hunt for you and fetch everything. You shall stay at home and be my husband." He cried aloud, and asked her to let him go; but she refused. They crossed the sea and went to another country. They arrived at a large house on the shore. It had three sets of drying poles, all well filled with human flesh, heads, and whole arms with heads, and legs with feet. He cried still louder than before, and refused to enter. She called to him; but he went away along the seashore, down the village, from house to house. The last house of all was small, a mere hut. A small old man lived in it, quite lean and bowed down. His head was white, like that of a polar hare. The old man addressed him, and said, "O, young man! are you also a human being, as I am? If you are, why did you come here? The people who live here are man-eaters. They feed on human flesh, and they even tried to induce me to do the same; but I refused. Therefore I am so lean, that they

will not even eat me." The old man continued, "This young woman is the worst of all. She feeds on her husbands after their bridal night. Bear this in mind: After supper you will go to sleep and she will try to induce you to lie down next to the wall, while she herself will take her place on the outer side. You must be firm and take the place on the outer side. Even though she should ask you with fair words, and abuse you with bad words, and push you and crawl over you, be firm and hold your place! If you succeed in keeping it, you will live; if not, you will perish, and I shall perish along with you. Then you will copulate. She will try to tire you out and put you to sleep; but you must be stronger than she, and tire her, in your turn, and make her sleep. Then you will know what to do to her. Now go home! It is growing late. She is looking for you, and she may come here also. Rather go of your own will. She will give you human flesh to eat. Be sure not to swallow even a single morsel. Try to hide the meat in your clothes or on your body. Otherwise you will also turn into a man-eater, and will never get back to your native place."

The young man went back to the house of his cannibal bride. She cooked plenty of fat human meat, and gave some to her father and mother to eat. Then she invited her husband to sit down to the meal. He took one morsel after another; but he ate none, and hid every one of them in the bosom of his coat. After the meal they prepared to lie down. Then began their struggle for places. Neither wanted to lie nearest the wall. They crept over each other; the girl scratched him in doing so, and he paid her in kisses. Still each time he returned to the outer side. At last she was conquered by his kisses, and let him stay. After that they copulated; and he proved so strong and untiring that he exhausted all her strength and made her sleep. As soon as she began to snore, he lifted his head and groped gently in the darkness beneath the pillow. He found just beneath the pillow, at the outer side, which the woman wanted for herself, two iron instruments,— a long awl and a very sharp and narrow knife. She used these to kill the men in their sleep. He took both, and pointed the knife straight at her heart, and the awl at her anus. Then he exclaimed, "Iron to iron," and both entered and met within her body. Iron scratched iron. The woman died instantly. He cut off her head, took a long narrow bag filled with odd shreds of skins and pieces of clothing, put this bag under the coverlet, and then placed the head on it. He tucked the cover in all around; then he made a fire, and cooked the flesh of the woman for the breakfast meal. When it was done, he cut it up carefully and laid it in a dish in good order. He skimmed off the fat from the soup, and put it in a cup close to the dish. This breakfast he carried off to the sleeping room of the old people. Then he crept out, and hurried to the shore. There on the sand lay two

canoes, one of iron, and the other of wood. He took the iron awl and pierced the wooden canoe in twenty places. Then he called the old man who had given him advice, and bade him go aboard the iron canoe. He himself followed, and said to the iron canoe, "O, canoe of iron! go to the place from which you brought us!" And the canoe rushed across the sea, going to the shore inhabited by human kind.

The old people heard him get up and work; but they thought it was their daughter, because she was wont to kill her husbands in the night time and to cook their flesh in the morning for breakfast, so they dozed again most quietly. Finally, when they awoke, they saw their breakfast close by, quite ready and waiting for them. "Ah, ah!" said the old woman, "our gentle child has made everything ready, but where is she? Why does she not come to eat with us? Go, man, and look into her sleeping room." He looked there and came back. "She is sleeping," said he. "The night must have been quite tiresome." So they took their meal. The old woman took one morsel, but she could not swallow it. "Ah, old man! I cannot eat alone. It is perhaps because our daughter does not eat with us. I am sure she is hungry. Please go and waken her! Let her eat, and then go to sleep again!" So he went once more to the sleeping room and to their daughter's bed. "Get up, child!" said he merrily and tugged at the coverlet. The head fell off the bed and rolled to the door.

