About the Author

FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING (1857 – 1900) began his researches into Native American lifeways at the age of nine, when he began a collection of Indian arrowheads that later became part of the permanent collection of the Smithsonian Institution. At the age of twenty-two, he was hired by Major John Wesley Powell, the famed explorer of the American West, as a field collector for the Bureau of American Ethnology. Powell posted Cushing to Zuñi Pueblo, in western New Mexico, where he lived for five years as an honorary member of the Zuñi people. He later served as head of the Hemenway Archaeological Expedition of 1886 – 88. Among his posthumous publications are *Zuñi Folk Tales* (1901), *Zuñi Breadstuff* (1974), and *Zuñi* (1979).

THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA PRESS

First printing 1986
Manufactured in the U.S.A.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

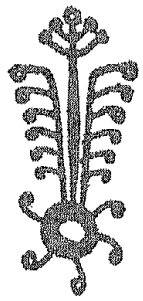
Cushing, Frank Hamilton, 1857 – 1900.
Zuñi folk tales.

Reprint. Previously published: New York : Knopf, 1931.
With new introd.
1. Zuni Indians—Legends. 2. Zuni Indians—Folklore.
3. Indians of North America—New Mexico—Legends.
4. Indians of North America—New Mexico—Folklore.
I. Title.
E99.Z9C92 1986 398.2'08997 85-28960

ISBN 0-8165-0986-7 (alk. paper)

FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING

ZUÑI FOLK TALES



Foreword by
JOHN WESLEY POWELL

Introduction by
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THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA PRESS
TUCSON

THE COYOTE WHO KILLED THE DEMON SÍUIUKI:

OR WHY COYOTES RUN THEIR NOSES INTO DEADFALLS

IT was very long ago, in the days of the ancients. There stood a village in the cañon south of Thunder Mountain where the Gods of Prey all lived with their sisters and mothers: the Mountain Lion, the great Black Bear, the Wildcat, the Gray Wolf, the Eagle, and even the Mole—all the Gods of Prey lived there together with their mothers and sisters. Day after day they went out hunting, for hunting was their business of life, and they were great hunters.

Now, right up on the edge of Thunder Mountain there lived a spotted Demon, named Síuiuki, and whenever the people of the towns round about went hunting, he lay in wait for them and ate them up.

After a long while the Gods of Prey grew discontented, and they said to one another: "What in the world can we do? None of the children of men ever make sacrifices to us, for, whenever our children among men go out hunting, this Demon who lives on the top of Thunder Mountain destroys them and eats them up. What in the world can be done?"

"It would be a good thing if we could kill him," said some of them.

Now, just down below the house of the Demon,

in Wolf Cañon, lived a Coyote, and he had found out where the Gods of Prey lived, and whenever he wanted a feast of sinew and gristle, he went below their houses and gnawed at the bones that they had thrown away, and thus it happened that when the gods were talking together in this way he was near their doorway gnawing a bone, and he heard all they said.

"Yes," said one or two of the others, "and if anybody will go and kill Síuiuki, we will give him our sister to marry."

"Aha!" said the Coyote to himself. "Ha, ha!" —and he dropped the bone he was gnawing and cut off for home as fast as ever he could.

Next morning, bright and early, he began to dig into the side of the cañon below the Demon's home, and after he had dug a great hollow in the side of the arroyo, he rolled a heavy stone into it, and found another, which he placed beside it. Then he brought a great many leg-bones of deer and antelope. Then he found a large bowl and put a lot of yellow medicine-fluid in it, and placed it beside the rock. He then sat down and began to crack the leg-bones with the two stones he had brought there.

The old Demon was not in the habit of rising very early, but when he arose that morning he came out and sat down on the edge of the cliff; there the Coyote was, battering away at the bones and pretending to bathe his own lips with the medicine-fluid.

"I wonder what in the world that little sneak is

doing down there," said the old Demon. So he put on his war-badge and took his bow and arrows, as though he were going out to hunt, and started down to where the Coyote was.

"Hello!" said the Coyote, "how did you pass the night?"

"What in the world are you doing here?" asked the Demon.

"Why, don't you know?" replied the Coyote. "This is the way I train myself for running, so as to catch the deer; I can run faster than any deer in the country. With my medicine, here, I take the swiftness out of these bones."

"Is it possible?" said the old Demon.

"Of course it is," said the Coyote. "There is no deer that can run away from me."

"Will you show me?" said the Demon, eagerly.

"Why, yes, of course I will; and then we will go hunting together."

"Good, good!" said the old Demon. "I have a hard time catching deer and antelope."

"Well, now, you sit down right over there and watch me," said the Coyote, "and I will show you all about it."

So he laid his left leg over the rock, and then slily took an antelope bone and laid it by the side of it. Then he picked up a large stone and struck it as hard as ever he could against the bone. Whack! went the stone, and it split the bone into splinters; and the Coyote pretended that it was the bone of his own leg.

"Aye! Ah! Oh!" exclaimed he. "But then it

will get well!" Still crying "Oh! Ah!" he splashed the leg with the medicine-water and rubbed it. "Did n't I tell you?" said he, "it is all right now." And then away he went and ran like lightning round and round on the plain below, and rushed back again. "Did n't I tell you so?" said he.

"Fury! what a runner it makes out of you," said the old Demon, and his eyes stuck out more than ever. "Let me try it now."

"Hold on, hold on," said the Coyote; "I have not half finished yet."

So he repeated the experiment with his other leg, and made great ado, as if it hurt him more than ever. But, pretending to cure himself with the medicine-water, he ran round and round on the plain below so fast that he fairly left a streak of dust behind him.

"Why, indeed, you are one of the fastest runners I ever saw!" said the Demon, rubbing his eyes.

Then the Coyote repeated the experiment first with his left paw and then with his right; and the last time he ran more swiftly than before.

"Why, do you mean to say that if I do that I can run as fast as you do?" said the Demon.

"Certainly," replied the Coyote. "But it will hurt you."

"Ho! who cares for a little hurt?" said the Demon.

"Oh! but it hurts terribly," said the Coyote, "and I am afraid you won't have the pluck to go through with it."

"Do you think I am a baby?" said the old Demon, getting up,—"or a woman, that I should be afraid to pound my legs and arms?"

"Well, I only thought I 'd tell you how much it hurts," said the Coyote; "but if you want to try it yourself, why, go ahead. There 's one thing certain: when you make yourself as swift as I am, there 's no deer in all the country that can get away from us two."

"What shall I do?" said the Demon.

"You just sit right down there, and I 'll show you how," said the Coyote. So the Demon sat down by the rock.

"There, now, you just lay your leg right over that stone and take the other rock and strike your leg just as hard as you can; and as soon as you have done, bathe it in the medicine-water. Then do just the same way to the other."

"All right," said the Demon. So he laid his leg over the rock, and picking up the other stone, brought it down with might and main across his thigh—so hard, indeed, that he crushed the bone into splinters.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! what shall I do?" shouted the Demon.

