TO MY GRANDMOTHER
ANNE MARIA FITZ PATRICK MAXEY
IN LOVING REMEM-
BRANCE

Legends of Kan-Yuk-Sa

THE RED PATRIOTS OF KAN-YUK-SA

Once the fearless red men wandered
O'er Kan-yuk-sa, bold and free,
Built their wigwams of palmetto,
'Neath the sturdy live oak tree.

From the dark lagoon they carried
Logs of cypress, clean and strong,
Made canoes, that swiftly glided
O'er the rivers, deep and long.

Gave the war cry fierce and chilling,
To the false, encroaching bands,
Gave the death chant weird and thrilling
As they fought for home and lands.

But the strength of the invader
Vanquished soon the patriots bold,
And the smoke of burning wigwams.
Of the cruel conqueror told.

Brave men fell; their sons are hiding
Far in deep and friendly shades,
Safe on secret isles abiding,
In the lonely Everglades.

Now when dusk is gently falling
'Round the camp fire's ruddy blaze,
Reverently an ancient red-man,
Tells the legends of old days.

Once again the battle rages,
  Once again the war cry rings;
Waking echoes from the ages
  When these banished men were kings.

Sighing pines repeat the story,
  Ever moans the ocean wave
Dirges, for the vanished glory,
  Requiems, for the fallen brave.

FOREWORD

PRINCE Lo-ko-see and Princess O-so-waw lived in Florida long before the white men came. Towns and cities stand where the wigwams of their people once stood, and on their hunting grounds are farms, orange groves and orchards.

The white men who came to live in Florida were not kind to the Indians. They took the land that the red men loved and told them that they must go away; but the Indians would not leave the country. They said: "You shall not drive us out; the Great Spirit gave this land to us and to our children; we will die first." There were many disputes and cruel wars. The Indians fought bravely for their homes, but at last they were conquered by the white men and most of them were driven away.

Some of these brave children of Florida refused to leave their beloved country. They went far to the south and hid in a dense swamp called the Everglades. They have lived there ever since. They still cling to the rites, ceremonies and traditions of their forefathers and have little to do with their white neighbors. They say: "Paleface has a forked tongue; we do not trust him."

Legends of Kan-Yuk-Sa

CHAPTER I

THE MESSENGER BOY AND THE INVITATION

Like the rush of the wind from the storm clouds in summer,
Like the fall of a star, comes the brave Indian runner.
Like the swift forest deer comes the Muscogee boy;
But no foe does he herald, his message is joy.

ONE bright summer day, long ago, two little Indian children, Lo-ko-see and O-so-waw* were playing a game. They called it a dance game. It was great fun. They had spread a stiff dried deer-skin upon the ground and on it they had set spinning ten of the strangest of tops. These tops were made of grass roots, hard and round. The children had pushed sharp sticks through the roots and by a quick twirl between the palms of the hands they sent the queer toys spinning over the deer skin. Up and down and around they went, faster and faster, to the delight of the

* Lo-ko-see, Black Bear.
O-so-waw, Bird.

children, who, with skillful touch, started each top again on its wild dance whenever it seemed to tire.

So absorbed were they in their game they did not notice the approach of a boy, who with steps almost as swift as a deer, came running up to them. "Lo-ko-see! O-so-waw!" he cried to the startled children. "The message is here. See that it goes to the western villages before the sun sets. I go on to those of the north."

Without stopping for breath, he threw among the dancing toys a bundle of small twigs tied with a strong twine made from the fiber of the palmetto. Then he hurried on into the swamp where he was soon hidden by the dense underbrush.

With cries of delight Lo-ko-see seized the bundle of twigs and with O-so-waw close be-

hind him, rushed to the village with the message.

They saw their father, Ka-tca-la-ni,* the great Muscogee chief, standing near his lodge. His face upturned to the sky, he was watching a flock of crows that were flying slowly toward the west. He knew the sign, and as the children came up to him, he pointed to the birds and said, "They have a message for Hi-yote-lock-o. He shines like a silver bow to-night, far down in the western sky."

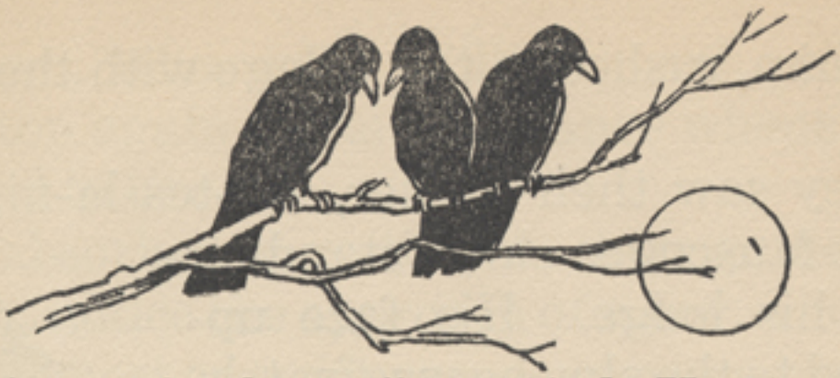
"Great is the wisdom of my father," said Lo-ko-see. "Can he tell what message the birds are taking Hi-yote-lock-o?"

"They bear tidings of a great harvest, my son," answered the chief.

"How does my father know that the birds speak truly?" asked little O-so-waw.

"When great flocks of noisy corn birds fly in orderly ranks across the noonday sky to greet the first moon of the new year, it is ever

* Ka-tca-la-ni, Yellow Tiger.



the sign of plenty," replied Ka-tca-la-ni. "Should the crop be scanty, the birds fly at dawn. Should it fail, they fly not at all. From the beginning it has been so ordered."

"Then the noisy birds are calling 'Corn, corn, much corn!' " said O-so-waw.

"Yes, that is the message our brothers of the air are sending down to us, Little One," said the chief, "tonight, they will tell it to Hi-yote-lock-o."

"I, too, have tidings, Father," announced Lo-ko-see, proudly, and he held up the bundle of sticks. "Ya-ho-le,* passed with the birds. The wise Ones have sent the call. It must reach the western villages before the sun sets."

Taking the bundle from the boy, the chief untied the string, then slowly and carefully, he laid the sticks upon the ground, side by side, and counted them. There were fifteen of them, and this is what they said, "In fifteen

* Ya-ho-le, The Boy.

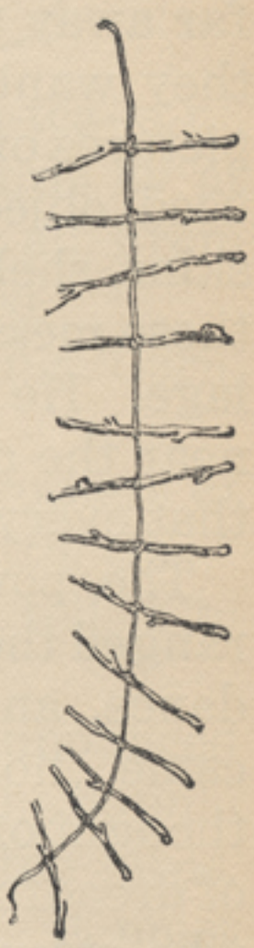
days the green corn festival begins. Make ready, oh ye people, for the feast of thanksgiving!"

This was the way the Indians of those far, far away times wrote to each other. When they wanted to send messages, they made pictures on smooth bark or deer skin, or they used objects, like feathers, arrows, snake skins, shells and sticks. Swift runners took these messages to the chief or ruler of a village. He read the notices and posted them near the council house or royal wigwam, so that every one might read them.

The powerful medicine men always arranged the time and place for the green corn dance, and when the imperative summons came, no able-bodied, loyal Indian ever thought of disobeying it. These wise men told of dreadful things that might happen to those who stayed away from the sacred festival, and the people were really afraid of them. But the Indians, as a rule, wanted to attend this feast, they enjoyed going, and there was always a great crowd.

Now, Ka-tca-li-ni knew that many of the villagers had heard the cawing of the crows and the joyful cries of Lo-ko-see and O-so-

waw. They would know what the commotion meant, for the call was not unexpected. Even the children would soon be coming to read the invitation, so of course the sticks could not remain upon the ground to be tramped upon, broken and lost. But the chief knew how to take care of them. He gave Lo-ko-see a long, strong piece of twine, and told him to make a loop in one end of it. In the loop one of the twigs was inserted; the boy gave the twine a quick pull and the twig was made fast. Another loop four inches from the first was made and another twig securely fastened. In this way the fifteen twigs were attached to the twine and the summons, now ready for posting, was suspended from the limb of a great live oak tree.



This done, the chief, with his sharp flint hunting knife, cut from the tree fifteen twigs of equal length and tied them with the same twine that had held the other bundle of twigs together. Then putting his right hand over his lips he made a sound like the cry of

the gray crane. In answer to this cry, a slim boy came running to the chief. Placing the bundle of twigs in the boy's hands, Ka-tca-la-ni pointed first to the sky and then to the west saying, "Follow the heralds of the air, my son, and may the joy of the message give speed to thy flying feet."

With a graceful motion, the runner gave the Indian sign of reverence and submission and darted away upon his errand.

Before the boy was out of sight the villagers came trouping to the royal wigwam. The chief pointed to the row of twigs and said in solemn tones, "See, the call is here, my people; with glad and thankful hearts prepare for the feast of thanksgiving."

CHAPTER II

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FESTIVAL

O-SO-WAW'S SONG

Here are beads, pretty beads, like the tints of the rainbow,
And beads, pretty beads, like the blue of the sky.
Here are beads like the jasmine bells, fragrant and yellow,
And beads like the wings of the gay butterfly.

Here are pearls, lovely strands, to adorn my proud mother;
They show gleaming lights, like the still moon-lit sea.
Here are beads, red, red rubies, dear gifts from my father,
Each bead is a token, a love-thought for me.

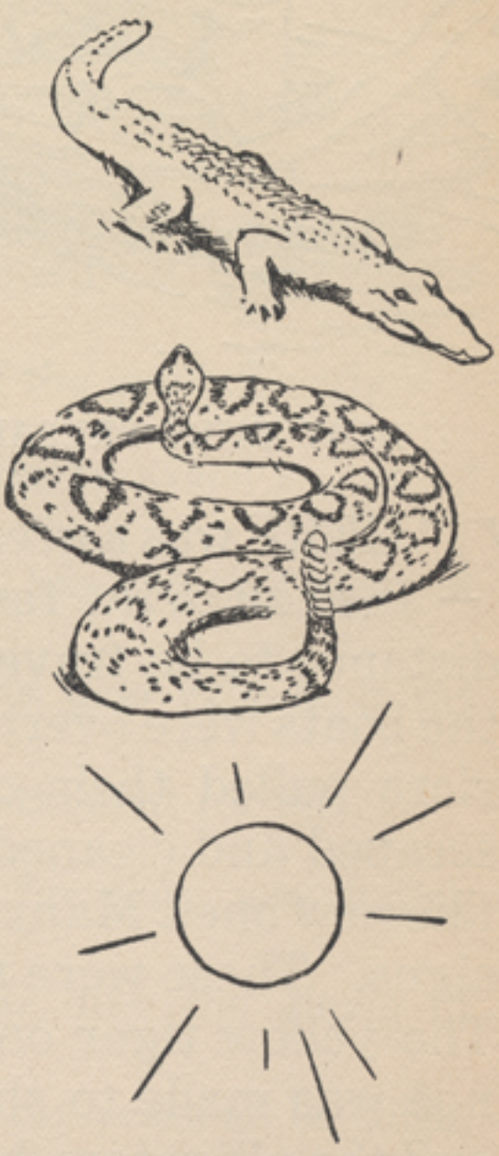
Here are beads, tiny beads, for thee, wee Indian maiden.
They shine, sparkling, clear, like the gleam of bright dew.
With love fond and true, shall thy years all be laden,
For beads bring good luck, and good fortune to you.

HOW THEY PREPARED FOR THE FESTIVAL

THERE was a great stir in the village after the call to the festival came. Most of the distance to be traveled was by water, so all the boats were overhauled. Braves and warriors pulled their canoes up on the bank, scraped and cleaned them, until they looked like new ones. Many of the canoes bore tribal signs. These were repainted in vivid colors. The yellow tiger on Ka-tca-la-ni's swift canoe was made to shine like burnished gold, and the alligators, bears, otters, snakes, suns and moons on the other boats displayed equal magnificence. Balls, bows, arrows and spears, for the festival games, were then placed in

the canoes and of course the great peace pipe was not forgotten.

The large boats that were to carry the women and children were also renovated. The barge in which the princess, O-so-waw's mother, and her family were to travel, was made beautiful and comfortable with soft mats, rugs of deer skin and lovely furs. Then some of the women brought baskets and great earthen jars filled with good things to eat. These, with sofka pots and other vessels used for cooking, were placed in the barges.



The baskets were made of grass, reeds, palmetto leaves and swamp cane. Beautifully colored designs were woven in the mats and baskets, and many of the jars were exquisitely decorated.

As the work on barges and canoes progressed, the squaw mothers got ready the

clothes that would be needed at the festival. For the great ladies there were robes of dressed deer skin as soft as velvet, embroidered in rich colors. From bear grass and palmetto fiber a light fabric was woven. Pretty tunics and robes with artistic designs painted upon them were fashioned from this material.

The Indian women of that day wore long skirts that fell to the feet. Over this skirt was worn a tunic or mantle fastened on the shoulder with an ornament of gold, silver or shell. Their moccasins were of deer skin, beautifully embroidered.

The chief and the medicine men wore ceremonial robes of dressed deer skin with strange mystic figures painted upon them.

With the royal apparel there were beautiful cloaks made from the feathers of wild birds. They were of wonderful coloring and design. It took months, sometimes years, to make one of these cloaks, and they were

handed down from one generation to another.

For this joyful occasion, warriors and braves laid aside their weapons and war regalia. They wore short skirts of fringed grass cloth or deer skin, but no tunic covered their strong, muscular bodies. The girls dressed like their mothers, and the little boys wore nothing at all but a string of beads.

The women and girls wore beads, too, many strings of them. Like the wonderful feather cloaks, they represented ancestral glory and no Indian woman or girl would think of going to a festival without her beads. *The number of strings she wore indicated the rank and wealth of her husband or father. The Seminole women of today still keep this strange custom.

Just before the call to the corn dance came, a little papoose in the village had had her first birthday and her first beads. On the string there was a large red bead called a life bead. Every year after that the child would receive a string of beads; red, blue and yellow, sometimes all colors combined, but the life bead was always larger and prettier than the others. O-so-waw had many beads;

* Minnie Moore Wilson.

some were birthday presents from her father and mother. Often the little girl received these necklaces as rewards for good behavior and for duties faithfully performed.

Princess Mo-ki, O-so-waw's grandmother, went to the festival, too,—everyone did. But Grandmother Mo-ki wore only one string of beads, though once she had owned hundreds. The beads on this string were life beads and there were over a hundred of them, because she was a very old squaw. At middle age Mo-ki began to lay aside her beads, one string at a time, always keeping the life beads. When all the strings had been put away or given away, Grandmother made a necklace of the life beads. This necklace she wore as long as she lived. By and by when Mo-ki had grown very tired, the Great Spirit called her to the beautiful rainbow home where the withered flowers and dead birds go to be made beautiful again, and where the sick Indians grow well. Mo-ki's people buried the life beads with her. "She will need them in the Spirit World," they said.