It opened the door and rolled down the slope toward the sea. It rushed into the sea and rolled on over the billows in pursuit of the fugitives. The old people also hurried down to the sea. "Ah!" they shouted, "where is he? We will catch him, and swallow him alive." But the iron canoe was gone, so they took the wooden one and set off in it. After a while it filled with water. "Why," said the old man, "you old one! cease passing water!" — "No," said his wife, "it is you who are passing water." They quarrelled for some time and then sank to the bottom of the sea.

The two fugitives arrived safely at their own place. The woman's head followed behind; but, on coming to the shore it turned into a big round boulder, which is there even now, and is called "Woman's Head." The canoe is also there; turned to stone. The double paddle is broken in two. Whoever passes by must give a sacrifice to the owner of the place, then he will be successful in love-suit not matrimonial.[1] The end.

Told by Nicholas Rupatcheff, a Russianized Yukaghir man, in the village of Sukharnoye, the Kolyma country, winter of 1896.

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[1] The stone canoe and the woman's head are said to lie on the Arctic shore somewhere near the mouth of the Baranikha River, east of the Kolyma River, in a part of the country at present uninhabited. The natives say that in former times, before the coming of the Russians, a considerable village stood here, but at present there are no visible traces of it.— W. B.

25. The Big Pike.

They say, in the district of Shigansk, near the Lena River, there is a lake. In that lake are some monstrous pikes, such as are able to swallow a man or even a reindeer. One time a big elk went there to drink, and the pike caught him by the muzzle. They fought, but neither was the elk able to drag the pike out of the water, nor did the pike succeed in drawing in the elk. So they both perished. Their bones were found in the shallow water. The cheek bones of the pike were used for a small hut which gave shelter to one man.

One time a chief officer of the country ordered a large iron hook to be hammered out. He baited the hook with elk brisket, and tied it to a strong cord plaited of three lines of tough elkhide and let it down into the lake under the ice. After a week, they went back to the lake and found that the pike had been caught. It was so heavy, that ten men could hardly pull it up. The strands of the cord snapped, until only one remained. They attached a team of twelve dogs to the line and continued to pull. The head of the pike came up to the ice; but the ice hole was too small, though they worked upon it for two days. The head butted against the ice, and the last line snapped and the pike was lost.

Another time they caught a pike, and found in the stomach fragments of a canoe which it must have swallowed together with the paddle.

A man traveled in a canoe on this lake. One time he cast his nets, and waited near them for a very long time. Then he looked down under water and he saw a big round eye, to the left of his canoe. He looked into the water to the right, and saw another eye, like the first one. They were the eyes of the big Pike. The distance between the eyes was about the length of the double paddle of the canoe. He was so badly frightened, that he paddled off, leaving behind him his fish nets; but the giant fish remained motionless, just as pikes are accustomed to do. The man came to the shore and brought a sacrifice to the whole family of pikes. After that he refused to eat of the flesh of pike, and so he was nicknamed Pike John. His descendants are still living. Their family name is Pike.[1]

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian creole, in the village of Pokhotsk, Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

[1] In Russian Щукинъ. This name is quite common, and much in use also in European Russia. For giant pikes living in certain lakes, compare also the Chukchee story in Bogoras, "Chukchee Materials", No. 31, 129.— W. B.— Ainu (B. Pilsudski, *l. c.*, 232).— F. B.