"Be patient, be patient; it will get well," said the Coyote, and he splashed it with the medicine-fluid.

Then, picking up the stone again, the Demon hit the other thigh even harder, from pain.

"It will get well, my friend; it will get well," shouted the Coyote; and he splashed more of the medicine-water on the two wounded legs.

Then the Demon picked up the stone once more, and, laying his left arm across the other stone, pounded that also until it was broken.

"Hold on; let me bathe it for you," said the Coyote. "Does it hurt? Oh, well, it will get well. Just wait until you have doctored the other arm, and then in a few minutes you will be all right."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" groaned the Demon. "How in the world can I doctor the other arm, for my left arm is broken?"

"Lay it across the rock, my friend," said the Coyote, "and I 'll doctor it for you."

So the Demon did as he was bidden, and the Coyote brought the stone down with might and main against his arm. "Have patience, my friend, have patience," said he, as he bathed the injured limb with more of the medicine-water. But the Demon only groaned and howled, and rolled over and over in the dust with pain.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Coyote, as he keeled a somersault over the rocks and ran off over the plain. "How do you feel now, old man?"

"But it hurts! It hurts!" cried the Demon. "I shall never get well; it will kill me!"

"Of course it will," laughed the Coyote. "That 's just what I wanted it to do, you old fool!"

So the old Demon lay down and died from sheer pain.

Then the Coyote took the Demon's knife from him, and, cutting open his breast, tore out his heart, wind-pipe, and all. Then, stealing the war-

badge that the Demon had worn, he cut away as fast as ever he could for the home of the Prey-gods. Before noon he neared their house, and, just as he ran up into the plaza in front of it, the youngest sister of the Prey-gods came out to hang up some meat to dry. Now, her brothers had all gone hunting; not one of them was at home.

"I say, wife," said the Coyote. "Wife! Wife!"

"Humph!" said the girl. "Impertinent scoundrel! I wonder where he is and who he is that has the impudence to call me his wife, when he knows that I have never been married!"

"Wife! Wife!" shouted the Coyote again.

"Away with you, you shameless rascal!" cried the girl, in indignation. Then she looked around and spied the Coyote sitting there on the ash-heap, with his nose in the air, as though he were the biggest fellow in the world.

"Clear out, you wretch!" cried the girl.

"Softly, softly," replied the Coyote. "Do you remember what your brothers said last night?"

"What was that?" said the girl.

"Why, whoever would kill the speckled Demon, they declared, should have you for his wife."

"Well, what of that?" said the girl.

"Oh, nothing," replied the Coyote, "only I 've killed him!" And, holding up the Demon's heart and war-badge, he stuck his nose in the air again.

So the poor girl said not a word, but sat there until the Coyote called out: "I say, wife, come down and take me up; I can't climb the ladders."

So the poor girl went down the ladder, took her

foul-smelling husband in her arms, and climbed up with him.

"Now, take me in with you," said the Coyote. So she did as she was bidden. Then she was about to mix some dough, but the Coyote kept getting in her way.

"Get out of the way a minute, won't you?" said the girl, "until I cook something for you."

"I want you to come and sit down with me," said the Coyote, "and let me kiss you, for you know you are my wife, now." So the poor girl had to submit to the ill-smelling creature's embraces.

Presently along came her brother, the Gray Wolf, but he was a very good-natured sort of fellow; so he received the Coyote pleasantly. Then along came the Bear, with a big antelope over his shoulder; but he did n't say anything, for he was a lazy, good-natured fellow. Then presently the other brothers came in, one by one; but the Mountain Lion was so late in returning that they began to look anxiously out for him. When they saw him coming from the north with more meat and more game than all the others together had brought, he was evidently not in good humor, for as he approached the house he exclaimed, with a howl: "*Hu-hu-ya!*"

"There he goes again," said the brothers and sisters, all in a chorus. "Always out of temper with something."

"*Hu-hu-ya!*" exclaimed the Mountain Lion again, louder than before. And, as he mounted the ladder, he exclaimed for a third time: "*Hu-hu-ya!*" and, throwing his meat down, entered swearing and growling until his brothers were ashamed of him, and told him he had better behave himself.

"Come and eat," said the sister, as she brought a bowl of meat and put it on the floor.

"*Hu-hu-ya!*" again exclaimed the Mountain Lion, as he came nearer and sat down to eat. "What in the world is the matter with you, sister? You smell just like a Coyote. *Hu-hu-ya!*"

"Have you no more decency than to come home and scold your sister in that way?" exclaimed the Wolf. "I 'm disgusted with you."

"*Hu-hu-ya!*" reiterated the Mountain Lion.

Now, when the Coyote had heard the Mountain Lion coming, he had sneaked off into a corner; but he stuck his sharp nose out, and the Mountain Lion espied it. "*Hu-hu-ya!*" said he. "Sling that bad-smelling beast out of the house! Kick him out!" cried the old man, with a growl. So the sister, fearing that her brother would eat her husband up, took the Coyote in her arms and carried him into another room.

"Now, stay there and keep still, for brother is very cross; but then he is always cross if things don't go right," she said.

So when evening came her brothers began to discuss where they would go hunting the next day; and the Coyote, who was listening at the door, heard them. So he called out: "Wife! Wife!"

"*Shom-me!*" remarked old Long Tail. "Shut up, you dirty whelp." And as the sister arose to go to see what her husband wanted, the Mountain

Lion remarked: "You had better sling that foul-smelling cub of yours over the roof."

No sooner had the girl entered than the Coyote began to brag what a runner he was, and to cut around at a great rate.

"*Shom-me!*" exclaimed the Mountain Lion again. "A Coyote always will make a Coyote of himself, foul-smelling wretch! *Hu-hu-ya!*"

"Shut up, and behave yourself!" cried the Wolf. "Don't you know any better than to talk about your brother-in-law in that way?" But neither the Coyote nor the girl could sleep that night for the growlings and roarings of their big brother, the Long Tail.

When the brothers began to prepare for the hunt the next morning, out came the Coyote all ready to accompany them. "You, you?" said the Mountain Lion. "You going to hunt with us? You conceited sneak!"

"Let him go if he wants to," said the Wolf.

"*Hu-hu-ya!* Fine company!" remarked the Mountain Lion. "If you fellows want to walk with him, you may. There 's one thing certain, I 'll not be seen in his company," and away strode the old fellow, lashing his tail and growling as he went. So the Coyote, taking a luncheon of dried meat that his wife put up for him, sneaked along behind with his tail dragging in the dust. Finally they all reached the mountain where they intended to hunt, and soon the Mountain Lion and the Bear started out to drive in a herd of antelope that they had scented in the distance. Presently along rushed the leaders of the herd.

"Now, then, I 'll show your cross old brother whether I can hunt or not," cried the Coyote, and away he rushed right into the herd of antelope and deer before anyone could restrain him. Of course he made a Coyote of himself, and away went the deer in all directions. Nevertheless, the brothers, who were great hunters, succeeded in catching a few of them; and, just as they sat down to lunch, the Mountain Lion returned with a big elk on his shoulders.

