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"YOU WANT TO BE CLEVER WITH US, DO YOU?"

(See page 15)

AFRICAN STORIES

By
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Affectionately Dedicated
to
MY FAITHFUL MOTHER

FOREWORD

THE collection of Bura Tales by Mr. Helser adds another one to the interesting collections from Africa that have appeared from time to time. Early attention has been called to the wealth and interest of African Folk Tales by Bleek's "Renard the Fox in Africa," a series of interesting animal tales. Materials from all parts of Africa, so far as they are available, illustrate the power of imagination of the Negro. They also show the interesting relations between all parts of Africa, and the migrations of tales from one part of the continent to the other. They also prove that many of our folk tales and much of the homely wisdom laid down in proverbs is common property of Africa, Europe, and Asia. Many of the African tales have a particular interest for us because their equivalents are found among our American Negroes, for instance in the well-known Uncle Remus tales.

Folk tales from all parts of the world are of particular interest because they illustrate with great clarity the mode of thought, the homely wisdom, and the ethical concepts of the people. In Africa, more than among other so-called primitive tribes, many a tale illustrates a proverb relating to the proper everyday behaviour. The Negro is fond of moralizing by means of moralizing tales.

Mr. Helser has given us an accurate translation of the native material which we hope will sometime be supplemented by the publication of the native texts. What may appear now and then as a curious turn of English style is not a defect, it is due to the close adherence to native style. Thus the mode of thought and expression of the native is brought clearly before us. Taken in connection with the voluminous literature on Sudanese folklore, the tales give us an insight into the inner life of the natives that cannot be equalled by any description of a traveller, no matter how observant he may be. Nothing renders the spirit of an alien culture more clearly than the tales dealing with everyday life, with adventures that seem interesting to the native, and with their beliefs in regard to the supernatural.

The collection is a valuable contribution to native lore and will be found of great interest to the reader who wishes to understand alien cultures.

FRANZ BOAS.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

A SINCERE attempt to understand native culture is the only fair and effective approach to the native mind. From the first day I set foot in Lagos, Nigeria, British West Africa, in 1922 I have been making an honest effort to appreciate the native view of life.

Most of my time in Africa has been spent among the Buras of Northeastern Nigeria. Being several hundred miles from a railroad, and having only been brought under the gracious tutelage of His Majesty's Government in this present century, they prove to be a rather natural, primitive group.

While the Bura people had no written language, we found that they had an unusually full system of culture embodied in their folk tales. It was a surprise to learn that quite small boys and girls had a rather clear idea of the socially desirable ends which had been set up by the Bura tribe. These ends had been taught and emphasized through the folk tales which had been passed on by word of mouth. The most respected women of each community had assumed the responsibility of passing on the culture of the tribe by telling stories to the younger children in the evening time. The older children carried on by reciting the stories to one another.

For several years I had difficulty in getting to hear

Bura folk tales told in their native setting. Later this difficulty disappeared and now I am a welcome and often unnoticed guest at many a fireside. I have found it a delight to listen to a recital of these stories. The natural oratory of the African and the long quiet evening hours both lend themselves to giving a dramatic effect and to creating a deep impression on all who come under their spell. As one of my Bura friends said, "Some Bura stories bring sweet sleep, and others bring bad dreams."

Finally, I was able to persuade old men and old women to come to my study on occasion and tell me stories as I recorded them and to help me check over stories which I had already recorded. In coming to my study in the daytime, they not only agreed to come into an unusual setting, but they agreed to tell tales in the daytime which was an unheard-of thing. The spell of the dark is necessary to the full appreciation of these stories and they should be read at night. If the reader is alone and near an open window, it will be easier to enter into the "feel" of Africa.

While I have recorded here only about half of the tales which I have collected, I feel that I have recorded enough to help people appreciate something of the wisdom and wit of a great tribe of people in North Central Africa. I am convinced that the Bura tribe will in time make a great contribution to all whom she touches.

The crocodile is supposed to live a very long time. Long life and freedom from trouble are sought through following the suggestions and lessons of the

tribal stories. At the close of each tale, the chief reciter says, "Do not take my life, take the life of a crocodile." A hint to the spirit is sufficient, and the Bura chuckles as he thinks of what a difficult task the spirit will have in taking the life of a crocodile.

At first I translated the stories as I heard them and wrote them down in English. After I had completed a number in this way I found that I was losing the native flavour of the stories, so I burned them. I started again, but this time I recorded the stories in Bura. Part of the stories in this book were recorded in Bura by me and part of them were recorded by schoolboys who had learned to write in our school. I have tried to preserve the indigenous spirit of the stories. My translation is as literal as it was expedient to make it.

Birma Shelngwa, a young Bura, was a great help to me. I am also indebted to Njida Gwari, Anjugwi Mshelia, Mwala Isa and Yero Tarfa. Shelambi, the oldest man in Garkida, told me a few stories and helped with the checking of others. To these friends I offer sincere thanks.

I am most grateful to Professors Franz Boas, Mabel Carney and D. J. Fleming, all of whom gave generous help and sympathetic encouragement.

Finally, I want to record my debt to my good wife who typed the entire manuscript. Without her sympathetic interest and practical help, this work could not have been completed.

A. D. H.

New York, N. Y.

CONTENTS

1.	A CLEVER TONGUE	15
2.	A CROW	21
3.	A FRIEND IS NOT A RELATIVE	24
4.	A LITTLE GIRL WHO WENT TO SLEEP	27
5.	A PARABLE	29
6.	A REAL PROBLEM	39
7.	A STERILE MAN	40
8.	AN OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY	43
9.	BURA COMPOUNDS	46
10.	BURA FOOD	50
11.	CALLING ON A YOUNG LADY	54
12.	CHARMED PLANTS	55
13.	CHARMS	58
14.	CHILDBIRTH	60
15.	CLEARING	63
16.	CLEVERNESS	67
17.	CORPSE CEREMONIES	75
18.	DALAIHASH	81
19.	DRINKING POISON	85
20.	FAVOURS	89
21.	FETISH WOOD	93
22.	FLY	96
23.	GOD STRIKES WITH LIGHTNING	99
24.	IN STOCKS	103
25.	LIFE AND DEATH	105
26.	MAKING BEER	112

27.	MARRYING THE DAUGHTER OF GOD	115
28.	MBEWA AND NKERMA	124
29.	MEAT DISEASE	131
30.	MOTHERS-IN-LAW	133
31.	NAGODI	135
32.	NINE WILD DOGS GO ON A HUNT	141
33.	PELAWAMDI	142
34.	POISON AND LEPROSY	146
35.	PROVERBS	149
36.	"SHAFA"	152
37.	SHOWING OFF	155
38.	SLEEPING HOUSES	156
39.	SPIRITS	158
40.	TILA LAKE	163
41.	TO THE BLACKSMITH SHOP	166
42.	TRUE FRIENDSHIP	169
43.	TSAKURAMADU AND HIS GRANDMOTHER	173
44.	THE ADVENTURES OF A RAM	181
45.	THE ANT AND THE PIGEON	184
46.	THE ANTELOPE AND THE GOAT FARM TO- GETHER	186
47.	THE BAD MAN	188
48.	THE BEGINNING OF DEATH	192
49.	THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE	194
50.	THE BIG HYENA AND THE LEOPARD	196
51.	THE BURA BEYOND DEATH	200
52.	THE CALF	202
53.	THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER AND THE POOR MAN'S SON	204
54.	THE CHILD OF A THORN TREE	209
55.	THE CLEVERNESS OF THE SQUIRREL	217

I

A CLEVER TONGUE

TWO friends had their houses very close together. They never quarrelled because they thought so much of each other. Each farmed his own farm of corn but neither of them had a very big crop. They counselled together as to what they might do about food. It was agreed that their corn would soon be exhausted if they began to eat it right away. Finally they decided to save their corn, and to go on a trip and eat other people's corn until the next farming season when they would return and eat their corn. This appealed to both of them as a very wise plan.

Preparations were made and the two families were soon on their way. Soon they came to a village, and a house was provided in which they might rest. The people of the village asked them where they were going. One of the men said, "We planted corn but it did not produce very well. If we should begin to eat of it now, it would not last us until next year. We are travelling and eating with others until the next farming season, and then we will eat our own corn." The people of the village said, "What, you want to be clever with us, do you? Well, if that is what you plan to do, no one in this village will give you even a bit of mush." They slept hungry and the next day they started off hungry.

They came to another village, and found a place in which to rest. The place belonged to one of the important men of the village. The people of the village asked them where they were going. The same man who had talked in the village which they had just passed said, "We planted corn but it did not produce very well. If we should begin to eat of it now, it would not last us until next year. We are travelling and eating with others until next farming season, and then we will eat our own corn." The people of the village said, "What, you are trying to be clever with us, are you? Well, if that is what you plan, who do you think will give you any food?" Again they started off hungry.

For six days they went without food, and their hunger hurt them. The one man said to his friend, "In the next village, you keep still and let me do the talking."

The next village was the village of a big chief. As soon as they got inside the wall of the village they heard the drums and the fifes playing. When they had found a house in which to stay, they asked whether this was a large village. "Yes, it is a large village," said a villager, "but that is nothing, for our hearts are broken. Yesterday the eldest son of our chief died, and our hearts are not sweet to us."

One of the strangers said, "Why do you let this thing break your hearts? If a man dies here, do you mourn for him? Will he not rise again? Why do you cause your hearts all of this trouble for nothing? Over our way, if a man dies, we do not mourn and

allow our hearts to be broken because we know that he will rise again. He is not really dead but only sleeps." The villager said, "The death of the son of our chief hurts us, and you, you are making sport of it. Or what you say about his rising, is that true?" "It is true," said the stranger, "if it was not true, do you think that I would have told you? Or do you think that I am a liar?"

As they sat and talked, others joined them. The villager said, "What you were saying just now amazes us. We want to hear more about it. Maybe it is really true and maybe it is false. If it is really true, please tell us." The stranger said, "It is not a lie. In our village we often raise people from the dead."

Two of the villagers went to the chief and told him that a stranger had come who said that he was able to raise people from the dead. "We did not know what you would think of that." The chief said with a start, "Is it true? Is it not a lie?" "He said that it was true," said the men, "and that he was not fooling." "I had better go and hear what he has to say," said the chief.

When they came to where the stranger was, the chief said, "My son, these men have told me something. Maybe it is true and maybe it is false." "Great chief," said the stranger, "with your blessing, I can do it. If you really and truly want your son raised up, you go home and in three days come and show me his grave that I may see where it is." The chief went home and sent three head-loads of corn and a large goat.

The next morning the stranger was up and off into the bush with a small gourd which had a lid on it. He caught many live honey bees and put them into his gourd. He caught so many that he filled his gourd full of bees. There were so many bees in the gourd that it made quite a noise when they all buzzed. It sounded like a fife and a drum and the voices of men in the distance. When he came to the house he hid the gourd full of bees.

Then he sent a man to tell the chief that he wanted to know where the grave was. The chief with his people came and showed him the grave. He said, "Take away the dirt from the mouth of the grave, but do not remove the stone from the mouth of the grave." They took the dirt away. Then he said to the chief, "Let us go home now and to-morrow you gather together all of your people and come to the grave and I will raise up your son for you before all of your people that they may see."

That night the stranger took the gourd full of bees and went to the grave. He removed the stone and put the gourd in the grave beside the corpse. He then closed the grave and went home thinking how the people would hear the bees and think they were men.

Early the next morning, the chief and a great crowd of his people came to the grave, but the stranger that said that he would be able to raise the dead did not appear. For a long time the people sat and waited and waited. Finally they saw him coming. They made way for him to come straight to the grave. He came and stood at the head of the grave and cried

out and called the corpse in the grave saying, "You, I want you to come out now, right now, because your father wants you. I do not want to argue, you had better just come out." He put his ear down to the grave and he heard the young man talking with some one in the grave. He excitedly called the chief and said, "Great chief, I was just talking with your son. He said that he did not want to come out because he is in a big chieftainship down below. But he said that if you are determined that he should come, he will come. If he comes out you will be put out of the chieftainship and he will be put in your place. Do you want him to come? If you want him to come I will bring him out for you. He said that one thing—that if he came out he would be chief. What about it? If you want me to bring him out and let all of the people see, I will bring him."

Then he whispered to the chief, "Great chief, come here, you and the boy's mother and his brothers and sisters, and listen to what he says. Listen to his people making merry in the land below." The chief and the dead son's mother and his brothers and sisters came close to the grave. The stranger said, "Put your heads close to the grave and listen to the fifes and the drums that they are playing for him." They heard the bees in the gourd, and they said, "True, m'm! he does have a big chieftainship down there."

The stranger asked again, "Do you want me to bring him out to be chief of this whole country?" This greatly troubled the chief. He wanted his son back but he did not want to lose his chieftainship.

The chief said, "If he does not want to come back and be one of the people, we had better leave him in his chieftainship down there. Cover up the grave and let us go home."

The dirt was piled back on the grave and all went home. The chief gave the clever stranger who said that he could raise the dead a good place and plenty of food. He had told the truth. He lived with his friends and their families in that village in plenty. His clever tongue brought much sweetness to all. That dumb one would have starved all of them. One thing kept the chief from knowing the inside of the matter, he loved his chieftainship more than he loved his son.

II

A CROW

THIS story is about a crow that wanted to desert her tribe. All crows have always had black bodies and white necks. The Buras say that a crow does not lay eggs and hatch out her young. She is lazy and goes about stealing the young of other birds, and even little chickens, and then changes them into little crows. She does not want to go to the trouble to hatch eggs.

A crow is a great thief. She not only steals the young of other birds but she steals food from the farmer. She steals raw corn, and also cooked mush which the farmer plans to eat in the field. Because she is a thief, she is very afraid. No other bird is on the lookout for danger like a crow.

There was a crow who decided that she was having too much trouble getting food. She noticed that the pigeons got food easily. She also noticed that they could fly down and eat corn and no one would drive them away. Sometimes people would even put out food and water in their compounds for the pigeons to eat. When she thought of how easily they got their food and of how hard she had to work to get her food, she decided to change herself into a pigeon. She got some ashes and rubbed her feathers in the

ashes. Then she cut tribal marks on her head like those of the pigeon tribe.

When she flew down in the midst of the pigeons, the pigeons opened their eyes and looked at her. They were disturbed because they did not know her. She was not like their tribe. They saw that she was larger than they. They also saw that her feathers had been black. The pigeons all flew away and left her. She went to them again, and again they flew away from her. This made her very unhappy, but still she followed them. She was hungry most of the time and she soon began to get poor. She thought and thought of what she might do. Finally she decided to go back to her own tribe.

One morning she started back to her own people. When she flew down into their midst, they all eyed her because they had forgotten her. They said, "You, you look like us, but you have the tribal marks of a pigeon. Where did you get them? No, you are not one of us. Go away from us." All of them shouted, "Go away from us," and they drove her away. She went far into the hush and died alone.

Every good Bura remembers his own tribe and his own family. Many people in the world want to desert their own tribe and become a member of some other tribe. They want to be better than their own people. This is not right. God knows all tribes because he made them. Sometimes a Bura or a Whona will decide that his people are no good and try to become a member of another tribe. Everybody knows that this is bad.

Some one says, "The Buras know nothing but hoe corn and that is not sweet to me. I am going to be a Fulani, and I will not have to work so hard." But it is best to stay in your own tribe, and if God wants you to be somebody you will be somebody. If you start to follow the crow, you will follow her to her sad end. The crow did not realize what would happen to her, or she would not have tried to be a pigeon.

III

A FRIEND IS NOT A RELATIVE

THERE were two men who were brothers. They had one mother. One of these men had much goods, and the other had nothing but trouble. He did have something which is better than riches. He had many children. But he did not have enough food for them. The man who had much wealth had no children, but only his wealth. He did not like his poor brother. Even if his poor brother would beg corn, he would not give it to him. He had turned down his brother and made friends with another who was sweet to him. These two lived together as a man and his brother.

These two made a covenant that friendship was stronger than relationship. One day an old woman called the rich man and said to him, "Son, here you are, you have much and the son of your mother is tasting trouble. Will you not give him some corn?" The man replied, "No, who would give anything to a poor man like he is? If one has anything to give, one had better give it to his friend with whom he is sweet." The old woman said to him, "Do you think friendship is stronger than relationship?" The man said, "A friend is better than a poor relative like this." The old woman said, "Do you not want to

know the inside about whether friendship is stronger than relationship?" "I really want to know the truth," said the man. "Go," said the old woman, "and catch a goat and kill it. While your hand still has goat blood on it, go running to your friend. Tell him, 'Friend, I have killed a man. I have come that we might run from the avengers.' Then you will hear what he has to say to you. Now go to your brother whom you have turned down. Tell him, 'My brother, I have killed a man, let us run,' and you will hear what he has to say to you. In that way, you will be able to decide whether friendship is stronger than relationship or whether relationship is stronger than friendship."

The man went and killed a goat just as the old woman had told him. He then ran to his friend, whom he liked very much and said to him: "Friend, I have killed a man. I have come that we might run from the avengers." The friend said to him, "If you are going to run, run, what is that to me? Friendship has brought us together, we are not relatives. What puts me into the running from the family in which you have killed? Are we relatives? Is a friend also a relative? If you are going to run, run yourself, I have nothing in it."

He then left the house of his friend, and went to his brother's house. He said to his brother, "I have killed a man. I have come that we might run from the avengers." His brother said, "Well, we will run, for even if you don't love me, we are one flesh. Can the stomach of a mother be divided?" He called his

wife and his children and told them, "Get up and let us run, for your uncle has killed a man." And as they were getting their things together to run, the rich brother said, "My brother, lie down with your children. To-day I have learned that relationship is stronger than friendship." And he loved his mother's son.

IV

A LITTLE GIRL WHO WENT TO SLEEP

THERE was a little girl who had a father and mother and three sisters. One day she went to where there was a big dance and stayed until late at night. She was too small to dance with the big people but she played about through the crowd as the rest danced. Then she went to the side of the crowd and lay down and went to sleep.

When the dance was over, everybody went home. No one realized that a little girl was left out there asleep on the ground. She was such a little girl that her father and mother did not realize that she had gone to the dance in the evening. They thought that their children were all at home asleep.

When the big hyena came to the dancing ground on his nightly prow, he found the little one fast asleep. He said to himself, "To-day I have food without working for it." He reached out his paw and touched her gently. When she opened her eyes, she began to tremble because she was afraid. The hyena said, "What are you doing here, or is this where you always sleep?" The little girl said, "This is not where I usually sleep, but I followed the people to the dance here. I went to sleep and I guess the people have gone off and left me."

Then the hyena said, "I will not hurt you, but I want you to teach me the songs that the people were singing here to-night. If you teach me these songs I will take you safely home to your father and mother." The little girl was so frightened that she could hardly sing but she did her best. When the hyena said that he was satisfied and they started for their home, the little girl was greatly relieved.

They came to the entrance to her father's compound and the hyena said, "Peace to you, people." The father of the little girl said, "Who is outside of my house?" The hyena said, "I am a hyena who has brought your little girl to you." The father said, "My little girl is not outside. If you will go, go. If not, I will awake the village and we will drive you off." The hyena said, "Come and take a good look and see if this is not your little girl." The father said, "I see you will not go unless I wake the village," and he shouted, "Kara, kara, kara, mobulu, mobulu."

As soon as the villagers heard they came out in a body. The hyena picked up the child and carried it off into the bush. He said, "They do not want her. To-morrow they will come to look for her."

To-morrow was too late to save the child.

V

A PARABLE

A MAN lived with his wife. A famine swept over their country. There was no food, only great trouble. The man studied what to do and then he decided to make a farm. He went into the bush and hunted a place that would make a good farm. A little later he began to dig up his farm and to take the grass up by root. He worked and worked until he had a big place dug up.

A bird came, a bird with one horn on its head. The bird said, "Good morning, farmer, good morning." The man did not answer. He raised his head and looked in the direction in which he had heard something. The bird said, "If you do not want to speak to me, let the pasture be a pasture." Immediately, the grass which the man had uprooted stood up just as it had been before. The man did not know what to do so he left the digging and went home.

On the morrow, he went to the farm again and began to dig. When he had dug up a big place, the bird said, "Good morning, farmer, good morning. Well, if you will not speak to me, let the pasture be a pasture." Immediately, the grass which the man had uprooted stood up just as it had been before. The man went home.

On the morrow, the man was back and at his digging again. The bird came and did as before. Every day the bird would do the same thing and the man was becoming tired and was accomplishing nothing.

One day an old woman called the man and said to him, "My son, you began to dig long ago, are you not satisfied yet?" The man said, "My mother, there is a bird with one horn on its head. It comes to me and salutes me and if I do not answer it quickly, it says, 'Let the pasture be a pasture.' Then all the grass which I have uprooted stands up as before. Now mother, I do not understand this thing."

The old woman said, "My son, to-morrow if you go to work and the bird comes, throw your hoe handle at his horn. If you break off his horn, ask it, 'You horn, what kind of a horn are you?' Then you shall hear what it has to say to you." The man said, "All right." On the morrow, the man went to his farm and was digging. He had just begun when the bird came. It said, "Good morning, farmer," and in an instant, the farmer jerked up his head and threw his hoe handle and broke off the horn. The man went and picked up the horn and asked it, "You horn, what kind of a horn are you?" The horn answered, "I am the horn of pouring." "Pour something for me," said the man. Pour, pour, pour, out came flour. The man took the horn and went home. He told his wife to bring him a gourd and she brought it. He said, "You horn, what kind of a horn are you?" The horn answered, "I am a pouring horn." "Pour for me," said the man. Pour, pour, pour out came flour

and filled the gourd to running over. Another gourd was brought and it was filled. The horn was hidden away in a place where no one would find it. Mush was cooked from the flour and they had no more trouble about food.



"Good morning, farmer, good morning."

When the flour was finished all that they needed to do was to get out the horn and say to it, "You horn, what kind of a horn are you?" and the horn would answer, "I am a pouring horn." Then they would say, "Pour for me," and pour, pour, pour, the flour would come and fill the gourd. All they had to do was to cook the mush, because they always had plenty

of flour. They lived like that for a long time and no one knew about it.

One day the wife of this man was in a hurry and she went to the river for water. As she washed the gourds, some of the women saw mush in her gourds, and they said, "What, you, where do you get mush?" The women said, "Is mush anything? Why, we have never gone to bed hungry." The women asked her, "Where do you get corn?" The woman said, "We have something that makes flour from which we make mush." They asked her, "What?" The woman said, "Wait here and I will bring it for you to see." She ran to the house and got the horn and brought it to them. She said, "Put down your gourds and I will show you." She said to the horn, "You horn, what kind of a horn are you?" The horn answered, "I am the horn of pouring." "Pour for me," said the woman. Pour, pour, pour, out came the flour and she filled the gourds of all of the women with flour. Soon other women came and they begged her, saying, "Pour for us of your flour, please, sister." Then she gave the horn to them and it poured flour for them. After a while the horn fell in the water and it was lost. They hunted and hunted but they could not find it for it was really lost.

After they had hunted and had not found it, the woman started to cry. Then her husband came and asked her what had happened to her that she was crying. The woman said, "The pouring horn is lost in the water." The man jumped into the water to hunt, but he did not find it. He found another horn

in the water and he said to it, "You horn, what kind of a horn are you?" The horn said, "I am the boiling horn." "Boil for me," said the man. The horn began to boil near its head and became bloody. The man threw it back into the water and hunted and hunted for his pouring horn but could not find it. He went to the house and sat down with his wife in trouble because they had no food. The man's heart was not sweet to him because he had gotten food and his wife had wasted it.

One day the man went off into the bush for a walk. As he walked in the bush, he saw a certain tree in the distance. Behold, it was a mush tree. As he walked under it, he looked up at the balls of mush on it. He said, "You mush," and a ball of it fell down and he picked it up and put it in his bag. This he took home for food for himself and his wife. They made soup and ate the ball of mush with the soup. The next day he went again and as he walked under the mush tree, he said, "You mush," and a ball of mush fell down. He picked it up and put it in his bag and took it home. He and his wife ate it and as they sat and talked, she said, "Where did you get that ball of mush?" He said, "I just found it in the bush." He said this because he did not want his wife to know where he got it. On the next day, he went again and brought another ball of mush and they ate it.

The woman thought and thought and decided that if he went again to the mush ball place, she was going to follow and find out where he got the balls of mush.

The next day when he went off into the bush to get mush she followed. When he came to the mush tree, she hid behind another tree. When he said, "You mush," a ball of mush fell down and he picked it up and put it in his bag and started home. His wife stepped out and said, "Ya, man of my house, are you going and leave a mush tree like this? Are you going to go away and let other people come and take the mush?" Looking at the mush, she said, "Turn, you mush," and the mush fell off the tree. Her husband came back and they carried all the mush home. When they got all the mush home, they put it into a granary so that they could eat of it each day. Before many days, the mush had all spoiled so that no one could eat it. It smelled very bad. They took it out and threw it away. The old trouble was back again, for they were without food.

The man went off to walk in the bush again. This time he came on to a pumpkin tree, which had many pumpkins on it. He said, "You pumpkin," and down came a pumpkin. He picked it up and carried it home for himself and his wife to eat. They boiled it and ate it. The next day he went again and brought another pumpkin. They boiled it and ate it. The day after, they did likewise. Then the woman got to thinking in her heart and wondering where her husband got the pumpkins. On another day, he went off and she followed him. When he came to the pumpkin tree, she hid behind another tree. He said, "You pumpkin," and a pumpkin fell down. He picked it up and started to take it home. She said, "You, are you

going and leave all of the rest of these pumpkins on the tree? For whom?" Looking at the pumpkins, the woman said, "Turn, you pumpkins," and all of the pumpkins fell off the tree. Not one was left on the tree. Then they carried all of the pumpkins home. Every day they boiled some of the pumpkins. They had plenty of food. They were very happy because they had plenty to eat. Behold! before many days they saw that the pumpkins were beginning to rot. Within a few days all had rotted and had to be thrown away. Again they were without food. They were in great trouble, because hunger is not something to be played with. The man sat and meditated about his trouble which the woman had brought on them.