26. Story of the Fish-Woman.

There was a man who lived alone and was poor and destitute. He had no fish nets, nor even a single fish hook. So he went to the merchants, asking for a hook. The first and the second merchant gruffly refused him. A third one gave him an old hook, without point. He took it and prepared a long fishing-rod for it. Armed with this, he went every day to the sea to angle. He was fishing the whole day long, and caught nothing. The next day likewise he caught nothing. The third day he cast his fishing rod, and could not pull back the line, it was so heavy. "Ah!" thought he, "it must be some large fish." He pulled at it with all his might, and at last he brought to the surface Shérkala,[1] the fish-girl. "What is it?" said he to himself. "Is it my good luck, or is it my bad luck?" He was ready to throw her back into the water; but then he bethought himself, and said, "I am very poor. I can lose nothing by it, let me take her home!" He took Shérkala home and laid her down in the corner of his house. The next morning he went fishing again. He caught nothing at all; but when he came home, his house looked quite festive. Everything was well cleaned and in good order; a good meal stood ready on the table; but nobody was there, and the Shérkala-Fish lay in the corner just as before. From that time on everything continued in that manner. He caught no fish; but somebody kept the house in good order, and cooked excellent meals of nothing. When he stayed at home, the dinner would not appear, so that he was obliged to go out every morning. One day he pretended to depart; but, instead of going away, he lay down on the earth bench close to the window. He lay there very quietly; but after a while he lifted his head and looked through the window. The Shérkala-Fish arose as far as her tail, and then turned into a young pretty girl. She ripped up her own belly and took out fish-roe, which she put into the kettle. Then she swept the floor and put everything in good order. The man suddenly rushed in and caught the fish skin of Sherkala, which lay on the floor. He threw it into the fire, and it was burned. "What have you done," said the girl. "We lived so happily, and now I must go away." She fell down and melted away into sea water. The end.

Told by Innocent Korkin, a Russianized Yukaghir man, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

[1] In Russian Шеркала. Compare this very curious fish tale with that of the Koryak (Bogoras, in Jochelson, "The Koryak" (*The Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. 6, 292), also with Indian tales of a similar character (Bogoras, "The Folklore of Northeastern Asia, as compared with that of Northwestern America," (*American Anthropologist*, Vol. 4, 1902), 658.— W. B.

27. Yukaghir Manners.

In former times, the Yukaghir acted in the following manner. When the grave-box of a member of their own kind decayed on account of extreme age, they gathered the dry bones. They prepared a bag of harlot skin, and put the bones into it. That done, they built a small storehouse on wooden supports, in which to keep the bones. The bag of bones served them as a means of divination. In their hunting pursuits they wandered about in various directions. As soon as they were ready to depart, they spoke to the bone charms, "See grandfather! answer us! How is our present hunting trip going to turn out?" With this they would try to lift the bag. Whenever it felt heavy, it was a sign that the hunt would not be successful. The grandfather advised them not to go. Sometimes it felt so heavy that it was impossible to lift it from the ground. That foreboded misfortune and possible death, and they would stay at home. Another time, on the other hand, the bag would feel lighter than a feather. This foreboded good luck, and they would start off merrily.

The same was done when they wanted to go to Russian settlements for trading purposes. "Eh, grandfather, what is going to happen to us?" Sometimes the signs would urge them on, and at other times it would make them desist. Another day they would be ready to depart; but the "grandfather" would forecast ill luck, so that they would stay at home. After three or four days, they would go to the bag; and the "grandfather" might have changed his mind, and feel quite light when lifted. This meant that the bad influence had passed, and they went forth to resume their enterprise. In due time they would come back from their hunting; then they would visit the "grandfather," taking him the best morsel of meat and fat, marrow and blood soup, also tea and sugar, tobacco, and hard tack. They would put all this into the bag. About midwinter, it might happen that the people would lack tea or tobacco; then they would go to the "grandfather" for a loan from his stores. First of all, they would ask him, "Eh, grandfather, will you let us have a loan from your stores?" and then they would lift the bag. Sometimes it would consent, and feel quite light. Another time it would refuse the loan, and feel heavier than lead. Then they would go back empty-handed.