"Where is our sweet-scented brother-in-law?" he asked.

"Nobody knows," replied they. "He rushed off after the deer and antelope, and that was the last of him."

"Of course the beast will make a Coyote of himself. But he can go till he can go no longer, for all I care," added the Mountain Lion, as he sat down to eat.

Presently along came the Coyote.

"Where 's your game, my fine hunter?" asked the Mountain Lion.

"They all got away from me," whined the Coyote.

"Of course they did, you fool!" sneered the Mountain Lion. "The best thing that you can do is to go home and see your wife. Here, take this meat to sister," said he, slinging him a haunch of venison.

"Where 's the road?" asked the Coyote.

"Well," said the Wolf, "follow that path right over there until you come to where it forks; then be sure to take the right-hand trail, for if you

follow the left-hand trail it will lead you away from home and into trouble."

"Which trail did you say?" cried the Coyote.

"*Shom-me!*" again exclaimed the Mountain Lion.

"Oh, yes," hastily added the Coyote; "the right-hand trail. No, the left-hand trail."

"Just what you might expect," growled the Mountain Lion. "Already the fool has forgotten what you told him. Well, as for me, he can go on the left-hand trail if he wants to, and the farther he goes the better."

"Now, be sure and take the right-hand trail," called the Wolf, as the Coyote started.

"I know, I know," cried the Coyote; and away he went with his heavy haunch of venison slung over his shoulder. After a while he came to the fork in the trail. "Let me see," said he, "it 's the left-hand trail, it seems to me. No, the right-hand trail. Well, I declare, I 've forgotten! Perhaps it is the right-hand trail, and maybe it is the left-hand trail. Yes, it is the left-hand trail. Now I 'm certain." And, picking up his haunch of venison, away he trotted along the left-hand trail. Presently he came to a steep cliff and began to climb it. But he had no sooner reached the middle than a lot of Chimney-swallows began to fly around his head and pick at his eyes, and slap him on the nose with their wings.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" exclaimed the Coyote. "Aye! aye!" and he bobbed his head from side to side to dodge the Swallows, until he missed his footing, and down he tumbled, heels over head,—

meat, Coyote, and all,—until he struck a great pile of rocks below, and was dashed to pieces.

That was the end of the Coyote; but not of my story.

Now, the brothers went on hunting again. Then, one by one, they returned home. As before, the Mountain Lion came in last of all. He smelt all about the room. "Whew!" exclaimed he. "It still smells here as if twenty Coyotes had been around. But it seems to me that our fine brother-in-law is n't anywhere about."

"No," responded the rest, with troubled looks on their faces. "Nobody has seen anything of him yet."

"*Shom—m-m!*" remarked the Mountain Lion again. "Did n't I tell you, brothers, that he was a fool and would forget your directions? I say I told you that before he started. Well, for my part, I hope the beast has gone so far that he will never return," and with that he ate his supper.

When supper was over, the sister said: "Come, brothers, let 's go and hunt for my husband."

At first the Mountain Lion growled and swore a great deal; but at last he consented to go. When they came to where the trails forked, there were the tracks of the Coyote on the left-hand trail.

"The idiot!" exclaimed the Mountain Lion. "I hope he has fallen off the cliff and broken every bone in his body!"

When at last the party reached the mountain, sure enough, there lay the body of the Coyote, with not a whole bone in him except his head.

"Good enough for you," growled the Mountain Lion, as he picked up a great stone and, *tu-um!* threw it down with all his strength upon the head of the Coyote.

That's what happened a great while ago. And for that reason whenever a Coyote sees a bait of meat inside of a stone deadfall he is sure to stick his nose in and get his head mashed for his pains.

Thus shortens my story.

HOW THE COYOTES TRIED TO STEAL THE CHILDREN OF THE SACRED DANCE

IN the times of the ancients, when our people lived in various places about the valley of Zuñi where ruins now stand, it is said that an old Coyote lived in Cedar Cañon with his family, which included a fine litter of pups. It is also said that at this time there lived on the crest of Thunder Mountain, back of the broad rock column or pinnacle which guards its western portion, one of the gods of the Sacred Drama Dance (*Kâkâ*)[1], named K'yámakwe, with his children, many in number and altogether like himself.

[1] The *Kâkâ*, or Sacred Drama Dance, is represented by a great variety of masks and costumes worn by Zuñi dancers during the performance of this remarkable dramatic ceremony. Undoubtedly many of the traditional characters of the Sacred Drama thus represented are conventionalizations of the mythic conceptions or personifications of animal attributes. Therefore many of these characters partake at once of the characteristics, in appearance as well as in other ways, of animals and men. The example in point is a good illustration of this. The K'yámakwe are supposed to have been a most wonderful and powerful tribe of demi-gods, inhabiting a great valley and range of mesas some forty miles south of Zuñi. Their powers over the atmospheric phenomena of nature and over all the herbivorous animals are supposed to have been absolute. Their attitude toward man was at times inimical, at times friendly or beneficent. Such a relationship, controlled simply by either laudatory or propitiatory worship, was supposed to hold spiritually, still, between these and other beings represented in the Sacred Drama and men. It is believed that through the power of breath communicated by these ancient gods to men, from one man to another man, and thus from generation to generation, an actual connection has been kept up between initiated members of the *Kâkâ* drama and these original demi-god characters which it represents; so that when a member is properly dressed in the costume of any one of these characters, a ceremony (the

One day the old Coyote of Cedar Cañon went out hunting, and as he was prowling around among the sage-bushes below Thunder Mountain, he heard the clang and rattle and the shrill cries of the K'yámakwe. He pricked up his ears, stuck his nose into the air, sniffed about and looked all around, and presently discovered the K'yámakwe children running rapidly back and forth on the very edge of the mountain.

"Delight of my senses, what pretty creatures they are! Good for me!" he piped, in a jovial

description of which is too long for insertion here) accompanying the putting on of the mask is supposed not only to place him *en rapport* spiritually with the character he represents, but even to possess him with the spirit of that character or demi-god. He is, therefore, so long as he remains disguised as one of these demi-gods, treated as if he were actually that being which he personates. One of the K'yámakwe is represented by means of a mask, round and smooth-headed, with little black eyes turned up at the corners so as to represent a segment of a diminishing spiral; the color of the face is green, and it is separated from the rest of the head by a line composed of alternate blocks of black and yellow; the crown and back of the head are snow-white; and the ears are pendent and conical in shape, being composed of husks or other paper-like material; the mouth is round, and furnished with a four-pointed beak of husks, which extends two or three inches outward and spreads at the end like the petals of a half-closed lily; round the neck is a collar of fox fur, and covering the body are flowing robes of sacred embroidered mantles, which (notwithstanding the gay ornaments and other appurtenances of the costume) have, in connection with the expression of the mask, a spectral effect; the feet are encased in brilliantly painted moccasins, of archaic form, and the wrists laden with shell bracelets and bow-guards. When the long file of these strange figures making up the K'yámakwe Drama Dance comes in from the southward to the dance plazas of the pueblo, each member of it bears on his back freshly slain deer, antelope, rabbits, and other game animals or portions of them in abundance, made up in packages, highly decorated with tufts of evergreen, and painted toys for presentation to the children. In one hand are carried bows and arrows, and in the other a peculiar rattle or clanger made of the shoulder-blades of deer. The wonder expressed by the coyote as the story goes on, and his excessive admiration of the children of the K'yámakwe may therefore be understood.

voice. "I am the finder of children. I must capture the little fellows tomorrow, and bring them up as Coyotes ought to be brought up. Are n't they handsome, though?"