On another day, the man went off for a walk in the bush. As he walked, he came to a large lake. In that lake, a monster had been in the habit of bathing. In a little while, the man saw the monster coming to the lake to bathe. The man hid himself in the grass so that he could curse the monster. He said, "Monster, monster, cover your teeth with red dirt." The monster said, "Who is cursing me?" The man said, "I am, I am a fish and I am cursing you." The monster said, "You, will you dare to curse me? Wait, I will throw out this water and leave you for the sun to burn." The monster threw out all of the water and left the fish in the sun because they had cursed him. The monster went away and left the fish.

The man came and picked some of the big fish and threw some water on the rest. He took the big fish home for food for himself and his wife. She boiled

the fish and they ate them. The next day the man went to the lake again and hid in the grass. The monster came and went in bathing. The man cursed him, saying, "Monster, monster, cover your teeth with red dirt." The monster said, "Who dares to curse a young man in the bush?" The man said, "I, I am a fish." The monster said, "You fish, can you not learn anything? He threw out the water and left them on the sand without water. He said, "To-day, let the birds eat your eyes out," and he left them. The man came down and selected the largest fish and threw water on the rest. He took the largest ones home for himself and his wife. She boiled them and they ate them.

One day his wife asked her husband where he got the fish, but he did not want to tell her. He feared lest she would come and destroy their supply of food. One day he went to the place where he always got fish, and she followed him. When he turned his head, he saw her coming back of him. "Kai," it troubled him because he did not know what to say to her. He only said, "Come here and hide, do not say a word." The woman said, "All right." She hid in the grass near her husband. After a little while the monster came and began to bathe in the lake. The man called the monster and began to curse him saying, "Monster, monster, cover your teeth with red dirt." The monster said, "Who dares to curse a young man in the bush?" The man said, "I am a fish." The monster said, "Well, you fish are really stubborn. I guess I will have to destroy you completely." He threw out

all of the water and left all of the fish on the sand. He cursed them, saying, "Red dirt is your mother, to-day let the sun burn your eyes." The monster was starting to go but his path was very near to the place where the man and his wife were hiding. When the monster came near, the woman said to him, "Monster, you going, to whom are you leaving the fish you have thrown out? Do you not eat fish?"

The monster said, "Yes, I have made trouble for the fish without cause. It was the man and his wife who cursed me." The monster caught them and put them in his bag and tied the mouth of the bag shut. Then he went and put water on the fish. He said to the fish, "I am sorry because I have made you so much trouble for nothing. I thought that you were cursing me but it was not true." Then he took the bag with the man and woman in it, and went to find a place to roast them. He put the bag down on a flat stone, and went to get wood with which to roast them. When he had gone a good distance, Manjimta came and said, "Who is in here?" The man said, "I am, and my wife." Manjimta said, "Well, do you want me to free you?" The man said, "Please, if you will, please." The monster raised up his head and saw Manjimta standing at the mouth of his bag. The monster said, "Who is at the mouth of the bag of a young man in the bush?" Manjimta said, "I am, the mother of satan. I carry on my back the son of death. My hat is honey bees." The monster listened and ran. Manjimta untied the mouth of the bag and the man and his wife came out and were free. The

monster looked around and said, "Who, who is at the mouth of the bag of a young man in the bush?" Manjimta said, "I am, Manjimta, the mother of satan. I carry on my back the son of death. My hat is honey bees." The monster ran and ran until he was far away. Then Manjimta went away and left his bag without anything in it. By the time the monster came back, he did not find anything in the bag, because the mother of satan had taken them out and let them go.

VI

A REAL PROBLEM

THERE was a man who was blind, and he had a mother who was blind. His wife and his wife's mother were also blind. All four of them were blind. They decided to go on a journey. As they went along, the man came on to seven eyes. He picked up two of the eyes and gave them to his wife. He picked up two more of the eyes for himself. Then he gave one eye to his mother, and one eye to his wife's mother. He had one eye left in his hand. "Kai," a stalling thing had happened. Here was his mother with one eye looking at him. There was his wife's mother with her one eye looking at him. To whom should he give the one eye which he had left? If he gives it to his mother, he will be ashamed before his wife's mother, and before his wife, because both of them are looking at him. If he gives it to his wife's mother, he fears the heart of his mother, because a mother is not something to be played with.

This is very difficult indeed, what shall he do? Here is the sweetness of his wife, and the sweetness of his mother. Which would be the easier? If this thing would come to you, which would you choose? Your mother or your wife's mother—choose! This is a real problem. Dare any man choose?

VII

A STERILE MAN

ONE of the worst possible calamities that can befall a man is to be unable to beget children. The saddest of men is the one who does not have even one child of his own. Everywhere that he goes he is reminded by what he sees and by his thoughts that he has no children. He hears men call their children and send them to do this and that but his heart is not sweet to him because he has no children to call and send.

All a sterile man can do is to waste his goods on the medicine-man. He has a little joy while he lives in hopes that he is being cured, but this joy is all taken away when he realizes that he has not been cured. Sometimes the medicine-man says that some one who has died has caused this person to be sterile. He prescribes a beer-meal feast. He promises that this will satisfy the dead and bring strength to the living. Friends are notified and come on the appointed day, some with goats, some with chickens and some with beer. The grave is opened and the corpse's head gourd is filled with beer. The grave is then filled in and the goats and chickens are killed and most of the meat is eaten at the grave. After going through all this

the sterile man lives in hope for a time only to be disappointed again.

Another medicine-man will tell him that some one has put a charmed piece of wood in the roof of his house, and that for a large sum he will remove it. The money is paid, the medicine-man does his work and nothing happens.

Still another medicine-man comes to the desperate sterile man and says, "If you bring a goat and some beer to a certain fork in the road, I will cure you." No matter how often the medicine-man fails, still every good Bura knows that sometimes he succeeds.

Some men have had a number of children and then they become sterile. Others have never had a child that they could call their own. The Buras say that God has withheld power from the sterile men. However, the Buras are sure that there are many more sterile men amongst other tribes than there are among the Buras.

The bite of a squirrel also causes men to become sterile. If medicine is done quickly, it may neutralize the bite of the squirrel. Beans must be cooked quickly for such an unfortunate one, and he must carry them in a gourd on top of his head and walk through the neighbourhood until he has eaten all of them. The gourd dare not be removed from his head until he has eaten the last bean. This has made the Buras very slow to try to capture squirrels.

Sometimes a sterile man inherits a household with many wives. When they do not bear children they leave him. In olden times, if a sterile man was rich

he would buy many women slaves and they would not run away and leave him. They would have to live with him and bear a part of the curse of their master.

When a sterile man dies and is buried, people throw stones at the grave. Spinach is sown over his grave and the relatives are supposed to eat it. When the rains start a little roof is placed over his grave so that his spirit will not stop the rains. If the rains start and then it gets very dry, roofs are built over the graves of sterile men so that the rains can come again. The Buras feel that the spirits of sterile men would like for all the earth to dry up so that everybody would die, for why should the children of other people live when they could not have any children? If a sterile man's grave falls in, it is soon fixed up in good shape.

When a man finds that he is sterile all that he can do is to try different medicines to see if there is any cure for him. A sterile man often says, "It would be better if I had not been born."

VIII

AN OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY

THERE was an old man who was very poor. All he had was one donkey and one son and trouble. His son would cut grass for their donkey, but the old man and his son had no food worth speaking of. One day something came into the old man's head and he studied whether he had not better sell the donkey and perhaps they would get something with which they could buy food. He told the son to bring the donkey and they would take him to the market and sell him. The son brought the donkey and they started for the market but the market was far. After they had gone quite a distance, they met some men on the market road. They said, "You, why are you tiring yourselves for nothing? If you lead your donkey you will never get there. Ride him and he will go fast. Or do you not know how to ride a donkey? If you do not want to ride him, let the boy ride him. That way he will get you to the market quickly." Then the old man put the boy on the back of the donkey and they went on much faster than ever before.

After they had gone a good distance they met more men. The men said: "Get down off the back of that donkey, you good-for-nothing boy. Why, you have no sense at all. You, you are young and strong yet,

you are on the back of the donkey, and this old man whose strength is broken is going along on the ground in the sun. Get down quick and let the old man ride." The boy jumped down and the old man mounted the donkey and started on with the boy following behind.

Again they met other men as they went down the market road. These men said: "You old thing, have you no sense? There you are on the back of the donkey and this little boy can hardly get along over this hot road in the sun; you are grown, the sun will not hurt you like it does this child. What has happened to you? Do you not know that you can stand more than this boy?" Then one of the men picked up the boy and put him on the back of the donkey behind his father, and the boy held on to his father. Both of them were seated on the donkey's back and down the road they went.

A third time they met the traders on the market road. One said, "You rascals! Is this the extent of your dumbness? Do you want to kill your donkey that both of you are riding him? Get down! He is not able to carry one of you, let alone two; you carry the donkey. Get rope and a pole." Quickly some rope was made out of green bark. The front legs were tied together. A pole was put between the back legs and on up between the front legs and then lifted to their necks. One man walked before and one behind and down the market road they went. When they came to the entrance to the market, they put the donkey down and began to untie him so that they could take

him and sell him. But when they looked close, they saw nothing but a carcass. The life had left the donkey. He had been dead quite a while. This thing almost broke their hearts.

The old man wanted to comfort the young man and he said, "My son, all things in the world are like this. Do the thing your heart cuts out for you and do it quickly and persistently. Do not hear what the mouths of men say. If you listen to men you will not be able to do anything worth while." They arose and went home without their donkey.

IX

BURA COMPOUNDS

IN every tribe the compounds are a little different. Each Bura family wants to have a comfortable household in which to live. The houses and compounds are built much as the forefathers built them. Every Bura man wants to have his own compound, and every Bura woman wants to have her own house. Some compounds are large and some are small. Each man builds as large as he can, depending largely on the number of wives he has to help him.

The man chooses the place for his compound. One of the first considerations is to choose a place well away from the compounds of his enemies. He usually tries to get on an elevated plot to insure good drainage in the wet season. He clears the plot and begins to get grass mats. The women folks begin to build mud granaries first. Then all work together to build the walls of the mud houses. Grass roofs are made on the ground and then lifted on to the mud walls.

Here is the entrance, an opening in the grass mat fence around the compound. Inside of the fence we see many things which belong to the women. The man has built his house in the middle of the compound and he has built a shade in front of it. The most prominent wives have two houses, one in which they

sleep and keep their goats and some of their food, and the other in which they grind corn and cook food. In her sleeping house the woman builds a mud bed, a goat pen and a pot rack. On this rack she puts pots of flour and pots of other food, in fact, she stores anything here which she wants to save. Small mud bins are also kept in the sleeping house in which beans, okra, red millet, black millet, white millet, cucumber seed and peanuts are stored. A large jar is kept in her sleeping house near the head of her bed. In this jar the woman's valuables are kept. Only her best cloths and her ornaments and beads are kept in this jar. Sometimes her husband will ask to put one of his gowns in it. The jar is mudded shut. When the bins are full they are also mudded shut. A woman has a small fireplace near her bed, not for cooking, but only to keep away the cold.

In her grinding-cooking house the woman has a grinding stone. This house is not as nice as the sleeping house. There are two fireplaces fixed in the grinding house, one for cooking mush and one for making soup. Depressions in the floor are made near the fireplaces in which round-bottomed pots are set when taken off the fire. A place is fixed to store wood, and another on which to put the gourds and pots. A kind of attic is fixed for storing more gourds and tools. Wood is corded near the door of this house. This is an extra supply of wood and a good place on which to dry pots. She has a shade at the front of her grinding-cooking house, and a fish net and large water-carrying gourd near at hand.

The head of the compound has his own guinea-corn granaries. Each wife has her own granaries, too. The women have three granaries each—one for guinea-corn, one for peanuts and one for dried leaves which are used in soups.

In the husband's house are four altars to four different powers. A fifth altar is placed in an open space in the compound. In his house is a cotton seeder, pressing clubs, a beer gourd, a bamboo spinning outfit and two axes—one for cutting ordinary wood and one for carving. He can carve out axe handles, small seats, knife handles and hoe handles. He has a good hoe, too. The hoe is the most valuable of all the Bura tools.

Near the entrance to the compound are two houses—one a house for the young men and the other a horse house. In the young men's house are bows and quivers for each of them, a water pot, planting gourds, drinking gourds and swimming gourds. The goat pen and the sheep pen are also in an open space in the compound. The lambs and kids are kept separate from their mothers at night. They sleep in the pens provided for them in the wives' houses. Sometimes an enclosure is made under a granary for the chickens, but they usually sleep near their owners. Some people cannot stand the smell of chickens about them. However, the rooster must sleep near his owner, for if he is put under a granary he will break his comb.

At one side of the compound is a loom for weaving cotton cloth. In the front of the compound one of the young men is weaving a grass door for his master's

house. There are water pots at the doors of the women's houses. Palm baskets are also to be seen in abundance. Beer strainers, mush paddles, and forked sticks which are used to help hold hot pots while stirring mush in them are to be seen at each woman's house.

The head of the house plants medicines near his altar—fertility medicine, milk medicine and other medicines. In the middle of the compound is a high pole on which medicine is tied to keep away bad spirits and enemies.

The best possession of any compound is many children.

X

BURA FOOD

IN all the world every tribe has its own special kinds of food. Each food has its own name. There is always one food which is more valuable than any other. There is food which tastes good but does not satisfy hunger. Some food is easy to get and other food is very difficult to get.

The one best food for the Bura is guinea-corn. It is from guinea-corn that Bura mush is made. All Bura people like mush. A Bura could not live without mush for it is his daily food. He eats mush each morning and each evening, two meals for each sun. A Bura works very hard to raise guinea-corn and to make it into mush. When the rains start, all Bura people begin to work on their farms. It is for food and food alone that they work like this. It takes much sweating to raise guinea-corn and to make mush. A person plants and keeps the birds away. When the guinea-corn is up he hoes and hoes. Later he strips down the bottom blades and suckers and watches to keep the monkeys and wild game away. Then later he cuts down the stalks of corn, cuts off the heads of corn and dries them, and carries them to the granary. When the women want to make mush they must thresh the guinea-corn and grind it into flour first. It is only with great effort that mush is provided.

There are other foods which the Bura eats. It is not possible for one food to completely satisfy him. Beans are raised and made into soup. They are cooked first and then certain leaves are added. Sometimes beans are eaten alone, and mush is not made. They will satisfy hunger for a time.

Bura people eat peanuts. They taste good but they do not satisfy hunger. Many peanuts are raised. Some are eaten raw, some are boiled with the shells on, and some are shelled and ground and made into soup. Oil is extracted from peanuts. They rub it on their bodies, and sometimes add it to soup.

Three varieties of millet are grown—white, black and red. Millet is roasted and ground into gruel. Sometimes it is eaten raw. Millet is also used in many ceremonies.

Pumpkins are raised. They are sweet but cannot be eaten raw. Pumpkins must be boiled to be enjoyed.

Cucumber seeds make very good food. They are eaten raw, roasted and salted, or in a gruel. This gruel is the base for a cold medicine. Oil is extracted from the seeds and used in a number of medicines.

Many leaves are used for food. Care must be taken to boil certain leaves well or they will cause deafness. Most soups are made of leaves. Mush is seldom eaten without a soup of some sort.

An early guinea-corn which ripens during the early rains is also raised and used much as regular guinea-corn. Indian corn also grows and makes very good roasting-ears and mush. Both of these are raised in small patches near the house or near the river.

Sweet potatoes, yams and palm sprouts are other foods which are grown by hard work and sweat. Certain swamp roots and wild yams grow in the bush and are dug whenever there is any shortage of food.

Several trees produce food. The palm tree, the bush plum tree, the fig tree, and the baobab tree are some of the most useful. Many soups are made from leaves of trees.

Meat makes the choicest soup, but meat is not available every day. The Bura says, "Meat is like a stranger. It comes only occasionally." Fish are also a choice food in Buraland. Nets are cast for fish at every opportunity. Rats, turtles, locust and many kinds of birds are eaten by the Bura people.

Wild honey is "sweet like a mother" and is eaten alone or with mush.

Some Bura people drink cow's milk. The cow is valuable because she provides milk, meat and hide.

Salt is necessary to make good soup. Wood lye has always been used by the Bura people and is still used. Kanuri Tchad salt and Fulani white salt have been sold for many years among the Bura people.

Onions, pawpaws, bananas and cassava are now eaten by the Bura people but they have only recently been introduced.

A person usually has food in proportion to the amount of work he does.



Sometimes the young man takes a present of beads.

XI

CALLING ON A YOUNG LADY

IN Buraland when a young man wants to marry a young woman, he makes the necessary arrangements through a proxy. After these arrangements are started, he goes every few days to see her. He never goes in daylight. He goes late in the evening and stays in her home until almost morning. In the early morning before daylight he salutes her father and mother before he leaves.

Sometimes the young man takes a present of beads, bracelet or a cloth to the young woman. Other times he takes nothing but goes and hides near her house to make sure that no one else comes to see her. If he sees some other man come to see her, it usually means bloodshed. If the two meet they will fight. If he runs there is usually a long chase. A man is never more brutal with a club or sword or knife than when he sees some one coming to see his lady friend. Often the fight ends in murder. A man caught in the vicinity of a young woman's house is often forced to drink poison to prove his innocence.

If a man starts to take a young woman and he does not go to see her very often, her parents soon say that he does not want her because he does not come to see her.

XII

CHARMED PLANTS

IN every Bura compound there are a number of charmed plants. Some of these plants have been placed there because of a grandfather's order to the family, others because of the order of a medicine man, and still others because the head of the compound wants their help. If a man goes into a Bura compound and looks near an altar or near a granary, he will see green leaves. The plant near the granary is the corn plant. It is planted so that its owner's farm will produce a large crop and so that the corn in the granary will not get all.

If you break the leaf of another plant in the compound, you will see milk come out of the broken ends. This is the milk plant which is supposed to insure an abundant supply of milk to all female goats, sheep, cattle and horses. This plant not only brings an abundant supply but it keeps the milk from drying up. Whenever you see a Bura man with many goats, you may be sure that he has some milk plants. This milk plant is sure to produce milk in its owner's stock. It is planted because the Buras know that it works.

Another plant may be seen near the grave of a child or of an ancestor. It gives its owner the power to shoot straight. Only a few of the best shooters have

this plant in their compounds. This plant not only helps its owner to shoot straight but also to kill game far away. A little of the plant is put into the hunting bag and meat always comes to join it. A leaf of this plant has the power to attract anything which has blood in its veins.

The most coveted plant is that one which strengthens the reproductive powers of man. Every compound has several of these plants. This one is the best of all the plants in the compound because everybody wants and likes children. This plant is not a plaything, it is the Bura's most valuable possession. Every new compound has one of these plants among its first possessions. Some soak the leaves of this plant in water and then eat them, and some eat them just as they are. A few rich people roast the leaves with chicken and eat them that way. The chicken is put into a pot with the leaves and a very little water is poured over it. When the chicken is very tender it is eaten, bones and all. Any bones which cannot be eaten must be buried and not given to the dogs.

Trying to get the power to bear children costs more wealth than any other single thing in Buraland. Many spend all they have and it is only wasted. Any one who does not have a plant of his own may buy some of the plant to use as medicine. A plant costs from one to three rolls of cloth. The plant cannot be moved in the wet season. When a plant is moved it must be dug up in the dry season and reset at once. Young men often just break off a small leaf from a friend's plant and chew it.

There is also a plant the leaves of which are fed to dogs so that they will be able to run fast and catch game. It is not fed to the dogs in the wet season, for then the grass is too high to take the dogs into the bush. It makes a dog slightly drunk and he can run down a goat or sheep around the house and kill it. It acts on a dog like a little beer acts on a man. In the dry season a hunter takes some of this plant and goes off with his dog. When he gets far into the bush he puts the leaves inside of some mush and puts the mush on a small ant hill for the dog to eat. After the dog has eaten it, the dog turns his head this way and that and soon develops a much keener sense of smell and also the power to run much faster than usual. During that day that dog will catch something. If he does not catch an antelope he will catch a guinea, at least. If you find a Bura whose dog often catches game, you will find that he has a charmed plant in his compound. No one will give away dog plant. It can be purchased but a good price must be paid for it.

Of all the compound plants none are so valuable as the one which gives strength to the head of the house. It was first owned and sold by Bata Ngurta. Then it had to be purchased from him, but now it can be purchased from any one.

XIII

CHARMS

THE deltoid muscle in the arm is supposed to be able to give a true answer to any question. Only a few people have muscles endowed with this magic power. There are only one or two people so endowed in a village. When a person becomes ill, a relative is sent to the specially endowed one to inquire as to the cause of the illness. The relative takes some guineacorn, beans, peanuts or cotton to the charmed one. The master of the deltoid puts his hand into whatever has been brought and takes one of whatever it is and bites it. He then spits it out on his deltoid. The inquiring one then says, "Great deltoid, are you well?" If the muscle quivers it means "yes," and the inquirer will say, "If all is well, why is the young man Njida ill? I have come to you. Is an altar hurting his body?" If the muscle quivers it is an altar that is hurting him. Then the names of the different altars are called. The altar in his house, and the altar under the tree and the altar at the river are all called off. The altar which is called just before the deltoid quivers is the altar which is causing the illness. A sacrifice of a chicken must be made at that altar.

A muscle is consulted for a pregnant woman if she is having pain. Whether it is a pain in the abdomen

or in the back, the deltoid can tell from which pool the sufferer should drink water to be cured of her pain.

If something is lost, again the deltoid is consulted as to whether some one has picked it up, or whether it is lost about the owner's house. Quickly the troubled one receives his answer and goes on his way.

If a pregnant mare is having pain, the owner will go to a muscle. The muscle will tell him whether the pain is caused by some altar, or whether it is a slight thing which will disappear of its own accord.

There is a stone which has the same magical power as the muscle. It is just a smooth, long, rounded stone. This stone is kept in the house of its master. If some one comes to ask a question of the stone, its master is called and he officiates. Sometimes a stone is placed by the road and it has no master. Any one can come who has something in his heart to ask. He must put some cotton down by the stone, and then he can ask what he will. The stone does not answer like the muscle. A person kneels by the stone and grasps it with both hands. Then he socks it down on the ground, after which he asks his question. If he can lift the stone, the answer is "yes." If he cannot lift it, the answer is "no."

Both the deltoid muscle and the stone know the truth and will reveal it.

XIV

CHILD BIRTH

WHEN a woman is to bear a child many things must be arranged. Bearing a child is not play, for the mother goes through death. When the time is near, the husband buys chickens and red clay and oil. He calls the medicine-man and inquires whether the child will be born with ease or with difficulty. The medicine-man makes medicine for the mother to drink. This medicine is to help the child get loose from the mother.

On the eventual day, the woman says, "The pains are biting me." A crowd of men and women gather. The woman is put inside of a house and a hot fire is built so that she will sweat and her body become pliable. When the time is at hand, men hold her up. As the men almost crush her, they cry, "Kill her, kill her." An old woman receives the baby.

Water is thrown on the babe and it is bathed. The cord is cut and the placenta is buried outside of the house. Then they come and bless the child. They shout three times if it is a boy, and four times if it is a girl. In their shouting they bless the powers that have given them a child.

Then the father brings a spirit pot and puts it near the door of the house for the purpose of guarding the

evil spirits away from the mother and the young child. The father kills two chickens and cooks them in strong pepper. The pepper helps to wash away the bad blood in the mother. Astringent water is made out of bark and heated and poured on to the mother's head each morning and evening to prevent abdominal infection.

When the mother bathes she must stand on the spot where the placenta has been buried. During the first seven days she must stay very near her house, but after that she may go where she will. On the seventh day a bow and arrow and quiver are made for the son. An axe, a hoe, some guinea-corn and some cotton seed are provided. The old woman who received the child is called. She comes and ties the child on her back and takes him to a fork in the road where various kinds of food are deposited. The children play about, some cut down little trees, others hoe up the ground, and still others scatter corn and cotton seed. When this is finished the baby is taken back to the house. He has been out.

When the child is a month old the mother grinds some flour and takes it as a present to the old woman who received the child. In turn, the old woman shaves the child's head.

When the child becomes ill, it is said to want a name. It is taken to a charmed deltoid muscle and named by it. A number of names are suggested and the name suggested just before the muscle quivers is the right name. The name is usually the grandfather's name or that of a relative who has been dead for some time. A Bura family does not agree to take a name

which has not been in the family. This custom was started long, long ago and must not be broken.

The child must walk and have lived three wet seasons before it can be weaned.

XV

CLEARING

EVERY one must clear the land before he can have a farm. Some clearings are done to the rhythm of the drum, others are done under the stimulation of beer and others are just done. A clearing with plenty of beer is the kind the Buras like best. Sometimes the owner of the farm asks the people to his clearing. Other clearings are put in the hands of a friend and still others are put in the hands of a son-in-law.

If a person decides to ask a friend or a son-in-law to have a clearing for him he must go and ask that person whether he will agree to it. If he agrees no more is said until late in September when corn is threshed and the friend or son-in-law is called to see whether the corn will be sufficient to make enough beer for the clearing. He always says that more corn must be provided. The corn is then sprouted and ground and made into beer.

When the beer gets sweet the friend or son-in-law is called and he comes and tastes it. Then he goes from house to house among the friends of the owner of the farm and he asks them to come to the clearing to-morrow, for the beer is ready. He asks some good drummer to bring his drum and help make merry. A

young woman is asked to invite the young women of the community. This young woman will also grind some cucumber seeds which she will take along to the clearing. The owner of the farm will take two or three large jars to the new farm. His wives will carry the beer and pour it in these jars. A lot of water is then brought to add to the beer and to satisfy the thirsty.

About noon the men began to gather. The drummer beats a lively march and they are off for the clearing. The young men do not have on their best clothes but they have on good loin cloths and little items of finery. The young women are at home oiling and decorating their bodies. They do not start until the middle of the afternoon. When the men reach the field they put their belongings and extra clothing in trees and start to dig up the big grass and turn it under. Two men go down the line marking the side and each brings his swath. The drummer follows down the line playing in big earnest. The rhythm of the drum opens the heart and lets out the strength. Each shows his strength and they make the dirt fly. No one ever works as hard on his own farm as he does at a clearing because each one wants to show the other fellow how strong he is.