Every house and family had such a bag as their own protector. They would bring sacrifices to it, and it in turn would defend them and keep them in good condition.

My uncle told me one time how his "grandfather" saved him from an

evil spirit.[1] One summer my uncle went in a wooden canoe down the river to inspect his deadfalls. He came to his autumn fishing place, where he had a hut with racks for drying fish. He wanted to get some fishing nets from there. When he was entering the hut, he heard something stir behind him; and on looking back he saw a "fright" coming. He nearly lost his senses. What was to be done? The return was cut off, and there was no chance to run ahead. Moreover, his feet nearly refused to serve him. All at once it came to his mind that his "grandfather's" house was close by. So he rushed to it, climbed the ladder, tore open the door, and fell across the sill. "O granny! save me!" After that he remembered nothing. He came to himself late in the evening; and, lo, he was lying in the place of the bag of bones, and the "grandfather" lay close to the door and across the sill. The bag had moved the man to its own place, lain down near the entrance, like a sentry. My uncle felt quite uneasy, "Ah, grandfather!" said he, "What is to be done? Shall I go? I am sorely afraid. Please give answer! I will lift you. In case you want me to go, be light like feather down; but in case you want me to stay for safety, please be heavier than cast iron!" He tried to lift it, and it was lighter than a cobweb. "Oh, you permit me to go." He put down the bag, and put it back to its former place. Then he went down to the bank of the river, boarded his canoe, and paddled off. The "fright" never came back. So he reached home without any hindrance.

Told by Nicholas Vostryakoff, a Russianized Yukaghir man, in the village of Omolon, in the Kolyma country, summer of 1900.

28. A Story of Machekur.

Machekur lived with his wife Machekur-woman.[2] Their neighbors were three Mice-Girls. The old man used to pay them frequent visits. Finally, the old woman grew angry, and said, "Cease going there! They will do something unpleasant to you." The old man, however, paid no attention to these warnings. One time the Mice-Girls offered him some fat pudding, made of fish-roe mixed with oil. He ate so much that he could not eat any more, and fell asleep. They took a large bladder and fastened it to the old man's anus. He awoke and went home, and on account of the quantity

[1] In Russian creole чудинка (literally, "phantom"), or also пужанка (literally, "fright"). Both these words are unknown in European Russian though they are clearly of Russian origin.— W. B.

[2] In Russian Мачекурь and Мачекуриха. This tale represents only one of the well-known episodes of the story of Raven and the Mice. I give it here because of the names Machekur and Machekur-Woman, which have replaced the usual Kutq (Ku'rgil) and Mitl. Perhaps these names belong to some Yukaghir version of the story.— W. B.

of oil he had swallowed, he had diarrhoea. So he would sit down and try to defecate; but when he stood up, no faeces were to be seen on the ground. In the meanwhile, after three or four attempts, he felt something heavy attached to his buttocks. He went to his wife, and said, "Machekur-Woman! I tried to defecate, but it seems in vain, for I saw no faeces on the ground. Meantime I feel as if my intestines had gone out of my anus." "Sit down!" said the woman. But he remained standing. "Sit down!" she again shouted, and he was much frightened, and flopped down upon a bench. The bladder burst, and the faeces flowed around. The end.

Told by Mary Korkin, a Russianized Yukaghir woman, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

29. The Mouse and the Snow-Bunting.

There was a Mouse and a Snow-Bunting. Winter came, the coldest season of the year. Mouse gathered plenty of provisions, stacks of roots, and heaps of grain; but Snow-Bunting gathered much less of everything. She found that the snow fell too thick, and the cold came too early. Then Mouse coiled herself up in her warm nest; but Snow-Bunting did not prepare her hut for the winter, and felt cold. Snow-Bunting came to Mouse, and said, "I should like to live with you." — "All right!" said Mouse, "then leave your cold hut and come over to my nest!" Snow-Bunting went to live with her.