All this he said to himself, in a fit of conceit, with his nose in the air (presumptuous cur!), planning to steal the children of a god! He hunted no more that day, but ran home as fast as he could, and, arriving there, he said: "Wife! Wife! O wife! I have discovered a number of the prettiest waifs one ever saw. They are children of the *Kâkâ*, but what matters that? They are there, running back and forth and clanging their rattles along the very edge of Thunder Mountain. I mean to steal them tomorrow, every one of them, and bring them here!"

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the old Coyote's wife. "There are children enough and to spare already. What in the world can we do with all of them, you fool?"

"But they are pretty," said the Coyote. "Immensely fine! Every Coyote in the country would envy us the possession of them!"

"But you say they are many," continued the wife.

"Well, yes, a good many," said the Coyote.

"Well, why not divide them among our associated clans?" suggested the old woman. "You never can capture them alone; it is rare enough that you capture *anything* alone, leave out the children of the K'yámakwe. Get your relatives to help you, and divide the children amongst them."

"Well, now, come to think of it, it is a good plan," said the Coyote, with his nose on his neck. "If I get up this expedition I 'll be a big chief, won't I? Hurrah! Here's for it!" he shouted; and, switching his tail in the face of his wife, he shot out of the hole and ran away to a high rock, where, squatting down with a most important air and his nose lifted high, he cried out:

"*Au hii lâ-â-â-â!*
Su Homaya-kwe!
Su Kemaya-kwe!
Su Ayalla-kwe!
Su Kutsuku-kwe!

[Listen ye all!
Coyotes of the Cedar-cañon tribe!
Coyotes of the Sunflower-stalk-plain tribe!
Coyotes of the Lifted-stone-mountain tribe!
Coyotes of the Place-of-rock-gullies tribe!]

I have instructions for you this day. I have found waif children many—of the K'yámakwe, the young. I would steal the waif-children many, of the K'yámakwe, the young. I would steal them tomorrow, that they may be adopted of us. I would have your aid in the stealing of the K'yámakwe young. Listen ye all, and tomorrow gather in council. Thus much I instruct ye:

"Coyotes of the Cedar-cañon tribe!
Coyotes of the Sunflower-stalk-plain tribe!
Coyotes of the Lifted-stone-mountain tribe!
Coyotes of the Place-of-rock-gullies tribe!"

It was growing dark, and immediately from all quarters, in dark places under the cañons and

arroyos, issued answering howls and howls. You should have seen that crowd of Coyotes the next morning, large and small, old and young,—all four tribes gathered together in the plain below Thunder Mountain!

When they had all assembled, the Coyote who had made the discovery mounted an ant-hill, sat down, and, lifting his paw, was about to give directions with the air of a chief when an ant bit him. He lost his dignity, but resumed it again on the top of a neighboring rock. Again he stuck his nose into the air and his paw out, and with ridiculous assumption informed the Coyotes that he was chief of them all and that they would do well to pay attention to his directions. He then showed himself much more skilful than you might have expected. As you know, the cliff of Thunder Mountain is very steep, especially that part back of the two standing rocks. Well, this was the direction of the Coyote:

"One of you shall place himself at the base of the mountain; another shall climb over him, and the first one shall grasp his tail; and another over them, and his tail shall be grasped by the second, and so on until the top is reached. Hang tight, my friends, every one of you, and every one fall in line. Eructate thoroughly before you do so. If you do not, we may be in a pretty mess; for, supposing that any one along the line should hiccough, he would lose his hold, and down we would all fall!"

So the Coyotes all at once began to curve their necks and swell themselves up and strain and

wriggle and belch wind as much as possible. Then all fell into a line and grabbed each other's tails, and thus they extended themselves in a long string up the very face of Thunder Mountain. A ridiculous little pup was at one end and a good, strong, grizzled old fellow—no other than the chief of the party—at the other.

"Souls of my ancestors! Hang tight, my friends! Hang tight! Hang tight!" said he, when, suddenly, one near the top, in the agitation of the moment, began to sneeze, lost his hold, and down the whole string, hundreds of them, fell, and were completely flattened out among the rocks.

The warrior of the *Kâkâ*—he of the Long Horn, with frightful, staring eyes, and visage blue with rage,—bow and war-club in hand, was hastening from the sacred lake in the west to rescue the children of the K'yámakwe. When he arrived they had been rescued already, so, after storming around a little and mauling such of the Coyotes as were not quite dead, he set to skin them all.

And ever since then you will observe that the dancers of the Long Horn have blue faces, and whenever they arrive in our pueblo wear collars of coyote-skin about their necks. That is the way they got them. Before that they had no collars. It is presumable that that is the reason why they bellow so and have such hoarse voices, having previously taken cold, every one of them, for the want of fur collars.

Thus shortens my story.

HOW THE TWINS OF WAR AND CHANCE, ÁHAIYÚTA AND MÁTSAILÉMA, FARED WITH THE UNBORN-MADE MEN OF THE UNDERWORLD[1]

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

HERETOFORE I have withheld from publication such single examples of Zuñi folk-lore as the following, in order that the completer series might be brought forth in the form of an unbroken collection, with ample introductory as well as supplementary chapters, essential to the proper understanding by ourselves of the many distinctively Zuñi meanings and conceptions involved in the various allusions with which any one of them teems. Yet, to avoid encumbering the present example with any but the briefest of notes, I must ask leave to refer the reader to the more general yet detailed chapters I have already written in the main, and with which, I have reason to hope, I will ere long be able to present the tales in question. Meanwhile, I would refer likewise to the essay I have recently prepared for the Thirteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, on *Zuñi Creation Myths* in their relation to primitive dance and other dramaturgic ceremonies.

Ever one of my chief story-tellers was Waíhusiwa,—of the priestly kin of Zuñi. He had already told me somewhat more than fifty of the folk tales, long and short, of his people, when one night I asked him for "only one more story of the grandfathers." Wishing to evade me, he replied with more show than sincerity:

[1] Reprinted from the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. v., No. 16, pp. 49–56.

"There is a North, and of it I have told you *té-la-p'-na-we*.[1] There is a West; of it also I have told you *té-la-p'-na-we*. There are the South and East; of them likewise have I told you *té-la-p'-na-we*. Even of the Above have I not but lately told you of the youth who made love to his eagle and dwelt apace in the Sky-world? And of the great World-embracing Waters? You have been told of the hunter who married the Serpent-maiden and journeyed to the Mountain of Sunset. Now, therefore, my word-pouch is as empty as the food-pack of a lost hunter, and—"

"Feel in the bottom of it, then," interposed old Pálowahtiwa, who was sitting near, "and tell him of the Underworld."