After three swaths have been dug some of the beer is strained and drunk. At this drinking each one just gets a taste of what he will get later in the evening. Back to work they go so that they will be at work when the young women arrive.

About the middle of the afternoon the shouting in-

creases and the work speeds up for the young women are coming. They bring a gourd or two of ground cucumber seeds and give them to the one who has invited them. Now the music begins. At a big clearing two drums will play in marvelous unison. The best singers among both the young men and the young women will take turns leading the singing. Sometimes the leader will sing the verse and all will sing the chorus. Other times the leader will sing a line and the others will answer. The young women clap their hands and dance as they sing and the young men keep their hoes going in unison. The sweat drops off of the young men as they try to show their strength. When one song leader gets hoarse another takes his place. Sometimes new words are made to old tunes. Sometimes new tunes are struck off at the time. The songs are usually about current events. There has been an argument about which is the sweeter of two trees, and they sing,

"Which is the sweeter, mahogany or thorn?

Oh, the thorn is sweeter.

Which is the sweeter, mahogany or thorn?

Oh, the thorn is sweeter.

Which is the sweeter, mahogany or thorn?

Oh, the thorn is sweeter.

I know the thorn is sweeter.

Do not cry,

We all know the thorn is sweeter."

The hoes fly and the young women following just behind the young men dance and clap to the music. Sometimes the hoes are laid down and everybody

dances and swings and claps to the music. It is a great time.

When evening comes the remainder of the beer is strained and the man in charge declares the work finished by breaking the branch off of a charm tree. All sit down and some clever person is chosen to divide the beer. Four or five are chosen to pass it out as it is divided and they get a double portion. When the beer is finished the jars are laid down. The man who gets the last gourd of beer gets up and says to the owner of the farm, "May this be a good farm and may no harm come to you in it." To the people who have helped he says, "May you have a safe journey home and may you not get any scratches or splinters." When he has finished what he has to say the drums beat and everybody gets up with a shout. With singing and dancing they start home. In the morning the owner of the farm goes from house to house and thanks all who have helped him.

Sometimes clearings are held without beer at the time but all know that beer will come later. Some months after the clearing all who helped are invited to a beer drinking dance. When they drink they have forgotten about how tired they were after the clearing and they think that they are getting something for nothing.

XVI

CLEVERNESS

THERE was a squirrel who was taking a wife from beyond the river. His wife's mother sent word for him to come and clear a farm for her. The squirrel started out to ask people to help him clear. He asked the spider. The spider said, "True, I do not want to refuse, but look at my stomach." The squirrel said, "If it is because of your stomach, I will give you a shirt to put on." He gave a shirt to the spider. He asked the guinea-fowl. The guinea-fowl said, "Yes, I want to come, but what will I do with this white head?" The squirrel said, "If it is because of your white head, I will give you a hat." He gave a hat to the guinea-fowl. He asked the crow. The crow said, "Sure I want to come but my mouth will not stay closed." The squirrel said, "I will get soft rubber for you to stop your mouth with." He gave soft rubber to the crow and the crow stopped his mouth with the soft rubber. The squirrel asked many others, too.

When the time arrived to come to the clearing, they took a drum and started off. When they came to the river, the spider made a web for them to cross on. Soon they were at the place for the clearing and, singing with the drum, they began to work. Before long,

many young women came to watch them. The spider and the crow and the guinea-fowl worked hard so that the young women could see their strength. The squirrel became jealous because he thought that they were trying to attract his wife. He pulled the shirt off the spider. He took the soft rubber out of the mouth of the crow and jerked the cap off the guinea-fowl. When the young women saw the stomach of the spider and the head of the guinea-fowl and the mouth of the crow, they laughed at them. The men became very angry because of what the squirrel had done. They decided to go home and leave the squirrel to do his own work. When they came to the river again, the spider made a web for them to cross on.

After a while, the squirrel came to the river, but there was nothing on which he could cross. The young women said, "We will tie our cloths together and he can cross on them."

They tied them together and the squirrel said, "When I am across, I will beat the drum. When you hear the drum you can pull your cloths back, because I will be across then." The squirrel started off over the cloths. When he came to the middle of the river, a hawk came and beat the drum. The young women heard it and began to pull their cloths back. They thought that the squirrel had crossed and beat the drum, but it was not he. They began to pull their cloths back before the squirrel was across. When they pulled, the squirrel fell into the middle of the river. He cried out, "Save me, aunt crocodile." The crocodile picked him up and carried him to the other side of

the river. After that, the squirrel and the crocodile lived happily together.

The crocodile laid thirty eggs in her house. Each day she would go to her farm. When she would start for her farm, she would tell the squirrel to cook food for them. The squirrel would cook food with the eggs of the crocodile in it. When the crocodile would taste how good the food was, she would say, "Who



Thirty times he came back with the same egg.

taught you how to cook such good food?" The squirrel would reply, "It is the food of the city." Every day the squirrel would cook food with eggs in it. After a while, all the eggs were finished but one.

One day the chief of the crocodiles ordered each crocodile to wipe off her eggs. The squirrel said to the crocodile, "Sit out here and I will bring the eggs to you one by one and you can wipe them off." The

crocodile said, "Bring them, my nephew." The squirrel went and brought the one egg, and the crocodile wiped it off and gave it back to the squirrel for him to take back and bring another. But there was no other, so the squirrel would take the one egg back and put dirt on it, and then bring it back. The crocodile would wipe it off thinking that it was another egg, when it was the same one. He came thirty times with the same egg, and the crocodile did not know the difference.

On another day the chief of the crocodiles ordered each crocodile to sit on her eggs. The squirrel said that he had a very bad stomach ache. He knew that if the crocodile would come to sit on her eggs that they would catch him because there were no eggs. That is why he said that his stomach hurt him. He said that the altar of his father was causing this pain, and that they had better take him to his father, and have some one do the prayers for him. The crocodile called her husband and said, "You had better take my nephew to his father, and let them do prayers for him." The crocodile tied the squirrel on his back, and the squirrel held the crocodile's ears shut with his hands. They started off, and when they had gone a good distance, the wife of the crocodile began to hunt for her eggs so that she could sit on them, but they were not. She called her husband, "Crocodile, crocodile, come back with the squirrel. Our eggs are gone." They asked the squirrel what he had to say, and he said, "Take me quick, or the water will come and kill me." The crocodile picked him up and ran with him. When they

had left the water behind, they saw an ant hill. The squirrel said, "Let me down here a moment." The crocodile let him down, and he went into the ant hill. He said to the crocodile, "You are dumb, your eggs are no more for I cooked them for us in our food. Did you not say that the food which I cooked was very good? Did you think that I had brought something in for the food? I cooked your eggs with our food."

The crocodile went home and left the squirrel in the ant hill. The crocodile begged many other crocodiles to come and help him dig the squirrel out of the ant hill. When they came with the hoes and the axes to dig the squirrel out of the ant hill, he had changed himself into a black squirrel and came out to meet them. One crocodile said, "We want a squirrel, here is a squirrel." The squirrel said, "Squirrels have different tribes, they are not all one tribe. The low-land squirrel, the hill squirrel, and the sand squirrel, the swamp squirrel are all different." A crocodile said, "I know that is true." The squirrel said, "Give me a hoe and let me dig a little." When he would dig a little he would let the hoe or the axe fall into the ant hill. Before long, all of the digging tools were in the ant hill and the crocodiles had nothing left with which to dig. The crocodiles went home, saying, "Some other day, we will come back."

They counselled together as to how they could catch the squirrel. They decided that they should take roasted peanuts and put them near the ant hill. Then they would hide near by, and if he came out to eat

the peanuts, they would catch him. They roasted peanuts and put them near the ant hill. The squirrel was very clever and did not come out. He sent ants and worms to carry the peanuts to him but he himself did not come out. After a while, the peanuts were all finished and they had not caught him.

The crocodile sought for another clever way to catch the squirrel. He made a young woman out of soft rubber and took her to the ant hill. The squirrel came out and saw this rubber thing and thought it was really a young woman. He wanted to talk to her. He said, "Hello! young woman," but the rubber did not answer him. He spoke again, saying, "You, if you do not want to speak to me, I will take a hold of you." He touched her and his hand stuck fast. He said, "Let go of me, you, or do you not see this other hand of mine." He touched her with the other hand and it stuck fast. Soon his legs and his teeth were fast too, and he was not able to get away. The crocodiles came and caught him and started to take him away. As they went, the guinea-fowl, a leopard and quail began to chatter. The squirrel said, "You had better cry because if I am not here, who will tattoo the bodies of your children?" The crocodiles asked him, "Are you a tattoo man who can really make pretty tattooing?" "Yes," said the squirrel, "I do their tattooing for them." The crocodile said, "If you are a good tattoo man, we will not kill you, for we want you to tattoo for us like you tattoo for them. Can you?" The squirrel said, "I can, go and dig a deep hole and gather big pieces of wood." The croco-

diles dug the deep hole and gathered a lot of big pieces of wood. Then they went and called the squirrel. When the squirrel came, he told the crocodiles that they should all go into the hole. They all went in. The squirrel said, "I am going to put fire down on you, but do not be afraid. When you hear it crackling, say, 'Come, come, the tattoo of the squirrel.'"

After a while, all of the crocodiles were burned. There was only one left and he hurried away to the river. His back was only burned a little. One day as the crocodile lay in the water, his sore back became very painful. He crawled out of the water to sun his sore. Flies bit his sore. When the crocodile could stand the biting of the flies no longer, he jumped back into the water with a splash. He frightened an eagle near the river who flew up into a palm tree. The palm tree was leaning and it fell on an elephant. As the elephant ran, he stepped on a turtle. The turtle passed bad wind. God smelled the wind of the turtle and he spat. The spit met the baby ants and the ant put them out in the sun to dry. A quail came and saw them and ate all of them. The quail flew on to a stump and began to sing. The wives of the chief heard him and ran saying that war was coming.

God called all of them together for a trial about this. First they asked the wives of the chief what had happened to them that they were running. They said, "We heard a quail and we thought it meant war, so we ran." They asked the quail, "What happened to you that you were singing?" The quail said, "I came and saw the little ants. I did not know that

they were still wanted. I ate them and my stomach was full." "You have said the truth," they said in a chorus. They asked the ant, "Why did you put your babies out in the sun?" The ant said, "God sent down water and wet my babies. I put them out in the sun to dry." "You have said the truth." They asked god what happened that he sent water. He said, "The turtle passed very bad wind and I spat." "That is all you could do." They asked the turtle, "Why did you pass bad wind?" The turtle said, "You see how big the foot of the elephant is, well he stepped on me and I passed wind." "True." They asked the elephant why he had stepped on the turtle. The elephant said, "Look at this palm tree. It fell on me and I ran." "That is all you could do." They asked the palm tree why it had fallen on the elephant. The palm tree said, "An eagle flew into me and I fell." "True." They asked the eagle why it flew into the palm tree. The eagle said, "I was getting food by the side of the river and the crocodile frightened me." "True." They asked the crocodile what had happened to him. He said, "My sore was hurting me, and I went out to get a little relief. The fly bit me and I came down into the water with a splash because my sore hurt so." "True." They asked the fly what had happened to him. The fly said, "If I see meat, shall I leave it?" They struck him with a sword and the trial was finished.

XVII

CORPSE CEREMONIES

THIS is about what the Bura people do when some one dies. There are many ceremonies which must be performed. Not all corpses, however, require elaborate ceremonies. If a young man or a young woman or a child dies, not many ceremonies are required. They only cause crying and a hurting at the heart. When a young person dies, the crying starts at once. When an old person dies, it is different, many things must be done before the crying begins.

If the corpse is that of an old person his head must be shaved, his body bathed, trousers put on and a girdle put about his waist as quickly after the death as possible. A goat is killed, mush is cooked, and the compound swept before the husbands of his daughters are sent to the surrounding villages to make the death known. Even if some friends have arrived before all this is done they must not start to cry until this is completed, and a drum is brought to his side and beaten and a woman gives three loud screams.

Then everybody begins to cry, "Wu-wu." Another drum is played, a chicken is caught and they go from house to house singing a dirge and dancing as they go. When the houses of the neighbours have been visited, a post in the fence around the compound is

broken off. The hoes and axes and gourds are collected and a special axe handle is carved for the digging of the grave. A goat is killed for the grave diggers and beer is provided at the grave. The digging goes on with the beating of drums and the drinking of beer. The top soil is removed first and then a small hole is made, through which a body may pass, and the grave is hollowed out by reaching through the mouth of the grave.

If the dead man had wealth, his son spreads his best clothes and gowns over the veranda roof under which the deceased usually dressed himself. The husbands of his daughters tie strips of cotton cloth about the fence of the compound. The young women of the community make thin mush and wear special necklaces. The deceased's quiver of arrows and his bows are brought and men take their turns with his bows, racing to and fro and leaping into the air with a shriek as they draw back the bows in preparation to shoot.

When the grave is finished, the man's best clothes are put on him. They include a pair of trousers, two of his best gowns, a cap and a turban. The corpse is then taken out and presented to the crowd for them to see what fine clothes he has in which to be buried. After all have seen the corpse, they carry it to the grave with the beating of a drum, loud singing and a marching dance. A man who knows how to take a corpse into a grave enters the grave first, and receives the corpse and lays it properly. He then comes out of the grave, and the mouth of the grave is closed by a large flat stone which has been provided by the hus-

band of a daughter of the deceased. Fresh mud is plastered about the stone to seal the mouth of the grave. When the grave has been mounded up, a gourd is placed on top of the mound and broken to bits. A dear friend of the dead takes an arrow from his quiver and rushing about the grave shoots it. Small children make a dash for it and the first one to reach the spot gets the arrow.

When the procession reaches the compound, the mourners go into the compound and dance the death dance. Then they come just outside of the entrance to the compound and dance the mourners' dance. The relatives of the dead man then tell the sons-in-law to dance the dance to the father of their wives. They must also dance on occasion through the first night after the burial. If they refuse to dance on any occasion they are asked to drink bitter mud-hole water. If they refuse the bitter water they must pay two rolls of cloth for their insubordination. When the first night is over, a chicken is killed and the roof of the house in which the man died is lifted off. Then each one goes to his own home.

After a while, the head of the house makes beer to set the grave in order. He calls together the sons-in-law and divides the work of finishing the mourning amongst them. Two goats are to be brought, a few chickens, several gowns, flour, salt, cloth, butter and red clay must be provided. The helpers, who are friends of the sons-in-law, must provide a small male goat and two chickens. When each has learned his duty, each goes his way.

The man who has been made head of the household by the deceased's relatives is responsible for having food set out each day and each night for the deceased's spirit. If the food is not all eaten after it has been left for a time, it is given to the children. This man is also responsible for the property of the deceased until it has been properly disposed of. When this person is about ready to finish the mourning he sends word to all who are to help provide for the last mourning and says that he is ready to thresh the beer corn to finish the mourning and that everything should be ready by Friday. All who are to provide special things are to have them ready for that day.

The temporary head of the house goes to each wife and asks her who she wants to take her. The women will tell him the names of the men whom they want to take them. He will then go to the men whose names have been mentioned and tell them. The women must make their choices among the relatives of the deceased husband. They cannot choose outside of his family. These men whose names have been mentioned will also make beer and bring a goat because of the wives they are to receive. The beer corn is threshed on one Friday and the final mourning is held on the next Friday.

On the big day, all the relatives of the deceased come, some with goats and some with chickens. They bring them and kill them at the entrance to the dead relative's compound. The husbands of the daughters bring large goats. If their goats are not very large they are refused. Sometimes a small goat is accepted if a roll of cloth is tied about its neck. When their

goats are killed, a shoulder, one side of ribs and the back rump are given to the one who takes the place of the father of their wives. A leg and the front of the rump are given to the mother of each wife. The backbone is given to the uncle of the wife. The young women and their friends rub their bodies with oil and red clay.

All who kill anything at the mourning must bring a leg of goat or a leg of chicken to the place where the deceased's spirit eats. These are divided among the children of the deceased. The beer is strained and all drink until some begin to stagger as they dance. Late that night, all who have come to the mourning go home. The property of the deceased is not divided that day. Not until every one has slept and come back is the property divided amongst the children. The oldest son, however, receives most of the property.

If the one who dies has no children large enough to take his place, and not even old enough to be engaged, some important person in the family will take charge until the children are grown. When they are grown, he will turn everything over to them, including the wives and the property which he has held for them. The person who assumes this responsibility also takes the quiver of the deceased and assumes responsibility for his debts. The debtors all appear on the final day of mourning and ask for their debts to be paid. If the debt is valid and many know that it is a true debt, it is paid at once. Those debtors who do not have many witnesses as to the validity of their debt have to drink medicine to assure the family that

the debt is valid. If they refuse to drink medicine the debt can never be brought up again. They lose because they have no witnesses and they are afraid to risk being their own witnesses by drinking poison.

When all is finished, the wives go to their new homes and the children go to the homes in which they are to be reared. The children are often spoken of as the fatherless and the wives as the women of a corpse. These are the things which happen when a Bura dies.

XVIII

DALAHASH

THERE was a boy by the name of Dalahash. His father had sixty goats. It was Dalahash's work to cut grass for these goats. One day everybody left the compound but Dalahash. He took a knife and cut off the heads of all of the goats. Not even one was allowed to live. Dalahash climbed into his father's granary and piled the corn out on the ground and began to thresh it.

After a while his father came in from the farm and saw what his son had done, and said, "Dalahash, what made you do this?" Dalahash said, "I killed the goats because they were making too much trouble for us. The women were tired carrying water for them and I was tired carrying grass for them. Now all we need to do is to have a feast. You see I have the corn out all ready." The father said, "Get out of here, I do not want you around here."

Dalahash started off and he met a man who was coming in from his farm. The man said, "Where are you going?" He answered, "My father has kicked me out and I do not know where to go." The man said, "Come and live with me, I like you." And Dalahash went home with him.

In the morning the man started off to the farm. Dalahash said, "Get me a hoe and I will go with

you." The man got a hoe for him and they went to the farm together. Dalahash saw the spot where the corn was the nicest, and he said, "I will hoe here." He began to hoe but he did not hoe, he cut down the big stalks of corn. It was only August and the corn was not ready to cut. When the man lifted his head he saw a light space where the rich green corn had been before. It was the space in which Dalahash had cut down the corn. The man said, "Get out of here. I will not have such a fellow around. You are crazy. Get out of my farm."

Dalahash left the farm and met a man playing a mandolin. Dalahash asked the musician where he was going. The musician said, "I am going to play in the second village on this road." Dalahash said, "We will go together." When they reached the village mush and meat was provided and they lay down for the night. In the night it got cold and Dalahash broke the mandolin up and made fire. In the morning they got up. The musician began to hunt for his mandolin but he could not find it. He asked Dalahash what had happened to his mandolin. Dalahash said, "Why, when it got so cold in the night I burned it." The musician said, "Go, you, I will not have you around."

Down the road he met a medicine-man. He said, "I want to be your servant." The medicine-man said, "I like you all right. You can be my servant." The medicine-man gave Dalahash his medicine and charm bag and they went down the road. As they went along Dalahash would take out some medicine or a charm occasionally and throw it off into the bush.

He put leaves in the bag so that it would continue to look full. After a while the medicine-man wanted to get a charm and he looked in his bag but there were no charms to be found. He said, "Where are my charms?" Dalahash said, "I do not know." Then the medicine-man said, "Did the great one do this against me?"



Dalahash met a man playing the mandolin.

When they came into the village, men came saying that the chief was sick and that he wanted the medicine-man. The medicine-man said, "I do not have my medicine and my charms but I will do the best I can." Every day the medicine-man made medicine for the chief. One day when the chief was about well he sent

Dalahash with the medicine. When Dalahash reached the chief's house he found the chief alone so he took a knife and cut the chief's throat. Two of the chief's wives came in just then and saw him do it. They screamed and said, "The medicine-man's boy has killed our chief." Everybody was out and after the medicine-man and his boy. They ran and ran but the people kept after them.

Finally they hid in a leafy tree. When the villagers came to the tree in which the medicine-man and the boy were hiding, the boy said to the medicine-man, "I am going to curse them." The medicine-man said, "Do not say anything, please." But the boy called to them and they looked up and saw the medicine-man and Dalahash hiding. The villager shouted, "Here they are. We have found them."

The medicine-man and the boy changed into lizards and, the older taking the younger on his back, leaped into a fire which had been left under the tree. Both of them were burnt up.

XIX

DRINKING POISON

THE milk of the cactus has been believed in by the Bura people for many years. The milk of the cactus knows the truth, and has power to reveal it.

When a young man or a young woman dies without any known cause, the people in their neighbourhood are suspected of having eaten them through the power of an evil spirit. The father and mother must go and drink poison to prove their innocence. They take four rolls of cotton, and go to the home of the medicine-man in the evening. Each of them give two rolls of cotton to the medicine-man. The next morning the medicine-man goes to a cactus plant and cuts off a branch and catches the milk. When he has enough cactus milk, he gives it to the man and his wife, and they drink it. Then he gives them weak beer to drink. When each has drunk four gourds of weak beer, he will vomit the poison cactus milk, if he does not have a bad spirit. After they have vomited, they start for home.

The people who go along with them, keep saluting them and saying, "Bless god, he has brought you back safe." When they reach home, they kill a chicken, and put a leg of it on the altar. The next day they say to their neighbours, "We have gone and

drunk cactus milk and returned safe. Now we want all of you in this neighbourhood to go and drink cactus milk for us. If there is one who does not want to go, we know that he is the one who has eaten our child." Some wonder whether to go or not, but the bad spirit tells them, "Go and I will bring you back all right."

The next day everybody is out with their two rolls of cotton. They salute the father and mother first, and then they start for the house of the medicine-man. Of the grown-ups in the immediate neighbourhood none stay at home except the pregnant women.

These people sleep at the house of the medicine-man before they drink medicine. The next morning, all are up early, and the medicine-man gives each one his cactus milk. When they have all drunk, you will see some fall down without vomiting and die on the spot. Those who vomit get a severe diarrhoea, and that is all. As they go home, many will salute them and rejoice with them. Others will be seen crying for friends who died. When those who vomited reach home, they each kill a chicken, and give a leg to any one who turned back on the day before because of fear. This almost forces him to go. If he refuses to go, all men fear him because he is known to have a bad spirit and of course does not want to go to his death.

A few people who go to drink cactus milk hide their bad spirits on the way to the house of the medicine-man. When they drink the poison, it does nothing to them, but on the road home when they come to the

place where they have hidden their spirits, their bad spirits come back into them. When their bad spirits come back into them, they cannot live. They will die because the poison is in them. The poison is waiting in the bad spirits' abode to catch him. Immediately the bad spirit of a man meets the milk of cactus, the man falls dead.

This poison milk of the cactus is what people drink because of bad spirits. If a man who has a bad spirit drinks the poison, he will not live to sleep even once before he dies because the power of bad spirits cannot meet the power of the cactus milk. There are four big cactus milk medicine-men, one at each of the following villages, Mavira, Kunar, Walama, Ndirsha. The milk of each of these medicine-men is the same, and the effect is the same. If a man who has a bad spirit drinks cactus milk, there is nothing for him but death. This is why the Bura people have absolute faith in the milk of the cactus. Whether the man is to live or to die, he must pay the two rolls of cotton before he gets the medicine. If a man goes to the cactus milk medicine-man without the price of the medicine, he cannot get it. This medicine can only be drunk from a special white gourd.

There is another kind of cactus from which people get medicine. It is not bad spirit medicine. It is trial medicine. This cactus milk settles all difficult arguments. If a woman has a child, and two men claim it, the woman is taken to the medicine-man and forced to drink cactus milk, so that all may know whose child it is. If the child becomes large before it is decided

who the father is, then the mother is free, and the child must drink the medicine. When they go to the medicine-man's house, they sleep; and in the morning, the medicine is brought. Before the medicine is drunk, the husband of the wife says, "If this child is my child, when she drinks the cactus milk she will not vomit. Let this medicine stick in her. May she neither have diarrhea, nor froth at the mouth. But if it is not my child may she froth at the mouth like a dog." He gives her the medicine. The mother drinks the three doses of medicine, unless she vomits before she has taken that much. There is no further palaver.

This medicine is also drunk to determine whether a certain woman has given a man leprosy. When a woman who spreads leprosy is caught, she must prove her innocence by drinking medicine. The man to whom she has given leprosy takes her to the house of the medicine-man, and gives her the milk of the cactus. If she vomits, she is not guilty, and that is all there is to it. If she does not vomit, the medicine has caught her, and she cannot deny it any longer. When medicine catches a person, there is no further argument.

This medicine determines the guilt in theft or whatever the trial is about. This medicine-man lives in Hyau. His fee is the same as the other medicine-men, two rolls of cotton. No one doubts the power of this medicine to determine whether a person is guilty or innocent.

FAVOURS

THERE was a waikil who was the most important person in the village. He was next to the chief himself. He had much wealth and many wives and many children. This waikil also had many slaves. All the people in the village bowed to him except the chief. One day he went for a walk outside of the wall of the village. There was a hole that had been a well many years before. As he walked he came to this hole and fell into it. This hole was very deep and there were some very bad things in it. There were two snakes clinging to its sides. The waikil was very fearful when he saw the snakes lest they bite him. He let out great loud shouts for help but there was no one to hear. For a long time he called and cried but no one heard him.

After a time a man came along who had been gathering wood, his name was Yoksa. Yoksa heard the calling of the waikil in the well. Yoksa went to the mouth of the well and saw the waikil down in the well and the snakes which greatly frightened him. The waikil begged Yoksa to get him out and made a promise saying, "If you get me out, I will give you half of my wealth. You will have so much of everything that when death comes, it will take you and

leave some of your wealth." Yoksa hurried to get some rope and bringing it lowered it into the well. Immediately, the snakes wanted to climb up the rope. Yoksa, greatly frightened, called down to the waikil, "I cannot help you out, for the snakes will bite me." But the waikil begged Yoksa to let the rope down once more. With great fear and trembling, the rope was lowered and drawn out bringing the waikil and both snakes, all holding on.