Some of the necklaces were made of beautiful shells, some of seeds, and some of small colored stones. O-so-waw's mother, It-ski, had strings of milk-white pearls and when

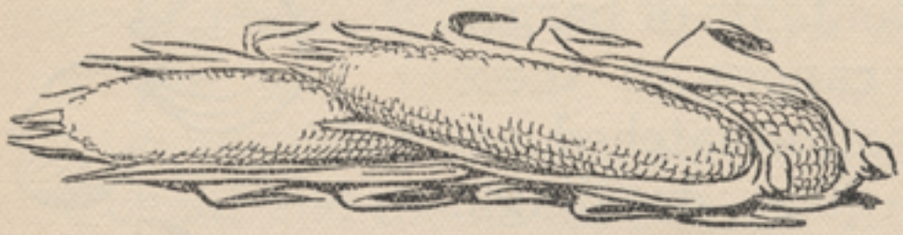
they were making ready for the great festival It-ski gave her little daughter one of these pearl necklaces.

All through the busy days this little Indian maiden had been a great help to her mother. She made the moccasins that her father, mother and brother wore to the corn dance. They were of soft deer skin, beautifully beaded. The work was hard for tiny fingers, and the little girl's play time had been given to this labor of love.

CHAPTER III

THE FESTIVAL

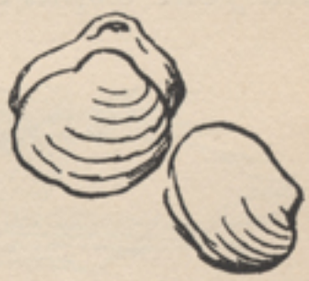
The festal days come, they call to the faithful,
Come, come, ye brave people with hearts that are grateful.
The young ears are filling their sheaths of bright green,
Far down in the west the young corn moon is seen,
The new year comes on with the days of tomorrow,
The old year departs, with all malice and sorrow.



NOW the twine still hung from the live oak tree, but some of the sticks were missing, for every morning at sunrise the chief took one off and threw it away. On the fifteenth day all were gone and the waiting barges and canoes, filled with Indian braves, squaws and papooses, were pushed off from the shore and paddled down the stream to the place where the dance was to be held. The distance was not great and the journey was soon ended. As the boats containing Ka-tca-la-ni's

people came toward the landing place, glad and happy greetings were called to them by friends and relatives who had already reached the festival grounds.

Not far from the river, upon a hill shaded by great oaks, stood the camping place that had been set apart for the great chief and his followers. Under the beautiful trees, temporary wigwams had been constructed and they stood, row after row, all ready for their distinguished guests. Willing hands and willing feet soon transferred the contents of barges and canoes to these palmetto-thatched, arbor - like, dwellings; and in a short time everything was in order.



At noon tom-toms called the people to the place where the medicine men were camped, and the ceremony began by drinking the black draught, a medicine made from herbs. It did not taste good at

all, and it made every one ill, too, for a time; but Lo-ko-see and O-so-waw, with their father and mother and all the other Indians were obliged to drink it, because long, long ago, a wise medicine man told the Indians that if they did not take the draught before the corn dance began, they would be very ill some time during the year. Then, too, it would not be safe to eat of the green corn of the feast. The grains would turn to little wasps after it was eaten and the little wasps would sting and sting. So the children did as they were bidden. While the Indians were drinking the bad tasting, bad smelling draught, the medicine men began the sacred medicine chant and the dance began. It did not last very long, however, for no one felt like dancing, and in a short time they all went to their temporary lodges to sleep.

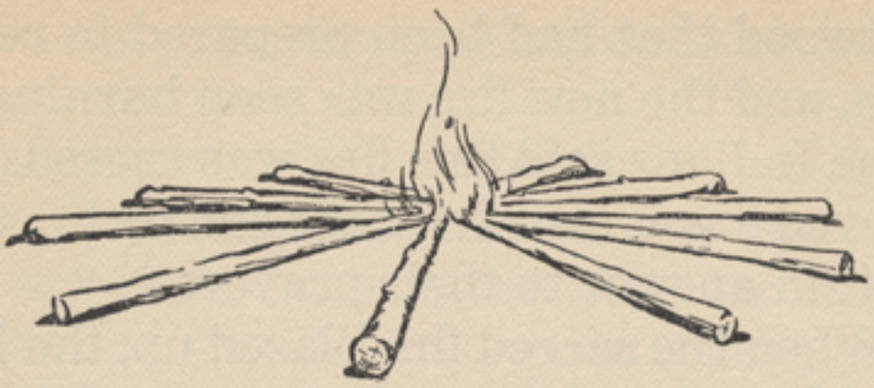
The day following, the Indians fasted, but the next day was one of great feasting and fun.

The young men set up targets and sent their flint-tipped arrows flying true to the mark, time after time. Then there were foot-races and a game, not unlike our game of tennis, for it was played with a racket and ball. The little boys had bows and arrows,

and they, also, shot at targets. They had ball games and ran races, too; so did the girls for they were as fleet-footed as their brothers and had the same wonderful sight and hearing. The little papooses played with their toys or went visiting with their mothers.

After the games came the feast. Green corn was served, of course, roasted and boiled. Then they had clams, crabs, fish, fresh and dried, shrimp, roasted wild turkey, savory stew made of venison, wild ducks and vegetables; the stew was called sofka. There were pumpkins, squashes and potatoes, and biscuits made of sweet potatoes and coontie-flour and for dessert they had watermelons, plums, huckleberries, blackberries, wild grapes and delicious wild honey and nuts. You see, Kan-yuk-sa was a land of plenty, as well as a land of great beauty. Do you wonder that the Indians loved it?

The Green Corn Dance was the beginning of the New Year. Then all the old fires were put out; not a spark was allowed to re-



main. The ashes of the dead fire were scattered far and wide, and as they were carried away by the wandering winds, hate, malice and grief vanished with them.

The new fire was made by the Medicine Men, who were really Indian priests, and the strange ceremony was most impressive.

A broad, grassy plain was selected, in the midst of which the Medicine Men formed a circle. The oldest of those men stood in the center of this circle, tom-toms sounded, then as tribe after tribe of Indians gathered about the priests, a slow, low prayer to the Sun God was chanted. As the last weird note died away, the chief priest, with uplifted arms, began the invocation for the sacred spark. During the long oration, the other priests vigorously rubbed pieces of dry wood or sticks together until they became very hot, and after much tiresome rubbing, the wood began to smoke. Sparks fell on some dry moss and fat

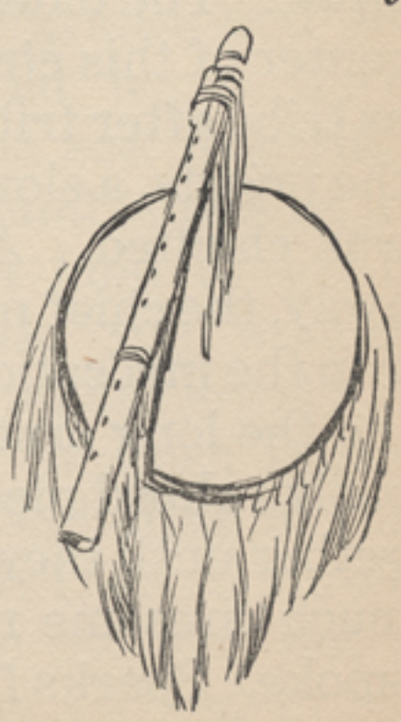
lightwood that had been prepared to receive them, and the new fire was soon burning.

The Indians said this fire was sacred. They believed it was sent from the sun by the Great Spirit in answer to their prayers.

* When the sacred fire blazed up, the Medicine Men placed in a circle around it, long logs of wood arranged like the spokes of a wheel. The logs were pushed toward the center fire as the ends burned away.

The Indians believed that the new fire brought health and happiness to the tribes that were at peace, but to those who were discontented or malicious, it brought misfortune and sorrow.

Happily, on this new year, all was harmony and, as the great warriors gathered around the new fire, the chief of one tribe presented a lighted torch to the chief of another tribe and received one in exchange.



O-so-waw's father was the chief of the great Muscogees. He gave the new fire to a brother chief. This

* Bureau of Ethnology.

ceremony over, the singing and dancing began.

Lo-ko-see and his companions, resembling little brown goblins, danced with the braves and warriors, hour after hour, around the sacred fire, and the little girls, quaint images of their mothers, danced too, their tiny feet bravely keeping time to the wild, wierd music of tom-toms and flutes.

The sun went down, the full moon came up; still the dance went on. No one seemed to tire. Many of the squaws and all the braves, danced until the sun arose the next morning, but O-so-waw and the rest of the little girls fell asleep long before midnight.

CHAPTER IV

AN INDIAN CORN MILL

See, paleface, the trunk of a sturdy oak tree,
Is grinding corn kernels to bits, small and wee,
It's making white corn-meal, so fine and so sweet,
For corn-bread, so good, that a papoose should eat.

My chief made the mill, I'm his daughter, you see,
And grinding corn flour, is great fun to me.
The pounding's not hard for a strong forest maid,
And it's joy to be out in the still forest glade.

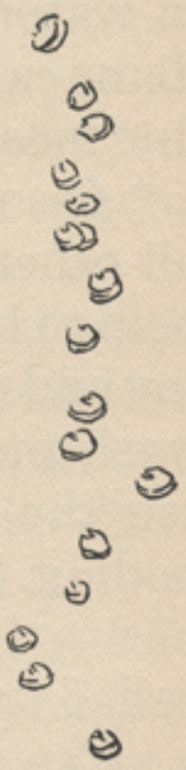
And now for the name of these objects so queer,
A mortar and pestle, we call them, my dear.
The pestle is hickory, the mortar oak wood,
They're made by the red man to grind his corn food.

WITH the rising sun the dancing ceased and preparations for the homeward journey began. Camping outfits were deftly stored in the waiting canoes, and in the boats that were to carry the great chiefs, earthen vessels, containing living coals from

the sacred flame were placed. The new camp fires were to be lighted from these sacred embers, when the tribes reached their villages.

When all was ready, farewells were said and good wishes for the new year echoed across the water, as boat after boat paddled swiftly away over the dancing blue waves to the distant island homes.

Not all of the green corn was eaten at the festival. Some of it was brought home, dried and stored away for future use.



Near O-so-waw's wigwam stood the mill in which the dried corn was ground when it was needed for food. It was a queer looking thing, not really a mill at all, but a very large oak log, about two feet high and nearly twenty inches in diameter.* It stood upright. The lower end had been made very smooth and flat, so that the log would rest firmly on the ground. The upper end had been hollowed out for quite a depth and the depression had been scraped and polished until it looked like the inside of a large shiny bowl, though it was much deeper than a bowl.

By the side of the log stood a queer looking

* Bureau of Ethnology.

club, not unlike a baseball bat. It had a long pointed handle and the broad end was thick and very heavy. The hard grains of corn were put into the deep oaken bowl and pounded with this heavy club until they were crushed into a kind of flour, some of it very coarse, some quite fine. The coarse meal was boiled in water until it became very soft. The Indians called it hominy. It was good food. The fine meal was made into corn bread.

* O-so-waw liked to grind the corn. Like all other little Indian girls, she was a great help to her mother. She could cook the hominy and mix the cornmeal for bread; she could wash and pound the coontie root and she could stir the stew in the great kettle while it was boiling. She used a large spoon or ladel, made of wood and strangely carved. The Indians called the soup, sofka, and the spoon is called a sofka spoon. Every cut in the wood tells a story, but only the members of the tribe know what the queer marks mean. Perhaps O-so-waw got her history lessons from the signs on the sofka spoon.

The Indian women valued this spoon highly and it could never be taken from the camp without the consent of the squaws.

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* Bureau of Ethnology.

O-so-waw's mother belonged to the Muscogee tribe and the bowl of her sofka spoon was deep and round like a large cup. The bowl of the Tequsta sofka spoon was long and thin. Both of these spoons were very useful and very pretty, but of course O-so-waw liked hers better than any of the others. She liked to help with the work, too. It made her very happy when her mother smiled and said, "Well done, little bird."

There was plenty of time for play after the work was finished. O-so-waw had a doll made of wood. Her mother had dressed it and her grandfather had painted a face on it. O-so-waw thought the doll a beauty.

The children in O-so-waw's village had many pastimes. Sometimes they would sit around a small piece of ground and stick blades of grass all over its carefully smoothed surface; they called it a cornfield. They built little palmetto lodges for their dolls and called them camps. While the girls were having the kind of fun girls like, Lo-ko-see and his boy companions were having great times too. They would take their bows and arrows and go out into the forest and kill birds, and

when they came back they would say they had been turkey hunting. The boys and girls had fine sport playing together. Leap frog and hide and seek were their favorite games.

CHAPTER V

THE COONTIE BLOOMS

"The coontie blooms to-day," they say,
I cannot stay, I must not play.
With my mother I haste away
Before the dawn of the morning.

"Oh, ho! oh, ho! through dark lagoon,
Past forests dim and lone sea dune
We will hasten away, for soon,
The golden sun will be rising.

PREPARING THE COONTIE

ONE day Its-ki, O-so-waw's mother, called the children to her. "We are going camping," she said. "We shall be gone several weeks."

"Are we going to get sugar cane?" asked Lo-ko-see.

"No," said their mother, "this is not the moon for sugar cane. We are going to gather coontie roots, and the things that we shall need while we are away must be put in the canoe to-night, for tomorrow we must be off before the sun comes up.

"Fill these yellow jars with grits, O-so-waw,

and put corn meal in the red ones. That large basket is for the sweet potatoes and the jug of wild honey must not be forgotten. I will get the sofka pot and some venison and vegetables. Lo-ko-see must get the hoes, sharpen the knives and hatchets and see that the canoe is quite dry before the mats and rugs are put aboard."

"I shall take my bow and arrows, and my ball and racket," said Lo-ko-see, "and my sister will want her doll."

"Take bows and arrows, my son, we may need game for stew," said Mother Its-ki, "but dolls and balls must be left behind. We must bring home flour enough to last until the coontie blooms again. Are my children afraid of the hard work that is before us?"

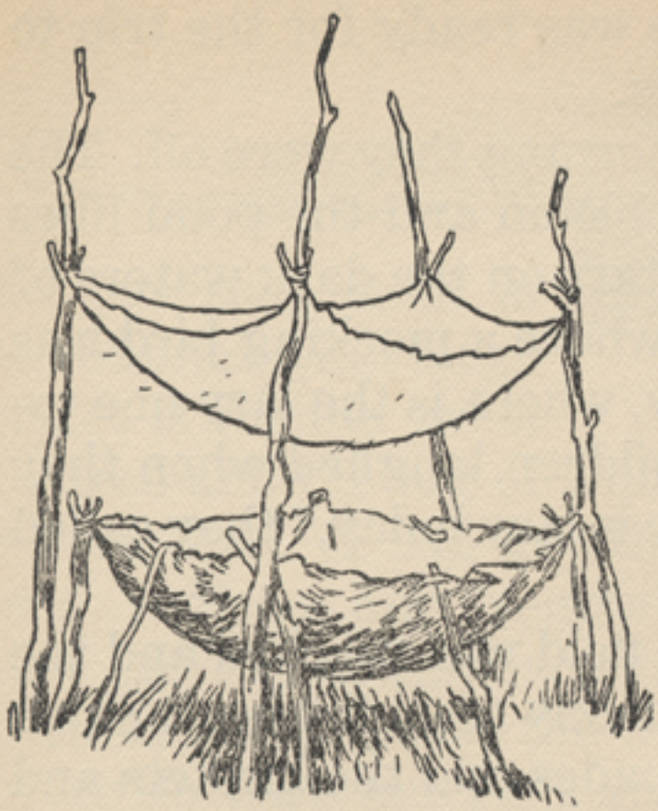
"Indeed we are not, mother," answered both children at once. "We like to make the coontie flour, it is great fun."

The children played no more that afternoon. Their willing feet ran to and fro and

by night the canoe was ready for the trip to the coontie grounds.

Early the next morning they were off. The blue flags were in bloom and the pond lilies looked like silver stars on the dark waters of the lagoon. Somewhere a mocking bird was calling, "Lazy, lazy, where is the lazy one today?" How the children laughed when they heard him. "No one is lazy today," they called back to him.