"*Hi-ta!* [Listen!] brother younger," said Waíhusiwa, nonplussed but ever ready. "Did you ever hear tell of the people who could not digest, having, forsooth, no proper insides wherewithal to do so? Did you ever hear of them, brother younger?"

"Nay, never; not even from my own grandfathers," said I. "*Sons éso* to your story; short be it or long."[2]

"*Sons éso tse-nd!*" ("Cool your '*sons éso!*' and wait till *I* begin.")—F. H. C.

ZUÑI INTRODUCTION

It seems—so the words of the grandfathers say—that in the Underworld were many strange things and beings, even villages of men, long ago.

[1] From *té-na-la-a*, "time or times of," and *pé-na-we*, words or speeches (tales): "tales of time."

[2] The invariable formula for beginning a folk tale is, by the raconteur: "*Són ah-tchi!*" ("Let us take up")—*té-la-p'-ne*, or "a folk tale," being understood. To this the auditors or listeners respond: "*É-so!*" ("Yea, verily.") Again, by the raconteur: "*Sons i-nó-o-to-na! Tem*," etc. ("Let us (tell of) the times of creation! When," etc.) Again, by the listeners: "*Sons éso! Te-ä-tú!*" ("Yea, let us, verily! Be it so.")

But the people of those villages were unborn-made, —more like the ghosts of the dead than ourselves, yet more like ourselves than are the ghosts of the dead, for as the dead are more finished of being than we are, they were less so, as smoke, being hazy, is less fine than mist, which is filmy; or as green corn, though raw, is soft like cooked corn which is done (like the dead), and as both are softer than ripe corn which, though raw, is hardened by age (as we are of meat).

And also, these people were, you see, dead in a way, in that they had not yet begun to live, that is, as we live, in the daylight fashion.

And so, it would seem, partly like ourselves, they had bodies, and partly like the dead they had no bodies, for being unfinished they were unfixed. And whereas the dead are like the wind, and take form from within of their own wills (*yän'te-tseman*), these people were really like the smoke,[1] taking form from without of the outward touching of things, even as growing and unripe grains and fruits do.

[1] The Zuñi classification of states of growth or being is as elaborate as that of relative space in their mythology—both extremely detailed and systematic, yet, when understood, purely primitive and simple. The universe is supposed to have been generated from haze (*shí-wai-a*) produced by light (of the All-container, Sun-father) out of darkness. The observed analogy of this in nature is the appearance of haze (both heat and steam) preceding growth in springtime; the appearance of the world, of growing and living things, through mist seemingly rising out of the darkness each morning. In harmony with this conception of the universe is the correlative one that every being (as to soul, at least) passes through many successive states of becoming, always beginning as a *shí-u-na hâ-i* (haze being), and passing through the raw or soft (*k'ya-pi-na*), the formative (*k'yaí-yu-na*), variable (*thlím-ni-na*), fixed or done

Well, in consequence, it was passing strange what a state they were in! Bethink ye! Their persons were much the reverse of our own, for wherein we are hard, they were soft—pliable. Wherein we are most completed, they were most unfinished; for not having even the organs of digestion, whereby we fare lustily, food in its solidity was to them destructive, whereas to us it is sustaining. When, therefore, they would eat, they dreaded most the food itself, taking thought not to touch it, and merely absorbing the mist thereof. As fishes fare chiefly on water, and birds on air, so these people ate by gulping down the steam and savor of their cooked things whilst cooking or still hot; then they threw the real food away, forsooth!

The Tale

NOW, the Twain Little-ones, Áhaiyúta and Mátsailéma,[1] were ever seeking scenes of

(*ak-na*), and finished or dead (*ä-shï-k'ya*) states; whilst the condition of the surpassing beings (gods) may be any of these at will (*i-thlim-na*, or *thlim-nah-na*, etc.). There are many analogies of this observed by the Zuñi, likening, as he does, the generation of being to that of fire with the fire-drill and stick. The most obvious of these is the appearance, in volumes, of "smoke-steam" or haze just previously to ignition, and its immediate disappearance with ignition. Further, the succession of beings in the becoming of a complete being may be regarded as an orderly personification of growth phenomena as observed in plants and seeds; for example, in corn, which is characterized by no fewer than thirteen mystic names, according to its stages of growth. This whole subject is much more fully and conclusively set forth in the writings to which I have already referred.

[1] For the mythic origin of these two chief gods under the Sun, as his right- and left-hand being, their relation to chance, war, games, etc., I again refer the reader to the *Zuñi Creation Myths*.

contention; for what was deathly and dreadful to others was lively and delightful to them; so that cries of distress were ever their calls of invitation, as to a feast or dance is the call of a priest to us.

On a day when the world was quiet, they were sitting by the side of a deep pool. They heard curious sounds coming up through the waters, as though the bubbles were made by moans of the waters affrighted.

"Uh!" cried the elder. "What is that?"

The younger brother turned his ear to the ground and listened.

"There is trouble down there, dire trouble, for the people of the Underworld are shrieking war-cries like daft warriors and wailing like murder-mourners. What can be the matter? Let us descend and see!"

"Just so!" said Áhaiyúta.

Then they covered their heads with their cord-shields[1]—turned upside down—and shut their eyes and stepped into the deep pool.

"Now we are in the dark," said they, "like the dark down there. Well, then, by means of the dark let us go down"—for they had wondrous power, had those Twain; the magic of in-knowing-how thought had they.

[1] *Pi-a-la-we* (cord or cotton shields), evidently an ancient style of shield still surviving in the form of sacrificial net-shields of the Priesthood of the Bow. But the shields of these two gods were supposed to have been spun from the clouds which, supporting the sky-ocean, that in turn supported the sky-world (as this world is believed to be supported by under-waters and clouds), were hence possessed of the power of floating—upward when turned up, downward when reversed.

Down, like light through dark places, they went; dry through the waters; straight toward that village in the Underworld.

"Whew! the poor wretches are already dead," cried they, "and rotting"—for their noses were sooner accustomed to the dark than their eyes, which they now opened.

"We might as well have spared ourselves the coming, and stayed above," said Áhaiyúta.

"Nay, not so," said Mátsailéma. "Let us go on and see how they lived, even if they are dead."

"Very well," said the elder; and as they fared toward the village they could see quite plainly now, for they had made it dark (to themselves) by shutting their eyes in the daylight above, so now they made it light (to themselves) by opening their eyes in the darkness below and simply looking,—it was their way, you know.

"Well, well!" said Mátsailéma, as they came nearer and the stench doubled. "Look at the village; it is full of people; the more they smell of carrion the more they seem alive!"

"Yes, by the chut of an arrow!" exclaimed Áhaiyúta. "But look here! It is food we smell—cooked food, all thrown away, as we throw away bones and corn-cobs because they are too hard to eat and profitless withal. What, now, can be the meaning of this?"