The waikil was saved. The waikil said, "Thanks, I thank you very much, my son. Go and sleep and to-morrow come to me, because you see the sun has fallen." Yoksa said, "All right, very good, to-day and to-morrow are all the same. Sleep now and go to-morrow, nothing hard about that." They then separated and each went to his house to sleep. But that night seemed to Yoksa as though it would never finish. He was so happy about the wealth which he was to receive from the waikil.

When the night was over Yoksa was up and off to the house of the waikil. For a while he sat in front of the house, hoping that the waikil would come out and divide his wealth. But it seemed the waikil never would come. Finally, one of the slaves of the waikil appeared. When the slave saw Yoksa, he said, "Who do you want?" Then Yoksa replied, "Tell your master that I want him. Tell him that Yoksa has come. If you tell him like that, he will understand immediately." The slave went back into the compound and said to the waikil, "There is a man outside who wants you. He says that his name is Yoksa."

In a twinkle wickedness came into the waikil's heart and he said, "I know no one by the name of Yoksa. Tell him to go at once and leave my gate. I do not want to hear his voice. If he does not want to go, let some one go out with a whip." The slave came out to Yoksa and told him everything. "But," said Yoksa, "is he not going to give me that which was agreed to yesterday?" And the slave said, "No, and if you do not want to go, a man will come out and drive you off." There was no further argument, for Yoksa was driven off without even a thing being given to him.

As Yoksa walked down the road, he met no one save one of the snakes which he had pulled out of the well the day before. In the snake's mouth was a piece of something very fine. The snake brought this thing and put it down at Yoksa's feet. Yoksa picked it up and looked at it. Behold, it was mixed gold, the finest of all gold. Yoksa took the gold and went to the chief with it. The chief looked at it and asked Yoksa where he got such fine gold. Yoksa said, "Yesterday, I went after wood. I heard a voice and I went where I had heard the voice. To my surprise, your waikil had fallen into a well and was not able to get out. In the well there were also snakes. The waikil begged me and said that if I would get him out, he would divide his wealth with me. I went to much trouble and got the waikil and the snakes out of the well. To-day I went to waikil so that he could give me what was agreed upon but he would not give it to me. He told his slaves to drive me off. I left

him and on the road I saw one of the snakes which I had helped out of the well yesterday. He was bringing this gold in appreciation for what had been done for him."

The chief sent a man to call the waikil. When he came, the chief asked him and he agreed that the truth had been told. The chief took all of the waikil's wealth and gave it to Yoksa. He then put the waikil out of his position and gave the position to Yoksa.

XXI

FETISH WOOD

IN times past people did not live happily together. There was much fighting. Any little thing would cause a man to kill another. No one was willing to forget a wrong done any member of his family. Sometimes whole families would fight one another like dogs. There could not be a fight between two people without the two families becoming involved. A murderer was in no more danger than any other member of his family. The members of the dead person's family would kill the first member of the murderer's family they saw. Not one member of the two families could say that he was not in it. Sometimes strangers would be drawn into the fights and many times they were killed too.

One time Yerima Dalta got into an argument with Bola Thlama and the argument led to a fight. Batancha, a neighbour, tried to stop the fight by striking his sword between them. The argument continued and as they flew at one another he brought his sword down and accidentally cut off the right hand of Bola Thlama. The hand was cut off at the wrist and it fell to the ground. This was awful, for cutting off the right hand was equal to killing a person. Everybody ran for safety.

Bola Thlama was taken to a medicine-man and had his arm treated. For many months he had a great sore and much pain but his arm finally healed. He decided to take a piece of fetish wood and put it in Batancha's house. This fetish wood meant death to Batancha and his relatives but it would not harm any one else. In a few days it caused Batancha to die. In another week Batancha's son died. When the family saw what was happening, they were in great fear. A medicine-man was called, and he said, "Bola Thlama is causing this through his fetish wood. You had better go and beg him to take it away. If you do not, members of your family will continue to die." Another medicine-man was called, and he told them the same thing.

The Tarfa family came together and decided what to do. They decided to go to Bola Thlama and beg him to come and take away the fetish wood. When they went to him and asked him to take away the fetish wood, Bola Thlama said, "If you want me to take away that wood, you bring me five large gowns. If you do not bring me five large gowns, that wood will stay where it is and you will have what you have been having."

The Tarfa family soon secured the five gowns and sent them to the house of Bola Thlama. He came and removed all of the fetish wood. He did not leave even one small piece because he knew that he would have to drink poison as a surety that he had removed all of the fetish wood. If drinking poison as a surety was not required, some small pieces of fetish wood

would be left and they would continue their awful work.

There are only a few people in Buraland who can make this fetish wood. The wood is consecrated at certain powerful altars by unusual people. Many altars do not have the power, and even though some altars do have the power, few people are able to consecrate fetish wood.

XXII

FLY

THIS fly is not like a blow fly or a house fly. Neither is it like a honey bee or any other kind of bee. It is what people say about a woman who cannot bear children. This name is given to her because it is not a sweet name. In Buraland whenever a woman does not bear children they call her a fly. Barrenness is something which is greatly feared. The Bura people say, "If a woman is barren, she is not from god." No one will tell another that a certain woman is barren. If a person uses the name of fly to a woman, it is equivalent to cursing her.

All people in the world like children. They want children of their own. Even if a person should bring you many children and give them to you to work for you, they would not be precious like one who is born out of your own life. You would not be able to change them and make them like one of your own. If god should give you only one child from your body, that one would be more precious than ten others not your own. People want their own children. Even a small child helps his family get food and wood and water. He is sweet to them because he is one of them.

A Bura woman who has never given birth to a child cannot be happy. She must always be sad because she

has never seen her own child. When she sees other women with children immediately she wants a child of her own. Barren women spend their wealth and the wealth of their families to pay medicine-men, who assure them that if directions are followed a child will be born. The Bura people say that the medicine-man



All people in the world like children.

is usually a liar but sometimes he tells the truth. When trouble comes to a Bura, he does not remember the deceptions of the medicine-man. He only remembers the times when the medicine-man has spoken the truth.

A barren woman is always told that some one has caused her barrenness. Sometimes it is a person and sometimes it is a devil who is blamed. When a person or a devil is pointed out, the medicine-man is em-

ployed to free the barren woman from his power. A sterile man is under the same curse and spends his wealth for medicine much the same as does the woman. When a barren woman or a sterile man dies, special ceremonies must be performed at the grave to prevent his bringing this curse to others.

Bura women say, "Even if our children die, that is better than not to bear children at all."

XXIII

GOD STRIKES WITH LIGHTNING

GOD makes much trouble for the Buras. They know that he makes trouble for them because they spoil his things for him. If they would not spoil anything for him he would not make any trouble for them. God does not make trouble for a man without cause. It is true that god strikes people with lightning but he has a reason for striking them. God only strikes those who have bad spirits.

A few years ago god struck three people with lightning in Thlila. A man and his wife and her child were killed in a house. A rain was coming and they were sitting in the house when god struck them and burned the house down on them. Everything in the house burned excepting a brooding hen which was setting on her nest of eggs. She was not even singed. After a crowd had gathered she came out of the burning house. All were amazed because the house was struck and burned but the hen was not touched. How could such a thing happen and the chicken escape with her life?

The three corpses which god had made were buried in a grave which was dug where god had split the ground open. After they were buried, all of the house fires in Thlila were put out and everybody got fresh fires from the fire which god had started. Many

people in all of the surrounding villages came and got some of the fresh fire which god had just brought them.

Everybody agreed that these three people must have had very bad spirits for god does not do anything without a good reason. There must have been something which they had spoiled. Many said that it was because they wanted to sterilize the woman. This is very wicked, there is no wickedness which surpasses it. All people know that to sterilize a woman is bad. God does not want any such actions. A sterilized woman could never conceive again but would always be barren. They received the wages for their deeds. For every evil deed a person will receive wages. There is nothing which does not pay wages. Good deeds also pay wages.

God strikes people for other reasons too. If a bad person walks through a corn field he will steal the shade of the corn and take it to his own farm and cast it over his own corn. In this way he will have a big crop of corn and the field from which the shade has been stolen will not produce a half of a crop. God does not like that way of doing and god does not like people who do that sort of thing. He strikes with lightning and burns them. When he strikes a person who is stealing the shade of corn he always splits the ground open where he wants the grave to be dug. A grave for the corpse is always dug where god splits the ground open.

Many wicked people are very much afraid that god will strike them. They know that god only strikes the

wicked. When the Buras hear thunder they are afraid. They do not want to be alone in a storm. Even when god strikes something far away the people in every house tremble.

God does not only strike men but he also strikes trees. It is not just any tree that will be struck. Only trees that have something bad about them or in them are struck. A hollow tree is sometimes struck because there is a bad snake in it. God makes war on the snake by striking the tree. The tree is split open and the snake is killed. Other trees are struck because there are powerful worms in them, or because wicked men have done something under them. Sometimes a bad man hides a human shade under a tree and god strikes the tree and releases the shade. Sometimes god burns a tree to the ground and other times he just splits it and scorches it.

The greatest puzzle to the Bura is,—how does god kill people in houses and let goats and chickens escape? People in a house may be killed and burned and the goats and chickens will not even be stunned or scorched. How does god save the goats and the chickens from the power of the lightning and from the fire? Some men say, "Does not god have all power to do anything he wants to do, not to mention keeping a goat from burning?" Others say, "He hides them under his shadow. If not that way how does he do it?" Occasionally ten men will be in a house and god will see one who has a bad heart. He will take him outside and strike him and kill him and not hurt the others.

Three years ago god struck a big tree which made a great light all night. Everybody put out their fires and went to the tree to get fresh fire from god.

A woman was struck at Vido recently because she tried to destroy her power to bear children. The babe on her back was not killed outright but it died a few days later. Its body had been burned into a big sore.

Sometimes god strikes a man and does not kill him. Perhaps he sees the wickedness which the man is doing and wants to frighten him so that he will stop it. He strikes him down and burns him a little. If the man confesses the wickedness in his heart for which god struck him he will get well. If he does not confess he will die.

The corpse of a man killed with lightning is not buried on a mat, nor is he dressed with good clothes. Leaves are thrown in the bottom of the grave and over the corpse and then the grave is filled.

Never has god struck a man without just cause. He only strikes people when they do something which he does not like. When you hear that god has struck a man, you can be sure that person has spoiled something for god. God is not to be played with. He is the strong one.

XXIV

IN STOCKS

THERE was an old man whom god caught and put in stocks. These stocks were fastened to the root of a tree far away from any village. This man had a long beard. When he wanted to lie down, he would lie down on his beard.

One day some men who were going on a journey lost their way and could not find the path. As they were hunting their way, they came upon the man who had been put in the stocks. He welcomed them, but they were afraid and did not want to come near to him. They had never seen a man with a beard like that before. The old man said, "Sit down and have a drink of water, and rest." The men sat down and drank water. Soon they decided that they must be going. The old man said, "Do not go yet, food will soon come, and I want to eat before you go." They sat down again to wait for the food to come.

After a while they heard something like wind above them and they saw a big thing coming down near to them. When this thing had settled down they saw that it was full of mush. The old man said to the travellers, "Eat of the mush." "You eat," said they, "and we will eat what is left." The old man said, "No, you eat." They said, "We do not want

to eat before you. It is better for an old man to eat first, then we will eat what is left."

The old man began to eat mush. After he had tasted the mush, he said, "Come on and eat." They came, but they could not reach the mush because the vessel was too deep. They had to help one man into the vessel so that he could get the mush for them. Then they ate till they were full but they did not finish the food. The old man came back and finished what was left.

The travellers slept there until morning. When morning came, they gathered up their things and got ready to start off. The old man said, "Wait until food comes and you have eaten and I will show you the path." The men waited for the food, and when they had eaten, the old man put them on the proper path. However, the old man had to remain in the stocks. No one knew the wrong for which god bound him.

XXV

LIFE AND DEATH

THERE were two young men who were very good friends. One day they were sitting and talking about life. One of them said, "If we could have enough riches to have everything we wanted, even if we did only live seven years, we would be satisfied." The other young man said, "You are right, what you say is true. If each of us had twenty wives, six horses, two herds of cattle, many goats, many sheep and large houses with the entrances facing one another, and if we had plenty of big gowns so that we could wear them every day, if we only did live seven years and then die, we would be satisfied." "You are telling the truth," said his friend. Both of them said over and over that if they had all that they wanted for seven years they would then be willing to die.

As they talked god appeared. God had heard all that they had said. God said, "What was that you were saying just now? I want you to say that over again to me." They said, "This is what we would like. If each of us had twenty wives and six horses and cattle and goats and sheep and houses which face one another and plenty of gowns to wear, if we had all of these we would be willing and satisfied to die at the end of seven years." God said, "This thing

that you have said, have you said it in play or have you said it in your hearts?" They said, "We have said this thing in our hearts." God said, "Remember that death is not a plaything. You young men have made death like a plaything. Do you want to do that?" They said, "That is just what we want to do." God said, "Remember life is sweet. Are you willing to give your life for seven years of indulgence? Would that not be foolish?" They said, "What we have said we desire we desire." God said, "What you have said you desire you shall have, not one thing shall be lacking. I will give you everything that you want. After you have everything that you want, remember that my messenger will come and will cut your throats with a sharp knife. Will you agree to that?" They said, "We will receive that with our two hands." God went away.

Before six months had passed each of them had married ten wives. Before the first year was finished each one had his twenty wives. They also got many horses and cattle and sheep and goats. Each one had more gowns than he could wear. They lacked nothing. They built fine large houses facing one another and swept a large open space between them. They were very proud and very happy. Each one had his heart's desire. Their wealth increased, their slaves increased and their children increased.

At the end of the third year of plenty god came to the young men and said, "Do you have everything that you want? Is there anything that is lacking?" They said, "By your blessing we want nothing more.

Everything which we wanted we have received." God said, "And now how many years are left?" They said, "Four more years." God said, "Put your hearts to this thing and think well."

The next year god sent his messenger. The messenger came and said, "My master sent me to ask you how many years are left in that bargain which you made with him." They said, "Go and tell your master that there are three more years." The messenger of god went and told him what they had said.

In another year's time god sent his messenger again. He came to the young men and said, "About that agreement which you made with my master, how many more years now?" They said, "Two more years." The messenger of god went back and told his master that the young men said that there were two more years. They lived happily on. They did not worry about death's coming because they had agreed to the time.

Again god sent his messenger to find out how the young men were getting along. The messenger of god came and said, "And now how many years are left?" The young men said to the messenger, "Go and tell god that there is only one more year left. There is nothing more, that is the end." The messenger went back and told his master.

The young men talked together about their last year of life and about the prospect of death. They decided that they had better dig good graves for themselves while they were still alive. They felt that the graves which people would dig for them after they died would

not be good enough for them. Each of them made beer and invited friends to come and dig their graves. Each killed a cow and had a great feast with the grave digging. They crawled into their graves and pointed out the rough places and had men make them smooth. Both graves were completed according to their directions. All that was left was to wait until the time came and then they would find out what god would do. When the last year was up god came himself and said, "What is left now, young men?" They said, "Nothing, this is the end. All that is left is for you to cut our throats." They talked with god and they decided without argument on the day when god should send his messenger with a knife to cut their throats. God went away.

On the appointed day the one young man tied his heart. He went into his house and picked out his best gown and put it on. He selected his best pants and put them on, and then he put on his best shoes. His best cap was put on his head and a turban was put on top of it. He selected a good sleeping mat and took it to his grave and unrolled it in his grave. He then crawled into his grave and laid down on his mat and waited to see what god's messenger would do when he came.

The other young man could not tie his heart. He lay awake trembling, because great fear had come over him. He remembered his wealth and his wives and his children and then he remembered that he was about to die and leave all. "Kai," it was awful to think about. He decided that he had better run to

another country far away. He selected his best slaves and his dearest wives to take with him. He got together his children and the horses and cattle and sheep and goats, and everything that he wanted he had the slaves prepare for the journey. They started off in the night. He was running away from god, he thought. He did not say a word to his close friend. He was doing this on his own. They slipped away quietly in the night and his friend knew nothing about it. He did not realize that god saw everything that he did. But god saw where he was going.

In the morning god sent his messenger with a sharp knife. He said to his messenger, "When you go and put your foot on the stomach of the man who is lying in his grave and draw your knife across his throat as though you were going to cut it, if he squirms or cries out cut his throat. If he does not squirm, do not cut his throat but let him live." The messenger of god came to the grave and saw the man lying in his grave on his mat. He crawled into the grave and set a firm foot on the man's stomach, but the man never moved, not even a little. He only waited to see what the messenger of god was going to do. The messenger of god put the sharp knife to the man's throat and started to draw it across his throat. Still the man did not tremble, not even a little, because of what the messenger of god was doing to him. He had the bravery of a man. The messenger of god saw that he did not squirm nor cry out. He said, "Young man, get up and crawl out of your grave. I am not going to cut your throat." The man said,

"I will not get out. You must cut my throat, because that was my agreement with god. All you need to do now is to cut my throat, because that is what my mouth agreed to seven years ago." The messenger of god said, "I cannot cut your throat. You had better get out of your grave because I am doing what god told me to do. God said that if you were afraid I should cut your throat, but if you were not afraid that I should not cut your throat but tell you to get out of your grave. I have found that you are not afraid. I cannot kill you against god's order." The young man got up and climbed out of his grave. He was alive because of his bravery.

The young man who ran kept going as fast as he could. God went ahead of him and told the people in a village ahead to dig a grave. He said that a corpse would come down the road and that they should bury it. The men of the village got together quickly and began to dig a grave. When they had the grave completed all but taking out the last fine dirt, they saw some people coming down the road. The people whom they saw coming had many slaves carrying loads and many horses, cattle, sheep and goats with a row of women and children coming behind. Behind everybody else they saw a very well dressed young man on a fine horse. The people at the grave welcomed the strangers. When they had finished saluting, the young man said to the grave-diggers, "I am sorry, is there mourning in your village? I see you are digging a grave." The grave-diggers said, "Yes, any one coming along would say that there was a

death in the village, but we do not know anything about it. God came and told us to dig a grave because a corpse was coming and we should bury it here. We do not understand it, we have just dug the grave." When the young man heard this, he fell down from his horse dead. Great fear fell on everybody because they did not know what had caused this death. The young man's family and slaves stood with their mouths open in amazement because they had never seen anything like this before. He had not been sick and they could not think of any reason for his death. They did not know what to do. The grave-diggers said, "We will bury him in this grave for he is the corpse whom god said was coming." They finished the grave and buried him in it. When they had finished filling in the grave they fell on to the young man's slaves and his property and divided it as wages for digging his grave. Some took horses, some cattle, some goats and sheep and some slaves.

The one young man threw himself away. The other young man was brave and he lived. He lived so long that he had to beg god to let him die. God allowed him to live long because he was brave.

XXVI

MAKING BEER

LONG, long ago, in the beginning of Bura life, there was no such thing as beer. The people were happy. God had put people in the world, but he had not told them that there was such a thing as beer. God did not want them to know about beer.

At that time, wives were taken without beer, because beer was not known. There was a man who was taking a wife in another village some distance away. When he would go to talk with his wife, her people would not give him half a chance. He did not know what to say to them, for he was very bashful. Every day he would go, but they would not let him have his wife. He became very tired of going and not getting her. One day he started to his wife's folks. Half-way between his village and their village he met a devil. The devil said, "I see you go on this road very often, but I never see you bring anything back. I just wonder why you go. Do you want something over this way?" The man said, "Yes, I want to take a wife in a village over this way, but they will not give her to me. I do not know what to say to them for I am too bashful." The devil said, "If I give you my advice, will you take it?" "Yes," said the man, "I sure will, tell me, please."

The devil said, "When you go home, thresh some corn and separate the male grains from the female grains. Put the male grains in water and leave them until they sprout. Grind the female grains into flour and pour this flour into a jar of water. When the male grains have been in the water a few days, take them out, and let the sprouts grow a little more. Then put them in the sun to dry. Sprouted corn is called yeast. Put a pot on the fire, and with the flour which has been soaking in the jar make mush. When the mush is made, put it out to cool. When the mush is cold, put it back into the jar of water. Grind the sprouted grains of corn which have been drying, and put that flour into the same jar with the mush. Mix up the mush and yeast flour and the water. When you have mixed them well, cover the jar, and let it stand for a day. It will get sweet, and on the second day it will foam. Get a strainer and strain it. After you have strained it, drink some of it. After you have drunk all you can, go and get your wife. You will see then what this thing will do to you. The name of it is beer."

The man said, "Thank you, thank you very much, my father, because you have given me very good advice." Each went his way. The young man went home, and threshed corn, and divided the male grains from the female grains. He did everything that the devil told him to do. He made beer, and strained it and drank all that he could. The beer made him drunk and he did not know what he was doing. His understanding became warped. He started to his

wife's people. They said, "Welcome," and he went into the compound and saluted them. He began at once to ask for his wife. He did not talk like a bashful man any more. He talked fast and loud. His wife's folks were amazed. They said, "Always before, this young man was bashful, but to-day, he is not like he always was. What is the matter with you?" The man said, "No, no more palaver, if you do not give me my wife to-day, you give me my cotton which I have given in lieu of her. I will not have small talk any longer. I have always been bashful, but now I am tired of it and I will not have it any longer. Our palaver will finish to-day. If I take her, all right, if I do not take her, all right, and that is that." His wife's people were amazed by what he said to them. They decided together that they had better give him his wife. They allowed him to take his wife home with him that day. The man said, "I tell you beer is something wonderful."

This is how the Bura people began to make beer. One man began first, and even until to-day, men still make it. Beer is of the devil, and there is no argument, for he told them how to make that which was his own.

XXVII

MARRYING THE DAUGHTER OF GOD

GOD had a daughter. The squirrel and the monkey both wanted to marry her. They asked god about her, and he said, "Whoever would marry my daughter must give me skins. I do not want cotton."

The squirrel and the monkey went to get skins. The squirrel said that he was going to make beer and have a clearing. He went and got a big jar, and put it in his farm and began to make beer. Then he began to ask people to come to his clearing. He asked the worm. The worm said, "I will come if you do not ask the chicken." He asked the chicken. The chicken said, "I will come if you do not ask the wildcat." He asked the wildcat. The wildcat said, "I will come if you do not ask the dog." He asked the dog. The dog said, "I will come if you do not ask the leopard." He asked the leopard. The leopard said, "I will come if you do not ask the large hyena." He asked the large hyena. The large hyena said, "I will come if you do not ask the lion." He asked the lion. The lion said, "I will come if you do not ask the bushcow." He asked the bushcow. The bushcow said, "I will come if you do not ask the rhinoceros." He asked the rhinoceros. The rhinoceros said, "I will come if you do not ask the hippopotamus." He asked the

hippopotamus. The hippopotamus said, "I will come if you do not ask the elephant." He asked the elephant.

When all of the people had been asked to the clearing, he went to his farm and dug a great deep hole. The next morning he got up early, and went to the farm. The first to come was the worm. The worm and the squirrel began to clear away the high grass. Very soon they saw the chicken coming. The worm said, "I asked you not to ask the chicken. Did you ask him?" The squirrel said, "I did not ask him. Go and hide beyond that tree until he passes." The worm hid. The chicken came and said, "Who was clearing with you?" "The worm was helping me," said the squirrel. The chicken said, "Where did the worm go?" "He is over beyond that tree," said the squirrel. "Go and eat him, but leave his skin for me." The chicken went and killed the worm and ate him. The chicken came back to the squirrel and they began to work.

Before long, they saw the wildcat coming. The chicken said, "I asked you not to ask the wildcat, but here he comes." The squirrel said, "Who asked him? He is just out for a walk. Go and hide yourself beyond that tree until he passes." The chicken went and hid beyond the tree. The wildcat came and said, "Who was helping you clear?" The squirrel said, "I was clearing with the worm, and the chicken came and ate him." "Where did the chicken go?" inquired the wildcat. "He is just beyond that tree," said the squirrel. "Go and eat him, but leave his skin for me." The wildcat caught the chicken, and then came back to work.

MARRYING THE DAUGHTER OF GOD 117

As the squirrel and wildcat were working, they saw the dog coming. The wildcat said, "Did you ask the dog?" "No," said the squirrel, "I did not ask him. Go and hide beyond that tree until he passes." The dog came up and said, "Who has been helping you?" "The worm helped me," said the squirrel. "Where did the worm go?" asked the dog. "The chicken caught him," answered the squirrel. "Where did the chicken go?" asked the dog. "The wildcat caught him." "Well, where did the wildcat go?" "Beyond that tree. Go and catch him, but leave his skin for me." The dog caught the wildcat, and then came, and began to work with the squirrel.

After a little, they saw the leopard coming. The dog said, "You, did you ask the leopard to come?" The squirrel said, "I did not ask him. Go and hide beyond that tree until he passes." The leopard came near and said, "Who has been clearing with you?" "I cleared with the worm," said the squirrel. "Where did the worm go?" "The chicken caught him." "But where did the chicken go?" "The wildcat caught him." "Where did the wildcat go?" "The dog caught him." "Where did the dog go?" "There he is beyond that tree. Go and catch him, but leave his skin for me." The leopard caught the dog and then came and began to work with the squirrel.

The large hyena soon appeared. The leopard said, "Here comes the large hyena. Did you ask him?" The squirrel said, "I did not ask him. Just wait and he will pass by. Go and hide beyond that tree until he is gone." The large hyena came up and said,

"Who has been clearing with you?" "The worm has been clearing with me," said the squirrel. "Where did the worm go?" "The chicken caught him." "Where did the chicken go?" "The wildcat caught him." "Where did the wildcat go?" "The dog caught him." "Where did the dog go?" "The leopard caught him." "Where did the leopard go?" "There he is, beyond that tree. Go and catch him, and leave his skin for me." The large hyena caught the leopard and then came and began to work alongside of the squirrel.