The next morning Mouse brought a root for her breakfast, Snow-Bunting did the same. At dinner time Mouse brought a few grains and Snow-Bunting did the same. At suppér time Mouse brought a root, Snow-Bunting did the same. Then Mouse said to Snow-Bunting, "Why, sister! I have plenty of provisions, and you have much less than I. Moreover, my provisions are of better quality than yours. At present, however, the days are short, let us feed on your provisions! Afterwards, when the days are longer, we will feed on my provisions." Oh, Snow-Bunting was very glad! "I am willing." She brought her provisions, and continued bringing them morning and evening, until everything was spent. A month passed, then another month. Snow-Bunting said to Mouse, "Now, sister, I have nothing more." — "All right!" said Mouse. She opened her storehouse. At first she brought the breakfast, then she brought the dinner and also the supper, for Snow-Bunting and for herself. A week passed, and Mouse felt annoyed thinking that she had to share her food with Snow-Bunting. Therefore, the next morning she brought a root for herself, and for Snow-Bunting nothing. About dinner time she brought some seeds for herself, and for Snow-Bunting nothing. Then Snow-Bunting cried from grief. "Why, sister, you are acting unfairly toward me. You eat all by yourself, and give me nothing at all." — "Ah, the deuce!" said the Mouse, "I give you lodging, and now I must also feed you! If that is the case, I will drive you out into the cold. Snow-Bunting cried, more grieved than ever, "Ah, sister! even if you do not give me food, at least do not drive me out from a warm place!" So they continued to live. Mouse continued to eat of her provisions and Snow-Bunting ate nothing, and became very lean,— mere bones without flesh, a soul without a body. Perhaps she might have starved to death, had not the month of March come in, as good chance would have it, mild and quiet, and brought unusual warmth, the bright sun shining from a cloudless sky. Some bunches of grass and hillocks became bare of snow; so that Snow-Bunting could go there at mid-day and look for grains left from the preceding year, and peck at the berries safely hidden under the snow. At last summer came. The ice in the rivers broke up and then came all kinds of birds, large and small. The birds alighted on the lakes, rivers and sea. On the shore of a lake, in thick grass, lived a toad, which was a transformed girl, the daughter of a prince, etc.[1]

Told by Nicholas Kusakoff, a Russian creole, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

30. A Christmas Story.

It was in olden times that some girls went to wed the snow.[2] They came to a water-hole, sat down, and traced a magic circle all around themselves upon the snow. They were seated on a bearskin. One of the paws of the skin projected accidentally beyond the circle, but not one of the girls noticed it. All at once the skin under them began to move. The water in the water-hole bubbled as in a kettle, and something made its appearance out of the water. They were horribly frightened and rushed away. Nearest to the river stood the small house of an old woman. She was pious and wealthy. She had among other things a great number of saucepans, large and bright, made of solid copper. She met them in the entrance, and

[1] This pretty tale is used as a kind of introduction to the well-known story of a young prince who married the transformed Toad-Girl. I omit the story itself, however, which treats throughout of princes and princesses, and has nothing whatever to do with the life of northeastern Asia.— W. B.

[2] It is a kind of old Russian divination, practised on Christmas Eve or Twelfth Night. Young girls "wed the snow," and, according to the marks left on the snow by their fingers, foretell the future chiefly in reference to their possible marriage during the coming year.— W. B.

ordered them immediately to put the saucepans on their heads as caps. Then they sat down and waited. After a few moments the door was torn open, and in rushed a large stove, all of black iron, breathing fire from all its openings. All at once all the saucepans were pulled down with great violence. That done, the phantom departed. Most certainly the saucepans had been mistaken by it for the heads of girls, so the girls were saved. That is all.

Told by Mary Dauroff, a Russian creole woman, in the village of Pokhotsk, summer of 1896.