"What, indeed! Who can know save by knowing," replied the younger brother. "Come, let us lie low and watch."

So they went very quietly close to the village, crouched down, and peered in. Some people inside were about to eat. They took fine food steaming hot from the cooking-pots and placed it low down in wide trenchers; then they gathered around and sipped in the steam and savor with every appearance of satisfaction; but they were as chary of touching the food or of letting the food touch them as though it were the vilest of refuse.

"Did you see that?" queried the younger brother. "By the delight of death,[1] but—"

"Hist!" cried the elder. "If they are people of that sort, feeding upon the savor of food, then they will hear the suggestions of sounds better than the sounds themselves, and the very demon fathers would not know how to fare with such people, or to fight them, either!"

Hah! But already the people had heard! They set up a clamor of war, swarming out to seek the enemy, as well they might, for who would think favorably of a sneaking stranger under the shade of a house-wall watching the food of another? Why, dogs growl even at their own offspring for the like of that!

"Where? Who? What is it?" cried the people, rushing hither and thither like ants in a shower. "Hah! There they are! There! Quick!" cried they, pointing to the Twain, who were cutting away to the nearest hillock. And immediately they fell to singing their war-cry.

[1] *Hé-lu-ha-pa*; from *hé-lu*, or *é-lu*, "hurrah," or "how delightful!"—and *há-pa*, a corpse-demon, death.

"*Ha-a! Sús-ki!*
Ó-ma-ta
Há-wi-mo-o!
Ó-ma-ta,
Ó-ma-ta Há-wi-mo!"[1]

sang they as they ran headlong toward the Two, and then they began shouting:

"Tread them both into the ground! Smite them both! Fan them out! *Ho-o! Ha-a! Há-wi-mo-o ó-ma-ta!*"

But the Twain laughed and quickly drew their arrows and loosed them amongst the crowd. *P'it! tsok!* sang the arrows through and through the people, but never a one fell.

"Why, how now is this?" cried the elder brother.

"We 'll club them, then!" said Mátsailéma, and he whiffed out his war-club and sprang to meet the foremost whom he pummelled well and sorely over the head and shoulders. Yet the man was only confused (he was too soft and unstable to be hurt); but another, rushing in at one side, was hit by one of the shield-feathers and fell to the ground like smoke driven down under a hawk's wing.

"Hold, brother, I have it! Hold!" cried Áhaiyúta. Then he snatched up a bunch of dry plume-grass and leaped forward. *Swish!* Two ways he swept the faces and breasts of the pursuers.

[1] This, like so many of the folk-tale songs, can only be translated etymologically or by extended paraphrasing. Such songs are always jargonistic, either archaic, imitative, or adapted from other languages of tribes who possibly supplied incidents to the myths themselves; but they are, like the latter, strictly harmonized with the native forms of expression and phases of belief.

Lo! right and left they fell like bees in a rainstorm, and quickly sued for mercy, screeching and running at the mere sight of the grass-straws.

"You fools!" cried the brothers. "Why, then, did ye set upon us? We came for to help you and were merely looking ahead as becomes strangers in strange places, when, lo! you come running out like a mess of mad flies with your '*Ha-a sús-ki ó-ma-ta!*' Call us coyote-sneaks, do you? But there! Rest fearless! We hunger; give us to eat."

So they led the Twain into the court within the town and quickly brought steaming food for them.

They sat down and began to blow the food to cool it, whereupon the people cried out in dismay: "Hold! Hold, ye heedless strangers; do not waste precious food like that! For shame!"

"Waste food? Ha! This is the way *we* eat!" said they, and clutching up huge morsels they crammed their mouths full and bolted them almost whole.

The people were so horrified and sickened at sight of this, that some of them sweated furiously,—which was their way of spewing—whilst others, stouter of thought, cried: "Hold! hold! Ye will die; ye will surely sicken and die if the stuff do but touch ye!"

"Ho! ho!" cried the Twain, eating more lustily than ever. "Eat thus and harden yourselves, you poor, soft things, you!"

Just then there was a great commotion. Everyone rushed to the shelter of the walls and houses, shouting to them to leave off and follow quickly.

"What is it?" asked they, looking up and all around.

"Woe, woe! The gods are angry with us this day, and blowing arrows at us. They will kill you both! Hurry!" A big puff of wind was blowing over, scattering slivers and straws before it; that was all!

"Brother," said the elder, "this will not do. These people must be hardened and be taught to eat. But let us take a little sleep first, then we will look to this."

They propped themselves up against a wall, set their shields in front of them, and fell asleep. Not long after they awakened suddenly. Those strange people were trying to drag them out to bury them, but were afraid to touch them now, for they thought them dead stuff, more dead than alive.

The younger brother punched the elder with his elbow, and both pretended to gasp, then kept very still. The people succeeded at last in rolling them out of the court like spoiling bodies, and were about to mingle them with the refuse when they suddenly let go and set up a great wail, shouting "War! Murder!"

"How now?" cried the Twain, jumping up. Whereupon the people stared and chattered in greater fright than ever at seeing the dead seemingly come to life!

"What 's the matter, you fool people?"

"*Akaa kaa*," cried a flock of jays.

"Hear that!" said the villagers. "Hear that, and ask what 's the matter! The jays are coming;

whoever they light on dies—run you two! *Aii!* Murder!" And they left off their standing as though chased by demons. On one or two of the hindmost some jays alighted. They fell dead as though struck by lightning!

"Why, see that!" cried the elder brother—"these people die if only birds alight on them!"

"Hold on, there!" said the younger brother. "Look here, you fearsome things!" So they pulled hairs from some scalp-locks they had, and made snares of them, and whenever the jays flew at them they caught them with the nooses until they had caught every one. Then they pinched them dead and took them into the town and roasted them. "This is the way," said they, as they ate the jays by morsels.

And the people crowded around and shouted: "Look! look! why, they eat the very enemy—say nothing of refuse!" And although they dreaded the couple, they became very conciliatory and gave them a fit place to bide in.

The very next day there was another alarm. The Two ran out to learn what was the matter. For a long time they could see nothing, but at last they met some people fleeing into the town. Chasing after them was a cooking-pot with ear-rings of onions.[1] It was boiling furiously and

[1] The onion here referred to is the dried, southwestern leek-clove, which is so strong and indigestible that, when eaten raw and in quantity, gives rise to great distress, or actually proves fatal to any but mature and vigorous persons. This, of course, explains why it was chosen for its value as a symbol of the vigor (or "daylight perfection" and invincibility) of the Twin gods.

belching forth hot wind and steam and spluttering mush in every direction. If ever so little of the mush hit the people they fell over and died.

"*He!*" cried the Twain;

"Té-k'ya-thla-k'ya
Í-ta-wa-k'ya
Äsh'-she-shu-kwa!

—As if food-stuff were made to make people afraid!" Whereupon they twitched the ear-rings off the pot and ate them up with all the mush that was in the pot, which they forthwith kicked to pieces vigorously.