After a little, they saw the lion coming. The large hyena said, "You squirrel, did you ask the lion to come?" "No," said the squirrel, "I did not ask him. Go and hide beyond that tree until he passes." The lion came over to the squirrel and said, "Who has been working here with you?" "The worm and I were working together," said the squirrel. "Where did the worm go?" "The chicken caught him." "Where did the chicken go?" "The wildcat caught him." "Where did the wildcat go?" "The dog caught him." "Where did the dog go?" "The leopard caught him." "Where did the leopard go?" "The large hyena caught him." "And where is the large hyena?" "There he is just beyond that tree. Go and catch him, but leave his skin for me." The lion caught the large hyena, and then came back and began to work with the squirrel.

As the lion and the squirrel worked, they saw a bushcow coming. "Squirrel," said the lion, "did you ask the bushcow?" "No," said the squirrel. "Go

and hide beyond that tree until he passes." The bushcow asked the squirrel about the people who had been working with him and the squirrel told him about each one who had worked for him. When the bushcow learned that the lion had been there, he said, "Where is the lion?" "There he is," said the squirrel, "beyond that tree. Go and kill him and leave his skin for me." The bushcow killed the lion, and came back to the squirrel and began to help him clear.

In a few minutes they saw a rhinoceros coming. The bushcow said, "Squirrel, did you ask the rhinoceros?" "No," said the squirrel. "Go and hide behind that tree until he passes." The rhinoceros came up and said, "Squirrel, who has been helping you?" The squirrel told him about each one who had worked for him. When the rhinoceros heard that the bushcow had been helping him, he said, "Where is that bushcow?" "There, just beyond that tree," said the squirrel. "Go and catch him and leave the skin for me." The rhinoceros went and killed the bushcow and came back and began to work with the squirrel.

They had hardly begun work, when they saw a hippopotamus coming. The rhinoceros said, "Squirrel, there comes a hippopotamus. Did you ask him?" "No," said the squirrel, "I did not ask him. Go and hide beyond that tree until he passes." The hippopotamus came and asked the squirrel about who had been helping him. The squirrel said, "The worm and I were working together." "Where is the worm?" "The chicken caught him." "Where is the chicken?" "The wildcat caught him." "Where is the wildcat?"

"The dog caught him." "Where is the dog?" "The leopard caught him." "Where is the leopard?" "The large hyena caught him." "Where is the large hyena?" "The lion caught him." "Where is the lion?" "The bushcow caught him." "Where is the bushcow?" "The rhinoceros caught him." "And where is the rhinoceros?" "There he is beyond that tree. Catch him and leave his skin for me." The hippopotamus killed the rhinoceros and came back to the squirrel and began to work.

They raised their eyes from their work and saw the elephant coming. The hippopotamus said, "You squirrel, did you ask the elephant?" "No," said the squirrel, "I did not ask the elephant. Go and hide yourself beyond that tree until he passes." The elephant came up to the squirrel and asked who had been helping him. The squirrel told him of each person who had been helping him. When the elephant learned that the hippopotamus had been there, he said to the squirrel, "Where is he now?" "Just beyond that tree," said the squirrel. "Go and skin him for me." The elephant went for the hippopotamus and tried to catch him. They fought and fought and finally both of them fell into the hole which the squirrel had dug. Both of them soon died. The squirrel went and called a lot of men and told them that he had meat—an elephant and a hippopotamus—which he would give to them, if they would skin them for him.

The squirrel gathered all of his skins together and took them home. That is the way the squirrel got many skins by his cleverness.

MARRYING THE DAUGHTER OF GOD 121

The monkey had trouble getting skins. He really did not get any good skins. He got a mouse skin and a lizard skin, and a few other small skins. His skins were then made into a bundle, ready to start off to marry the daughter of god. The monkey and the squirrel were going together. The one who had the best skins was to have the daughter of god.

When the monkey came to the squirrel's house and saw that the squirrel had more skins than he had, he told the squirrel that he would rather not start until the morrow. He wanted to play some trick, and get the squirrel's skins. He went home and shelled peanuts, and roasted them and took off the little brown skins. He took the peanuts and went down the road which they would follow the next day, and dug a little hole and put them in it and went home.

The next morning, the squirrel packed up his bundle of skins, and came to the house of the monkey. He said to the monkey, "Let us be going." The monkey said, "Go on, I will be coming behind you. My wife is cooking food for me first." The squirrel started on. When he came to the place where the monkey had put the peanuts, he laid down his load and went into the hole and began to eat peanuts. After a while he went to sleep in the hole, where he had been eating peanuts. Not long after he went to sleep, the monkey came along and found him asleep. The monkey put down his small skins and took the large ones and went on down the road. After a while the squirrel got awake, and looked in all directions, but he could not see his bundle. He could see nothing but the monkey's

bundle. He picked up the monkey's bundle and went on. Before he got to god, the monkey had already married the daughter of god.

The squirrel said to the monkey, "You have already married this woman. All that I ask is that I may be your slave." The monkey said, "If you want to be my slave, it is all right with me." They lived happily together, only the squirrel still wanted to take the monkey's wife. One day the monkey's wife made beer and she mixed it up in a big jar. After a while the beer began to bubble. The squirrel said to the monkey, "Listen, that beer is cursing you. Come here and listen what it says to you." He came and heard the beer bubbling, and said, "It is true that the beer is cursing me!" The squirrel said, "Jump up on the side of the jar and see what is in there that is cursing you." The monkey jumped up and immediately the squirrel pushed him into the beer and he died in it.

When the evening had come, the wife of the monkey asked the squirrel where her husband had gone to that day. The squirrel said, "I did not see him to-day." Then they began to hunt for the monkey, and they could not find him. After a while, the woman put her hand into the jar of beer and found the monkey's body. They took the body out to bury it. The squirrel cut off the hand of the monkey and hid it.

The mourning for the monkey was finished, and the squirrel inherited his master's wife. One day the woman was cooking food and the squirrel took the hand of the monkey which he had hidden away, and

MARRYING THE DAUGHTER OF GOD 123

put it into the soup. When they ate the soup, they did not know that the monkey's hand was in it.

One day the children of the monkey and the children of the squirrel were playing with their bows and arrows. A little monkey hit a little squirrel very hard. The little squirrel cried, and said, "Just your meanness for eating the hand of your father." When the little monkey heard this, he began to cry. When the wife of the squirrel would cook food and give it to him, he would not eat it. He would say, "Fill up the children of my relative." But at night, the squirrel would sneak around and eat her delicacies. In the morning, she would miss them, and when she would ask about them no one would answer.

One night, she left a little crack in her door so that she could find out who had been taking her things. In a little while, the squirrel slipped around and crawled into her special food pot. She rushed out and covered the pot and put it on the fire. When the pot got hot, the squirrel began to cry, and said, "I am in here, take me out, please!" But the woman would not take him out and he died. Then she took him out and fixed him ready to eat. She took one of his hands and gave it to his children and they ate it without knowing that it was their father's hand.

On another day, a little squirrel and a little monkey were playing with their bows and arrows. The little squirrel hit the little monkey very hard. The little monkey cried, and said, "Just your meanness for eating the hand of your father." When the little squirrel heard this, he began to cry.

XXVIII

MBEWA AND NKERMA

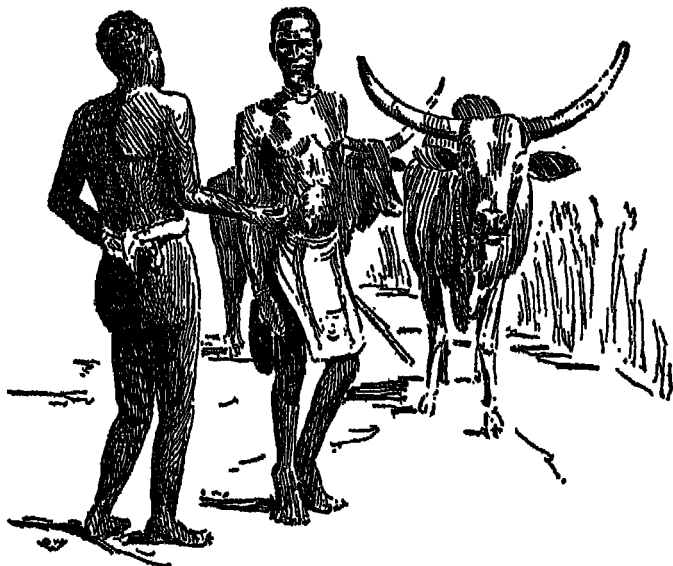
FOR many years Mbewa and Nkerma were happy together. Nothing had ever come between them to separate them. Neither of them thought that anything could ever happen that would make them fight.

Mbewa was raised by Heduma Ntsukwa and was like a son to him. Nkerma was a very near relative of Heduma Ntsukwa. The mother of Heduma Ntsukwa was a Miziwi. When Heduma Ntsukwa would die, half of his property would go to Nkerma and the other half to Mbewa, because they both belonged to the same family as Heduma Ntsukwa. Because of these things, Mbewa and Nkerma could not be enemies, for they both sprouted from the same person.

There was a brother of Nkerma whose name was Bardi Dawi. This Bardi Dawi dug up a peanut farm near to the farm of the slaves of Heduma Ntsukwa. Each dug up their own farm and planted peanuts. When the peanuts made, thieves came to steal. The slaves of Heduma Ntsukwa had to guard the farms and keep the thieves from coming and stealing peanuts. When the peanuts were ready to dig, each dug their own peanuts and spread them out to dry. When the peanuts were dry, each began to carry their peanuts home. As they carried peanuts, the slaves of Heduma

Ntsukwa insisted that they should have some of Bardi Dawi's peanuts as wages for watching away the thieves. They declared that some peanuts must be given or there would be trouble.

While this talk was going on, Bardi Dawi was not



Yero saw the cattle.

there. He had gone to the house with a load of peanuts. There was a woman left whose name was Yangasa Kwapiya. She guarded the peanuts. She said to Bardi Dawi, "The slaves said that you must give them some peanuts. Or do you think that they are your slaves and that they will guard your peanuts for you for nothing?" Bardi Dawi said, "Well, if they are going to ask and ask by force, I will not give

them any, not even a few. Did they farm peanuts for me, or are they showing off because they are slaves?"

Bardi Dawi and his wife gathered up their peanuts in baskets as if to take them home. But here came the slaves of Heduma Ntsukwa, and Yangasa Kwapiya told them everything which Bardi Dawi had said. This made the slaves very angry and they came wanting to fight Bardi Dawi because he had cursed them. They came after him with a fighting knife. They struck and stabbed. One of the slaves was named Yaska. Yaska cut and gashed Bardi Dawi and received deep wounds from him before those who were near could get them separated. Both men's wounds caused great foul ulcers, and they had to take them to men who knew ulcer medicine. But Dawi's ulcer got worse. It was on the head, and before many days he died. All the people cried, "Heduma Ntsukwa must run with all his people to prevent a feud." Already destruction had been caused by his slaves. In one night, Heduma with all his close kin fled. But all the Miziwi came out to follow the feud. They swore that if they found one of the family of Heduma Ntsukwa they would kill him for Bardi Dawi. They hunted and hunted, but they could find no one to kill in revenge. For a time everything was quiet, but the feud was not dead.

After a time Heduma Ntsukwa sent a message to Nkerma, saying, "Because it was a slave who killed one of you, it is not as if one of us had killed one of you. I beg of you to let me pay you cloth or a horse or anything you say, and let us be done with this

awful thing." Then Nkerma sent to Heduma Ntsukwa in reply, "Tell him that I will not receive cloth or anything else in lieu of a choice young man like Dawi. Nothing will end this feud but the life of a man, man for man." When Heduma heard this, he was very sad and did not know what to do. He knew that the day Nkerma met one of his family, that person would be killed. Heduma sent another message begging Nkerma to take wealth instead of life in lieu of Dawi, but Nkerma would have nothing of the kind. Time went on, and Nkerma followed every rumour of the presence of a relative of Heduma.

One day Nkerma and the younger brother of the man who was killed went to a town named Vido. On their way back, as they came into a little flat, they saw a young man by the name of Kadari Helka. He was one of the Heduma Ntsukwa family. He was a brother of Bwati who lives at Pechuroma. He was one of the finest young men in the whole country. Everything he did, he did with a vigour. He worked hard, and wherever he went he was always chosen as the one who could not be surpassed. In an instant Nkerma and the brother of the deceased whipped out their arrows and shot him. When they had killed him, they went home satisfied because the young man whom they had killed was very much like the one who had been killed from their own family. The Miziwi then became friendly because they said that the feud was dead.

But the family was not satisfied. Their hearts still hurt them, for always before, when a slave killed a

man, a life was not demanded but only wealth was required to settle it. This thing was not right. Hedunia Ntsukwa sent to Nkerma telling him to flee with all of his people or one of them would be killed, because they had killed Bwati's brother without cause. Nkerma replied, "We will not run, the feud is finished, man for man. Let me settle with you with wealth." All knew that the feud was really finished.

One difficult thing remained. Mbewa had done a foolish thing. Nkerma had a bull with the cattle of Pechuroma. The day Nkerma killed Kadari Helka, Mbewa caught Nkerma's bull and killed him out of a hot heart. After a while, wealth was poured out, and the feud spirit was satisfied. When the palaver about the murder was finished, then there was no more palaver about the feud.

However, the palaver had not reached its proper end because the bull which belonged to Nkerma had been killed by Mbewa. There was no reason for this killing. A bull's blood can never equal the blood of a man. Only man can satisfy for man. He had killed the bull, for nothing—nothing more than a hot heart. Nkerma liked to remember that he had a bull at Pechuroma, but it was no more. After a time, Nkerma sent a man to fetch his bull. When the man whom Nkerma had sent reached Pechuroma, the people said, "Nkerma's bull is no more for Mbewa killed it." When the man returned and told Nkerma that Mbewa had killed his bull, Nkerma raged, and said, "What is between Mbewa and me that would be sufficient reason for him to kill my bull? Am I in debt to him? Noth-

ing can bring us together about a debt. Nothing but his bull, without argument, can satisfy me." Another man was sent to Mbewa but he would not give up his bull.

Time went on and Nkerma learned that Mbewa had a big bull with the cattle of Pechuroma. But this bull was not the only bull in that herd. There were many bulls in that herd. Nkerma wanted to know this particular bull so that he could catch him. He begged a young man by the name of Yero to ask which bull belonged to Mbewa. He offered him a large gown if he would find out which it was, beyond doubt. This Yero could go to that part freely, for he had no enemies there. One day Yero wandered over to Pechuroma and saw the cattle. A boy by the name of Chamasu was herding them. Yero stopped and visited with Chamasu, and said, "Kai, you have a lot of big bulls." "Yes," said Chamasu, "but each has his owner." Then Yero said, "My, that one with the great long horns, that is a nice one. Whose is that one?" The herd boy said, "That one, oh, that is Mbewa's." Yero looked very sharp to make sure that he saw some distinguishing marks on him. When Yero returned home, he told Nkerma that he saw the bull without doubt. "I cannot be mistaken about him because I looked at him very carefully." Nkerma counselled with his men friends how to get this bull. They decided that some day when the Pechuroma cattle were near, they would drive them all home and separate out this bull and return the others to Pechuroma. They watched and they waited but they could not find

a time when it was safe to try. They feared that if the Pechuroma people saw their cattle being taken, they would raise the war cry and come ready to fight.

On a certain day, the people of Pechuroma heard that a joji (political officer) was coming with members of the ruling clan. At that time, when they heard of a joji coming, they would run and hide all their belongings. It was only natural for the Pechuroma people to send their children and their cattle and horses and goats to the next village, which happened to be Garkida where Nkerma lived. This they would do until they could be brought back after the joji had gone. Aha! Mbewa's bull was in the herd of cattle which came to Garkida. The people of Pechuroma thought that Nkerma did not know Mbewa's bull. But he had sent a spy long before to find out for him. Then Nkerma and the Miziwi frightened the herd boys away, and drove the cattle to where they could separate out Mbewa's bull.

The herd boys ran with all their might to tell the people of Pechuroma that their cattle were stolen. Shortly, the lot of them came running with their quivers full of poison arrows. But before they arrived, the bull had been separated out and put with another herd, and the rest of the cattle had been brought to their owners. Fight was in the air but those who had hot hearts were kept apart. They wanted to fight Nkerma but the hot hearts could not get close to him. After much palaver, all went home without more bloodshed. There was nothing more between Mbewa and Nkerma.

XXIX

MEAT DISEASE

THE Buras get a certain disease when they eat a certain meat. Meat is very good to eat but it has disease in it sometimes. Meat disease is a very bad disease. It does not kill many people because there is medicine which will cure it. As soon as the disease starts medicine must be gotten very quickly. Even then it kills a few people.

The disease starts with a severe diarrhea and vomiting and in two or three days the person becomes emaciated and weak. Often the person is not even able to stand up. Nothing is worse than bad vomiting and diarrhea. The medicine for this disease is thorn tree seeds and pods. If they are brought promptly they are a sure cure. They are soaked in water and then the patient drinks the water. Sometimes corn flour is added to the water and a gruel is made. This medicine washes out the insides and the disease comes away. Then if food is eaten it will stay with him because the disease is not there any more. The disease has already come away and he will not have diarrhea and vomiting any more. He will then pick up strength.

Not all meat causes this disease, only certain meat causes it in certain people. If all meat had caused

this disease no one would have escaped it. Hog meat causes more of this disease than any other kind. Much raw meat is eaten by the Bura but he does not eat raw hog meat. When he kills a hog he cooks the meat in water in which the seeds and pods of the thorn tree have been soaked. This medicine drives out the bad thing in the meat which would cause the disease.

Sometimes the roan antelope causes meat disease. Or sometimes a fat cow causes it. If beef and roan antelope meat are always cooked with the water from the seeds and pods of the thorn tree it will never cause meat disease. Just a few pods added to a pot are sufficient to drive out the evil which causes the disease.

Goat meat may cause the disease but it seldom does. When goat meat does cause diarrhea it causes diarrhea with blood in it and it is most painful. It has caused people to decide never to eat meat again. If ten men eat of the same meat and it has the disease in it, likely only two or three will get it. But even with so few getting it, it is a very bad disease.

XXX

MOTHERS-IN-LAW

THERE was a man with his wife and his mother and his wife's mother. The four of them decided to go on a journey. One day, as they went on their way, they became very thirsty. They came to a well, but there was no way to get water, and the well was deep. They counselled together as to how they could get water. They decided to hold to one another and thus get water for all. The wife's mother climbed in first. The man's mother held to the feet of his wife's mother. The man held to the feet of his mother, and his wife sat outside and held to his feet. The mother of the wife who went in first was to get water for all of them. She dipped water and gave it to the man's mother. She dipped again and gave it to the man. Then she drank and gave some to her daughter.

After a while, the hands of the man's mother got tired, and she dropped the mother of her son's wife into the well. The young woman said to her husband, "What did I hear fall into the water?" Her husband said, "Your mother slipped off and fell into the water." The young woman said to her husband, "Do you want to let go of your mother and let her fall into the water, or shall I let go of both of you?"

This puzzled the young man. What was he to say? Here was his mother still in his hands. But he loved his wife more than he loved his mother, and he let his mother fall. He and his wife went home.

XXXI

NAGODI

THERE was a young man who disposed of everything he had and bought three slaves. His name was Nagodi (Thank you).

One day Nagodi started out with his three slaves to go on a journey. On the way they came up to a medicine-man. Nagodi said, "Greetings." The medicine-man said, "Greetings." They went on down the road but the medicine-man said no more. When they had gone on for some distance Nagodi said to the medicine-man, "Medicine-man, why do you not talk?" The medicine-man said, "My son, do you not know that talk is wealth?" Nagodi said, "Talk is wealth indeed, and I want to buy some of your talk." The medicine-man said, "Never take another man's things without paying him for them." Nagodi paid him one slave for this talk and they went on.

On and on they went and still the medicine-man said nothing. Nagodi finally said, "Medicine-man, why do you not talk?" The medicine-man said, "Youngster, did you not hear me say that talk is wealth?" Nagodi said, "Will you not talk a little if I give you another slave?" The medicine man said, "If you have a load on your head and another wants to take it, do not withhold it from him."

Again they went on but there was not a word from the medicine-man. Nagodi said, "Medicine-man, talk some more and I will give you my last slave." The medicine-man said, "If a person gives you something thank him well." Nagodi gave the medicine-man his last slave for this counsel. He had given away his last slave and he did not even have enough left to buy a day's food. He started down the road alone.

Nagodi came to a well before he had gone far. There were a number of young women at the well drawing water. Nagodi was very thirsty and he said, "Young women, would you give me a drink of water, please?" They gave him water and he drank. Then he began thanking them and he did not stop thanking them until they were inside of the village. He kept telling them how much he appreciated the good cold water.

An old woman heard Nagodi thanking the young women and she said to the young women, "What did you give him that makes him thank you like that?" The young women said, "We did not give him much of anything, only some cold water, and he keeps thanking us for that." The old woman said, "Can you not mix up some gruel for him?" The young women brought some gruel and he drank it and thanked them many times over.

The old woman gave Nagodi a good place to rest in her compound. Then she went and told the chief that she had found a very wise young man and asked the chief if he did not want such a young man to help him. The chief said that he would be glad for

him. Nagodi found a good place to live with the chief.

After a time the chief realized that Nagodi was very wise and very sensible. The chief left all of his things in Nagodi's hands. Nagodi was to care for them and be responsible for them. Not even a little thing was lost when it was intrusted to Nagodi. He *stole nothing*. All of this pleased the chief very much. Nagodi was always careful to do whatever the chief told him to do.

One day the chief decided to go on a long journey. This journey would take him more than a year. The chief called Nagodi and said, "All of my house and all of my things I leave in your hands. Take good care of everything. Do not let people be running in and out of my compound. You shall be the head of my house while I am away. See that the women have food and that my stock is cared for. Do not let any one disturb them." When the chief had finished giving his orders he started on his journey. Nagodi settled down to try to do the very best by his master that he could.

The chief had a son over a distant village. When this son heard that his father had gone on a journey he came to his father's house. The father had a young wife whom this son liked. He came so that he could be near to this young woman. Nagodi wanted to keep everything in order but he could not tell the chief's own son to stay out of the house. When Nagodi saw the chief's son becoming friendly with the chief's young wife, it cut his insides, but he could say noth-

ing to the chief's own son. The chief had told Nagodi not to allow people to come and go but Nagodi was afraid to say anything to the chief's son about such a thing as his coming and going. Nagodi became quiet and sad.

When the year was up the chief returned. When the chief saw that his young wife was pregnant he became very angry. He could not believe that Nagodi had betrayed him, but who could it be? He did not want to ask Nagodi about it, so finally he called together his councillors and said, "I went on a journey, and while I was away my young wife became pregnant. Who is the wicked man? When I left I put everything into the hands of Nagodi. I told him that I did not want people to be going in and out of my compound. Now look what has happened."

The councillors said, "Nagodi is the unfaithful one. You put everything in his hands. Who else entered your compound? Do you think any one else would dare to enter? We believe that Nagodi is guilty." This greatly disturbed the chief, and he did not know what to say because he loved Nagodi. He could not believe that Nagodi had done this thing against him.

They counselled together, however, and decided that Nagodi would have to be killed. The chief said that if Nagodi was killed it must be done in another village and not before his eyes. And so they decided to send Nagodi with a letter to another chief. In the letter they decided to write what was to be done. Nagodi knew nothing of all of this. He did not realize that he had been condemned to die. He went

quietly and cheerfully about his work for he knew of no wrong that he had done.

In the letter they wrote, "Here is a wicked young man which we have sent to you with this letter. Cut off his head and put it in a basin and send it back to us with this horse."

When the letter was ready they called Nagodi and gave the letter to him saying, "Take this to the big chief beyond the mountains." The best saddle and trimmings were put on the chief's horse and Nagodi started. Nagodi thought that he was just taking a letter, but he was actually going to his death.

On his way he rode by the village in which the chief's son lived. When the chief's son saw some one on his father's best horse he called to have him stopped. When he saw that it was Nagodi he saluted him, and said, "This is the horse that I have always wanted the chief to give to me but he always refused. To-day I have him and I will ride him. Let me take the letter to the big chief beyond the mountain." Nagodi said, "No, the chief sent me." The chief's son said, "Well, I am going to take it," and he mounted the fiery charger and started off. Nagodi was helpless in the face of demands made by the chief's son.

When the chief's son delivered the letter it was read. Strong men caught him at once and beheaded him. They put his head in a basin and sent a man with the horse and the head. The man held the basin against his body and let the horse run as fast as he wanted to run. When they reached the village in

which Nagodi was waiting, Nagodi came out and said, "Where is the chief's son?" The man on the horse said, "They killed the man who took the letter and here is his head. The letter said that they should kill him and send his head back."

Nagodi received the basin with the head of the chief's son in it and mounted the horse and hurried home. When they saw Nagodi coming they said, "What is wrong, did you not take the letter to the chief beyond the mountain?" Nagodi handed down the basin, and when the chief saw the head of his son he began to cry. The councillors all gathered around the chief and they called Nagodi and asked how this had happened. Nagodi told them everything the chief's son had done while his father was away and about how he had taken the horse from him. When they had heard everything nothing was done to Nagodi. They said, "The chief's son did this wrong, let him die. You were about to die for what he did."

Nagodi was made head of the territory in which the chief's son had lived. Nagodi was made as a real son. The chief's son threw himself away trying to steal his father's things.

Nagodi invested his three slaves and he got much in return.

XXXII

NINE WILD DOGS GO ON A HUNT

ONE day nine wild dogs went on a hunt. Before they had gone far they came upon a lion lying down. The lion said, "You young fellows, where are you going?" "We are on a hunt," was the fearful reply. "On a hunt, let us go together," suggested the lion. "Whatever you say, king of the world," was their timid reply.

Soon they had caught ten antelopes. Then the lion said, "Go and get some wise person to come and divide the meat for us." One of the wild dogs remarked, "We are ten, not? We have caught ten antelopes. Let each one take one."

In an instant the lion was up and with a big rough hand struck the bold dog, knocking out an eye.

The wild dogs were impressed and one ventured, "No, no, the king of the world, he is one. Let us leave nine of the antelopes to him and then they will be ten. For us, we are nine and if we take one of the antelopes we will be ten."