31. Story of a Foolish Woman.

Once upon a time, there lived a man who had a foolish wife. He beat her and chastized her in every way, but could do nothing with her. One time he said to himself, "Let me test her! Perhaps she will become more sensible." He had some deadfalls in the woods, and some fish nets in the water. He said to her, "Let us go and have a look at them!" They set off. The man examined a deadfall, and found in it a hare; then he found in a fish net a large barbot. He put the barbot into the deadfall, and the hare into the fish net. That done, he called his wife. They came to the deadfall, and she saw the barbot. "Oh, oh!" said the woman, "how is it now? Barbots are caught in deadfalls!" — "So they are," answered the man. They came to the fish net, and the hare was caught in its meshes. "And how is this?" said the woman. "Hares are caught in fish nets!" — "So they are," answered the man.

They went back to the village, and passed the chief officer's house. Some cows in the stable were lowing loudly. "Who is that crying?" asked the woman. "It is the chief officer," said the man. "His women flog him most mercilessly." — "Poor thing!" said the woman, "he cries so vehemently," — "Why, he feels pain, therefore he is crying."

They came home and found a treasure of silver money. "Mind," said the man, "do not tell any one about it, lest it should be taken from us." After a while, they had a quarrel. The woman grew angry. She went to the chief officer and told him everything. The chief officer gave immediate orders to bring the man. "Why, you scoundrel! you found a treasure and told me nothing of it." — "What treasure?" said the man. "I swear, I found nothing!"—"You did, you did!" said the woman. "You are crazy," said the man. "When did I find the treasure." — "Ah, when? Just at the time when we caught a barbot in a deadfall and a hare in a net." — "What did you say?" asked the chief officer, much astonished. "Yes, yes!" repeated the woman, "at that very time, when the women flogged

you in the stable. You cried most vehemently." The chief officer grew angry and turned her out of the house. Her husband gave her a severe thrashing.

However, she was in no way down-hearted. She ill-used the man worse than ever. "It is because you buy no good clothes for me," repeated the woman, "therefore the people set little value by me, and even turn me out of their houses; and when I pass on the street, no man greets me with as much as a bow." — "Why, you thrice fool!" said the man, but she would not stop at all. "Tomorrow is a holiday," said she, "buy me a new dress, or I will give you no rest or quiet." — "All right!" said the man, "I will buy you a new dress, very costly. You may put it on and go to church." — "What dress, what dress?" insisted the woman. "Be quiet!" said the man. "It is too late now. Go to sleep. Early in the morning I shall bring you that precious dress." She went to sleep. The man went to the stable and slaughtered a young bull. He took off the skin in one piece, horns and hoofs, muzzle and tail, and everything withal. This he carried home for his wife. Early in the morning the bells tolled for morning service. The woman jumped up and nudged her husband. "Get up, will you! Where is my new dress?" — "I will bring it presently," said the man. "Ah, here it is! The woman wanted to strike a fire. "O don't!" said the man, "listen to the bells! You must hurry! Come here! I will help you dress." So he helped her into the bull skin, and then sewed it up. He put the horns and the tail in their proper places. "Now you look quite well," said he. "Be off to church!" She hurried on, like a cow walking on her hind legs. Whoever met her fell down with fright. "Ah," said the woman, "see how they bow to me this time!" She came to the church, and pushed aside all the people with those heavy hoofs. She gored all the ladies,— the wife of the priest, and the daughters of the chief officer,— and took her place in front of all, close to the priest. All the people looked at her and were much frightened. Women ceased saying their prayers, and clerks and chanters stopped singing. The priest came out and said to them. "What is the matter with you? Why did you stop singing?" Then he saw the woman. "Oh, oh! is it the Devil. Who is there with horns and tail?" The people meanwhile one by one backed out of the church. The priest took the censer and tried to expel the Devil. He put plenty of incense into the censer and filled the whole church with dense smoke. The woman sneezed violently, and muttered, "Too much honor, too much honor!" Then she left the church and went home. "Ah!" said she, "this time it was just as I wanted it. The people gave me the best place, in front of all; the children on the street fell down before me; and the priest in the church never ceased bowing before me, and he filled the whole church with clouds of incense in

my special honor." The husband said, "You are not my wife, you are a cow. Your talk is like the lowing of a cow." He put a halter on her neck and led her into the stable. There he tied her to a post, took the heavy horsewhip that he used on the old bulls and stallions and flogged her with all his might. He cut the bull hide into strips, so severely did he flog her. He chastized her so long that she swooned; then he let up and poured cold water over her head. After that he flogged her again, so that she swooned a second time. At last the whole bullskin fell from her body in mere shreds. "Now you are again a woman!" said the man, and he led her back into the house.[1]