Soon the coontie field was reached and the children jumped quickly from the boat. Stone knives, hoes and spades and the baskets and jars that contained food were taken out. They were placed in little palmetto shelters that the chief had built for them some days before. When everything was out of the canoe it was fastened securely and everyone hurried to the coontie fields. How lovely they were! The long fern-like leaves of the wonderful bread plant glistened in the golden sunshine, and tucked away in the center of



the soft feathery leaves were the brown seed cones full of bright red seeds. And the red seeds made beautiful necklaces. But that for which they had come lay hidden under the glistening leaves and brown seed cones in the black earth.

Lo-ko-see, O-so-waw and their mother were soon busy with hoes and knives, digging for coontie roots. *As soon as the roots were taken from the ground the earth was washed from them and they were laid in heaps near the coontie log.

The coontie log was the trunk of a large pine tree. It did not stand upright like the corn mill log, but lay lengthwise on the ground like a lazy old alligator. A number of holes had been cut, side by side, in this log.

A squaw stood by each hole and, as the

* Bureau of Ethnology.

children chopped the coontie roots into small pieces, the squaws filled the holes with them. Then using strong blunt pieces of wood, they pounded and pounded until the bits of roots were almost pounded to pieces. The crushed roots were then taken from the holes and placed in bark trays. The children took the trays to the creek and poured clean, cool water over them. This wet pulp was placed in a large dripping bowl made of palmetto fiber and the starchy water drained slowly into a deer hide suspended below the dripping bowl. When all the starch was washed from the crushed roots, they were thrown away.

The water that dripped from the queer strainer into the deer skin was full of starch that had been pounded out of the coontie roots. It settled in the bottom of the deer skin and after a few days nearly all of the water evaporated. Then the children helped the squaws spread the damp starch upon the palmetto leaves to dry. When it was quite dry it was packed in grass baskets that the

squaws had made, to be taken home and stored away for future use. That night the children's mother made some bread with the coontie flour. It was good bread and they had some of the wild honey to eat with it.

CHAPTER VI

THE CYCLONE DEMON

THE Indians say that a fierce storm demon sleeps beneath the deep waters of the western sea.* For months, and sometimes years, he rests quietly in his bed, then, suddenly he wakes, cruel and angry. He turns and twists on his couch and in his fury lashes the dancing blue waves above him into huge gray billows; then up from his den he rises, over the land he rushes in a mad dance of destruction and when at last he tires of his revels, back to his lair he dashes and sleeps again.

One night not long after the visit to the coontie fields, this storm demon really did awake. As he rushed over the land, his howling voice brought terror to the bravest hearts.

Into the great council house of the tribe came the people, and there, all through the dreadful night they crouched about a flickering fire and waited with anxious hearts for the morning. As the angry waters of creek

* Gulf of Mexico

and river roared by their home, the watchers wondered if the rising flood would cover the land and sweep away wigwams and storehouses, but morning came at last and the weary vigil ended.

As the faint gray light crept across the eastern horizon, the chief arose and scanned the sky. "We are safe, my people," he said, "the demon passes to the north, but our brothers who dwell beyond this sheltered spot are in his wicked path. Ere night wraps her dark blanket about this woeful day, sad tidings will come to us."

And the chief spoke truly. Before the day was half over, runners came into the camp with distressing news of disaster and suffering. "Our ruin is complete," said the messengers to the chief. "The demon has destroyed wigwams and storehouses and the last grain of seed corn has been swept into the sea. There will be no harvest and no festival when the new year comes."

"I am bowed to the earth because of your affliction, my brothers," said the chief to the runners, "but take heart; all is not lost. There is food and shelter here for you tonight. In the morning, return to your people, rebuild your wigwams and light again your camp

fires. You shall have corn for seed and meal and flour for bread. While I have a measure of food in my camp, my children shall not starve."

The weary men, comforted by the promise of their chief, went over to the campfire where many of the villagers had gathered to hear what tidings the runners had brought. Again the men told of the havoc wrought by the terrible storm. "Nothing is left us," they said; "even the coontie fields are flooded; but for the bounty of our chief we must starve."

"Coontie fields are never flooded," said the chief who had joined the excited group. "The Great Spirit hath willed it so, and that you may know the reason, I shall now speak." A silence fell upon the circle about the fire as the chief in eloquent words related the strange wonder story of the bread plant.

CHAPTER VII

PART I

THE LEGEND OF THE COONTIE PLANT

THOUSANDS of years ago, when all things were new, great forests of coontie palms grew upon the earth. They were giant trees then and their verdant tops seemed very near the blue sky. The long, fern-like leaves, gently waving in the soft, warm air, gave shade and shelter to those who dwelt beneath them. But time ever brings changes to the earth and its people, and after many peaceful ages, other trees came into the coontie forest. They grew strong and became bold. "Make way for us and our children," they said to the palms.

"Why should the first inhabitants of the earth make way for usurpers?" replied the coontie trees. "For countless ages we have held the land; we will not move."

Then a mighty struggle began, but the invaders were victorious and the coontie palms were driven out of their country to a desolate place of rocky hills and desert sands. In this strange, far away land, the old trees drooped

like captive children. As the years passed, they decreased in stature and in time became small, dwindling, fern-like plants.

But the Great One, who rules the restless sea and sets the shining stars upon their pathless way, had planned an endless life of service for the lonely exiles. "Live," said the Spirit of Wisdom. "In days to come I shall have need of thee." The command of the Great One was obeyed. Through years of ceaseless toil, from rocks and sands that seemed dry and barren, the delving roots found bountiful supplies of food. Life came back to the drooping palms. Springing strong and fair from the fast spreading roots, feathery plumes of everlasting green made beautiful, frowning rocks and dreary wastes. But as forest kings, their day was done. The ancient palms never attained their great heights again. For this they felt no sorrow. Gladly they grew and thrived in their lowly state and waited for the call. And then one day, from unknown regions, a bird of rare and beautiful plumage winged its swift way across the fields of everlasting green, and soft as the echo from the forest pines came the call, "A hungry nation asks for bread; 'tis thine to give. Come, I have need of thee."

PART II

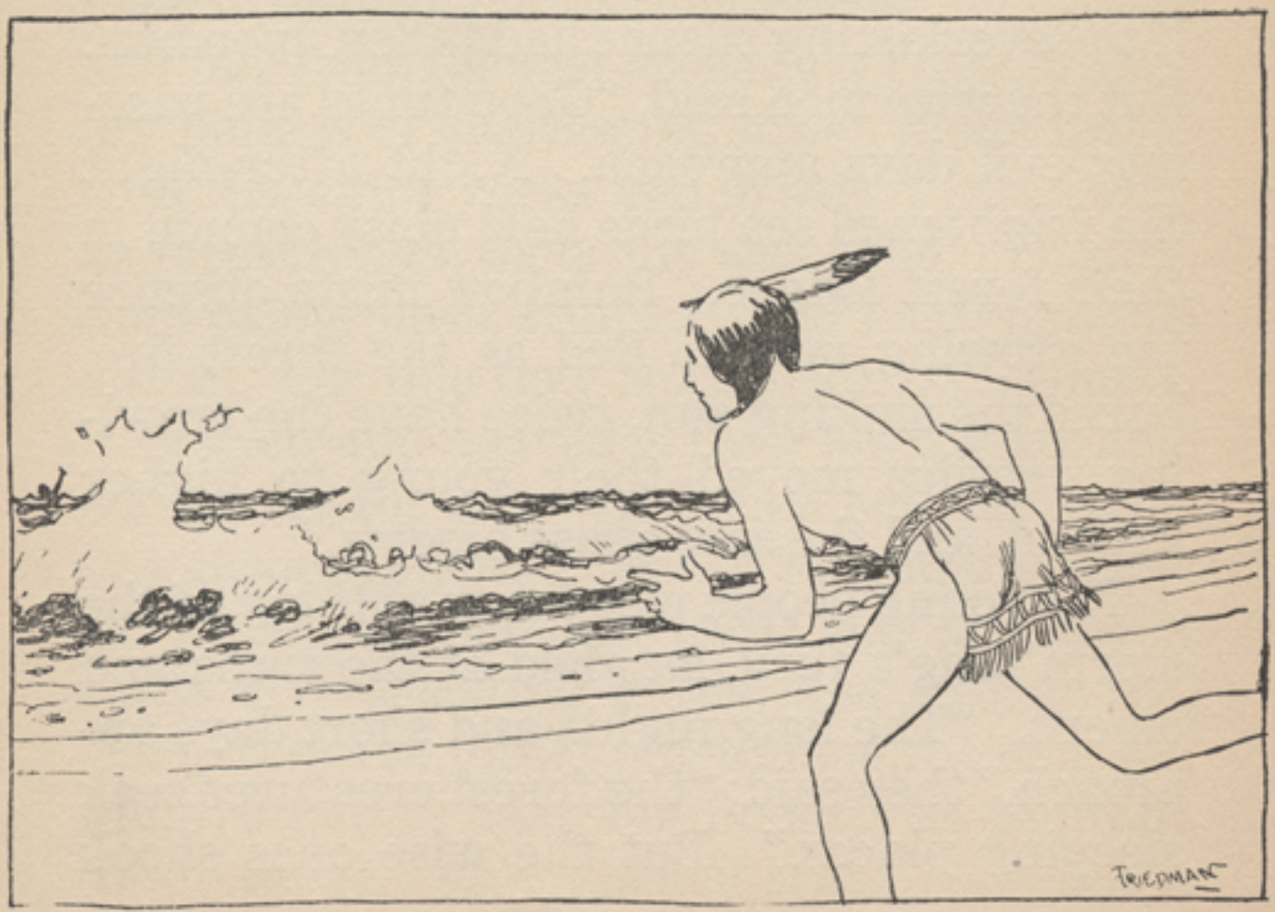
HOW IT CAME

Basking in golden sunshine and fanned by the gentle south wind, lay the lovely country of Kan-yuk-sa. Delicious fruits grew on vines and trees and the savory sofka stood ever ready for the brave hunters when at night they came into the camp, tired and hungry after a successful day's chase. Under the rule of the wise Tus-co-na, days of peace and safety had come to the nation. Even the storm demon had called a truce and slept as if the everlasting silence had fallen upon him. But the wise men said, "Good times are passing; evil days approach. Night after night the frightened sea birds hold noisy council in their forest lodges. Rainbow mists obscure the growing moon. Red as the forest fire, burns the sinking sun, twice have the crawling reptiles moved their young to higher ground, and the saw grass blooms."

The young people who knew nothing of the storm king's fury, laughed at the signs and omens. "The long nights and short days approach," they said; "the forest creatures seek sleeping places." But the wise ones shook

their heads and said in solemn tones, "The storm king wakes; with the full moon he will be upon us."

Alas! it was so. As the pale, mist-covered moon rose above the whispering pines, like a roaring beast the demon came. Wigwams that stood in his path he destroyed and storehouses containing food for the nation were swept away. Hour after hour he raged and stormed, then at last, tired of his revels and eager for another long sleep, down into the sea plunged the fiend, utterly heedless of the misery he had left behind him.



Then came the peace of evening. The golden arrows of the setting sun drove far away the clouds that still hung in the western sky and from the shadowy depths of a live oak tree, a brave little mocking bird sang "good night" to the torn and weary land. But the song of the bird brought no cheer to Chief Tus-co-na as, with bowed head and aching heart he sat alone beside his ruined wigwam and thought of the days to come.

The work of rescue was over and his brave followers were even now planning for tomorrow. He could hear their voices in the distance as they called their families around them and prepared temporary shelters for the night. The loyal people had not forgotten their leader. Under a torn and broken tree, a bed of moss had been made and a fire burned with flickering flame beneath a sofka pot that contained a scanty supply of broth. "Hours of toil and danger have wearied thee," said the men as they bade Tus-co-na good night. "Forget thy grief. Hope comes with the dawn. Rest, and may peace attend thy slumber."

But there was no rest for Tus-co-na. Sleep, the healer of anguish, had flown far away, and though for hours he had fasted, he felt no hunger. "Alas, alas!" he cried, "tonight

my subjects, worn and faint, will sleep as warriors sleep after fierce conflicts. But on the morrow, refreshed and strong, they will ask for bread, and I, their chief and leader, shall have no bread to give them. Gaunt famine is on the way to Kan-yuk-sa; my people must starve."

As he sat musing alone in the fading light, a cry for help came from the sea. His name was called again and again. Tus-co-na sprang to his feet. With eagle eyes he scanned the sea and sky. "I must have dreamed," he thought. "No mortal could live amid that racing tide." But the cry came again and this time, far out in the tossing waters, he saw an object rising and falling on the angry waves.

The mantle of weariness fell from the shoulders of Tus-co-na. Down the beach he ran, into the surf he sprang and with strong, swift strokes, reached the struggling figure that still called for help. Back to the land he started, but the tide was against him and the burden he carried grew heavier and heavier. Bravely he fought against the buffeting waves and at last, spent and weary, reached the shore. Upon the sand he laid the cold, wet form and knelt beside it.

What had he brought from the sea? Who had called to him from the deep? Was he really dreaming, after all? Prone upon the sand, feeble and gasping for breath, lay an old, old brave. "Who were his people?" "How came he in the sea?" wondered Tus-co-na as he tenderly chafed the stiff, cold limbs of the stranger. "The flickering spark of life has burned itself away," thought the young chief as the eyes of the old brave closed wearily. "I work in vain."

"Not so, my son," said the old warrior to the startled Tus-co-na. "I still live. Take me to thy dwelling; tomorrow I may be strong enough to continue my journey," "Alas! Father; the storm king hath ravaged my land," said Tus-co-na. "He hath taken even the seed corn left for the spring planting. Tomorrow my people must starve. My dwelling now is but a rude shelter beneath uprooted trees. However, it will serve for the night. Come, all that I have is thine." He took the

old man in his arms and carried him to the camp. There he laid him upon the bed of moss and gave him the broth that still simmered in the sofka pot. Soon the old man fell asleep and sleep came also to the weary Tus-co-na.

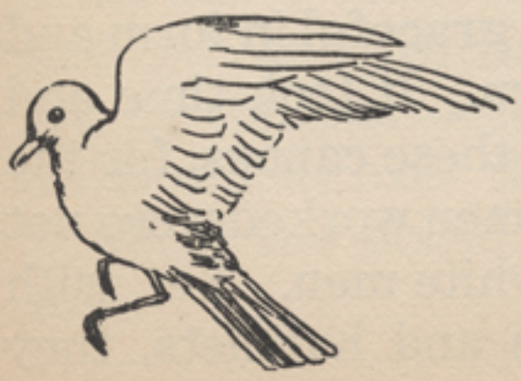
PART III
THE MESSENGER

As the light of a new day came slowly from the east, the young chief awoke. He remembered his guest and turned to see how he fared. The moss bed was empty. The old man had gone. But a young and vigorous warrior stood beside the ruined wigwam. He seemed a wondrous being, one not of earth. He was clothed in buckskin, brown and soft as the underlining of a magnolia leaf. His moccasins were also of the brown buckskin, beautifully embroidered with crimson beads; so were his belt and tunic. Upon his head was a crown of soft green plumes and the brown band that held them in place was embroidered with the same shining, crimson beads.

"I am he whom you rescued," said the young brave. "Last night when my cry for help rang over the sea, though weary and spent, you battled with the raging waves that

I might live. Suffering the pangs of hunger, you gave the last morsel of food in your camp to an old and helpless stranger. Well hast thou stood the test. Fear not for the future, Tus-co-na. I come from the Great Spirit, bearing the gift of kings. I have bread for thy people. The supply shall never fail. Upon barren sands and in the frowning rocks I have set the coontie plant. See, its feathery leaves have made beautiful the storm-swept land. Fire cannot harm it nor shall destroying waters ever reach the land upon which it grows. Dig beneath the waving plumes. The strong, brown roots are great storehouses. In them you will find bread for the nation."