The lion lifted his tail and strutted about, saying, "A wise dog, where did you learn this wisdom?" "When you stood up and slapped my brother, it was then that I learned this wisdom, king of the world," was his modest reply.

XXXIII

PELAWAMDI

ONE day the hyena went to cut grass for a mat which he planned to weave. While he was cutting grass, he heard some one singing in the road. He stopped cutting grass and listened to see who it was. The squirrel was singing,

*Village of Pelawamdi, village of death;
Village of Pelawamdi, village of death.
If a goat dies it is thrown away,
If a dog dies it is thrown away,
If a cow dies it is thrown away,
If a horse dies it is thrown away,
If a sheep dies it is thrown away,
If a donkey dies it is thrown away.
Oh, what a village!*

As soon as the hyena heard the words of the song, he left his grass cutting and ran to the singer. When he arrived, he saw that the singer was his cousin, the squirrel. The hyena said, "Ya! Cousin, where did you learn that song?" The squirrel answered, "That is a song which was made about a village because of its sweetness. The name of that village is Pelawamdi." "What is sweet in that village, its people, or is there something else that is sweet?" inquired the hyena. "Everything in Pelawamdi is sweet, and each person

gets whatever he wants," said the squirrel. The hyena eagerly asked, "Are there plenty of meat-bones?" "Did you not hear the words of the song?" said the squirrel. "It told what was there. Why do you ask further?"

The hyena said, "Cousin, sing that song again for me and let me hear what it says." The squirrel sang:

*Village of Pelawamdi, village of death;
Village of Pelawamdi, village of death.
If a goat dies it is thrown away,
If a dog dies it is thrown away,
If a cow dies it is thrown away,
If a horse dies it is thrown away,
If a sheep dies it is thrown away,
If a donkey dies it is thrown away.
Oh, what a village!*

"I want to go there, cousin," said the hyena, "take me to that village. Do you think I will ever see it?" "If you want to see it you can go," said the squirrel. "Cousin," said the hyena, "tell me the road and everything I must do to get there." The squirrel told him about the road to Pelawamdi. He said, "This is the road, and the only road. There are no forks in it. When you go, do not go into the village at once, but stop in that big field on your right near the village. That is the chief's field. Stop in that field and cut some corn for him." The squirrel was deceiving him, for it was not time to cut corn yet. It was just the beginning of the seventh month. No corn could be ripe yet.

Happily, the hyena started down the road singing:

*Village of Pelawamdi, village of death;
Village of Pelawamdi, village of death.
If a goat dies it is thrown away,
If a dog dies it is thrown away,
If a cow dies it is thrown away,
If a horse dies it is thrown away,
If a sheep dies it is thrown away,
If a donkey dies it is thrown away.
Oh, what a village!*

Down the road the hyena went singing all the while. After a little, he came to a bone which had been thrown into the road. He said, "Oh, my mother, is this the beginning of them already?" He picked up the bone and ate it and went on down the road singing. Whenever he would meet any one he would say, "Is this the road to Pelawamdi?" And they would reply, "Yes, and it is a straight road all the way."

When he came to the chief's farm, he put down his things and began to cut corn. He sang and whistled as he cut, for he was happy. A man came down through the farm and the hyena asked him whether this was the chief's farm. "Yes," said the man, "are you helping him cut corn to-day?" The hyena said, "Yes," and the man went on his way. The man wanted to tell the hyena to stop cutting green corn but he was afraid of the hyena.

After a while, another man came by and said, "Friend hyena is cutting corn." "Yes," said the hyena. The man went on to the village and said to the chief, "I saw a hyena cutting corn in your field.

Did you tell him that he should cut corn?" The chief said, "No, when have I seen a hyena? Go and call him." The servant of the chief went to the hyena and said, "Hyena, the chief is calling you." The hyena left his corn cutting and picked up his things and went to the chief. He had cut down a large part of the field of corn. When they came to the chief, the hyena bowed and saluted him. The chief thanked him for cutting corn, but it was not sweet to the chief's heart to have his corn cut green.

The chief and his people counselled as to how they could capture and bind the hyena. Finally, they decided to give him a lot of mush and beer and meat. They quickly cooked mush and meat and set them before him. Then they brought a big gourd full of beer. He drank and drank until he could drink no more. After a while, he got so drunk that his sense left him. All he could do was to play about with the children. A rope was brought and put around his neck and he was tied to a tree. He just laid down and went to sleep. He did not even know that he was tied and that they were going to beat him. Soon they came with clubs and fell on to him. They clubbed him and clubbed him until he twisted and squirmed and tried to break the rope, but he could not get loose. After they had beaten him badly, they let him go and he ran away. His ignorance made plenty of trouble for him.

XXXIV

POISON AND LEPROSY

LONG, long ago poison and leprosy were given by people to enemies. They have always been things to fear. In one way leprosy is to be feared most because it causes a life of awful misery. In another way poison is to be feared most because it kills a person so quickly. They are not diseases, they are things which are deliberately given by one to another. They do not fly from one to another like disease. Poison or leprosy did not start with God or the devil, they started with wicked men.

Both poison and leprosy are passed from one person to another, usually an enemy, in food. Not every one can make leprosy and not every one can make poison, only those who have the special charms can make them.

Leprosy is made from the blossoms of a certain kind of thorn tree, from the blossoms of a fig tree and from the broth of a child's flesh. The charmed one eats the meat after it has been boiled. Few are able to see the blossoms of this certain kind of fig tree and of the thorn tree. They are two kind of trees whose blossoms most people never see. All most people see is the fruit of these two trees. All other trees have blossoms which people can see, but not so with these

trees. After the blossoms of these two trees have been mixed with the meat broth, the medicine is hid under the mud bed of the person who makes it.

Poison acts quicker than leprosy. All people fear poison. When people learn of a person who can make poison, they never visit him or eat at his house. When a person eats poison he will never see that day's sun set. Most medicines allow their victims a little time but not so with poison. Poison is not to be played with. When one eats poison, all that can be done is to dig his grave.



The Witch Doctor.

If a Bura could choose leprosy and trouble or poison and death, he would quickly choose poison and death. Trouble is the worst thing that can happen to one. All who were behind you soon pass by you when you have trouble.

Poison is made from the roots of river pumpkins. Poison for arrows is made from the small river pumpkins and poison for people is made from the roots of

the same vine. The river pumpkin roots and the roots from a tree are boiled together and the poison comes into the water. This water is hid until the owner wants to kill somebody and then a little of it is used. A man who will poison another is black inside. No blackness on the inside is worse than this.

Sometimes poison is put into a small quantity of food and left for stealing dogs to eat. A dog that eats such food will not go far. When people see him lying dead they know that he got the poison at the nearest house. A dog that dies from poison will froth at the mouth and his mouth will turn black. No one will go to the house near which they find such a dog.

When a man dies from poison, the family tries to learn where he ate food. If they cannot find out, the witch doctor will tell them the name of the guilty person. As soon as the witch doctor announces the guilty party, all the people fall on to the guilty one and beat him. Pepper is put into his or her eyes and into the anus and he or she is burned alive. If they would not burn those who give leprosy or poison, many would be cursed and killed.

No person who can make poison or leprosy is ever poor. They are usually quite rich people. They are never in want. All of their things increase. All of their trouble is reserved until the day when they are burned.

XXXV

PROVERBS

I HAD wanted to bathe but I did not expect to fall into the pond.

What I have in my stomach is mine, but what I have in my hat is not.

A great man will take medicine for another.

If a crocodile deserts the water, he will find himself on a spear.

Not all bad diseases cause death.

If you have not crossed the river, do not curse the crocodile.

A man will run from a stick the year a snake bites him.

Giving something to a person does not insure everlasting friendship.

All soup in times past had plenty of salt in it.

An egg cannot fight with a stone.

Being poor makes it hard to have friends, but not impossible.

A wanderer cannot know the full meaning of a home.

Going in front does not make it impossible to go behind.

If you stub your toe, go on.

A sterile person may bear children yet.

Shortness is not childishness.

Many bags have no bottoms in them.

A stump can kill a wild horse.

Do not say that death has gone away.

When near danger, cry out early.

If a man starts to swallow a hoe, hold the handle for him.

Wealth cannot satisfy pride.

Helping me may help you.

Laughing does not prevent a fight.

The things in the pond are different from the things outside of the pond.

An old person never sees his own age.

A rat is not afraid in the presence of a dead cat.

The goats of a hunter always get their grass late.

A man does not remove his shoes to enter the dogs' market.

A disease which does not kill a dog will often kill a goat.

If the head does not get oil, where shall the ear get it?

If there are no vines, where will the gourds grow?

If the fire is out, a person can take out the ashes with the bare hand.

An elephant in a village of human beings is a rabbit.

When a big person falls, the sky shakes.

A son of the village is the needle of the village.

A person who sleeps hungry remembers his relatives.

The ashes are the children of the fire.

There is plenty when there is mush.

Will her child cry after you?

A quail is sweeter than a guinea.

Can a poor man's goat graze with the chief's goats?

Does his granary call you?

A dog that has two homes is the hyena's food.

Will a man roof a granary inside of a house and leave a granary outside without a roof?

If a thing is going away from you, stand up and look at it. If a thing is coming toward you, lay down and wait until it comes near and then look.

A turtle knows where to bite another turtle.

A hyena believes in its stomach before it swallows a bone.

Having babies does not insure children.

Wisdom is its owner's charm.

XXXVI

" SHAFa "

THE Bura people believe in many charmed pots, trees and stones. " Shafa " trees grow everywhere and their leaves have great power. There are some things which are half serious and half play but there is no play about " shafa." All true Bura people have absolute faith in " shafa."

Often when a group of men are out hunting with their dogs something will be caught by one of the dogs. This leads to a big argument as to whose dog caught the game. Often it is only a bush goat or a rabbit or a squirrel. " Shafa " is the only thing that can satisfactorily settle the argument. " Shafa " leaves are broken off by some one in the crowd who knows that his dog did not catch the game. He dare not be one of those who thinks that their dog caught the game. He places the leaves on top of a low ant hill. Then the game is brought and put on top of the leaves. If the game is too large to drag to the ant hill it is placed on the ant hill through a proxy.

Then the person who broke off the " shafa " leaves says to the other men, " If your dog caught this game, take it off of these ' shafa ' leaves. If you take it and it is really yours, your dog will catch more game before the day is over. No game which he tries to get

will be able to get away from him. If your dog did not catch it and you are taking it because of your boldness, may your dog not catch even as much as a little mouse to-day. If your dog did not catch it, by the powers, may you never see any blood but goat blood in your own compound.”

The man who feels sure that his dog caught the game says, “I am going to take the game that my dog caught. By the powers, before we go home from this hunt my dog will catch something else. To-day you will see a witness that what I say is true.” When the game is claimed there is no further argument.

Sometimes men argue about what has been killed with poison arrows. Every person who has an arrow in the animal claims it. An argument over big game usually leads to a fight and sometimes to a murder. If there is an important man in the crowd there will be no fighting. He will take the game and put it on “shafa” leaves, and say, “Whoever claims this game, let him break ‘shafa’ leaves and put them on top of mine.” Then he says to the one who claims the game under those circumstances, “If this is your game, before we separate to-day you will shoot something else as your witness. If it is not your game and you have just claimed it because of your boldness, may your arrow go into your foot the next time you shoot.” The man who claims the game says, “I take this game with ‘shafa’ because it is mine. You will see that before I go home I will kill something else.” The argument is over and the game is his because he has taken it off of “shafa.”

"Shafa" is used to guard property. If a man has a load of something and he puts it down he will put "shafa" leaves on top of it so that no one will touch it. When a man sees "shafa" leaves on a load, all he does is to ask whose it is. In every farm some "shafa" leaves are tied to a pole to guard against both spiritual and physical thieves. If a thing is lost and the person who finds it sees "shafa" along that road he will return the property to the owner.

If a thief is seen stealing he gives "shafa" leaves to the person who saw him and thus hushes that person forever. The thief will say, "If you tell on me may this 'shafa' catch you." The person who saw him will answer, "If I tell one person about this may this 'shafa' catch me." "Shafa" puts fear into his heart as great or greater than death.

If two men are fighting and a third man holds up "shafa" leaves between them they will stop fighting at once. Even when people are talking they often vouch for the truth of a thing by calling on "shafa" to confirm what they have just said. Long, long ago Bura people pledged friendship to one another by breaking "shafa" leaves with one another. After they had done that nothing could make them hate one another.

XXXVII

SHOWING OFF

ONE day a buzzard flew into a tree. After a while, an eagle came and said to the buzzard, "Buzzard, what are you doing here? You are a worthless fellow." The buzzard said, "I am sitting here waiting for the shoulder of God."

The eagle saw a quail alight on a stump, and he said to the buzzard, "I eat by my strength. Watch and see what I do to the quail. I will cut him up and eat him before your eyes. You said that you were waiting for the shoulder of God, but I eat by my strength." The eagle made a dash to catch the quail, but the quail flew and left the stump. The breast of the eagle struck the stump and was cut open. He was not able to get up and fly.

The buzzard came flying and alighted near him. The eagle said, "Buzzard, what are you doing here?" The buzzard said, "I am going to eat you. Or did I not tell you that I was waiting for the shoulder? This is what God has given me." The eagle said, "No, I do not want you to eat me." The buzzard said, "You will see what I will do to you. I will eat you right now." The buzzard hopped over onto the eagle and began to eat, and he finished him.

These are the wages which the eagle got for showing off. If a man shows off, some day something will bring out his secrets and all shall see.

XXXVIII

SLEEPING HOUSES

THE Bura young women and girls have a very poor place in which to sleep. They do not have a mud house, they must sleep in a grass mat house. Their sleeping houses are quickly and poorly constructed. Sometimes in the wet season they are used as the houses in which the grinding and cooking is done.

The girls sleep on the ground on short, narrow mats. During the day the mats are put out in the sun. In the evening it is the duty of the youngest girls to take in the mats and spread them on the floor. The oldest of the young women sleeps near the door and the youngest sleeps behind all of the others. Usually from eight to ten girls from the immediate neighbourhood sleep in one house. If they go away in the morning without putting their mats out in the sun, they will have a scolding coming from the head woman in the compound in which they sleep. No young woman ever sleeps alone in a house.

The Bura young men and boys also sleep in a makeshift of a house. It is often only a roof over an entrance to a compound. Sometimes a single compound will have two such shelters if there are many young men and boys in the immediate neighbourhood.

The boys often lay down pieces of wood and put short, narrow mats on top of them. It is not good for a young man to sleep on a long, wide mat before he has his own household. No young man ever sleeps alone in a house.

Strangers are often put in the boys' house to sleep. The house is always crowded. In the wet season water comes through the roof, not in drops but in streams.

XXXIX

SPIRITS

ALL men have personal spirits. There are two kinds of other spirits which possess people. One of these is the spirit of strength and the other is the bad spirit. It is this last spirit which is greatly feared. All people fear bad spirits which come to live in men. When people hear that a certain person has a bad spirit, no one wants to meet him. He is feared because sometimes his bad spirit kills people. A bad spirit is feared above everything else in the world. Most people are convinced that there can be nothing worse than a bad spirit. There are some people who do not believe in bad spirits, but the Bura people know that they exist and there is no further argument about it.

The grandparents of the Bura people gave up their hearts to believe in bad spirits long ago. Even now, if you want an argument, tell a Bura that there are no bad spirits, and he will tell you that there is nothing surer than the presence of evil spirits. He knows because he has seen what the evil spirits do.

Every man has in him some spirits but not every one has bad spirits which kill people. A man who has the spirit of strength heals the sick and is greatly honoured. All people like to feel that they have the spirit

of strength in them. If a snake bites a person, that person is taken to some one who has a spirit of strength. They say that a person who has a spirit of strength knows the secrets of snakes, and therefore knows the medicine that will neutralize the bite and cure the person bitten.

When there were wars in the past, many people were shot with poison arrows. When a man was shot with a poison arrow, he had to be taken to some one who had a spirit of strength and have his wound cared for. A very bad ulcer patient is also brought to a man with a spirit of strength and he washes it. People say that a man who has a spirit of strength cannot have wicked intentions. His intentions are good and there is no badness in him. He does not like dirty things.

If a man with a spirit of strength sees a man with a bad spirit doing something in his neighbourhood, he gets out at night and says, "You stop what you are doing in our neighbourhood at once. If anything happens in our neighbourhood we will look straight at you. Or do you think that you will be able to do something without our knowing it? You had better be careful. If anything happens you will be in for it."

When a man who has a spirit of strength dies, he does not bloat all over, only his chest bloats. When people see his chest bloat they know for sure that he had a spirit of strength.

The bad spirits kill people and that is why they are feared. All of the work of the bad spirits is bad. They kill most Bura people who die. When children

die it is the bad spirits who kill them. When they catch a man they do not take his body which can be seen. They take his shadow, and they change themselves into a goat or a sheep or a cow and they go to the market of the bad spirits. They have a market much like the markets which people in the body have. They kill the shadow and sell it like one would sell meat in the market.

At night, the bad spirits make light like fire. At midnight and after, their lights can be seen. They are like fire but they are whiter than fire for fire is reddish. When they shine at night they go into a tree. If one bad spirit sees another at night he will come and join him. Sometimes as many as ten get together in one place. If they see a man walking at night they run him. When he is running he often falls and hurts himself. Small scratched places received in this way become large ulcers. People say that the spirits bite him as they run him. Only very strong medicine will heal a bad spirit bite.

An ordinary man cannot tell who has a bad spirit. Only the men who have bad spirits can tell one another. When the bad spirits meet at night they often fight about their victims. Sometimes they kill one another in their fights.

The bad spirits often tie the shadow of a man in a tree. That man will become very sick and his body will become skinny and poor. He will not be able to walk in the hot sun because his shadow is gone. His friend must go and get a medicine-man to come and get his shadow back. After his shadow is brought

back he will soon get fat again. When one sees a sickly child he can be sure that a bad spirit has taken the child's shadow. It is said that the shadow has been caught by a bad spirit and hid between some stones or in the fire. Health cannot come back to such a child because his shadow does not have a good place in which to live. There is no end to the bad things which the bad spirits do. Sometimes they put dust in people's eyes and they go blind. Almost every illness is caused by the bad spirits.

Bad spirits also catch the shadow of colts. A mare will bear a strong colt and the bad spirit will catch his shadow and eat it. Bad spirits only catch the shadows of people and horses. They do not catch the shadows of goats, cattle or sheep.

Bad spirits help their master to kill game with a bow and arrow, even if it is very far away. No matter what the work is, the bad spirits help their master do it. Whether it is hoeing or clearing, no one is able to do more than a man with a bad spirit, because his bad spirits help him. Bad spirits also add to one's cleverness. However, when a man uses his bad spirits to help him he does not live long. When he dies people see him bloat all over and they say, "Look, he did not do that work in his own strength."

Bad spirits do not want to shine near a large altar. They are afraid that the devil will come and strike them and kill them. If the devil sees them shining he will strike them over the head and they cannot live long after that. There are three large altars where devils live and they do not allow bad spirits to shine

near their altars. Only the old bad spirits who cannot live long anyway will risk going near the altars. The male and female spirits wear male and female loin cloths and can easily be distinguished.

The people who are possessed with bad spirits become pals and often share their spoils. This week one will catch some one and next week another will catch some one for the party of them.

Some clans have many more bad spirits than other clans. The clans having many bad spirits are feared but not loved. When the Bura people see a man who fights easily and is foolish they say that his bad spirits are young and that he has not had them long. Some people have bad spirits but they are not connected properly with their master and they cannot help him. One cannot be sure about the presence of bad spirits until the master of the bad spirits dies. Then if blood runs out of his mouth and nose there can be no question but that he was possessed. His whole body will swell and tick, and often his tongue will come out between his teeth. One who has not had bad spirits will not bloat and swell, even if he is kept from sundown until sundown.

A bad spirit will often lick an ulcer. Such an ulcer will not heal. The inside of it becomes black and it tends to spread.

Bura children dare not walk in certain parts of their villages. When a child dies it is often said that he walked in a forbidden part of the village.

XL

TILA LAKE

THERE is one lake in Bura country and its name is Tila. The village near by is called Kwaia Bura. Everybody is amazed when they see the water of Tila Lake. There are no streams flowing into it, not even one small one. It just lies there between the tops of the hills. It is the only thing of its kind in all Bura country.

All Bura people honour Tila. It is a thing to be praised. All Bura people respect Tila because it has the power to cure disease. If a person who is suffering from certain diseases will go and bathe in Tila Lake he will get well. This is only true, however, for certain diseases.

The water of Tila Lake is a specific for insanity. Insanity is an awful thing. Nothing makes a person of less value than insanity. No one has ever been able to cure it. Sometimes medicine-men claim that they can cure insanity but it is not true. Nothing but the waters of Tila Lake can help an insane person. The medicine-men want their fees for nothing because they know that they cannot cure insanity.

If a person becomes insane he is taken to Tila and bathed in her bosom. The person always gets better and sometimes he gets entirely well. When a person

becomes insane his mind moves away. The problem is to get his mind to come back into his body. There are two kinds of insanity and both kinds of insane persons are greatly helped by bathing in Tila Lake. In one kind of insanity the mind moves out and stays out, in the other kind the mind goes and comes. The first kind is the worst because the person never has the use of his mind. The other, however, is very bad because the mind leaves the person suddenly and lets him fall down on the road or into the fire. You can always tell a person who has this latter type of insanity because he has burn scars on his body. Sometimes when his mind leaves him he will cry out and foam at the mouth and twist and roll. He is not allowed to have a knife or anything sharp because sometimes he tries to kill himself. The water of Tila Lake is a specific for this awful disease.

There is another disease which is eased by the water of Tila. It is itch. Itch does not often kill people but it does make them most miserable. It often covers the whole body and then the finger nails start to work. When the skin is scratched open it often makes large sores. A person in such a condition is taken to Tila Lake and bathed in her water. If the spirits of the water welcome the one who is ill his itch will soon disappear. If the spirits do not receive him his journey has been for nothing.

The crocodiles in Tila Lake are never killed. Everybody near Tila knows that each crocodile has in him the spirit of a man. The man-animal crocodile is greatly feared. When a dead crocodile is found the

villagers know that a man will soon die. There are two parts to the village of Kwaia on the banks of Tila Lake. These two sections of the village have different places from which they dip water. If the dead crocodile is found near one water path, some one will die in that part of the village. If it is found near the other water path, some one will die in that other part of the village. If the crocodile whose corpse is found is old, then an old person will die. If it is young, then a young person will die.

Sometimes the crocodiles in Tila Lake catch a human being, but they never catch any one unless they have a good reason. The person caught must have had a bad spirit or the crocodile would not have caught him.

The water of Tila Lake has great power.

TO THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

ONE day there was a ram and a dog and a goat and a chicken decided to go to the hyena to have some blacksmithing done. The ram said, "I want to have a pair of tweezers made." The dog said, "I want a sickle." The goat said, "I want a knife." The chicken said, "I want an arrow."

The four started off for the blacksmith shop. They found the hyena at work. He welcomed them and they saluted him. They said, "We have come to get some things made." The hyena said, "Who among you knows how to work the bellows for me? Will the chicken try it?" The chicken began to work the bellows and sing. He sang, "We are lost, we are lost." When the hyena heard what the chicken sang, he was very happy because he thought that meat had come in easy to-day. The chicken was shaking with fear, and they said, "Let the goat work the bellows." The goat tried but he also was weak because of fear. The dog tried but fear had eaten up his strength.

The ram went to the bellows without fear. He began to work the bellows and sing. He sang, "I have killed ten hyenas in Kanuri country and to-day I will kill the eleventh." When the hyena heard this his insides hurt him. He wanted to run. He said, "I will

go into the house and get my snuff box." The ram said, "Do not go away, you stay right here and finish our work for us." The hyena said, "I will be right back." But when he went he hid in his wife's granary.

After a while the ram went to the house and asked, "Where is the hyena?" They answered, "We do not know where he is." The ram asked, "What is in this granary?" The hyena answered, "I am in here trying to find my snuff box." The ram said, "Come out of there and come and finish my work for me." The hyena went with the ram and made a very good pair of tweezers for him. When the hyena had finished all of their work they saw that a big rain was coming up and that the sky was black. The goat and the dog and the chicken started home at once even though the rain was near.

The ram did not go home. When the rain came he crawled under the pumpkin leaves and laid down. When the rain was over the hyena sent his son to get a pumpkin to boil. The young hyena went, and when he got under the pumpkin leaves he saw the ram lying there. He thought that he was dead. He ran to his father and said, "One of the men who came to have work done here is lying out there under the pumpkin leaves dead." The hyena ran out to look and then he ran back to call his wife and the children. He said, "Let us make merry. We are going to eat meat today. Let us play." He said to his wife, "Strain that beer and let me drink it before I go and skin the meat for us."

When the wife of the hyena brought the beer, the

ram received it and drank it. While he was drinking, the hyena family disappeared. They stayed away until the ram went home. Then they came back.

The hyena asked his children why they ran. They said, "We saw you running and we heard crying and so we thought that we had better run, too." The hyena said, "I did not run. I was just going out to see about something and you heard me whistling and singing."

XLII

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

ONE day a pregnant woman went into the bush to gather firewood. While there, her time came and she was not able to return to the house. She found a cave in the rock and gave birth to a little boy.

That evening, a lioness came to the entrance of the cave and gave birth to a son. The frightened woman saw the lioness but the lioness did not know that the woman was there. Her first thought was to cry out and maybe she could thus frighten the lioness away, but on further thought she decided to patiently wait and see what would happen. She watched her chance, and when the mother lion went away for food, she would rush out and get food, and then rush back to her little one.

Many days went by and the babes grew. One day when both mothers were away, the little cub walked into the cave and found the little boy and they played together. When the little lion knew that it was about time for the mothers to return, he went back to his nest and pretended to be fast asleep. Day after day they had happy times together. In these play times the son of a lion learned the language of the son of a woman.

One day the little cub said, "My friend, I surely like you. You are sweeter to me than my own mother.