Then the people crowded still closer around them, wondering to one another that they could vanquish all enemies by eating them with such impunity, and they begged the Twain to teach them how to do it. So they gathered a great council of the villagers, and when they found that these poor people were only half finished, . . . they cut vents in them (such as were not afraid to let them), . . . and made them eat solid food, by means of which they were hardened and became men of meat then and there, instead of having to get killed after the manner of the fearful, and others of their kind beforetime, in order to ascend to the daylight and take their places in men born of men.

And for this reason, behold! a new-born child may eat only of wind-stuff until his cord of viewless sustenance has been severed, and then only by sucking milk or soft food first and with much distress.

Behold! And we may now see why, like new-born children are the very aged; childish withal—*á-ya-vwi*[1]; — not only toothless, too, but also sure to die of diarrhœa if they eat ever so little save the soft parts and broths of cooked food. For are not the babes new-come from the *Shi-u-na*[2] world; and are not the aged about to enter the *Shi-po-lo-a*[3] world, where cooked food unconsumed is never heeded by the fully dead?

Thus shortens my story.

[1] Dangerously susceptible, tender, delicate.
[2] Hazy, steam-growing.
[3] Mist-enshrouded.

THE COCK AND THE MOUSE

NOTE.—While on their pilgrimage to the "Ocean of Sunrise" in the summer of 1886, three Zuñis—Pálowahtiwa, Waíhusiwa, and Héluta—with Mr. Cushing, were entertaining their assembled friends at Manchester-by-the-Sea with folk tales, those related by the Indians being interpreted by Mr. Cushing as they were uttered. When Mr. Cushing's turn came for a story he responded by relating the Italian tale of "The Cock and the Mouse" which appears in Thomas Frederick Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*. About a year later, at Zuñi, but under somewhat similar circumstances, Waíhusiwa's time came to entertain the gathering, and great was Mr. Cushing's surprise when he presented a Zuñi version of the Italian tale. Mr. Cushing translated the story as literally as possible, and it is here reproduced, together with Mr. Crane's translation from the Italian, in order that the reader may not only see what transformation the original underwent in such a brief period, and how well it has been adapted to Zuñi environment and mode of thought, but also to give a glimpse of the Indian method of folk-tale making.—*Editor*.

ITALIAN VERSION

ONCE upon a time there were a cock and a mouse. One day the mouse said to the cock: "Friend Cock, shall we go and eat some nuts on yonder tree?" "As you like." So they both went under the tree and the mouse climbed up at once and began to eat. The poor cock began to fly, and flew and flew, but could not come where the mouse was. When it saw that there was no hope of getting there, it said: "Friend Mouse, do you know what I want you to do? Throw me a nut." The mouse went and threw one and hit the cock on the head. The poor cock, with its head all broken and covered with blood, went away to an old woman. "Old aunt, give me some rags to cure

my head." "If you will give me two hairs I will give you the rags." The cock went away to a dog. "Dog, give me two hairs; the hairs I will give the old woman; the old woman will give me rags to cure my head." "If you will give me a little bread," said the dog, "I will give you the hairs." The cock went away to a baker. "Baker, give me bread; I will give bread to the dog; the dog will give hairs; the hairs I will carry to the old woman; the old woman will give me rags to cure my head." The baker answered: "I will not give you bread unless you give me some wood." The cock went away to the forest. "Forest, give me some wood; the wood I will carry to the baker; the baker will give me some bread; the bread I will give to the dog; the dog will give me hairs; the hairs I will carry to the old woman; the old woman will give me rags to cure my head." The forest answered: "If you will bring me a little water, I will give you some wood." The cock went away to a fountain. "Fountain, give me water; water I will carry to the forest; forest will give wood; wood I will carry to the baker; baker will give bread; bread I will give dog; dog will give hairs; hairs I will give old woman; old woman will give rags to cure my head." The fountain gave him water; the water he carried to the forest; the forest gave him wood; the wood he carried to the baker; the baker gave him bread; the bread he gave to the dog; the dog gave him the hairs; the hairs he carried to the old woman; the old woman gave him the rags; and the cock cured his head.

ZUÑI VERSION

THUS it was in the Town of the Floods Abounding,[1] long ago. There lived there an old woman, so they say, of the *Italia-kwe*,[2] who, in the land of their nativity, are the parental brothers of the Mexicans, it is said. Now, after the manner of that people, this old woman had a *Tâkâkâ* Cock which she kept alone so that he would not fight the others. He was very large, like a turkey, with a fine sleek head and a bristle-brush on his breast like a turkey-cock's too, for the *Tâkâkâ*-kind were at first the younger brothers of the Turkeys, so it would seem.

Well, the old woman kept her Cock in a little corral of tall close-set stakes, sharp at the top and wattled together with rawhide thongs, like an eagle-cage against a wall, only it had a little wicket also fastened with thongs. Now, try as he would, the old *Tâkâkâ* Cock could not fly out, for he had no chance to run and make a start as turkeys do in the wilds, yet he was ever trying and trying, because he was meat-hungry—always anxious for worms;—for, although the people of that village had abundant food, this old woman was poor and lived mainly on grain-foods, wherefore, perforce, she fed the old *Tâkâkâ* Cock with the refuse of her own eatings. In the morning the old woman would come and throw this refuse food into the corral cage.

Under the wall near by there lived a Mouse. He had no old grandmother to feed him, and he was particularly fond of grain food. When, having eaten

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[2] "Italy-people."

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[2] "Italy-people."

his fill, the old Cock would settle down, stiff of neck and not looking this side nor that, but sitting in the sun *kâ-tâ-kâ-tok-ing* to himself, the little Mouse would dodge out, steal a bit of tortilla or a crumb, and whisk into his hole again. Being sleepy, the *Tâkâkâ* Cock never saw him, and so, day after day the Mouse fared sumptuously and grew over-bold. But one day, when corn was ripe and the Cock had been well fed and was settling down to his sitting nap, the Mouse came out and stole a particularly large piece of bread, so that in trying to push it into his hole he made some noise and, moreover, had to stop and tunnel his doorway larger.

The Cock turned his head and looked just as the Mouse was working his way slowly in, and espied the long, naked tail lying there on the ground and wriggling as the Mouse moved to and fro at his digging.

"Hah! By the Grandmother of Substance, it is a worm!" cackled the Cock, and he made one peck at the Mouse's tail and bit it so hard that he cut it entirely off and swallowed it at one gulp.

The Mouse, squeaking "Murder!" scurried down into his sleeping-place, and fell to licking his tail until his chops were all pink and his mouth was drawn down like a crying woman's; for he loved his long tail as a young dancer loves the glory of his long hair, and he cried continually: "*Weh tsu tsu, weh tsu tse, yam hok ti-i-i!*" and thought: "Oh, that shameless great beast! By the Demon of Slave-creatures, I'll have my payment of him! For he is worse than an owl

or a night-hawk. They eat us all up, but he has taken away the very mark of my mousehood and left me to mourn it. I'll take vengeance on him, will I!"