As he spoke, the form of the young brave gradually changed to that of a strange and wonderful bird. With outstretched wings he hovered a moment above the camp. Then, straight toward the western sea he flew, calling as he passed, "I go as I came, Tus-co-na. Farewell, brave chief." And soon the flying spirit was lost in the misty distance where the sea and sky meet.



CHAPTER VIII

LO-KO-SEE'S BOAT

Build a boat and set me free,
For I long to sail the sea.

Like swift rivers resting never,
I would glide along forever.

From the trunk of cypress tree
Hew a swift canoe for me.

Shape the bow to cleave the wave,
Like a sea-bird, strong and brave.

Build the boat and set me free,
For I long to sail the sea.

TIME passed quickly to these happy children. Lo-ko-see was getting to be a tall boy, and he wanted a canoe of his own. His father said he would help him make one.

The Kan-yuk-sa Indians made their boats from the trunks of cypress trees. They were usually fifteen feet long, graceful in form and pointed at bow and stern. It took time and patience to make one of these canoes, for the tools with which the red men worked were not at all like those of the white men. Yet, with their crude flint knives and hatchets, they

hewed wonderful crafts from the great cypress logs.

You see, boats were an absolute necessity to these people. Great seas ebbed and flowed around three sides of their country and the interior abounded in lakes and rivers. They wanted to explore these waters, so with their home-made tools they fashioned barks of strength and swiftness, and in them sailed the mysterious ocean or paddled in silent contentment over the gently flowing rivers or about the placid lakes of their beautiful land.

Like their parents, the children loved the water. Early in life they became expert swimmers, and every boy impatiently awaited the time when he should become the proud possessor of a canoe.

We can easily see why the people of the pointed land were skillful boat-builders and fearless navigators.

The morning after Lo-ko-see had made known his desire for a boat, his father said, "Today, my son, we will go into the cypress swamp and seek a suitable tree for your canoe. Bring hatchets, knives and dry lightwood sticks, and make haste, for there is heavy work before us."

You may be sure Lo-ko-see lost no time getting together the things his father had asked for, and soon they were on the way. A short walk brought them to the lagoon where grew the cypress trees. They towered on every hand, straight and tall, from the still, clear, brown water.

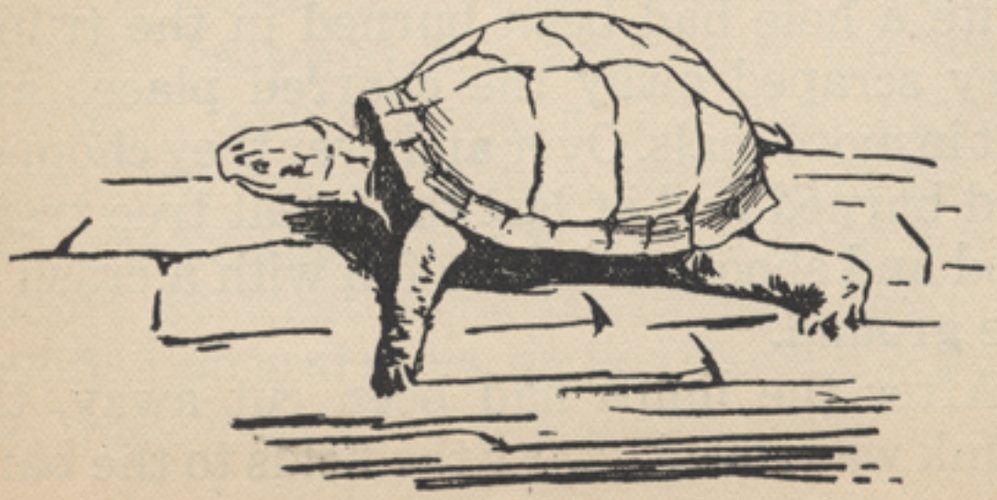
As Lo-ko-see and his father moved through the forest, black and brown turtles slipped from the logs upon which they had been sunning themselves, and dived to safety. Great alligators basking on sandy banks, wagged their heads from side to side, snapped their

cruel jaws, and, roaring defiance to the intruders, crawled sullenly to their dens under the cypress roots. But the boy and his father paid no attention to the diving turtles or wrathy alligators, so intent were they in their quest for perfect timber.

From tree to tree they walked, Lo-ko-see silent and alert, watching with admiring eyes the chief, as, with keen intuition he measured the height of the trees or tested their soundness with his stone hatchet. After what seemed to the eager boy a long time, Ka-tca-la-ni stopped beside a tree of great size, exclaiming, "Good! we have found one at last."

"So we have, Father!" cried the delighted boy. "It is perfect. See how tall and straight it stands, and how smooth and round the trunk is! I shall have a wonderful boat."

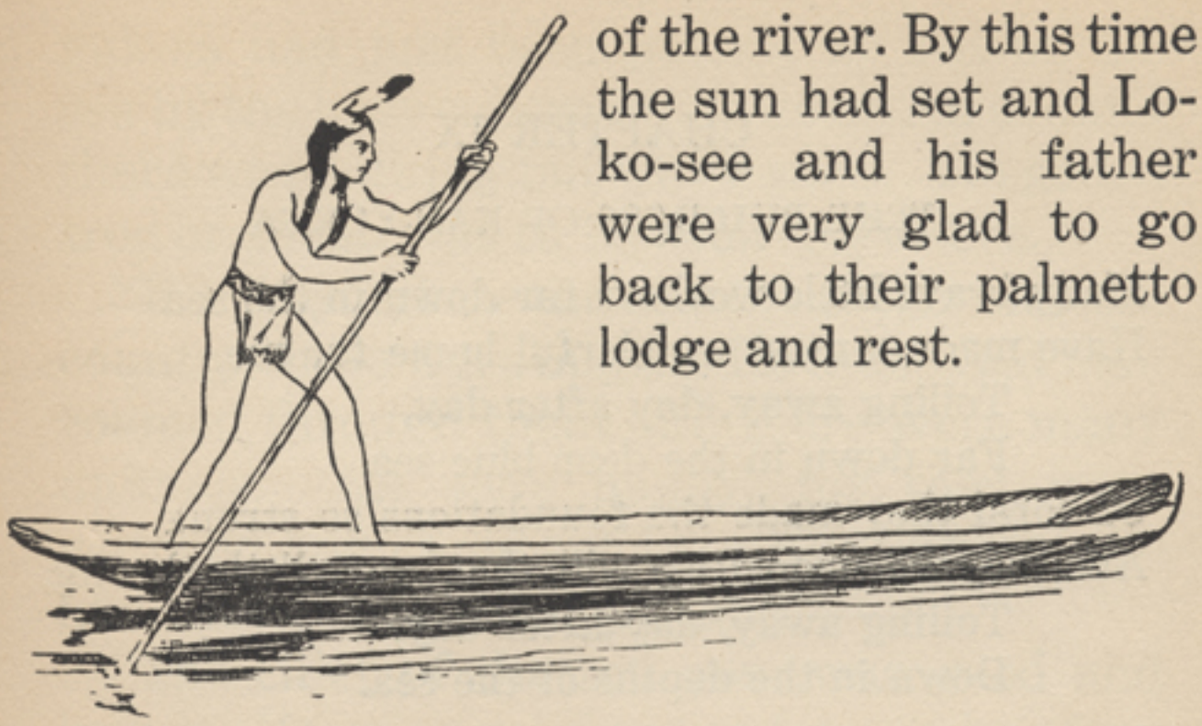
"In time, my son, in time," said the father. "There is yet much to do, and much that you



must learn, before your canoe is launched. We must first cut down the tree."

With his sharp flint hunting knife Lo-ko-see's father made a deep incision around the trunk of the tree, just above the roots; with his stone hatchet he chopped still deeper into the trunk on one side of the tree. Then with dead branches and the dry lightwood sticks they made a fire and when the fire died down to a bed of hot coals they put some of the live coals into the deep hole they had cut on the side of the tree. With palmetto leaves they fanned the coals to keep them alive, and when quite a hole had been burned in the trunk, they scraped away the charred places and put in more coals. Over and over they chopped and burned and at last the great tree trembled and shook and then fell with a crash to the ground.

After the limbs had been cut away, the trunk was rolled across the fields to the bank



of the river. By this time the sun had set and Lo-ko-see and his father were very glad to go back to their palmetto lodge and rest.

The next morning they began to make the canoe. Stern and bow were made sharp and very smooth; then the sides were carefully shaped. Slowly and patiently they worked, cutting and scraping until the outside of the boat was completed, then they began on the inside. With their knives and hatchets they dug deep into the wood. Into this hole they put live coals, then they scraped away the charred part and dug again into the wood. For days they worked in this way, digging, smoothing and polishing, but at last the canoe was finished. And what a beauty it was! Before he went home that night Lo-ko-see paddled several miles up and down the water like a sea-gull. How proud and happy he was!

CHAPTER IX

*THE BUILDERS OF KAN-YUK-SA

Many brave little workers far down in the sea
Have made a most wonderful home for me,
Toiling away, day after day,
Far down in the deep blue sea.
Of coral they made the foundations so strong,
And they worked with a will, that brave little throng,
Toiling away, day after day,
Down in the depths of the sea.

Long ages and ages they worked, I've heard say,
Till their castle arose from the sea one bright day.
Then the workers hastened away,
Back to the depths of the sea.
And many more castles they're building today,
Those magical toilers, who work without pay,
Toiling away, toiling away,
Down in the depths of the sea.

WHERE KAN-YUK-SA CAME FROM AND HOW IT WAS MADE BEAUTIFUL

"WHERE did the trees come from?" asked Lo-ko-see of his father that night, as they sat around the camp fire.

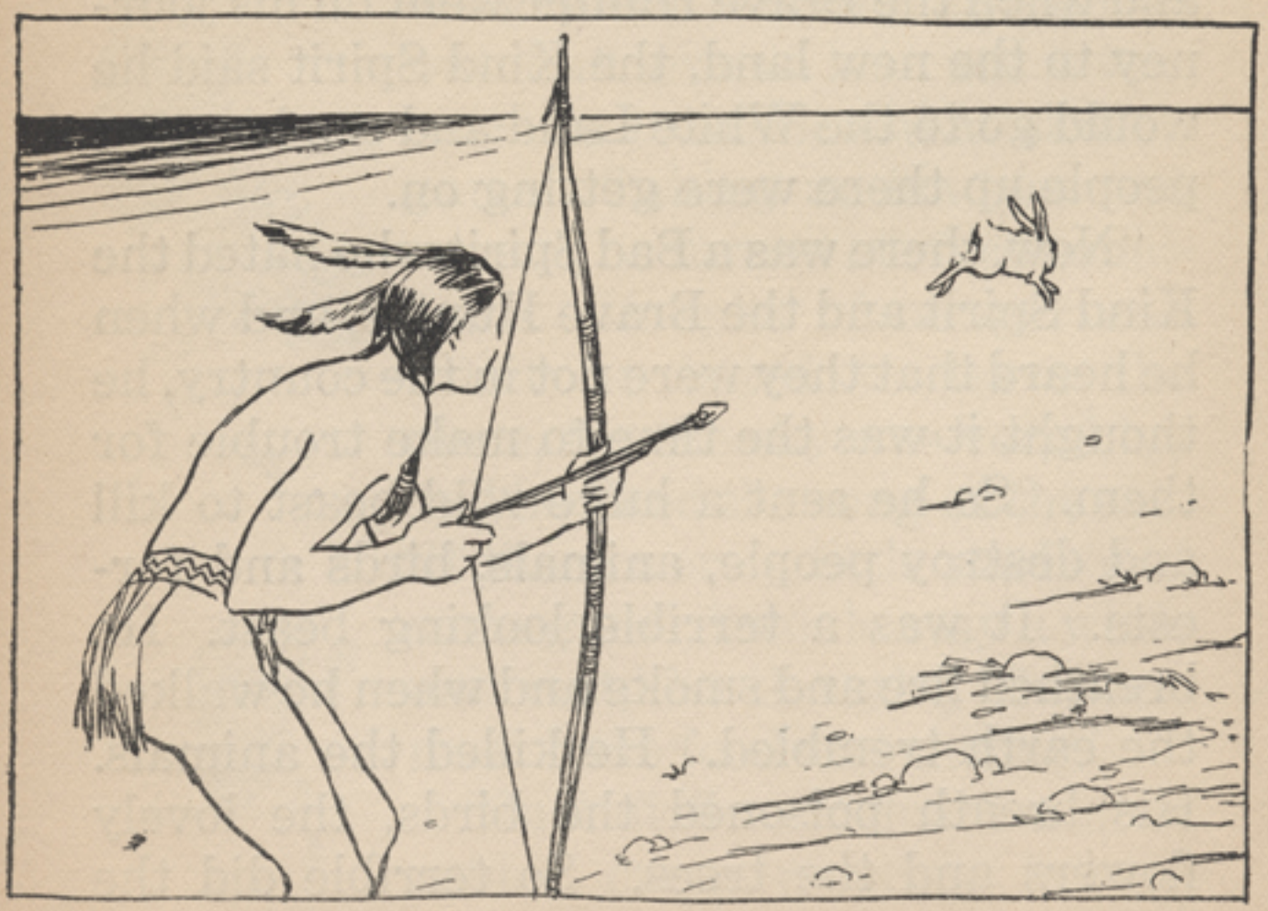
"It was long ago," said the Chief, "Kan-

* I-kan-a, ground; I-yuk-sa, point; I-yuk-sa, point of land.—Bureau of Ethnology.

yuk-sa had just been pushed up out of the sea by the busy toilers of the deep. All around there was nothing but white sand. No green tree or shrub was to be seen anywhere.

"Far beyond to the north in the old, old country there were mighty forests. Red men roamed through them and there were many animals. All were happy, for they were watched and cared for by a Kind Spirit who had charge of the happy land.

"The chief of the red men was good and brave. He was a mighty hunter and he often



went far from home in quest of food for his people.

"One day the Brave Hunter heard of the sandy country that had been pushed up from the bed of the ocean. He wanted to see it. Taking his bow and arrow he set out alone to find the wonder land. After many days and nights he reached Kan-yuk-sa, just as the sun was setting. He was very tired after his long journey and soon fell asleep.

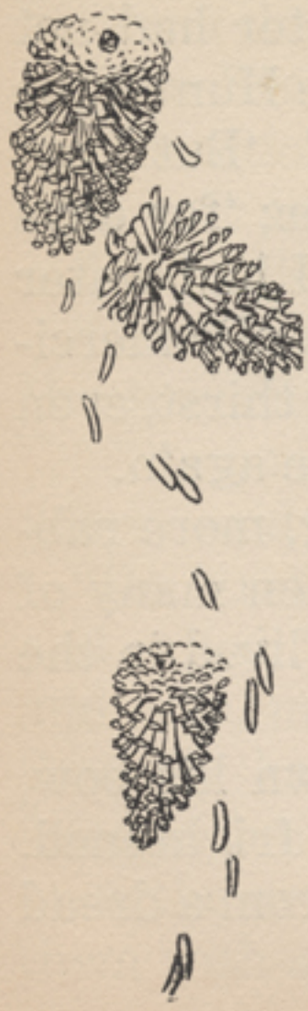
"The Kind Spirit was a great traveler, too. He ruled the White Country far to the north, and when the Brave Hunter went on his journey to the new land, the Kind Spirit said he would go to the White Land and see how the people up there were getting on.

"Now, there was a Bad Spirit who hated the Kind Spirit and the Brave Hunter, and when he heard that they were not in the country, he thought it was the time to make trouble for them. So he sent a huge wild beast to kill and destroy people, animals, birds and forests. It was a terrible looking beast. He breathed fire and smoke and when he walked the earth trembled. He killed the animals. His breath poisoned the birds, the lovely flowers and the trees. So terrible did the

beast become that the men, the animals and the birds still alive, fled the country.