Told by John Sukhomyasoff, a Russian creole, the clerk of the church in the village of Nishne-Kolymsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

32. Story of the Forest Demon.[2]

There was a forest-being, a hairy man, who lived in the woods and roamed about the country. He married a Russian girl and had a son by her. The boy grew up and in his turn married and had two children. One time he said to his wife, "My father calls me to his place, but I do not wish to go. Let us rather go away from here." He took a barrel of alcohol (a barrel holding three pails[3]), and they set off. They went throughout the day, and came to a dense forest. He said to his wife, "This evening my elder brother will come to fetch me; but I shall not go. Probably you will hear a noise and clatter in the night time. Be sure to stay in the tent! Not a single look outside, nor the faintest call!" He drank from the barrel as much as one pail, then he went out. The woman remained in the tent, but could not sleep. At midnight she heard much noise and clatter, but she did not dare to look out. In the morning, however, she went out. All the trees around the house had their bark peeled off and their branches were broken off. Her husband was sleeping on the bare ground, very tired. They moved off. In the evening he said to his wife, "This time my eldest brother will come to fetch me. I shall obey him as little as I did the other one. You must keep in the tent and wait until morning." He drank another pailful of alcohol and went out. At midnight she heard louder noises than before, shrill whistling, clapping of heavy blows, and the thud

[1] See Bolte und Polívka, *l. c.*, vol. 1, 527.— F. B.

[2] In Russian дѣдушій which means also the master of the forest. Cf. Bogoras, "The Chukchee," 285.— W. B.

[3] A Russian "pail" is equal to 2.70 gallons. A barrel of three pails forms one side-pack of the usual load of the pack horse.— W. B.

of falling branches. In the morning she went out. All the trees had been cut down to the very roots, and her husband was lying on the ground, half dead and senseless. She nursed him and dressed his wounds, until he came to. The next evening he said, "This time the old one will come; and even if he should murder me, I shall not go with him. Keep this well in mind. If I am killed, do not stay here in the forest; take our children and go away to your own father." He drank the last pail of alcohol and went out. In the middle of the night, the woman heard noise and clatter ten times worse than the two previous nights. Even the tent was torn from its supports and carried away. They fought the whole night long and then throughout the day, and the whole of the following night. This time it was the woman who lay like dead. After sunrise she came to and looked up. Nearby was a big larch tree, as thick as a man can embrace. The old forest-demon had wound his son around the tree as he would a strip of leather. In this position he left him dead and disfigured. The woman took her children and went back to her father. The end.

Told by John Sukhomyasoff, a Russian creole, the clerk of the church in the village of Nishne-Kolymsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

33. Story of Transformed Bears.

Two bears, male and female, swam across a large river. The current was so strong that it caught them and carried them on. The male bear succeeded in getting ashore, but the female was drowned. The male bear waited on shore for the body, and then dragged it up to a safe place. A Christian hunter was wandering about there. In the evening he stopped for the night, made a fire, and prepared some tea. All at once he saw a large male bear coming toward him. He caught up his bow; but in the bright light of the fire he saw that the bear was weeping like a man, so he laid down his bow and waited to see what would happen. The bear lay down near the fire and did not move. Early in the morning, with the first gray light of dawn, the bear arose and approached the man. He tugged at him with his paw, and nudged him, wanting him to get up. Then with his head and muzzle he indicated the direction in which he wanted him to go. The man was afraid, but at last obeyed the bear. They came to the river. The body of the female bear was up on shore, hidden in some moss. The bear pulled it out of the moss up to the middle of the breast, and then looked up at the man. He pushed her right foreleg upward with his muzzle and in every possible way tried to explain his desire. At last the man understood that the bear wanted him to skin this leg. He took off the skin, and on the