Tell your mother to be very careful because my mother is very mean. I fear that the day they meet my mother will kill and eat your mother." The little boy appreciated his little friend ever so much, but he was always in fear for his mother's life. One evening as he loved her, he told his mother about the danger and the warning. She was very careful, but the sad day came when the lioness caught her and brought part of her mangled body home to her cub. The little cub seemed very sick and would not touch it because he was so sad. He would not think of anything but the sorrow of his little friend. His anger toward his mother was deep and bitter. When his mother went out, he ran to his little friend and said, "My friend, a great loss has come to us. My mother has killed your mother. But now it is finished. I beg of you, tie your heart, and do not let it become bitter toward me, please. About your food, I will see after that. When I have food, you will have food, and when I have no food, only then will you be without food. You shall have your share of everything. I vow when I am grown, I will kill my mother because she has done this wicked deed. Then the two of us can live in peace."

Months went by, but never did the cub forget his friend. Whenever the lioness would bring home meat the cub would always put back part of it. After several years had gone by, the young lion felt that he was strong enough and big enough to kill his mother, and save his friend. That very day he killed her and freed his friend.

"Now we are free to walk where we will, and I am

young and strong and able to catch plenty of food for both of us."

One day they came near a village and the boy heard other boys talk about being circumcised. He wanted to be circumcised too, but he had no father to help him, so he was sad. "What is wrong?" said the lion. "Why do you have nothing to say?" "I hear that all the boys are being circumcised, and if I had a father he would help me, and I could be circumcised, too," sobbed the boy. "Dry your tears, and do not let anything like this disturb you again, for I am able to take the place of your father," urged the strong lion. "You tell me what you want and I will get it for you."

The boy suggested that he needed money to buy food during the time of his circumcision. Immediately the lion was off. Before he had gone far, he met a man on the way to market, from whom he frightened plenty of money. When the boy had his money, he went to be circumcised. When asked where he would get food, he replied, "God will give me food." Usually, he would buy food with the money which his friend the lion had given him. At times he would meet his friend out away from the village and receive meat from him.

Years went by, and one day the young man saw a young woman he loved. "If I could only have had a father like other young men," he sighed. The lion was quick to recognize the young man's mood, and urged that he could be a real father to him. "Well, I want a wife, and I need a father to help me," he

pleaded. "All right," said the lion, "select your wife and I will help you take her." "I have selected my wife. She is the daughter of the chief. Many men have asked to take her, but her father will not give her up." The strong lion stretched himself up and boasted, "I can get her for you easily. You go into the village. I will watch the chief's farm. When she goes to plant, I will catch her. Then the whole village will come out to take her away from me, but I will not give her up. You be brave and come after her. Even though I try to catch you, do not be afraid."

The young man was delighted. He said, "I will go into the village at once." And away the lion went for the farm. That afternoon when the villagers were beginning to come from their farms, there was a cry from the river, "Lion! Lion!" The whole village rushed out to frighten away the lion, but to their dismay, he had caught the daughter of the chief, and he was not afraid of the noise and the dogs. All the young braves were not trying to rescue the daughter of the chief. The chief shouted, "Whoever rescues her shall have her for his wife. I will also give him half of my kingdom!" When the men heard this, they made desperate attempts to rescue her, but the fear of the lion kept them back.

With a rush this young man went for the lion shouting, "I will rescue her." When he was about to strike the lion a blow, the lion dropped her and ran.

She became his wife. He received a part of her father's kingdom, and they lived happily with their friend the lion, ever after.

XLIII

TSAKURAMADU AND HIS GRANDMOTHER

THERE was a boy named Tsakuramadu who lived with his grandmother. He watched the wild animals away from his grandmother's farm. One day, many roan antelope came into the farm. They said, "Tsakuramadu, your grandmother told us that we could eat of your corn." Tsakuramadu said, "If my grandmother said that you could eat, go and eat. I will not keep you from eating." The roan entered the farm and ate corn.

After a while, his grandmother came to the farm and she saw what the roan had done to their corn. She said, "Tsakuramadu, my grandson, what ate our corn?" Tsakuramadu replied, "My grandmother, there is something wrong with you. You told the roan to come and eat corn, and now you ask me about it." "No, I did not tell the roan to come and eat corn," said the grandmother. "They are meat, and the next time they come you make ropes and tie all of them. They are really very good meat." Tsakuramadu asked, "Are they really good meat?" "Yes, very sweet meat," said his grandmother.

Tsakuramadu cut strips of bark and began to make rope. After he had made much rope, the roan returned. They said, "Tsakuramadu, your grandmother

said that we could eat corn." He said, "Come here and let me tie you first." Then they came and he tied them. Then he told them that his grandmother had said that they were meat. The roan answered, "We are not meat. Wait and we will cut off our ears for you to roast. Roast them with corn stubble and taste whether they are sweet." They cut off their ears for him and he roasted them with corn stubble. He found that they tasted bitter and not sweet. Then he untied them and told them to go for they were not really good meat.

After a while, his grandmother came, and he said, "Grandmother, you fooled me. Roan are not good meat." His grandmother said, "Have you tasted them?" "Look here at the ears which they cut off for me, but they are not sweet," said he. His grandmother took a roan ear and washed it with salt. Then he tasted it again and learned of its sweetness.

Soon the roan returned, and Tsakuramadu arose and tied them. Then he cut all of their throats and skinned all of them. He cut up the meat and carried it home. The meat filled a granary.

After a while, the worms began to grow in the meat. One day a young leopard came and said, "Tsakuramadu, your grandmother said that I should come and pick the worms out of the meat for you." He said, "All right, go in and pick them out." The young leopard went in and ate meat. When he had enough, he came out and went home. Every day he would come and eat. Before many days, the meat was about finished. His grandmother said, "Tsakuramadu,



"Your grandmother told us we could eat of your corn."

what is happening to the meat? It is about finished." Tsakuramadu replied, "I tell you, grandmother, you are not straight. You tell the young leopard to come and pick the worms out of the meat for us, and then you come and ask me." His grandmother said, "No, I did not tell him to come, but men make loin cloths out of young leopard skins."

The young leopard came again and said, "Your grandmother said that I should come and pick the worms out of your meat." "No, I do not want you to pick them out," said Tsakuramadu. "My grandmother said that you would make a good loin cloth." The young leopard said, "No, I am not a good loin cloth. Try to tie me on." He picked up the young leopard and tried to tie him on. The young leopard sunk his claws into the boy's back until Tsakuramadu said, "Get down, you are no good as a loin cloth."

Soon the grandmother came to the farm. He said, "Grandmother, you fooled me. A young leopard is no good as a loin cloth." "You must skin off the skin before you tie it on as a loin cloth," replied the grandmother. The next day the young leopard came again. Tsakuramadu killed him and skinned him and softened the skin.

The mother leopard came, and said to Tsakuramadu, "Did you see my son?" "No," said Tsakuramadu, "I did not see him." Then one day Tsakuramadu tied on the young leopard skin and went to a dance in an open spot. The mother leopard saw the skin of her son on the loins of Tsakuramadu, and she said, "You, you killed my son, did you not?" Tsakuramadu said,

"My grandmother told me to kill him." The leopard went and asked the grandmother, "Do you want me to kill you, or shall I catch Tsakuramadu?" The woman said to the leopard, "Go and hide in our pepper patch. When he comes I will send him to pick peppers for us. Then you can catch him there easily."

When Tsakuramadu came home, he asked his charm what had been said about him after he had left. The charm said, "A leopard is hiding in the pepper patch, and if you go there, he will catch you." Tsakuramadu went but stopped a little distance from the pepper patch, and called, saying, "Pepper, if you are my grandmother's pepper, you will answer me." The leopard heard him, and answered. Tsakuramadu said, "You dumb thing, do peppers talk?" and he ran home.

The leopard came and asked the woman, "What other way is there in which I can catch your grandson?" She said, "Listen, people are going to the market. You come and I will put you in a bag and tie the mouth of the bag shut. When my grandson comes, I will tell him that a gown is in the bag and that he is to sell it for us. When he has taken you a good distance, you can come out of the bag and catch him." The leopard crawled into the bag, and she tied it shut.

After a while, Tsakuramadu came and asked his charm what had been said after he had left. The charm told him everything. When the night was finished, they arose and got ready to go to the market. When they had started, Tsakuramadu kept about the middle of the crowd. There were a number of people

ahead of him, and a number of people behind him. They had gone a good distance when they came to a large, flat stone. They all stopped on this stone to rest a little. Tsakuramadu said, "My gown did not get pressed very well. Let us get clubs, if you will, and beat it some more." All of them got clubs and beat the bag. There was a leopard in the bag.

They entered a village and sold all of their things for cattle. Tsakuramadu took his bag to a rich man. The rich man asked him how many cattle he would take for his gown. He replied, "One calf is the price." The man gave him a calf, and all of them started home. On the way home they slept in the bush. When they were all asleep, Tsakuramadu got up and killed his calf and skinned it and divided the meat among the bags of all of the men on the journey. He put the smell of meat on every man's knife and put blood on every man's hand. He then went and bathed and came and laid down.

In the morning, every man was up looking after his own cattle. Tsakuramadu said, "I cannot find my cow, what has happened to her?" He looked into the bags of the men and he saw meat in them. He said, "You! Have you killed my cow?" The men said, "No, we did not kill her." "Look at your knives and your hands," said he. The men did not know what to say because there was blood on their hands and the smell of meat on their knives. Tsakuramadu said, "Pay me back my cow right now," and each of them gave him a cow. He received a lot of cattle. They went on home and he put his cattle in

a ring. He continued to live with his grandmother and their cattle increased rapidly.

One day, his grandmother was walking on the farm, and she said, "Tsakuramadu, before I come back, cook food for us." "All right," he said, and he took one bean and one grain of corn and one peanut and cooked them. When his grandmother came, he took the food to her. She said, "What! Tsakuramadu, my son, did you not cook plenty for us? Is this enough food for us?" The next day, when his grandmother went to the farm, he threshed a lot of corn and put a big jar on the fire and cooked food. Then he took the large jar and hid it. He took out a little food and took it to his grandmother. His grandmother said, "That's right. To-day, you have done right." "But," he said, "this is not all." And he went and brought a gourd full. His grandmother remarked, "You almost have too much." "There is still more," he said, and he pulled down the mat which had been hiding the big jar. "Tsakuramadu, my son, why did you cook so much like that?" said his grandmother. "Or did you cook it for the chief's people?"

When Tsakuramadu heard his grandmother ask whether he had cooked it for the chief's people, he went straight along to the chief's house. He said to the chief, "My grandmother is calling you." The chief and all of his men arose and started for the widow's house. When the woman saw that the chief was coming to her house she was excited. After they had saluted, the chief said to the widow, "You sent for us to come." She said, "Chief of the world, what

has brought us together that I should call you?" "Give me that which you called me for," said the chief. The woman replied, "My grandson cooked entirely too much food. Then I asked him whether he was cooking for the chief and his people. And he called you." The chief said, "See me off for I want to go." The widow took all of her cattle and gave them to the chief and his people. The chief said, "It is not enough, you must give us something more." The woman said, "What else do I have?" And she took Tsakuramadu and gave him to them. And they went away with him.

XLIV

THE ADVENTURES OF A RAM

ONE day a ram decided to go on a journey and be a medicine-man on the way. The ram bought some honey in a gourd. He then bought three skins and put them into the honey to use as medicine on his journey.

He had not gone far when he met a hyena. The hyena said, "Medicine-man, where are you going?" The ram replied, "I am going on a journey, your honour." The hyena saw how nice and fat the ram was, so he said, "I want a charm, Mr. Medicine-man." "All right," said the ram with fear and trembling. He then took one of the skins out of the honey, without ceremony, and gave it to the hyena. "Do not swallow the skin, just suck off the honey and give it back to me, so that I can dip it in again for you," said the ram. But the hyena swallowed the skin, honey and all, with a relish. The ram, with quivering legs, said, "Your honour, have you swallowed the skin?" The hyena did not answer, but with a snarl said, "Give me more, that is all I ask."

The frightened ram, remembering that he had but two skins left, took out another skin dripping with honey. As he gave it to the hyena, he said, "Your honour, I beg of you, please do not swallow the skin."

The hyena grinned and swallowed it with a gulp. The ram sighed, and timidly said, "Did you swallow it, too?"

Great fear came over the sleek, fat ram. His heart thumped as he thought of what would happen to him when the one last skin went to join the two that went before. "There will be nothing left but me." He did not need to wait long. "Medicine-man, more," came the insistent voice of the hyena. The wise, fat ram summoned his poise, and quietly suggested, "Your honour, let us walk down the road a little way, and then I will give you more." The hyena was delighted. They started, each with his eye on the other. They had only gone a few steps when they saw a lion coming to meet them. Their first thought to run was smothered with fear. The lion said, "Slave, where are you going?" The trembling hyena, hardly able to speak, said, "King of kings, this medicine-man is going on a journey, and I am going down the road a little way with him to say good-bye." The lion rolled his eyes toward the sleek ram and said, "Medicine-man, will you give me a charm?" "King of the world, I will gladly give you a charm," said the ram. Then the ram brought his one last skin, and said, "King of the world, please do not swallow the skin." But the lion, with one blink of his eyes, had swallowed it and was licking his chops for more. "Oh, King of the world, have you swallowed it? There is no other," uttered the ram.

Seeming not to have heard, the lion promptly demanded more. The ram had a brilliant idea, and he

said, "I have no more skin. Ask the hyena to cut you a strip of skin from his body." The lion walked closer to the hyena and said, "Will you give me a strip of your skin?" "It cannot be done, King of the world," politely said the hyena. With a growl, the lion said, "Give me a strip of your skin quickly, because this medicine-man is in a hurry." The frightened hyena began to cut some skin from his body without delay, but the pain was too great for him. He said, "King of kings, I cannot do it, you cut for me."

The lion seized the hyena and cut until the poor hyena cried with pain. The lion then gave the strip of skin to the ram. The ram dipped it into the honey, and then he gave it back to the lion who swallowed it with a sigh of satisfaction. "Where shall we get more skin?" queried the ram. The lion turned to the hyena and said, "Will you cut me more skin from your body?" But without answer, the hyena attempted to flee and was caught and skinned while partly alive. Proudly the lion came back with the hyena skin, only to find that the ram had deserted his medicine-man equipment and fled. Thus the ram was saved from the hands of the hyena, for even though the lion hunted, he was never able to find that sleek, fat ram.

XLV

THE ANT AND THE PIGEON

ONE day an ant found a grain of corn and decided to take it home. He held it very tight, and hurried as fast as he could, so that nothing would take the grain of corn from him. There was a pond on the way home. The ant had forgotten about the pond, and he fell into it, corn and all. The corn slipped from his mouth and went to the bottom of the pond. The ant stayed on top of the water and worked hard to find a place to get out. The ant began to be afraid that his strength was about exhausted.

A pigeon came down to the pond to drink, and she saw the ant putting up a desperate struggle. She decided that she would help the little fellow. She took a long, dry piece of grass and dropped it so that it fell near the ant. He climbed on to the grass and soon got out. The ant took a long breath and then he thanked the pigeon for saving him.

There was a boy near the pond with a bow and arrow. He was creeping up nearer and nearer to the pigeon. The ant hurried as fast as he could, and climbing up the boy's leg, he gave him a hard bite. The boy dropped his bow and arrow and cried out, and the pigeon saw him and flew again to safety.

Each had saved the other. When the pigeon saved

the ant she did not know that the ant would save her life in such a short time. If the pigeon had left the ant in the water, the boy with the bow and arrow would have killed her. Each was happier because of what each did for the other.

The Bura people say, "Every person is another's butter." Even a small person can often do something for a great person. Sometimes a great person will do something for a child.

XLVI

THE ANTELOPE AND THE GOAT FARM TOGETHER

THE antelope makes friends with her sister the goat, and they decide to farm together. They clear a big plot and plant corn and beans. Each day they hoe together and visit, for they are very good friends. But when the time to pick beans came, the antelope came with her daughter and picked them all. When the goat came and found that all the beans had been picked, she decided to ask God how to get her share of the beans. God said that he would make many more beans so that she would have plenty. Then one day, the goat came with her daughter and picked and picked. When all the beans had been brought together, the antelope came asking the goat to divide, and the goat said, "All right."

The antelope went into the bush and begged the wild cat to come and help divide the beans. The goat begged two large wild dogs to come and hide in the grass so that if she needed them, they would be there to help her. The wild cat said, "I will do the dividing," and she took two large baskets and got for herself and the antelope. But she got for the goat a very small basket. The goat said, "Why do you give me a little basket like this?" And the wild cat said,

THE ANTELOPE AND THE GOAT 187

"What do you want, do you want me to slap you?" As the wild cat divided the beans, he would take a large basket for himself, and a large basket for the antelope, and a very small basket for the goat.

But the wild cat and the antelope did not know that the two wild dogs were watching their every move. One time when the wild cat carried back a basket of beans, he almost saw the dogs. Still the wild cat continued to curse the goat and say, "If you say another word about how we divide these beans, I will eat you right here." Out came the dogs without a moment's notice. One went after the antelope, and the other after the wild cat. They ran and they ran, finally the one dog caught the wild cat and skinned it and ate the meat on the spot bringing the skin back to the goat. The antelope ran so fast and he was so frightened that he never came back to the farm again. There was nothing to do but for the goat to take all of the beans.

XLVII

THE BAD MAN

THE wicked son left his father and went to live with the blacksmith. Every time there would be a small piece of iron, this boy would steal it and hide it. He gathered together a donkey load of iron in this way. Then he took this iron to another blacksmith and asked to have a sword made. The blacksmith said, "How many swords?" "One sword," was the reply. The blacksmith said, "I cannot make your iron into one sword."

The iron was taken to another blacksmith. When the second blacksmith was asked to make one sword, he said that he could not do it. The young man went everywhere but he was unable to find a blacksmith that could make such a big sword. When he was just ready to give up, he found a blacksmith who said that he could make all of the iron into one great sword. For five years he worked at this sword. When he had finished it, the young man told him to beat down the edges so that it would be very sharp. When the blacksmith had sharpened it, the young man tried it but it would not cut. The blacksmith worked on it three more years and finally got it so that it was sharp. The young man said, "That is fine, I thank you."

The young man wanted to go home because his sword was finished. He asked the blacksmith what he charged for making the sword, but the blacksmith did not want anything. The blacksmith said, "You have lived with me eight years and that pays everything. I will go down the road a way with you." They went down the road together for quite a distance. The young man said, "Maybe you will make a big sword like this for somebody else. I do not want you to do that. I do not want any one else to have a sword like this. Maybe I had better kill you here and then I will be sure." He cut off the head of the man who had made the sword for him.

As he went down the road, whenever he would see a short man with tall men, he would cut off the short man's head and say, "Why are you along with these tall men?" When he would see a tall man with short men, he would cut off the tall man's head and say, "Why are you along with short men?" He kept this up until he had killed a great many. One day his brother said, "You do not want to do the right thing. I am going to run away."

The brother went to a chief's house in a distant village. After a time he married the chief's daughter and they lived happily together. The chief was a good man. But one day the bad brother who had killed so many people came in. The brother who had run away from him said, "Where did you come from? I left you because of the way you were doing. You stop that badness of yours and you can live with me." He said, "I will not do anything bad again if I can

live here with you." The brother said, "Well, you watch yourself." A wife was secured for him but he did not want a wife.

Every year in that village a large bird came and demanded for its food ninety human bodies. In the course of time the bird came. Men heard the bird calling once again for ninety human bodies. The wicked young man asked his brother what it was all about. "What does this bird want?" He told him that the bird wanted the chief to get together ninety human bodies. The bad man said, "Why? Do you want to give them to him or does he force you?" "He forces us," they answered. "Who would want to give human bodies to him?"

The bad man suggested that some one should kill this large bird that demanded for its food ninety human bodies. The men answered, "Who would kill him?" The bad man said, "I will kill him." "No," they said, "you cannot kill him, he is too big." But the chief said, "If you kill him you will be a very great man." The bad man went and cut off the great bird's head. The bird flapped until its great wings covered a part of the wall of the village. All the village feasted on its meat. But this was not the last act of the bad man.

He lived with his brother. One day the village gathered to throw dice. The bad man, however, went to the house of his brother's wife. He said, "Never since I came to this village have you come out to talk with me. Why?" The woman said, "My husband does not want me to go places." The bad man said,

"To go out with other men is not right, but to go out with your husband's own brother is all right. You dare not refuse to go out with me." The woman said, "You are right. I have not been fair to you. I will come out and we will talk." As soon as she came out he cut her head off and put it in his pocket.

Then the bad man saddled two horses, one for himself and one for his brother. He went out to where his brother and the other men were throwing dice, and said, "Do you fellows always throw this kind of dice? We never throw your kind of dice. Let me show you what we use." He pulled out the head of his brother's wife and threw it down with the dice. The men all said, "Catch him." He ran into the house with his brother, and said, "Brother, I am going to run. If you want to run, here is a horse already saddled." They escaped on the two horses. The men of the village followed them but when the bad man turned his face toward them they dropped dead.

God caught the bad man and tied him up in chains and fastened him in the middle of deep, black water and he is still there.

XLVIII

THE BEGINNING OF DEATH

LONG, long ago there was no such thing as death. There was no crying. There was no disease. Everybody was well and happy. They did not know anything by the name, Death.

One day everybody was amazed. A man sickened and died. No one knew what to do with him. They decided that they would ask the sky what to do with him. They called a worm, and said, "Go and tell the sky that a man has died, and ask the sky what to do with him."

The worm went to the sky, and said, "A man has died and they have sent me to ask you what they should do with him." The sky said to the worm, "Go and tell them to take the corpse and hang it up in the fork of a tree and throw mush at it until it comes back to life. When it comes back to life, no one else will ever die." The worm started back.

There was a lizard named Agadzagadza who ran ahead of the worm. He had heard everything that the sky had said. He wanted to deceive. Agadzagadza ran very hard. When he reached the village, he said, "The worm cannot go fast, so the sky sent me. The sky said that I should tell you that you should dig a grave, and wrap the corpse in cloth and bury it in the

grave." The people did as Agadzagadza told them. They dug a grave and wrapped the corpse in cloth and buried it.

Presently the worm arrived. They scolded him and said, "Why did you not come back quicker? If the lizard had not come and told us what the sky said we should do, we would still be waiting on you." The worm said, "Who sent Agadzagadza? The sky did not send him. You have taken his word and you have done what he said, but it is not what the sky said you should do. You have accepted the wisdom of the lizard. What the sky told me is different from what you have done. The sky told me that I should come back and tell you to take the corpse and hang it up in the fork of a tree and throw mush at it and it would come back to life. The sky also said that when it comes back to life, no one else will ever die. But now you have buried it. You had better take it out of the grave, and let us do as the sky said that we should do."

The men were overcome by laziness and they said to the worm, "It is because you did not come back more quickly that we have already buried the corpse. Who wants to work at this any more? We will leave it; that is what we will do."

This is how our ancestors refused to do what the sky asked them to do and followed the lie of Agadzagadza. Because this thing happened, people still die. It is the crime which Agadzagadza has committed against us.

XLIX

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE

LONG, long ago there was no such thing as trouble. There was no evil thing in all the world. "At that time," our fathers say, "the sky was near like a roof." Everybody had whatever they wanted, because the sky was so near. All they needed to do was to ask the sky for whatever they wanted and their request would be granted. If a man wanted food, all that he needed to do was to ask for it, and it would come. If he needed a gown, he could have it for the asking. For many years everybody lived in plenty. Then everybody was happy. They did not even know that there was such a thing as trouble.

Whenever they wanted to thresh corn with their mortar and pestle, they would kneel down. The people in those days were afraid to stand up and thresh corn. They said, "If we stand up and thresh corn in the mortar, the pestle will punch the sky. If the pestle punches the sky, the sky will go away from us." That was why they always kneeled down while threshing corn. They were very careful not to punch the sky.

One day a reddish-skinned woman appeared in their village. She said, "Why do you kneel down to thresh corn?" They said, "If we do not kneel down, we are afraid that the pestle will punch the sky. We

know that if the pestle would touch the sky, the sky would run away and leave us." The reddish-skinned woman said, "It is not true, that is a lie and I will prove it to you."

The strange woman stood up and began to pound her corn. When her pestle punched the sky, the sky went up very, very high. They could not ask anything of the sky any more. The sky could not hear them when they would talk to it. Even when they cried out, the sky would not answer them.

This is how trouble started in the world. It all started with one woman. It is because of her smartness long, long ago that we all have trouble. If she had been sensible, trouble would never have come upon us. Even to-day, if the Buras see a reddish-skinned woman, they say, "You are like the woman who drove the sky away."

L

THE BIG HYENA AND THE LEOPARD

THE big hyena and the leopard were always great friends. They often hunted together. When an animal was too big for one to handle they would both go.

One day the hyena was out walking and he saw a big fat ram. The hyena studied and studied what to do. He felt that he could catch and kill the ram all right, but he was afraid that after he had caught it its owner would take it from him. He decided to ask his friend the leopard to help him, for he knew that the leopard could run very fast. No one would be able to catch the leopard and take anything from him.

The hyena went to the leopard and said, "Friend, I saw something to-day, but I am not able to catch it and carry it away myself. I can catch it, but they will take it from me because I cannot run fast. What shall we do? Shall we go together?" The leopard said, "Yes, fine. But there is one thing, I cannot go inside of a compound and break open the sheepfold and catch the ram. I am too afraid that they will catch me and kill me. I hardly know what to say, friend." The hyena said, "Let us go together. You stay outside and watch. I will go inside and catch



"I cannot climb a tree."

the ram and bring it to you, and then you carry it off." The leopard said, "If that is all you want me to do, we will go."

They went off together. Soon they reached the compound in which the hyena had seen the big ram. The hyena said, "Now you stay here and I will go in. No matter how much noise you hear do not run away. You watch, and when I get the ram through the fence you carry him off."

The hyena crept quietly into the house without any one hearing him. Not until the people heard the bleating of the ram did they come out to drive off the hyena. When the men came out of their houses they saw the hyena coming out of the sheepfold dragging the ram. They fell on him with clubs and stones. He made his way to the fence with the ram, and then seemed to drop it and run. As soon as the leopard got hold of the ram he made away with it in great haste. The hyena made for the open, straight through a shower of clubs and stones. When the men saw that he had nothing, they thought that their ram was lying around there some place. They hunted everywhere and finally decided that something else had carried off the ram.