"The Indians went north and west to build their wigwams where the beast could not find them. But the animals and birds were so wild with fright they did not know where to go nor what to do, but ran here and there in frantic haste, trying to escape the beast.

"Now, the Brave Hunter slept long and well in the strange barren land. But by and by the sun came up and his burning rays made him very uncomfortable. He awoke hungry and thirsty. There was water all around him, but it was too salty to drink and he saw no game. Taking up his bow and arrows, he turned his face homeward. In spite of hunger and thirst he hated to leave the place, for the sky was very blue and he liked the song of the sea. 'If there were a little shade and some game, I would stay a while and rest,' he thought, 'But one must have food and shelter.'



"Just at that moment a little rabbit came running toward him. The Brave Hunter raised

his bow and arrow, but he did not let the arrow fly from the bow, for a voice called to him, 'Be merciful, Brave Hunter, spare the little rabbit.' It was the voice of the Kind Spirit. He had heard of the terrible beast and had hastened back to give help to his people. But he was too late; the land was desolate, the people gone. Far in the distance he saw the fleeing animals. He had followed this little rabbit, hoping to overtake it and quiet its fears, but terror had lent it wings and he could not make it stop.

"Fearing that the Brave Hunter had not heard him, he cried again, 'Brave Hunter, be merciful, spare the little rabbit.' 'But I am starving,' cried the Brave Hunter; 'for days I have eaten nothing, nor have I had water to drink. Why should I not kill?' 'Be merciful and you shall never hunger or thirst, even in this barren land,' said the voice again.

"Now, while they were talking, more rabbits came, then squirrels, and then many of the other animals that had once lived in the Happy Land.

"The Brave Hunter threw down his bow, for he saw that the animals were frightened. 'Why do they come as if fleeing from a dread enemy?' he asked.

" 'They fly from the most dreadful monster that ever walked the earth,' said the Kind Spirit, and he told the hunter all that had happened to their beloved country while they were away. Just at that moment the monster came in sight.

"Dropping on one knee the Brave Hunter took aim. This time the arrow flew true and swift to its mark. It struck the cruel beast between the eyes and it fell, dead.

"The Brave Hunter then turned again in the direction of his home, but the sand was very soft and he made little headway.

" 'Why do you go?' asked the Kind Spirit.

" 'I am hungry and thirsty,' said the Brave Hunter, 'and there is no shade.'

" 'Stay, my son, food, water and shade are yours,' said the Kind Spirit; 'they come.'

"He stretched his arms toward the north and called, 'Come, children of the mountains and hills, make shade for this barren land.' Scarcely had he spoken when the air was filled with little brown seed wings. They fell upon the ground and the ocean winds covered them with soft white sand. In a short time,

forests of pine were growing everywhere. The ocean winds taught their song to the pines and they sing it to this day.

"The hunter was pleased and said so. But the Kind Spirit said, 'Wait, my son; I have just begun. Because you have been kind to my people, they shall be kind to you.' Then he called, 'Come, ye hunted ones, bring homes and food for yourselves and your children.'

"In answer to his call the squirrels came and planted forests of oak and many nut trees. The rabbits brought grasses, the birds brought fruits of all kinds and the mocking bird brought the orange tree. But after the bird planted it he flew away. 'I will come again some day,' he said, 'bringing other gifts.'

"Kan-yuk-sa was now very beautiful; but the Brave Hunter, the birds, beasts and even the forests, were thirsty. 'Give us water,' they cried, 'and we shall ask for nothing more.'

"The Kind Spirit raised his hands toward the sky. This time he called to the sun. 'Give water to my children, oh, Great Father,' said he, 'they thirst.' The sun called down to the

ocean, 'Send water to the children of Kan-yuk-sa, they thirst.'

" 'I will gladly help the land that was once mine,' said the ocean, and she tossed up to the sun thousands of tiny water drops. The winds that play in the sky caught the little drops and rolled them into soft, white clouds, then they pushed them over Kan-yuk-sa and dropped them all over the land.

"The big, round clouds made lakes, the narrow clouds made rivers. There were so many clouds and they came so fast, some of them could not get out of the way. As they fell, they were pushed by the other clouds far down into the ground. They wandered around for many days trying to get out. After a while they managed to push themselves up to the surface of the earth, but they never got any farther, though they are still trying. They are the beautiful springs of our country.

"The Brave Hunter now liked Kan-yuk-sa better than ever and began to thank the Kind Spirit for all that he had done, but the Kind Spirit said again, 'Wait, my son, I have not quite finished.'

"Then he called, 'Slow one of the earth, and bright one of the air, bring your gifts to this beautiful land.' In answer to this call the al-

ligator came. He crawled down to a pond and hid in the mud. Soon afterward tall cypress trees appeared. By this time the alligators were so thick the cypress trees did not have any room to stretch their roots, so they pushed them up out of the water, and when the alligators crawled out on the banks to bask in the sun, they pushed them down again. This is why the ponds and lagoons are so full of tall cypress roots.

"Then the mocking bird came again. He brought the magnolia and the palmetto and sang to the Brave Hunter while he built his lodge.

" 'The country is perfect now,' said the Brave Hunter. 'I shall not leave it.' 'I shall remain, too,' said the Kind Spirit. The birds and animals stayed also. But the Brave Hunter could never tame them. They will always be wild, for to this day they fear the cruel beast."

CHAPTER X

THE WIGWAM

This is my wigwam
  Made of trees,
All sides are open
  To catch the breeze.

The palmetto tall,
  Makes posts and beams,
And through my home
  Bright sunshine gleams.

We have no door,
  We need no latch;
Our roof is a green
  Palmetto thatch.

Come, little Paleface,
  Come and see
How happy an Indian
  Child can be.

THE WONDERFUL PALM TREE

MANY, many moons ago, when the mocking bird brought the palmetto tree to Kan-yuk-sa, he told the people it would furnish almost everything they needed.

"Will it furnish medicine for the sick?" a wise man asked.

"Yes," said the mocking bird, "the ripe berries drive away sick demons."

"Will it give food to my people?" asked the chief.

"It will give food, shelter and clothing," answered the bird.

"How shall we know that thy words are true?" inquired a wise man.

"Knowledge will come," replied the bird. "The feathered tribes make their homes beneath the broad leaves of the palmetto. Is

the wisdom of the forest people less than that of the birds?"

"What the palm gives my brothers of the air, that shall it give my people," said the chief. "Their wisdom is great, but in the days to come, mine shall be greater."

"Knowledge and understanding come only to those who seek," replied the bird as he flew to his nest.

The palmetto tree flourished in the land of Kan-yuk-sa, and the red men learned many of its uses. From its tree trunks they made the frames and platforms of their wigwams. With the leaves they made a thatch, durable and rainproof. Between the leaf stems and the trunk of the tree there is a tough, brown fiber. With this fiber the red men made twine and rope of great strength. A kind of grass called "bear grass," mixed with the brown fiber, produced a strong cloth, from which the squaws made beautiful garments. The new growth at the top of the tree is very palatable; it tastes something like chestnuts. The Indians became very fond of it. They ate it cooked or raw.

There is nectar in the fragrant white palmetto blossoms. Buzz-buzz, the bees, made delicious honey of it, but no one knew where

they hid it. One day Indian hunters found a hive full of this palmetto honey in a hollow tree. They ate some of it and exclaimed, "Good, good, it is sweet, it is wholesome! Let us take some of it to our little ones."

"That you shall not," buzzed the angry bees, and they flew in swarms about the intruders. One angry bee stung a medicine man right on the end of his nose.

"We mean no harm," cried the surprised Indians.

"Keep away, then," said the infuriated bees as they buzzed and stung.

The hunters were determined to have some of the honey, so from a safe distance they tried to make peace with the bees.

"Why are you angry, Buzz-Buzz?" they asked. "Why do you drive us away?"

"We drive away all robbers," answered the bees.

"You are the robbers," said an old squaw. "You steal all the nectar you want from our palm-tree blossoms. The palmetto belongs to the red men, you know that."

"The trees may be yours," said the bees, "but the blossoms are ours. They provide food for our little ones."

"And all we ask is a little food for our dear

ones," exclaimed the chief. "What we take from your great store-house will never be missed. Come, let us fill our jars in peace. We are friends, not enemies."

"We do not trust you," buzzed the irate bees.

"But we must have some of your honey, Buzz-Buzz," pleaded the Indians.

"Take it when we are sleeping then, Beggars!" was the angry answer.

"You never sleep, Buzz-Buzz," replied the disappointed people.

"There is a way to put us to sleep, friends," hummed a fierce old bee, "but you will never find it."

"We will find a way, Buzz-Buzz," laughed the wise men. "We always do." And they did! They discovered that a weird chant droned by the medicine men and a dense smoke from green palmetto leaves would send the bees to dream-land in a very short time. So ever after, when honey was wanted, a

palmetto *smudge was made near the bee tree, and as the wind wafted the smoke toward the bee hive, the medicine men chanted these mystic words:

CHANT

See the green smoke creep, creep, creep,
Buzz-Buzz, Buzz-Buzz, sleep, sleep, sleep.
Fold your wings and hide your stings,
'Neath your shining, gauzy wings.
The sweet honey that you make,
To our dear ones we shall take,
You'll not miss it when you wake,
Busy, busy, Buzz-Buzz.

When the honey jars were all filled, these words were chanted to wake the bees:

CHANT

We have now the food we need,
Wake, Buzz-Buzz, away we speed.
From your dreams of blossoms rare,
Wake and fly to nectar rare,
Palm trees wait in white array,
Wake up, Buzz-Buzz, haste away,
Buzz-Buzz, sleep no more today,
Wake up, Wake up, Buzz-Buzz.

So you see that what the mocking bird told the red men about the palmetto, was really true. It did furnish almost everything they needed. What a wonderful gift it was to the inhabitants of Kan-yuk-sa!

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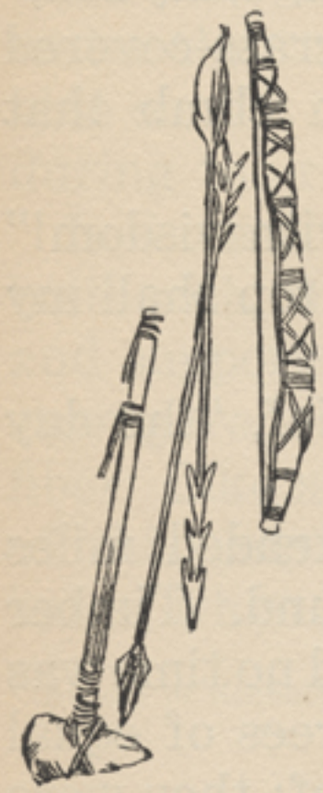
* Smudge, dense smoke.

How Lo-ko-see did enjoy the honey harvests! He learned the songs of enchantment and intoned them with the medicine men. This pleased the wise old Indians; they said, "The son of Yellow Tiger will make a great chief some day. We must teach him more of our magic arts." When they went on important missions they took the boy with them; and sometimes they admitted him to their secret councils and taught him the meaning of their sacred rites.



Lo-ko-see's father taught him many things, also. "Secrets of the wise ones are very well," he said, "but there are other things of equal importance. My boy can make fine bows and arrows; he is a brave hunter and he can build canoes and manage them skillfully. He should learn now, to build his wigwam." So one morning he said, "My son, you must have a wigwam of your own. Where shall we build it?"

"On the bank of the Whispering Water,

where my canoe is moored," exclaimed the delighted boy.

"Very well," said the chief, "get the tools and follow me." When Lo-ko-see, with knives, hatchets and ropes reached the banks of the Whispering Water he found his father waiting for him.

"There is the place for your lodge, my son," he said, pointing to a beautiful grass-covered mound. "No rising wave can climb that high."

"As usual, my father speaks with wisdom!" exclaimed the boy. "Upon the top shall my home be built."

"To work then," said the chief, "the day passes."

Palmetto covered plains extended miles and miles beyond the great mound. Timber for the wigwam was at hand, and no time was lost in getting it. Eight tall trees of equal height were selected by the chief; they were then cut down, the tops chopped off and the broad leaves carefully stacked for future use.

The logs were then taken to the top of the mound, eight holes were dug and the trunks placed firmly in them. The trunks were to support the roof. A platform of split logs with the flat side up, was then built about

three feet from the ground. This platform was really the floor of the wigwam.

When the floor was finished they made the roof. The rafters were of palmetto logs and a thick covering of palmetto leaves was laid across them. Palmetto logs were fastened on top of the thatch, to hold it down when the wind blew hard. This roof was perfectly water-tight and made the wigwam comfortable on wet days, providing a snug, dry nest during the rainy season.

Lo-ko-see and his father had no nails or bolts with which to fasten the beams, rafters and supports of the lodge, so they used the strong rope and twine from the palmetto fiber. Like all primitive peoples, the Indians of this country were resourceful, and the lodge, when finished, was strong and safe.

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* Bureau of Ethnology.

CHAPTER XI

THE LEGEND OF THE MOSS

To the land of the fair, gentle South Wind
The wind of the North may go,
He may linger a while in the sunshine,
But no icy gale must blow.
Then back to his still, white kingdom
The wanderer shall return,
Ere the breath of his cruel tempest
The lovely flowers burn.

For fair is the land of the South Wind,
The sunbeams are showers of gold,
The soft singing pines of the forest
Their wonderful secrets unfold.
So harm not the land of bright sunshine,
The red men now rest there in peace,
No foe shall their tranquil land enter,
The sound of the war cry shall cease.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOSS

A CAMP FIRE STORY

"HOW did the moss come to the trees?" asked O-so-wa one night as they sat around the camp fire. She had been gathering moss that day, and wondered if anyone

could tell her what animal had brought to her country the beautiful moss that made such soft, sleepy beds. "I will tell you how it came," said the chief.

"In Kan-yuk-sa, the land of golden sunshine and blue waters, the South Wind was queen. She had ruled over the country for many moons and suns, and under her gentle sway the land grew more beautiful and fruitful as the years passed. Her subjects loved her as never queen was loved before.

"Now, the children of South Wind, the Little Winds, were also very dear to the inhabi-

tants of this happy land. Like their mother, they brought joy and gladness wherever they went. When South Wind and her children travelled through the country the wild things of the forest were not afraid. They would come from their hiding places to meet them. Sometimes the LittleWinds and the squirrels would play hide and seek among the great live oak trees. When the rabbits came from their hiding places the Little Winds would tickle their noses and make them laugh and sneeze. Then there would be a grand race. Sometimes a rabbit would win the race and sometimes a Little Wind.

"When the moon shone at night, and the rabbits came out to dance in the moonlight, the Little Winds danced with them. After their dances and games, the rabbits, the squirrels and the Little Winds would go to sleep. But the Little Winds did not sleep very long; they were restless little people and liked to keep moving, so, often, while their playmates, the rabbits and squirrels slept, they would fly up among the tree tops and while the mother bird stretched her tired wings and flew just a little way to get food and water, the warm, soft Little Winds would cuddle down in the nest with the eggs and keep them

warm until the mother came back. Other Little Winds would rock the tree cradles, and when the baby birds came, all the Little Winds flew into the pine trees and sang them to sleep with beautiful slumber songs.

"Mother South Wind was also very busy. She taught the corn to bend and bow when it looked toward its great king, the Sun, and how to grow strong and tall when the moon queen came to look down upon the earth.

"Now, the North Wind hated the South Wind and her children. From the windows of his icy wigwam he watched day after day the beautiful country where everyone was so happy. When he saw the South Wind and her children dancing over the sunny land he grew angrier and angrier. Sometimes he would mount a great snow cloud and come flying down toward the land of flowers. But he never could get in, for the West Wind and the East Wind always drove him back.

"Every year, during the moon of oranges, there would be a terrible battle between the East, North and West Winds. The North Wind, though strong and brave, was always defeated and went back to his icy kingdom wild with rage.