second finger of the paw, under the skin, was a gold ring with engraved initials on a seal. The bear ordered him to take off the ring and put it on his own finger. After that the bear dug a hole in the ground. It looked like a grave and the man helped him. The two worked together. The man dug with his ax and the bear with his mighty claws. When the grave was ready, the bear brought a number of tree trunks and arranged a framework within the grave. Then he lay down before the man, breast upward. He roared most piteously and stretched out his paws. He wanted the man to kill him and to bury them both in the same grave. He showed likewise with his paws that he wanted to have his breast bared. The man refused at first; but the bear was so insistent, that he gave in and stabbed him with his knife. He ripped up the skin of his breast, and saw a gold crucifix fastened to a thin silver chain, finely wrought. He took this off, and then buried both bears in the same grave. The name of the male bear was engraved on the chain. They were two lovers of the merchant class who used to meet in the form of bears; but one time, for some unknown reason, they were unable to assume human form again. That is all.

Told by John Sukhomyasoff, a Russian creole, clerk of the church, in the village of Nishne-Kolymsk, the Kolyma country, summer of 1896.

IV. CHILDREN'S STORIES.[1]

1. Story of an Old Woman and Her Three Daughters.

An old woman had three daughters. One was Stone-Scraper, another was Scraping-Board, and the third was Whetstone. The old woman sent Stone-Scraper to the Bad Merchant. She said, "Go to him and ask him for some food." Stone-Scraper said, "I will not go." Stone-Scraper refused to go. The old woman gave her a flogging, and said to Scraping-Board, "Go to the Merchant." Scraping-Board said to Stone-Scraper, "Let us go together!" They went out, and stood for some time outside. Then they came back. They did not enter the Bad Merchant's house. They said to their mother, "The merchant was not at home." She sent Whetstone, "Go to the Merchant, ask him for some food." Whetstone went out, and also stood for some time outside. Then she went back, "Why did you come so soon?" cried the mother. "He is not at home." The old woman went herself, and said to the Merchant, "Were my girls here, have they lied to me?" He said, "They were not here." She went back and gave them a thrashing. She flogged Whetstone to death, and sent the other back to the Merchant. They went and stood at the door, without speaking. "What do you want?" said the Bad Merchant. "Go away!" So they went. They told their mother, "The Merchant drove us away." She grew angry, ran to the Merchant and reproached him with tears. "Why did you drive away my little girls?"—"They had nothing to do here," said the Merchant. "And now I will drive you away too. Be gone!" She went home. There she sat down on her bed and cried bitterly. She cried for a long time, then she jumped up and killed both her daughters. She struck them on the head with a club. After that she sat down again on the bed and cried more bitterly than before. She took her knife and stabbed herself through the heart. That is all.

Told by Annie Shkuleff, a Russian creole girl aged twelve years, in the village of Pokhotsk, the Kolyma country, winter of 1896.

[1] The children of Russian creoles and Russianized natives (chiefly girls) in the Kolyma country have their own stories, which they relate to one another. These stories are most simple, short, full of reiteration. They consist partly of the usual folk-tale material, and partly of the details of real life. The latter is the case with this story. It is sad to think that young girls should compose stories exhibiting such dejection of spirit; but I must say that episodes like this fully correspond to the circumstances of life of the lower people in the Kolyma country, of Russians as well as Russianized natives. On the other hand, it is possible that all these incidents of hungry children choked to death by the first morsel swallowed, old men and old women dying or killing each other, etc., represent elements of a cycle of stories more ancient than the advent of the Russian, and belonging to the Yukaghir inhabitants of the country. — W. B.