The hyena followed the leopard. When he was well in the bush the leopard climbed a large tree and deposited the ram in a fork of the tree. The meat smelled good and the leopard began to eat.

The hyena came to the tree and said, "Friend leopard, come down with that ram and let us eat. I cannot climb a tree." The leopard said, "Hyena, are

THE HYENA AND THE LEOPARD 199

you too proud to climb a tree? I have had a hard time carrying this ram out here. I am all cut and scratched. What are you telling me to do now? If you do not climb this tree you will get nothing but the bones which I throw down. If you want to eat meat you must climb up here. If you do not come up here you do not need to think that I will bring this fat ram down to you."

"Is that the way you do?" said the hyena. "Did you not agree that the two of us should go together? Did you know where this fat ram was before I told you? Is this the kind of a friend that you are? If I had not gone into the compound and caught it, where would you have gotten a ram to take up into a tree and eat? Have I gotten tired for nothing?"

The leopard said, "I do not want to hear a lot out of you. If you want meat, climb the tree and we will eat together. If you do not want meat, sit down there on the ground. As I clean off the bones I will throw them down to you."

The hyena said, "I cannot climb a tree but I want to ask you where you are going to get a drink of water to-day? Are you going to fly to a water hole like a bird? I will see when you come down out of this tree." The leopard answered, "I will drink water to-day where I always drink water."

The hyena went and hid near the leopard's water hole. After a while the leopard came to drink. The hyena leaped for the leopard but missed him. The leopard started up a baobab tree. His claws stuck fast in the soft wood and the hyena ate him.

LI

THE BURA BEYOND DEATH

THE Bura people know that after the death of the body the spirit of man lives on. There is no one, however, who can see it with the eye. What is it? They do not know exactly. The Bura people say that after a man is dead and buried in his grave that his spirit goes to the lower regions. They say that there is a spirit village below. Life there is much happier than here. There is no trouble there. There are no tears there, only happiness and much of it.

At night, the spirits of the dead come up and walk about the earth. Sometimes these spirits catch people. When a person dreams that he sees a dead person, it is said that that dead person's spirit is trying to catch somebody. When a Bura dreams about a dead relative he buys meat and cooks it for his dead relative. He feels that if he does not do this, that this dead relative's spirit will cause all of his possessions, including his life, to dwindle and die.

When a man dies and leaves his wife, and then later she dies, they say that the man has come and taken his wife with him. If a woman dies and leaves a child, and then later the child dies, they say that the woman has come and taken her child. After death there is no more trouble. The spirits have a look around the villages at night as if they were gods.

There are two spirit villages. In the second spirit village, the spirit has severed all connections with its body and the bodies of relatives. In the first spirit village, everybody is happy. In the second spirit village, the spirits are gone forever. All who have died many years ago have gone into the second spirit village. Let no one forget that a spirit is to be feared.

THE CALF

THERE was a calf. This calf had a very good place to sleep. Every day he would sleep in the same place because he had no other place.

One day at noon, a hyena was out walking and he came on to the calf. The hyena said, "Calf, the son of my friend, is this where you sleep?" "Yes," said the calf, "this is my sleeping place." The hyena eagerly asked, "Even at night, do you sleep here?" "Yes," said the calf. The hyena decided in his heart that on a certain day he would come and catch the calf in that place, and he went away with a glad heart.

There was also an eagle near the place where the calf slept. The calf went to the eagle, and said, "To-day a hyena came to the place where I sleep and asked if this was where I slept, even at night, and I told him 'yes,' but I am troubled because whether he asked for good or for bad, I do not know."

The eagle said, "To-day I want you to sleep in my sleeping place, and I will sleep in your sleeping place." The calf said, "Thanks, I thank you very much." The eagle went and lay down in the lying down place of the calf, and the calf lay down in his place.

In the night, the hyena came and saw the eagle.

He thought it was the calf. He did not know that it was the eagle. With one spring, he came down on him. In an instant, the eagle forced his claws into his head until he cried out and said, "Calf, son of my friend, at noon, your feet are like balls, but at night they are like razors." The hyena ran into the bush and the calf was saved.

LIII

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER AND THE POOR MAN'S SON

THE chief's daughter was a very nice young woman; so nice that many young men wanted to marry her. She was indeed very nice. She said, "If any one wants to marry me, let him go into a house and stay there for seven days. If during that time he does not ask for food, or even water, I will marry him."

Many of the young men said that they would do that for her. Several went into a house and tried it, but before the fifth day, they had died from hunger and thirst. Still another said that he would try it and he died. In all, this young woman destroyed seven young men. No one else cared to try but there was a young man, the son of a poor man, who was a very good friend to the chief's son. This poor young man told his friend that he was going to marry his father's daughter for, said he, "Even, if I do die, it will not make any difference." The chief's son said, "My friend, I do not want you to die. If you will, you had better leave my sister and not try to marry her, for she, she destroys men by her wickedness." But the young suitor could not be stopped. He said, "I must try." The chief's son then said: "Well, if

you will not leave her, remember that when you sleep you always sleep next to the wall. I will come and bring you food by my cleverness."

The young man remembered to sleep next to the wall just as his friend had told him. The chief's son cut a small hole through the wall and put a tube in through it for his friend to suck food through. His sister knew nothing of it. Each day food was taken. It was in the form of thin mush which could be sucked through the tube. On the seventh day, the young woman heard that the poor man's son had been eating. She got the tube through which he had been taking food, and shouted out, "To-morrow, this young man will be killed because he was not brave enough to fast." The chief's son ran out crying and fell down on the trash pile because he knew that his friend was lost already. A mouse came and asked him why he was crying. The chief's son told the mouse everything that had happened. The mouse replied, "That will not be so bad. I will go and take that tube, and then where will she get a witness?" After a while, a black ant came along and the chief's son told him everything that had happened. The ant said: "I will go and crawl into the mouth of your friend and pick all of the food out of his teeth. Then the young woman will not be able to find a witness." The mouse took the tube away and the ant picked the food out of the teeth of the poor man's son.

When it was morning, the daughter of the chief called the men to come and kill the poor man's son because he ate. The young man argued that he had

not eaten anything. They then went before the chief. The chief's daughter said, "If he argues that he has not eaten, look in his mouth and you will see food in it." They looked in the mouth of the young man, but they did not see anything in it. The chief's daughter said: "You just wait, I will go and bring evidence." She went to bring the tube, but behold, it was gone. When she came back, they said: "Where is your evidence?" "I could not find it," she sighed. "You wanted to destroy this young man for nothing," they said; "he has not eaten anything." They then became man and wife and lived together.

One day this daughter of the chief fixed her hair very nice and tied on a nice cloth. Her husband saw that she was very nice. He exclaimed: "Ajap!" The princess said, "Why are you saying 'Ajap'? The thing which you call Ajap, bring it to me, and let me see it with my own eyes." The man said, "I was just praising you." But she said, "Do not praise me, but bring that thing Ajap and let me see it first."

The man mounted his horse to go to get something by the name of Ajap. As he went, he saw a buzzard walking along and talking by his side. He said, "Ajap." The buzzard replied, "Big man Ajap is not here, Ajap is on ahead." The man went on until he came to a place where he saw two women lying down together. He said, "Ajap to you." They answered, "Ajap is not here, Ajap is ahead." He went on and came to the house of Ajap. He saw the wife of Ajap at home, and he said, "Ajap to you, woman of the house." The wife of Ajap said, "If

Ajap comes, what are you going to give him? Crawl under this gourd and let me hide you before Ajap comes. Because if he comes, he will eat you." The man crawled under a gourd and the woman hid him. After a little, Ajap came, and he asked his wife, "Who has been using my name?" She replied, "No one has used your name." In a short time, Ajap was gone again. His wife took his snuff box stopper and gave it to the man and he went as fast as he could go. He brought it and gave it to the daughter of the chief, and said, "Here is what I said was 'Ajap.'"

On another day the man put on a nice gown, and nice shoes, and a nice hat and pants. When the daughter of the chief saw that her husband was such a fine looking young man, she said, "Ajap!" He said, "What is it you called 'Ajap'? Whatever it was which you called Ajap bring it to me and let me see it with my own eyes." The princess said, "Oh! I was just praising you." Her husband, however, said, "No, bring me what you called 'Ajap.'"

The chief's daughter arose to go and get something called "Ajap." As she went, she saw a buzzard walking along and talking by her side. She said, "Ajap." The buzzard replied: "Ajap is not here, Ajap is on ahead." She went on until she came to a place where she saw two women lying down together. She said, "Ajap to you." They answered, "Ajap is not here, Ajap is ahead." She went on and came to the house of Ajap. She saw the wife of Ajap at home, and she said, "Ajap to you, woman of the house." The wife of Ajap said, "If Ajap comes, what are you

going to give him? Crawl under this gourd and let me hide you before Ajap comes." The chief's daughter said, "Am I a chicken, that you want to hide me under a gourd?" The wife of Ajap said, "You, you had better crawl under and let me hide you before the head of my house comes." But the princess said, "I do not want to crawl under the gourd."

Very soon Ajap heard some one saying his name in his compound and he came running. When the princess heard that he was actually coming, she said to Ajap's wife, "Put me under the gourd quick, please, because I am afraid." But when the woman put her under the gourd, a foot was left out and Ajap saw it. He took her out and ate her.

That is how the daughter of the chief destroyed herself. First she wanted to destroy the poor man's son, but the power above had not decided that way. She herself came to be lost.

LIV

THE CHILD OF A THORN TREE

THERE was a woman who had two children. One was a boy and one was a girl. They were twins. One day she heard that there would be war on the morrow and that everybody was fleeing. She picked up her two children and started to run, but she could not run with the two children. When she put down the girl and started off with the boy, the girl cried out, "Take me, please, mother. I will carry water and help you work." The woman put down the boy and took the girl. The boy cried, "Mother, I will shoot game for you." The mother was bewildered, but finally she left the boy and ran with the girl.

When the warriors came, the boy hid until they went by. When he came out from his hiding place, he was hungry and he began to cry. He saw a thorn tree and he went over to it. When the thorn tree saw that the child was crying, it said, "Son, why are you crying?" The boy said, "My mother ran away and left me and I do not know where she has gone." The thorn tree asked, "Are you hungry?" The boy answered, "Yes." The thorn tree said, "Pull up that plant there at your feet." When he pulled it up he found mush and meat. "Are you

thirsty?" asked the thorn tree. "Yes," answered the boy. "Pull up this plant," said the thorn tree. He pulled it up and found plenty of water. He drank of the water and ate of the food until he was full.

The thorn tree said to the boy, "Dig four holes." He dug them. Then the thorn tree said, "Get four large, flat stones with which to cover the holes." The boy covered the holes. The thorn tree and the boy were like father and son. After three days the thorn tree said, "Open the holes and look in, for there might be something in them." The boy looked in and saw something like worms with hair. The thorn tree said, "Shut the holes," and he shut them. After another three days the thorn tree told the boy to look again. He opened the holes and he saw many little calves in them. "Get the calves out of there," said the thorn tree, "and herd them in a good grassy place." He did as he was told.

Before long the calves had grown to be big cattle and they were very prolific. The boy became a rich man. There was nothing that he needed to want for. Thieves who wanted to steal his cattle were his only trouble. They tried to learn just where they could pounce on to him and steal his cattle while they were out grazing. But the thorn tree knew all of their schemes and each day he told his son where to go. He never allowed him to go to the same place on two succeeding days. He had him go in a different direction each day. The thieves kept after him but they never got him.

One day the thieves came and barked the thorn tree.

When the son of the thorn tree came home from herding his cattle, he saw that they had cut the bark off of his father and he began to cry. The thorn tree said, "Do not cry. They have not killed me. They have only made it possible for me to get a new bark." Before long, fresh bark began to grow and new leaves began to push off the dried ones.

The thieves came back to the thorn tree again, and this time they almost burned it down. While it was burning, a piece of bark leaped away from the tree and hid. In the evening when the son came home, he cried because they had destroyed his father. The thorn tree said, "It is true, you may cry, for I will not be able to live. When I am dead I will never see you again. There is one thing that I want to tell you,—over there is a piece of my bark. Take it and sew it up and tie it on to the neck of your largest cow. All of your cattle will then go into her stomach. When they have all gone into her stomach, take her and go and find another place to live." The son did exactly as the father had told him. He sewed up the bark and tied it on to the neck of the largest cow. Immediately all the cattle went into her stomach. Then they started off.

Soon they came to a well and saw some young women drawing water. The young man said, "Give me a drink of water." They said, "We will give water to you, but we cannot draw enough for your cow." He answered, "She will not drink much." They gave him a gourd of water and he drank of it and gave what was left to the cow. The young woman

whose gourd he had touched became his wife and went on with him. She told the other young women to tell her mother that a man had married her. Before the son of a thorn tree got to where he was going, he had four wives.

Finally they came into the village of a big chief. The women and the cow stayed outside and the son went in to salute the chief. He asked the chief to give him some men to help fix a place for his cow. Ten men helped him fix a big enclosure. When he had put his cow in the enclosure, he struck her stomach with his cane and enough cattle came out to fill the enclosure with cattle. When the people who had helped him saw this they were amazed. They went and told the chief that a very great man had moved into their midst, because they saw that he was rich.

The son of the thorn tree was happy and became a very good friend of the chief. When the sons of the chief would go to him he would give them gowns. When the wives of the chief would go he would give them beautiful cloths.

After a while the children of the chief and his wives and everybody else began to say that the son of a thorn tree was greater than the chief. When the chief heard this, jealousy began to come up in his heart against the son of a thorn tree. The chief called his servant and told him to go to the son of a thorn tree and tell him that everybody said that he was greater than the chief. "Tell him I said that if he is greater than I am, to go to the palm tree in the middle of the lake and to cut out the heart leaf and bring it to me."

The chief's servant went to the son of a thorn tree and told him what the chief had said. The son of a thorn tree began to cry because he did not know what to do. A crocodile and a monkey heard him crying, and they came running. They said to him, "Why are you crying?" The son said, "Look at that palm tree in the middle of the lake. The chief has told me to cut out the heart leaf and take it to him. I cannot swim and I cannot climb a palm tree." The crocodile said, "I can swim but I cannot climb a palm tree." The monkey said, "I can climb a palm tree but I cannot swim." The crocodile said, "Well, I will swim you over to the palm tree and you climb the tree and cut out the heart leaf."

They went to the edge of the lake and the crocodile swam the monkey over to the palm tree. The monkey climbed the tree and cut out the heart leaf. They took it to the son of a thorn tree, and he sent it to the chief. The chief said, "Ho-ho! the son of a thorn tree is greater than I am."

On another day a poisonous snake bit a daughter of the chief and she died. The chief said, "You say that the son of a thorn tree is greater than I am. Take my dead daughter to him and see if he can raise her up." They took the corpse of the chief's daughter to the son of a thorn tree and said, "Here is the chief's daughter who died. The chief said, 'Take her to the son of a thorn tree and if he is really greater than I am he will raise her up. If he raises her up, she will be his wife without any further ado.'"

The son of a thorn tree cried when he heard this be-

cause he did not know of any medicine which would raise up a dead person. This thing swallowed him completely. After a little while, the poisonous snake which had bitten the chief's daughter appeared and said, "Why are you crying?" "The daughter of the chief has died," said the son of the thorn tree, "and they brought her to me and said that I must raise her up." The poisonous snake said, "This is nothing to cry about. I am able to raise her up." The snake went and got some medicine and told them to put it up her nostrils. They put the medicine up her nostrils and she arose. They took her back to the chief and said, "Here is your daughter alive." The chief said, "It is true, the son of a thorn tree is greater than I am."

One day the chief called his daughter who had married the son of a thorn tree and said, "Do you know where your husband keeps that medicine which will raise the dead?" The daughter answered, "No, I do not know the place, but if I am clever perhaps I can find out." The daughter of the chief made strong beer for her husband. When he drank it he became drunk and lost the proper use of his mind. The chief's daughter said to him, "Husband, husband, where did you put that medicine that will raise up the dead?" He said, "There it is under the roof." The daughter of the chief got it and took it to her father and he sewed it into his headcloth.

At another time a snake bit another daughter of the chief and she died. The chief said, "Take her to the son of a thorn tree and have him raise her up for me." "This is the corpse of the chief's daughter," they said

to the son of a thorn tree, "the chief said that we should bring her here for you to raise up."

Again the son of a thorn tree began to cry. A mouse and a hawk came and said, "Why are you crying?" He answered, "The chief's daughter has died and he has sent her to me to raise up. But the medicine with which I raise the dead, his daughter has taken to her father and her father has it in the cloth which he wears around his head." The mouse said, "I can go and cut the chief's headcloth open and get that medicine. However, I am not a very fast runner and when I come out they may catch me on the way." The hawk said to the mouse, "We will go together. When you have cut open the chief's headcloth and taken the medicine out, I will pick you up, you and the medicine, and bring you to the son of a thorn tree."

The hawk and the mouse went together to the house of the chief. The mouse went into the house and cut the cloth and got the medicine and came out with it. Some men saw him just outside of the door, and said, "Catch that mouse." Quickly the hawk darted down and picked up the mouse, medicine and all. The men said, "A-ha! the hawk will fix him." They did not know that the mouse and the hawk were working together. The hawk flew into the compound of the son of the thorn tree with the mouse and the medicine. The son of the thorn tree put the medicine up the nostrils of the dead daughter of the chief and she arose. They took her back to the chief and said, "Here is your daughter." The chief said, "Well, well, I never saw anybody like that man. He is much

greater than I am. No matter what test I put to him, he gets around it."

The chief tucked under the end of his headcloth which the mouse had cut to get the medicine out. One day he forgot to tuck it under and his wives saw it and said, "Ho-ho! there is a hole in the chief's headcloth." All of his wives left him and went to live with the son of a thorn tree. The chief threw away his chieftainship through jealousy.

THE CLEVERNESS OF THE SQUIRREL

ONE year there was a great famine. When the next planting season came round the elephant and the wart hog and the hyena and the squirrel held a council. They decided to plant a very large farm so as to make sure that they would have enough to eat.

The elephant said, "I will break down the trees and shrubs." The wart hog said, "I will plow the ground." The squirrel said, "I will get the seed." The hyena said, "I will do the planting and hoeing." And they all went away happy.

Soon the elephant was busy breaking down and pulling up trees. The wart hog set to work after him to plow the ground. The squirrel was off for seed.

A woman was buying guinea-corn and beans and peanuts in the market. The squirrel decided to keep his eye on her. When she started home, he ran ahead and pretended to be dead in the road ahead. But the woman said, "If I take the squirrel home, we will eat this guinea-corn more quickly, for when we have meat soup, we always eat lots of mush with it. I will leave him and then our guinea-corn will last longer." So she went by and left the squirrel in the road. As soon as she was out of sight, the squirrel was up and off to try his trick again. This time the woman said, "Here is another squirrel. God has given it to me, so I will take it," and she put the squirrel on top of her load.

When she put her load down to get some leaves for soup, the squirrel made off with all of the guinea-corn, beans and peanuts. When she came back and saw that all of her food was gone, she looked everywhere but she could find nothing but squirrel tracks and they were soon lost on a great rock. Finally, the woman went on home crying. The squirrel brought the seeds to the hyena who set to work to plant them. Soon everything was up. All through the summer the hyena tended the farm with care. When fall came, all came to help gather in the crop. They dug the peanuts and picked the beans and cut the guinea-corn and put them in three granaries. The peanut granary, the guinea-corn granary and the bean granary was each separate.

All were happy as they closed the large granaries of provisions. The squirrel suggested that he had a word to say if they wanted to hear it. "Let us hear what it is." "I think it would be best for us not to eat any of this food now. This is the time of year when food is easy to get in the woods. If each of us go off now and get our own food, then when food is hard to find, we can come and eat this. When the first thunder is heard let us return here, for then food will be more difficult to find." They all agreed that this was wise and each chose the direction which he wanted to go. The elephant went north, the wart hog east, the hyena south and the squirrel west.

The squirrel, however, did not go far. He hid himself in a large deserted ant-hill. When he was sure the others were well away, he began to take the beans and the guinea-corn and the peanuts out of the granaries

and put them in his ant-hill home. When he had taken all of the peanuts out of the peanut granary, he put hog manure in it. In the bean granary, he put hyena manure and in the guinea-corn granary he put elephant manure.

After some months, the thunder came and all hurried back to their granaries. As they reached the place where they had left their crops, they were panting and dripping wet with sweat. The squirrel fell into a water hole on the way and when they saw him, they said, "My! you must have come very far to be so wet with sweat."

The elephant asked the wart hog to get out some peanuts for them. But when the wart hog opened the granary, there were no peanuts left. Only hog manure in the bottom of the granary. He did not know what to do or say for there was his manure where the peanuts had been. Then the elephant said, "Hyena, get us some beans." When the hyena had opened the bean granary, there were no beans left, only hyena manure in the bottom of the granary. The elephant became angry and tore open the guinea-corn granary, but to his dismay, it was half full of his own manure.

Immediately the squirrel was suspected but no one mentioned his name lest he flee and escape. The elephant turned to the hyena and said, "You are the fellow that did this." While the elephant pretended to be catching the hyena who denied knowing anything about the loss, the elephant caught the squirrel. "I know your cleverness; you are the fellow that did this dirty work," he trumpeted in his rage.

Off the three went to roast the rascal. The squirrel said nothing until they came to the shade of a big tree under which they planned to roast him. "If you are going to roast me," said the squirrel, "wait a minute until I can climb this tree and get you some wood." Hardly had the squirrel climbed the tree when a shrill whistle was heard. The squirrel had quickly cut a whistle from a branch and was blowing it with all his might. The elephant whispered to his friends, "Be still and listen." The squirrel promptly gave another loud blast. "What is that?" urged the elephant. "The chief's men are on a hunt," said the squirrel. "They want a hyena skin and the tusks from an elephant and a wild hog." "Let's run," said the uneasy elephant. With one bound, the squirrel landed safely in the ear of the elephant and they were off. They ran and ran. Finally, the great elephant became very weary and with a big sigh said, "I'm tired." "Even I, who have been riding here in your ear, am very tired, let alone you who have been running for both of us," squeaked the squirrel. "But this is no place to rest," said the elephant, so off they went again.

Before they had gone far, the elephant fell dead with a crash. The squirrel crawled spryly out of the dead elephant's ear and started for the village to get men to come and skin the elephant. On the way, the squirrel saw a dead pigeon. The pigeon's head was cut off and placed on a stump and the squirrel hastened on his way. Under the shadow of a tree near the road, the squirrel saw a hyena weaving a grass mat.

"Cousin, may I take a nap on your mat please?"

said the squirrel, as he stretched his tired self and went to sleep. When he got awake, he jumped up excitedly and said, "I have just had a dream. I dreamed that I found the head of a pigeon on a stump, but you, cousin, I dreamed that you found something big." The hyena said, "Are you sure? Lie down and sleep and dream good for us."

The squirrel slept and dreamed the same dream over again. They were soon up and off. Before they had gone far the squirrel squeaked, "There is my pigeon head just as I dreamed." "Why, cousin," said the hyena, "you are straight." The pigeon was divided and quickly eaten so that they could get on. A little way ahead, the hyena saw the dead body of the elephant, and with a yelp leaped on to it and said, "Cousin, I have found something big indeed." They both set to skinning as fast as they could. They had hardly started, when they heard footsteps and voices. To their dismay, the mother's two baby elephants were following her tracks. Even baby elephants were not to be played with so the squirrel and the hyena needed to find a place to hide quick. The squirrel said, "I will go into the stomach of this carcass." But the hyena said, "Are your hips larger than mine? I am going into the stomach." In a moment the hyena was safely inside the stomach and the squirrel inside the bladder. All was as quiet as death.

Up came the young elephants and with a great trumpet, they began to mourn. After a few minutes of counsel, they decided to carry the corpse home. They cut out the bladder, not knowing that the squir-

rel was inside of it and threw it into the grass. Immediately the squirrel began to cut thatching grass and cried out, "Oh! who poured water on me?" The sad baby elephants looked up and said, "We are sorry, friend. We did not know that you were there." Then the squirrel came nearer the corpse and said, "What has happened to my aunt?" "We don't know," moaned the elephants. "If you will get me some guinea-corn and some water," said the squirrel, "I can tell you what has killed her." Guinea-corn and water were brought and the guinea-corn was put into the water and stirred about. After having watched it carefully for several minutes, the squirrel said, "The thing that killed your mother is in her stomach. Get large clubs and beat her stomach."

Clubs were brought and the shouting and beating began. The hyena cried out, "I did not kill her alone; it was the squirrel and I." But the squirrel kept up the crying and shouting, "Beat! beat! shut that mouth," until the hyena was dead. When the voice was still, the children picked up the mother's body and started off. The squirrel politely suggested that if they wanted him to he would bury his aunt's head at his house. But he really wanted to cook it and eat it. The head was left to the squirrel and he took it home. As soon as he arrived home, he put the head in a great stone boiling pot and put it on the fire.

As the squirrel left for the crying at the home of the elephants, he told his children to watch the fire. "If the fire goes out come and tell me that 'the grass is finished before the horse,'" he said. Then he was

CLEVERNESS OF THE SQUIRREL 223

off to the crying. After a little, the fire went out and the squirrel's son went and told him, "The grass is finished before the horse." Mr. Squirrel left the crying and went home to build more fire under the pot and then returned to the crying. When the elephant head was well done, the son of the squirrel hurried to the crying place and said to his father in great glee, "The head of your aunt is well boiled." The young elephants heard and quickly asked, "What, are you boiling our mother's head? Catch him!" And after him they went. Down the road, another squirrel was busy weaving cloth. "Run," shouted the fleeing squirrel, and the squirrel who had been quietly weaving a moment before was now bounding down the road with the elephants after him. The rogue squirrel had slipped into the weaving stand and was passed without a suspicion. The foolish squirrel was caught by the elephants and the clever squirrel went free.