"At last he appealed to the ruler of the

world. 'Oh, Great Spirit,' he said, 'is it just that I should be driven away from the land of sunny Kan-yuk-sa, when all the other winds are free to roam at will over her forests and plains?"

"The Great Spirit said, 'It is not just, North Wind. You, too, must be free to visit all parts of my kingdom, if only for a short time. You may go to Kan-yuk-sa, but you must go alone. Take no snow clouds with you and build no icy wigwams, for your stay must be short. The forests grow stronger for your coming, but the flowers sleep as if the everlasting silence had fallen on them and the birds fly far away.'

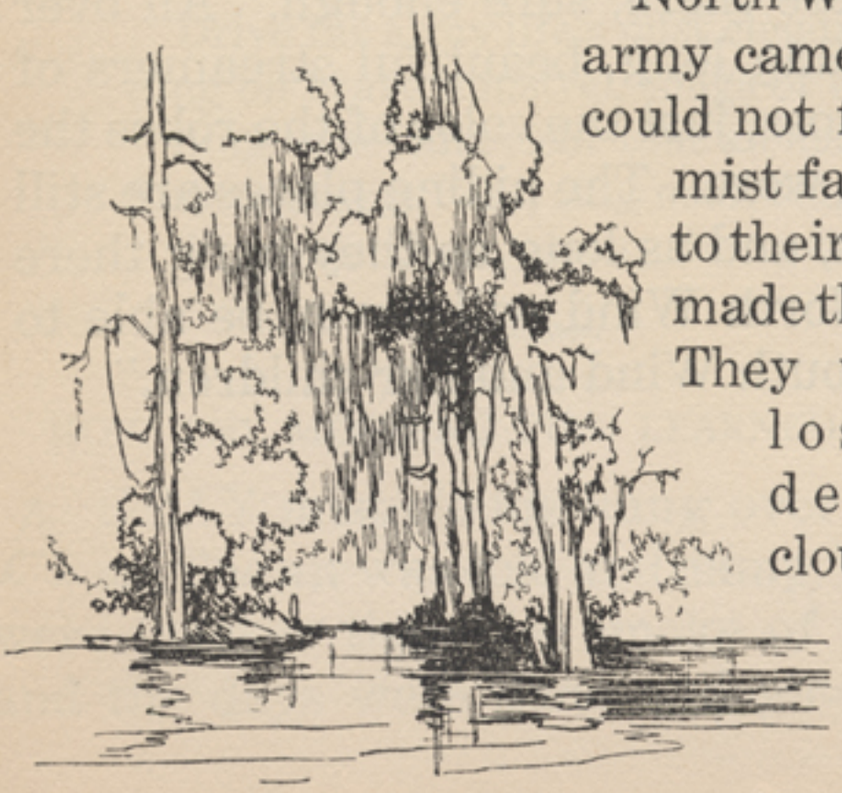
" 'It shall be as you command,' said the North Wind, and he hastened back to his icy kingdom to prepare for his journey to Kan-yuk-sa. It did not take him very long to gather his forces, and soon North Wind and his white army were rushing toward the land of sunshine.

"South Wind heard North Wind coming. She felt his icy breath and knew that alone she could never drive him away. So she called to her friends, East and West Winds, for help, and they called to their great friend, Mother

Ocean. 'Come to our aid,' they said, 'South Wind and her children are in danger.'

" 'Do not fear, my fairies will help you,' said Ocean; 'see, they come.' As she spoke, tiny mist fairies sprang from the sea and drifted toward the land. 'Fly to the trees,' they called to South Wind and Little Winds, 'Fly to the trees; we will hide you from the North Wind.'

"Away flew South Wind and her children into the trees, while all about and around the forests crept the mist fairies. More and more came in from the sea, until the land from shore to shore was wrapped in a soft grey mist cloud. The moon could not see through it, and neither could the sun.



"North Wind and his army came, but they could not fly, for the mist fairies clung to their wings and made them heavy. They were soon lost in the dense gray cloud that hid the land, and they could not

find a way out, though they tried day after day.

"North Wind did not find South Wind, or her children either. So when the time came for him to go he was very glad.

"When he had really gone, Mother Ocean called her children home. Then the sun called South Wind and Little Winds from their hiding places among the trees.

" 'Do not be afraid of North Wind when he comes again,' called the mist fairies to South Wind and her children. 'We have left many hiding places for you in all the trees; when you hear him coming, fly to them and you will be safe.'

"They were there, sure enough. All over the trees hung long, beautiful streamers of soft gray moss, just the color of the robes the mist fairies wore. The hiding places are still in the trees, and as long as they hang there the cruel North Wind will never be able to catch the South Wind and her children."

CHAPTER XII

THE MOCKING BIRD

Gray mist clouds creep about the land,
And hide the sun's bright golden glory.
Yet, from the gloomy wood, a bird
Sings to his love, his sweet love story.
He trills, "My dear, I'm here, so near,
"To thee, I sing, my love, my dear,
"Cheer, cheer, dear heart, cheer, cheer,
I'm here.
"I'm here, I'm here, so near, my dear."

Oh, mocking bird, thy sweet, sweet song,
Brings courage to the lone and weary,
And faith and hope like sunbeams bright,
Drive far away life's mist clouds dreary.
Sing on brave minstrel, songs of cheer,
Sing sweet and clear that all may hear,
Sing near, my dear, sing near, sing near.
Sing ever cheer, cheer, cheer, my dear.

HOW THE MOCKING BIRD LEARNED TO SING

A GRAY mist clouds hung over Kan-yuk-sa. The air was cold and damp. The nights were blacker than the smoke of pitch fires and the days were dark and gloomy. The

moon and stars could not shine through the thick fog, neither could the sun, though each day it tried and tried.

East and West Winds were sleeping and South Wind and her children were hiding in the forest trees. The birds were hiding, too; and as day after day passed, with no ray of sunshine to brighten the gloom of the forest, the hearts of the shy, feathered creatures became filled with a strange, nameless terror. They could not fly, for their wings were damp and stiff with cold. Their terror increased, and soon the gloomy silence was broken by their pitiful cries for help.

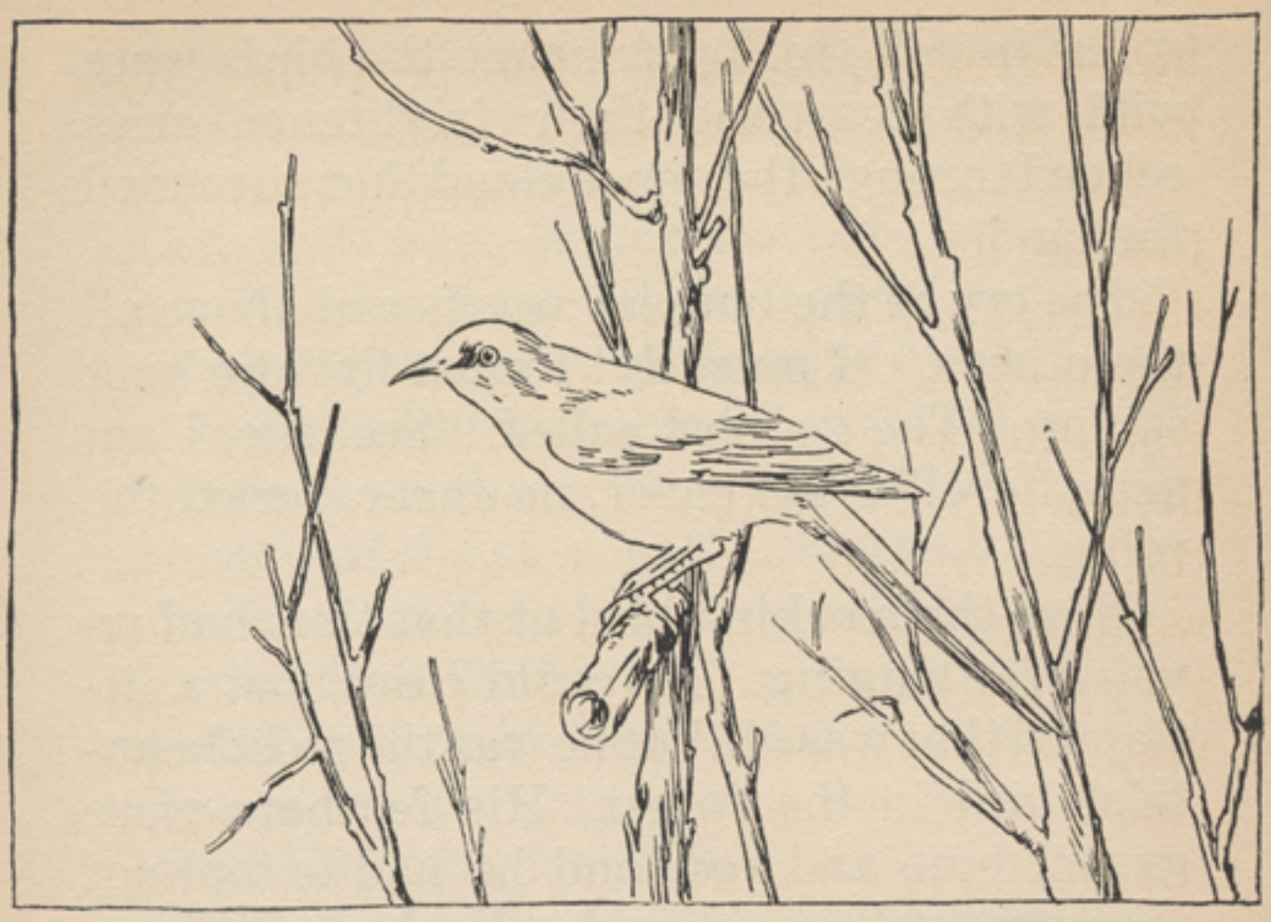
They called to the sun, but his shining rays could not pierce the mist cloud. Then they called to the moon, but she could not help them, either. Mother Ocean, hearing their cries, tried to quiet them. "Be patient," she said, "a great conflict is taking place. North Wind and his white army have invaded your country. He is seeking South Wind and her children and should he find them, Little Winds and Zephyrs must die. South Wind would be driven from her kingdom and your land would become desolate. I alone am battling with North Wind, but I shall win. Be patient, do not be afraid." But Mother Ocean

spoke in vain, for by this time the birds were wild with fear and their frightened cries echoed through the dense cloud that shrouded the land.

The cry of the blue jay was heard above all the others. "I must fly! I must fly!" he kept saying. The redbird called, "See, see, I am here, here!" "No cheer, no cheer," cried the robin.

Now, the mocking bird at that time had no voice for singing. He could chirp just a little, and that was all, but he was the most beautiful bird in the forest. His feathers were green, blue and red, and he had a topknot that was yellow as gold. He looked like a shining star as he flew here and there among the trees. He was brave and kind, too, and the frightened cries of his friends made him very sad. He longed to help them.

Mother Ocean, fighting her great battle with North Wind, was also sorry for the birds; their cries troubled her greatly, but as she could not help them just then, she thought it would be a good thing to get them out of the country. So she said, "There is a land of sunshine far to the south. Go there. When I have driven North Wind away, South Wind will call you back."



"How can we find the way?" asked the blue jay. "I will show you," said the mocking bird, "I am not afraid, I will find a way."

Down from his little home in a yellow jasamine vine fluttered the mocking bird. He called the partridge and the little gray mourning dove. "You are ground birds," said he, "won't you make a path through this wet grass for these frightened creatures? They are stiff with cold and even if they could fly they would never find a way in this darkness."

"This is the only way," said the dove, and slipping under the tangled tufts of wet grass,

he started southward. The partridge followed and a path was soon made.

"All ready," called the mocking bird. Follow me, blue jay." "I can't, I can't," answered the frightened jay. "Oh yes, you can," said the mocking bird, "hurry, hurry." The jay was still afraid, but he stretched his cold, wet little wings and fluttered to the ground. Down the narrow path behind the mocking bird he went, and at the very edge of the mist cloud they found a small opening. Sunbeams had made it, and some of them were waiting outside with their bright torches, ready to show the frightened birds the way to the far southland.

Then the mocking bird went back for the redbird. He returned again for the robin. Hour after hour he traversed the narrow path, till all the birds were out of the dismal mist cloud and on their way to the far southland. Then, wet, cold and weary, he returned to his home in the jasamine vine.

Poor little fellow! He was no longer the beautiful bird that had darted like a sunbeam through the forest. His feathers were faded and broken and his yellow topknot was gone. The brave little mocking bird was as gray as

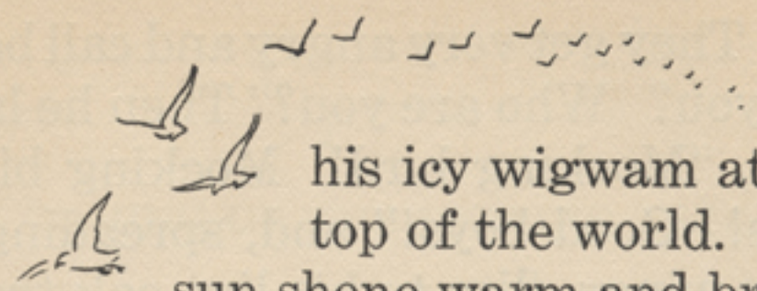
the mist cloud that covered the land. "Fly to the south! Fly to the south!" cried Mother Ocean, when she saw that the mocking bird had not gone with his companions. "You have saved your people, your work is done. Fly to the sunny land and rest; you will soon be beautiful again."

"I cannot leave the children of the forest," said the mocking bird. "They sit by their dying fires and weep. They mourn their gentle queen, the South Wind, and her children, and they long for the golden sunshine."

"But your beautiful colors will never come back in this land of twilight," said Mother Ocean."

"I do not need bright feathers now," said the mocking bird. "They could not be seen in this darkness. I will stay with the children of the forest and bring some comfort to their sad hearts. They will not miss the voices of the absent birds, for I learned all of their songs as they called to me through the darkness. Day and night I shall sing these songs to my people."

After many weary days the great conflict between North Wind and Mother Ocean ended. Grand old Ocean was victorious and the defeated North Wind was driven back to



his icy wigwam at the top of the world. The sun shone warm and bright a g a i n o v e r Kan-yuk-sa. Queen South Wind and her children came from their hiding places and called back the birds.

Mocking bird welcomed them with a new song, his very own, and it was the sweetest song the world has ever heard. As a reward for his brave and unselfish behavior, the Great Spirit had given him a glorious voice, so that he might ever cheer the forest people. But the lovely plumage was never restored, so to this day all mocking birds are gray.

The returning birds could not believe that the little gray fellow with the wonderful voice was their old companion, who had so bravely led them to safety. They are still seeking the bird of the bright plumage.

Sometimes, just for fun, the mocking bird imitates the cries of the blue jay and redbird. He calls, "Jay, Jay! I can't, I can't!" and "No cheer, no cheer." The birds do not like this at

all. They get very angry and call back, "Who are you? Who are you?" Then he laughs and says, "Mocking bird! Mocking bird! Good boys! Good boys!" and, spreading his soft, gray wings, flies to his live oak tree. There he sings his own lovely song, over and over again.

I

THE COMING OF THE HEALING TREE

ONCE in the far-away-years, during the season of short days and long nights, a great army of Plague Demons entered the land of Kan-yuk-sa.

No one saw the sly creatures march into the country, for the sable wings of darkness hovered over the earth, and the people slept.

Now, the Demons, who had thus stealthily crept into the country, were cruel and very cunning. They feared the arrows of the Sun God, but of nothing else in all the world were they afraid, and so, to avoid an encounter with the warriors of the God of Light, the cowardly invaders hid by day in swamps and jungles; but at night, wrapped in mist clouds, they slipped from their places of concealment, and like ghostly shadows, glided about the country, spreading, wherever they went, disease and sorrow, and the Wise Men of the nation with all their skill and wisdom could find no cure for the wasting fever that attacked the people who were wounded by the poisoned arrows of the invisible foe.

The fighting men of Kan-yuk-sa, brave and fearless, searched high and low for the camping places of the enemy, but they searched in vain; not even a tiny trace was ever found, and the cruel Demons, receiving no check, continued nightly to attack the helpless people, and so for many days there was great distress in the land.

But Spring came at last with birds and flowers. She clothed the forest trees in shades of green and gold, and tinted the lakes and streams with the matchless blue of the skies.

The Sun God, pleased with the beauty of his kingdom, stayed longer and longer each day; nor did he leave the world in darkness, when at night he sank into his bed of dream clouds. Ere he had drawn his golden covers about him, sunbeam fairies hung the shining cradle of the baby moon in the western sky and South Wind came to rock the cradle and all night long she crooned a gentle lullaby that brought health and rest to the sick and weary Forest People.

The glowing days and silver nights were too much for the Plague Demons; they disappeared, and the wasting fever vanished

with them. Then happy times came back to the nation, and the ravages of the cruel invaders were forgotten.

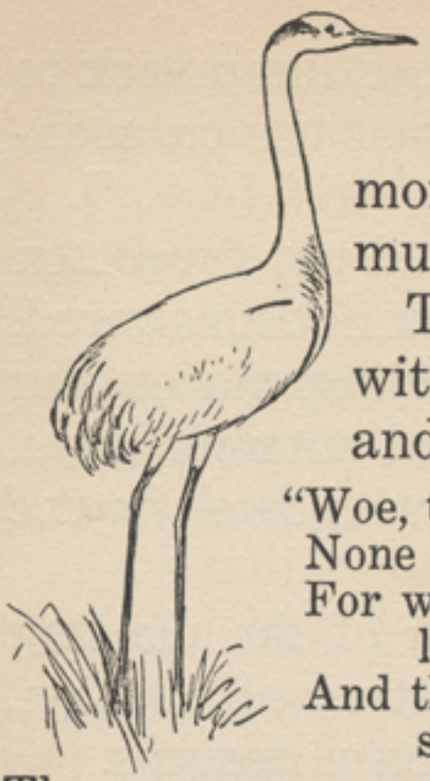
The invaders, however, had not forgotten the Forest People. Baffled, but not conquered, they fled to their dismal hiding places and there, through the beautiful summer days, they planned to destroy all who dwelt in the land of Kan-yuk-sa.

As time passed the anger of the plotting fiends increased and, forgetting all caution, they boasted loudly of their cruel designs.

One day a crane, fishing in the amber waters of a cypress swamp, heard strange voices chanting. The fierce, cruel sound echoing through the lonely forest would have alarmed anyone, and the crane was very much disturbed; but his curiosity was aroused and he did not fly away.

"They are talking about the Forest People," he said to himself. "I must find out what they are saying." So, silently he tip-toed through the underbrush, until he came to the reedy jungle from which the chanting came, and cautiously he peeped over the tall, stiff reeds.

You can imagine his amazement and hor-



ror when he saw a large group of the Plague Demons racing madly about the muddy ground.

They seemed to be crazed with rage and as they hopped and pranced, they sang—

"Woe, to the dusky forest band!
None shall be left in all the land.
For we'll return when the nights are long,
And the fair South Wind forgets her song."

The crane managed to tip-toe back to the pond, but he didn't fish any more. His best friends, the Forest People, were in danger, and something must be done to save them. But until he got over his shaky feeling the frightened creature did not know how to go about it. "I'll meditate," said the poor fellow to himself, and so, standing upon one leg, with his trembling head tucked under his wing, the anxious bird thought seriously for a long time.

Then, calm and sure of his purpose, he spread wide his great grey pinions, and flew as straight and as fast as he could to a pine forest far away from the dens of the chanting Demons.

A giant tree in the center of the forest provided a fine broadcasting station for the distressed crane, and soon his strident S. O. S. cries brought from far and near, the feathered tribes of the air.

For a while there was much confusion. The birds wanted to know what the trouble was, and as they all talked at once, the crane could not make any kind of an explanation.

But at last a great horned owl took charge of the meeting.

Aroused from his morning nap by the call of the crane, the grouchy old fellow was not inclined to put up with any dallying. So from his perch on the topmost limb of a dead specter-like tree, he called angrily, "Ho! ho! ho! our brother would like to speak; be still that we may hear him."

Instantly the clamor ceased and the crane began:

"I have called you hither that I may tell of impending danger. The menace is not only to ourselves, but to those who have ever been our protectors.

"Though I perish for speaking, it is my duty to inform you that hosts of relentless foes are skulk-

ing about the country. They plan to destroy the inhabitants of Kan-yuk-sa. Should their evil designs meet with success, our feathered tribes must seek other abiding places. For where in the land of the conquerer could we find safety for our nestlings, or protection when danger threatened?"

"Plague Demons! Plague Demons!" croaked an ancient crow. "They are among us again?"

"Yes, Brother," answered the crane, "the Demons are here. When the long nights of winter again darken the world, they will steal into the villages of the unsuspecting Forest People and ere the days of spring arrive, the poisoned arrows of this invisible foe will have sent into the eternal silence, all the noble, brave inhabitants of the Pointed Land.

"Ye all know that from the beginning of things the Forest People have ever been our friends. In barren years, they share with us their scanty supply of meal and nuts, nor are we forgotten when the years of plenty arrive. Each day with the dawn, braves, warriors and maidens come to their wigwam doors with food for their brothers of the air, and even the little papoose is taught to revere the peo-

ple who drive the hovering darkness back to its mystic cave, and bring again to the waiting world the beneficent God of Light. To honor us the Forest People have made a feast day, and around their council fires they teach the young runners how to interpret the messages of the bird couriers.

"Have I spoken aught but the truth, friends?"

"You have spoken only the truth," chorused the listening birds.

"Only the truth," echoed the king of the red birds, and we will stand loyally by our protectors should a real danger threaten; but there is nothing to fear now. The Gray Crane has been frightened by an ugly dream. He speaks of past dangers. Does he not know that the golden arrows of the Sun God have driven the Demons away forever?"

"I have not dreamed!" exclaimed the crane. "The Demons are still in the country; they are dancing the war dance today."

"From whence comes the news?" asked a curlew.

"I bring the news," replied the crane. "With my own eyes have I seen the creatures," and he told of his adventure in the cypress swamp.

"Lead us to their camps," commanded a

host of angry blue jays, when the crane had finished his story. "We can stop their dancing and their boasting, too."

"Easier said than done," croaked an old crow. "I know all about these Evil Ones. We are far away from their dens, but you may be sure they know of this meeting. Their spies are everywhere. The eagle with his wonderful vision, would be unable to detect a single Demon now. They are still in their camps, they are still dancing their war dance, but no eye may see them, for these cruel ones possess the power of becoming invisible. That is why they are such deadly foes."

"In other lands I, too, have witnessed the war dance of these savage Demons. I know their skill and their wicked habits. No band of warriors, be they ever so brave, can conquer an unseen enemy."

A cry of despair rang through the forest as the crow stopped talking.

Certainly the outlook was most discouraging. All were hopeless.

The old horned owl, who all this time had been sitting in glum displeasure on his ghostly tree, showed plainly his disappointment at the result of the meeting.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he said in solemn tones, "since

we have found no way to rid the country of its enemies, the Forest People should be told of the lurking foe."

"The Forest People must not be alarmed!" exclaimed a mocking bird. "They shall be warned of their danger when our efforts to protect them fail, and that time may never come. There is a remedy for every evil, and one can be found for this, if we seek diligently for it.

"Among the feathered tribes there are many travelers. In the countries to which they journey, may there not be found a councilor wise enough to help us?"

"The Mocking Bird speaks with the wisdom of a seer," said a robin. "In distant lands there are prophets and great leaders. Often have I seen them beside the council fires, and often have I listened to their words of admonition."

"Now the time set apart for my northward journey has not yet arrived, and in the distand land to which

I soon must go, snow drifts, like nesting egrets still brood in white silence upon the mountain sides, and the winds of the frost king wander at will through the forests of balsam and pine. But I fear neither snow drifts nor chilly winds, and I shall not await the day of my pilgrimage, for duty bids me fly at once, in quest of a deliverer for the people of Kan-yuk-sa, and I shall find one; of that you may be sure."

There was a flutter of soft brown wings, a cherry chirp of farewell, and soon the brave little courier was but a tiny speck against the deep blue sky.

II

ROBIN SENDS A SEER

SLOWLY the summer drifted into the dreamy days of autumn. Chinquapin burrs opened their silver-lined doors, and wild persimmons gleamed like red-gold balls among their shadowing leaves. Flock by flock the pilgrim birds came back to the groves of palms and oaks, but among the feathered tribes there was no Robin Redbreast. What had become of him? Alas! no one could tell.

And then, one night, as the purple shadows of the fading year fell softly over the land, an aged traveler appeared at the wigwam of Chief Ka-tca-la-ni. The dust of travel was upon his garments, and his form drooped wearily.

"I have a message," said he to the startled chieftan, "when my brother pleases, I will deliver it to his people."

"The noble stranger may speak to my people when he has rested," was the chief's reply. "Come into my dwelling, and while I give thee

food and drink, my servants shall prepare the signal fire."

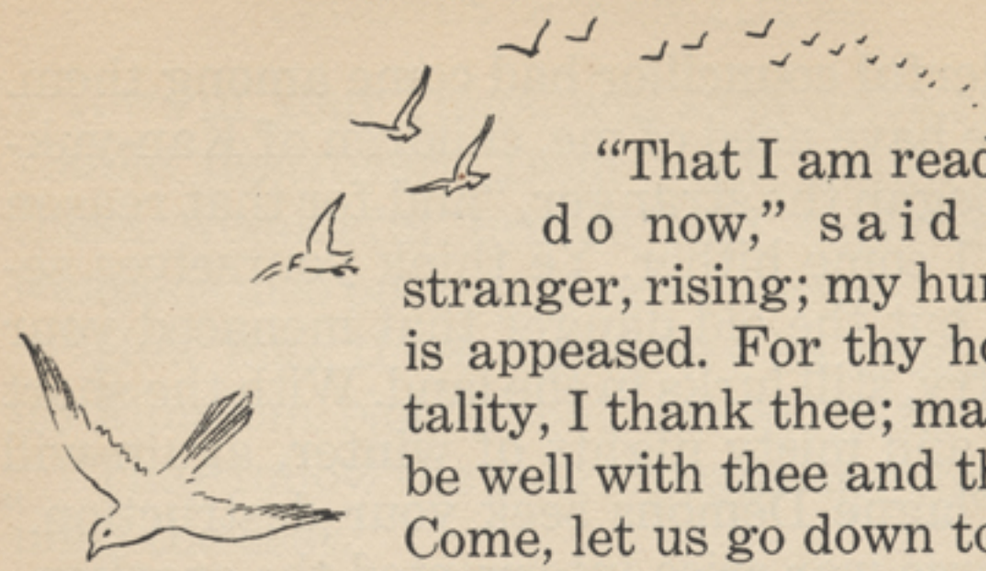
Tenderly Ka-tca-la-ni, assisted the old man into the wigwam and placed him upon a couch of moss and soft furs. Then with shrill bird calls, he summoned his messengers. Almost instantly a number of young boys appeared beside the wigwam door.

"The stranger within would speak to my people," explained the chief. "That the tribes may know his mission, bid them gather about the council fire."

"It shall be as you have commanded," was the reply of the lithe, young runners as they bounded off into the gathering darkness.

Returning to his guest, Ka-tca-la-ni set before him a bowl of savory sofka, trays of luscious fruits and a gourd of cool spring water, and while the old man ate and drank, the chief told him of the preparations that were being made to welcome him.

"My servants are even now lighting the signal fire," he said. "See it blazes on yonder plain and the tom-toms are sounding. When your repast is finished we will join the expectant throng and you shall deliver your message."



"That I am ready to do now," said the stranger, rising; my hunger is appeased. For thy hospitality, I thank thee; may all be well with thee and thine. Come, let us go down to the people."

Now, Indians always look with suspicion upon strangers, and the appearance of this mysterious person in the village had caused much apprehension and anger. Excited voices greeted the two men as they approached the fire.

"Whence comes the foreigner, Father?" questioned the Wise Men.

"And what message does he bring the people?" asked many warriors fiercely.

The old man showed neither fright nor anger at the hostile attitude of the noisy crowd, but his bent form straightened and commandingly he gave the signal for silence.

Instantly all murmuring ceased, for the people saw in the grave, noble face of the aged warrior, only justice and mercy. Awe fell upon the multitude. They realized that a

wonderful councillor had come among them.

"Ye have need of me, children of Kan-yuk-sa," began the stranger, "and for that reason have I come hither. Ye think yourselves secure, but the old danger that menaced your country, still lurks in the land. With the short days and misty nights of winter, again will the Plague Demons seek your destruction."

Fierce war cries interrupted the speaker.

"Show us their hiding places!" demanded many voices. "We fear no enemy, be he ever so strong."

"If it were possible to find the camping places of your enemies, my children," replied the seer, "I would not thus alarm you. But alas! neither the sentinel eagle, nor the fearless warrior, may find the lairs of the destroyers. The evil ones have the power of becoming invisible when danger approaches their abiding places."

"Then how may the foe be driven from our country, Father?" asked the Wise Ones.

"Bring hither the white squaws and the leafy tents in which they dwell," was the reply.

"Warriors whose war bonnets gleam with the lights of the mid-day sun will follow. Their weapons, sharper than the flint-tipped

arrows of your kings, will soon drive the invisible destroyers from your country, for these wonderful braves and their deadly weapons also possess magic powers."

"How may these deliverers be brought to my kingdom, Noble One?" asked Ka-tca-la-ni.

"They follow the magic beads, my son," replied the seer.

"And where are the magic beads?" inquired the young braves.

"Of the beads, their maker, and the land in which she dwells, I shall now speak," was the answer.

"Far to the north, the land is high. Mountains of rock climb into the sky, and the trail of the Sun God is seen upon the towering peaks, long after his majestic form descends into the valley of darkness. And as the drifting smoke of the camp fire wanders through your lowland forests, so, at times, do the clouds of heaven pass among the rocky peaks and rugged heights of that mysterious country. Waters from eternal springs glide softly through dim caverns, or dart with sudden swiftness down sloping hills. Leaping from crag to crag, they fall in misty vapor to the valleys far below, and there they join the

rushing streams that dash in great impatience to the sea.

"In this far land, near to the sky, within her cave of wonders, dwells the fairy O-tar-ree, Giver of Gifts. Her busy hands are ever shaping magic tokens and rewards.

"The mystic cave in which she dwells, is roofed with beryl stones, green as the forest leaves in spring. Golden pebbles lie in heaps upon the floor, a stream of sweet, pure water lingers in the cave, and in its bed of glistening sand nestles the lovely shells that hide the round white pearls.

"From chips of beryl rock the fairy hath chiseled beads of strange and curious shapes. Yellow globes hath she fashioned from the golden pebbles upon the floor, and from their hiding places in the shells, she hath taken the precious pearls. Her skillful hands have strung these lovely gems upon a silver cord and in the mystic cave hangs, even now, this necklace of wondrous beauty, and power, emblem of life and happy days, a marvelous prize for the courageous one who finds it. But he who seeks the magic beads, must bravely face the dangers that beset the long, lone paths that lead to the fairy's cave. Unarmed and alone, he must come into the presence of the

beneficent Giver of Gifts, and from her generous hands receive the necklace for which he sought.

"The young brave who brings home the magic beads will be the preserver of his country, for after the beads, comes the healing tree."

As the old man finished speaking, a sudden gust of wind smothered the council fire. The smoldering light-wood quickly blazed again, and the chief turned to thank the prophet for his cheering advice and council. But the old man's place was empty. He was never seen again.

III

THE SEARCH

A FEW days after the visit of the ancient stranger, a picked band of young braves set out to find the magic beads. They traveled for days through a country of great beauty and peace. Nothing eventful occurred, however, and the adventurers went gaily onward, forgetful of the fact that in their quest for the prize, they would often encounter dangers and disappointments.

But one afternoon, as the travelers rested upon the top of a high mountain, they had cause to remember the warning of the seer, for in the far distance, they saw, descending a hill, a great army of plumed warriors. The pace of the men was not rapid, but they appeared to be marching directly toward the startled young adventurers.

Unarmed and outnumbered, some of the boys wanted to turn back, others advised concealment. Lo-ko-see, who had been made leader of the band, refused to fly or hide. Selecting a few trusted companions, he bade the rest of the company remain upon the moun-

tain, while he and his scouts went forward to reconnoiter.

Slipping quickly and noiselessly between rocks and through underbrush, the brave fellows in time reached the far away hill. But they found no enemy. Hosts of goldenrod occupied the sloping hillside, and their yellow plumes were waving goodnight signals to the setting sun.

Laughing heartily over their mistake, the happy boys sent a runner back to bid the waiting band march on. Only a few obeyed the order. For most of the boys, badly frightened, had started homeward long before the runners with the good news arrived.

After this astonishing experience, the seekers pressed onward with renewed hope in the undertaking. They climbed mountains, and explored caves, and though no trace of O-tar-ree and her grotto of wonders was found, the quest went bravely on.

But one day the eager explorers found themselves on the edge of a great precipice. A scarcely perceptible path down its steep and rocky sides led to the valley below. To

their dismay, the travelers saw that if they were to continue their search for the magic beads, the only way to proceed was by this perilous descent.

Lo-ko-see and a few scouts decided to brave the slippery trail. The rest of the questors refused to make the attempt.

"That treacherous path is traversed only by squirrels and serpents," they said. "We are braves and we neither climb nor crawl. If this fool's errand pleases you, go on. We have had enough of it," and they turned their faces homeward.

Lo-ko-see's scouts were strongly tempted to follow their retreating comrades. The valley far beneath them had a weird, unfriendly look. Purple clouds moved slowly about its misty depths and the cold silence of the strange region seemed to speak of lurking perils.

Lo-ko-see, however, determined to continue the quest, refused to consider the unknown dangers and boldly began the descent and his wavering friends followed.

The way was long and tiresome, but the boys reached the foot of the cliff without accident and found that only beauty and peace abided in the valley. Herds of deer browsed

about the grassy meadows and myriads of purple asters bowed their lovely heads in kindly greeting to a silver brook that wandered slowly by their dwelling places.

Beyond the valley, a forest of chanting pines marched ever onward toward the darkening sky, where night was beginning to light her myriad watch-fires, and beneath the fragrant boughs of the singing trees the weary boys found rest.

The next morning with renewed hope and courage, Lo-ko-see and his companions began again their quest for the magic beads. But they searched in vain and, after days of danger and disappointment, the scouts lost heart in the adventure. One by one they returned to their villages and at last Lo-ko-see was left entirely alone. But defying danger and weariness, the boy pressed ever onward.

Once as he traveled by night over a rugged mountain, a great form with glaring eyes sprang at him. The startled boy jumped nimbly aside, wondering as he did so how, without weapons, he could defend himself. There was no cause for alarm, however; the glaring eyes and bulky form proved to be only a great mother owl prowling about the country in search of food for her children.

But after a while, Lo-ko-see, too, became discouraged. He was very lonely and homesick. The thought of giving up, however, never once entered his mind. "I will find the beads," he said to himself," or stay forever in these mountains."

One day as he trudged onward, weary and sad, a robin called to him, "Lo-ko-see, Lo-ko-see," it said, "what are you seeking?"

"I seek the cave of O-tar-ree, Giver of Gifts and the magic beads," the boy replied.

"Well, you haven't very far to go now," was the cheering information. "If you can swim the river just below you and climb the hill beyond, your quest will be ended. The fairy's cave is in the great rock that tops the ridge. Come on, I will show you the way."

The bird flew toward the river and Lo-ko-see followed, eagerly anticipating the thrilling swim he would have across the swiftly flowing water.

But he met with bitter disappointment again. Because of heavy autumn rains, the stream had become a roaring rapid, dashing madly against the jagged rocks that impeded its progress.

Lo-ko-see was an expert swimmer, but he saw at a glance that he would live but an in-

stant in the rushing torrent that swept between him and his coveted prize.

"What shall I do!" he exclaimed. "I can't give up now, with success so near."

"Of course you can't give up," said the robin from his perch across the torrent, "you are wasting time thinking about it. Come on over."

"How do you expect me to get over?" asked Lo-ko-see angrily. "I haven't wings, or fins. You can fly above that angry water, a fish might swim under it. I can do neither."

"You don't have to fly or swim," said the bird. "The trunk of an old dead tree lies over the stream, see, it is only a few steps below you; it's perfectly safe, come on."

"The tree trunk was not there a moment ago, friend Robin," said Lo-ko-see, "where did it come from?"

"Don't ask foolish questions," was the reply. "It's there now, and while you are hesitating, the torrent may sweep it away. If you really want to cross, come on."

"All right," answered the boy as she hurried toward the log. But, horrors! There was no fallen tree—a huge serpent had stretched himself across the stream. His great head

wabbled from side to side and his enormous mouth was wide open.

This time, however, the intrepid boy refused to be intimidated. "Nothing shall stop me now!"" he shouted to the robin; "I'm going over."

The robin, delighted with the boy's courage, cheered him on. "Go to it," he chirped; "don't be afraid, cross over."

"That is exactly what I am going to do," said Lo-ko-see, fiercely, as he made for the snake bridge.

But as he approached the dreadful object, a wonderful change occurred. The great serpent vanished, and where the vicious head had reared itself, the boy saw only cardinal flowers, playing tag with the autumn breeze, and there *was* a tree across the roaring stream.

"Wonders, wonders, I am in a land of wonders!" exclaimed the delighted boy as he raced over the old dead trunk and bounded up the hillside to the cave where O-tar-ree stood, waiting to welcome him. And oh, what a vision of loveliness she was! Her robe of soft golden brown buckskin fell to her ankles, about her waist she wore a girdle of flashing rubies, her dark brown moccasins were stud-

ded with diamonds and the golden band, that circled her beautiful head, sparkled with every precious stone found in the quarries of her mountain home. Her lovely eyes held the light of the evening stars and her smile was like the caress of the gentle south wind. She held at arm's length the string of magic beads and as Lo-ko-see knelt before her she placed them in his hands, saying, "Arise, noble boy, you are indeed a Prince and Brave; forever will your name be extolled as the deliverer of your people."

"Oh, Giver of Gifts," inquired the happy boy, "when I return to my native land, into whose keeping shall the beads be given?"

"For a time, they shall belong to the maid who first greets thee, Young Prince. She is to hold them in trust until called for," was the fairy's mysterious reply.

The beautiful fairy then set food before the half famished boy, and when his hunger had been appeased, she said, "Your resting place for the night, my son, is upon yonder couch of soft warm skins. Sleep in peace. With tomorrow's sun you shall return to your people."

But Lo-ko-see had no idea of wasting precious moments in sleep. The gems that meant

life and happiness to his nation had been found. It was his duty to return as fast as he could with the joyful tidings, and so, he said:

"Oh, Gracious One, gladly would I accept your hospitality, but time presses. I have been long upon this quest and anxious hearts await my coming. The Evil Ones may be even now among us. Give me thy blessing and let me go."

But the boy pleaded in vain. O-tar-ree refused to let him go. "It is my wish that you remain," she said gently, "and in this country, O-tar-ree's wish is law."

As the Giver of Gifts spoke, a great stone, propelled by some mysterious force, rolled into the mouth of the cave and Lo-ko-see was a prisoner.

The boy made no outcry; he was too stunned to move. Baffled and disappointed, he fell upon the couch of skins and grieved until the sleep of utter exhaustion brought forgetfulness and peace.

IV

THE RETURN

EXCITED voices called Lo-ko-see back from the Land of Dreams. Sleepily he opened his eyes. About his prostrate form moved the people of his tribe. O-so-waw, with tear-stained face, knelt beside him and just beyond the weeping girl stood his father, silent and stern.

"I am at home!" he exclaimed as he sprang to his feet. "Who brought me here?"

"They who fed the birds found you lying here but a short time ago," replied his father.

"We thought you were dead, my brother," said the sobbing O-so-waw. "Are you wounded?"

"No," answered Lo-ko-see, "and never have I felt stronger. Like a garment my weariness has slipped from me. But tell me, how came I here?"

"If my son remembers nothing of his journey back from the land of mystery, can those who slept here, unconscious of his coming, explain the marvel?" questioned the chief.

"I have no remembrance of my homeward

journey," exclaimed the boy. "I know that last night I supped in the cave of O-tar-ree, and that from her hands I received the magic beads. That I became, as I thought, a helpless prisoner. Today I am here in my own country, unharmed and free."

"But what of the beads?" asked many voices. "What became of the beads?"

"They are here," said Lo-ko-see, holding up the lovely gems.

The amazed people could scarcely believe their eyes. For some time they gazed in silence upon the mystic token, then, shout after shout ascended to the skies.

"And who keeps the beads, my son?" asked Chief Ka-tca-la-ni, when the cheering ceased.

"My instructions were to give the necklace to the first maiden I saw on my return to the village. As I opened my eyes just now, I saw my sister bending anxiously above me, and so, into her keeping I give the beads. Wear them until the call comes, Princess. The healing tree comes after their disappearance."

V

THE ENEMY COMES AGAIN

FOR many days Lo-ko-see received the honor and praise usually given a conquering hero. Old warriors, young braves, and Wise Men came from all parts of the country to hear him tell of his strange adventures, and night after night, around the blazing council fires the young prince spoke of his thrilling experiences.

There was great happiness throughout the nation, and though the days grew shorter and shorter, and fog clouds darkened the light of the moon, the people danced and feasted and forgot their enemies.

But alas! the enemy had not forgotten the people. While the merriment was at its height, the Demons swarmed from their dens, over the land they raced in fiendish glee, and sorrow came again to the Forest People.

The brave Lo-ko-see was one of the first victims and though loving hands ministered unto him, the wasting fever could not be stayed. Day after day the boy grew weaker

and weaker, and at last the Wise Men, who watched beside him, said, "Our young chief journeys fast to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Already is he deaf to earthly sounds. He will pass with the setting sun tomorrow."

Poor O-so-waw! For days she had watched untiringly beside her stricken brother. She felt sure that the mysterious O-tar-ree would come in time to save him. But the words of the Wise Men banished all hope and, weeping bitterly, she went from the wigwam.

A pearly tint was creeping across the eastern sky and in the sighing pine trees, many birds were talking softly of the approaching day. As O-so-waw appeared the twittering grew louder.

"The birds are calling my brother," said the sorrowing girl. "He always fed them at dawn."

A jar containing food for the birds stood near the wigwam. The thoughtful Lo-ko-see had placed it there.

Alas! he would never again feed his brothers of the air, thought the girl as she scattered seeds and meal upon the ground. But to her surprise the food remained untouched and from the trees many birds called, "The

beads, the beads, give us the beads, O-so-waw."

"The beads are not mine to give!" the girl exclaimed. "They belong to O-tar-ree, Giver of Gifts. I must keep them until the call comes."

"The call has come, Princess," was the startling answer. "Give us the beads, even now we should be on our way."

Now, O-so-waw loved the beautiful necklace. She valued it above all her other ornaments. Had the fairy asked it of her, she would have given it willingly, but this unexpected demand, though it came from the brothers of the air, was quite another thing. Still the birds were dear friends and nothing mattered, now that Lo-ko-see was going away. So, taking the beads from her neck she broke the string and flung the jewels upon the ground.

Immediately the birds flew down. The red birds took the golden beads and flew off to the forest. Robins carried away the beryls, and one by one, the pearls disappeared with the mocking birds.

Then the young girl went back to her brother. She found him asleep. His attendants were also sleeping. Down beside the couch

of the boy sank the sorrowing sister; an overpowering weariness possessed her, and very soon, she, like the others, slumbered. Then a great sleep came to the whole nation. And not even the Wise Men of Kan-yuk-sa can tell how long the sleeping time lasted.

VI

THE HEALING TREE

THE sound of her name called again and again, wakened O-so-waw. She sprang to her feet and rushed into the golden light of a new and wonderful day.

"Who called?" she asked sleepily.

"We called, O-so-waw," answered many bird voices. "Come, come!"

"Come where?" questioned the girl, still dazed from her long, long, sleep.

"To the grove, to the grove," was the reply. "Come, come, follow us, Princess." O-so-waw looked about her with wondering eyes. Mocking birds, red birds and robins were flying excitedly above the thatched roof of her wigwam, and the girl, now wide awake, thought they were asking for their morning meal, and she called to them in contrite tones, "Sorrow hath made me forgetful, but my brothers shall be fed now."

"We want no food," was the surprising reply of the noisy, restless birds. "We want you, Princess, come, follow us, follow as fast as

you can." And O-so-waw followed on nimble feet.

The birds flew in the direction of a great forest, where, in their childhood days, O-so-waw and her brother had often played; but as she ran, the astonished girl saw that the old forest was no longer there. A grove of strange, beautiful trees grew where the forest had been. White, star-like blossoms gleamed upon the marvelous wonder tree. The air was filled with their entrancing perfume and beneath the glossy green leaves hung many globes of golden fruit. O-so-waw could scarcely breathe, so great was her astonishment.

Then she remembered the words of the strange prophet who had

once come to the country on an errand of mercy.

"The white squaws and their leafy tents!" exclaimed O-so-waw joyfully. "They are here, and so are the warriors with their gleaming war bonnets, and I see the wonderful arrows; they *are* sharper than the flint-tipped weapons of our kings. The Healing Tree has come! The Healing Tree has come!"

Hastily the delighted maiden gathered some of the luscious fruit and rushed back to the wigwam. Lo-ko-see was still sleeping, but the distressed girl saw that he was far, very far on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

In desperate haste, O-so-waw squeezed some of the juice of the golden fruit into an earthen bowl, and gently raising her brother's head, she bade him taste the delicious nectar. The soft, caressing voice of the beloved sister awakened the sleeping boy. He opened his eyes, smiled faintly, and sipped some of the healing juice. Then to the girl's unspeakable joy, he grasped the bowl with his trembling hands and thirstily drank and drank. Then an amazing change took place. Life and health came back to the boy and he arose from his couch, strong and well.

The Wise Men had waked in time to see the wonderful effect of the healing nectar. They asked O-so-waw where she had found the golden fruit, and the happy maiden told them about the grove of wonderful trees.

"This marvel has come to us while we slept," they said in solemn tones. "The prophet of other lands spoke naught but the truth. The Healing Tree has followed the magic beads."

Then the old councilors went out to view the beauties of the wonderful grove, but their joy at the advent of the Healing Tree did not make them forget their duty. After a few moments of silent admiration, they also gathered clusters of the golden fruit and returned to the village where the sick and weary people still slept. From lodge to lodge they went with the magic remedy and the cheering news. Then happy days came again to the people of the Pointed Land, and the Plague Demons disappeared.

What became of them? No one knows. The thorns on the wonder tree might enlighten us, but from that day to this, they have never said one word.

VII

THE HEALING TREE

KAN-YUK-SA and the Forest People belonged to the long, long ago, days. The Pointed Land has another name, now, and its early inhabitants have passed into the dim, misty valley of Once Upon a Time, but their Wonder Tree, with its glorious beauty and its magic health-giving fruit, is still here; and as long as it flourishes in this land of golden sunshine, the Plague Demons will never return, for they fear the sharp thorns of the orange tree.