So, from that time the Mouse thought how he might compass it, and this plan seemed best: He would creep out some day, all maimed of tail as he was, and implore pity, and thus, perchance, make friends for a while with the *Tâkâkâ* Cock. So he took seed-down, and made a plaster of it with nut-resin, and applied it to the stump of his tail. Then, on a morning, holding his tail up as a dog does his foot when maimed by a cactus, he crawled to the edge of his hole and cried in a weak voice to the *Tâkâkâ*:

"*Ani, yoa yoa! Itâ-ak'ya Mosa,*
Motcho wak'ya,
Oshe wak'ya,
Ethl hâ asha ni ha. Ha na, yoa, hâ na!"

Look you, pity, pity! Master of Food Substance,
Of my maiming,
Of my hunger,
I am all but dying. Ah me, pity, ah me!

Whereupon he held up his tail, which was a safe thing to do, you see, for it no longer looked like a worm or any other eatable.

Now, the *Tâkâkâ* was flattered to be called a master of plenty, so he said, quite haughtily (for he had eaten and could not bend his neck, and felt proud, withal), "Come in, you poor little thing, and eat all you want. As if I cared for what the

like of you could eat!" So the Mouse went in and ate very little, as became a polite stranger, and thanking the Cock, bade him good-day and went back to his hole.

By-and-by he came again, and this time he brought part of a nutshell containing fine white meat. When he had shouted warning of his coming and entered the corral cage, he said: "Comrade father, let us eat together. Of this food I have plenty, gathered from yonder high nut-tree which I climb every autumn when the corn is ripe and cut the nuts therefrom. But of all food yours I most relish, since I cannot store such in my cellar. Now, it may be you will equally relish mine; so let us eat, then, together."

"It is well, comrade child," replied the Cock; so they began to eat.

But the Cock had no sooner tasted the nut than he fairly chuckled for joy, and having speedily made an end of the kernel, fell to lamenting his hard lot. "Alas, ah me!" he said. "My grandmother brings me, on rare days, something like to this, but picked all too clean. There is nought eatable so nice. Comrade little one, do you have plenty of this kind, did you say?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Mouse; "but, you see, the season is near to an end now, and when I want more nuts I must go and gather them from the tree. Look, now! Why do you not go there also? That is the tree, close by."

"Ah me, I cannot escape, woe to me! Look at my wings," said the Cock, "they are worn to

bristles—and as to the beard on my breast, my chief ornament, alas! it is all crumpled and uneven, so much have I tried to fly out and so hard have I pushed against the bars. As for the door, my grandmother claps that shut and fastens it tightly with thongs, be you sure, as soon as ever she finishes the feeding of me!"

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the Mouse. "If that's all, there's nothing easier than to open that. Look at my teeth; I even crack the hard nuts with these scrapers of mine! Wait!" He ran nimbly up the wicket and soon gnawed through the holding-string. "There! comrade father; push open the door, you are bigger than I, and we will go nutting."

"Thanks this day," cried the Cock, and shoving the wicket open, he ran forth cackling and crowing for gladness.

Then the Mouse led the way to the tree. Up the trunk he ran, and climbed and climbed until he came to the topmost boughs. "Ha! the nuts are fine and ripe up here," he shouted.

But the *Tâkâkâ* fluttered and flew all in vain; his wings were so worn he could not win even to the lowermost branches. "Oh! have pity on me, comrade child! Cut off some of the nuts and throw them down to me, do! My wings are so worn I cannot fly any better than the grandmother's old dog, who is my neighbor over there."

"Be patient, be patient, father!" exclaimed the Mouse. "I am cracking a big one for you as fast as I can. There, catch it!" and he threw a fat

nut close to the Cock, who gleefully devoured the kernel and, without so much as thanks, called for more.

"Wait, father," said the Mouse. "There! Stand right under me, so. Now, catch it; this is a big one!" Saying which the Mouse crawled out until he was straight over the Cock. "Now, then," said he, "watch in front!" and he let fall the nut. It hit the Cock on the head so hard that it bruised the skin off and stunned the old *Tâkâkâ* so that he fell over and died for a short time, utterly forgetting.

"*Té mi thlo kô thlo kwa!*" shouted the Mouse, as he hurried down the tree. "A little waiting, and lo! What my foe would do to me, I to him do, indeed!" Whereupon he ran across, before ever the Cock had opened an eye, and gnawed his bristles off so short that they never could grow again. "There, now!" said the Mouse. "Lo! thus healed is my heart, and my enemy is even as he made me, bereft of distinction!" Then he ran back to his cellar, satisfied.

Finally the Cock opened his eyes. "Ah me, my head!" he exclaimed. Then, moaning, he staggered to his feet, and in doing so he espied the nut. It was smooth and round, like a brown egg. When the Cock saw it he fell to lamenting more loudly than ever: "Oh, my head! *Tâ-kâ-kâ-kâ-â-â!*" But the top of his head kept bleeding and swelling until it was all covered over with welts of gore, and it grew so heavy, withal, that the *Tâkâkâ* thought he would surely die. So off

to his grandmother he went, lamenting all the way.

Hearing him, the grandmother opened the door, and cried: "What now?"

"Oh, my grandmother, ah me! I am murdered!" he answered. "A great, round, hard seed was dropped on my head by a little creature with a short, one-feathered tail, who came and told me that it was good to eat and—oh! my head is all bleeding and swollen! By the light of your favor, bind my wound for me lest, alas, I die!"

"Served you right! Why did you leave your place, knowing better?" cried the old woman. "I will not bind your head unless you give me your very bristles of manhood, that you may remember your lesson!"

"Oh! take them, grandmother!" cried the Cock; but when he looked down, alas! the beard of his breast, the glory of his kind, was all gone. "Ah me! ah me! What shall I do?" he again cried. But the old woman told him that unless he brought her at least four bristles she would not cure him, and forthwith she shut the door.

So the poor Cock slowly staggered back toward his corral, hoping to find some of the hairs that had been gnawed off. As he passed the little lodge of his neighbor, the Dog, he caught sight of old *Wahtsita's* fine muzzle-beard. "Ha!" thought he. Then he told the Dog his tale, and begged of him four hairs—"only four!"

"You great, pampered noise-maker, give me some bread, then, fine bread, and I will give you

the hairs." Whereupon the Cock thought, and went to the house of a Trader of Foodstuffs; and he told him also the tale.

"Well, then, bring me some wood with which I may heat the oven to bake the bread," said the Trader of Foodstuffs.

The Cock went to some Woods near by. "Oh, ye Beloved of the Trees, drop me dry branches!" And with this he told the Trees his tale; but the Trees shook their leaves and said: "No rain has fallen, and all our branches will soon be dry. Beseech the Waters that they give us drink, then we will gladly give you wood."

Then the Cock went to a Spring near by,—and when he saw in it how his head was swollen and he found that it was growing harder, he again began to lament.

"What matters?" murmured the Beloved of the Waters.

Then he told them the tale also.

"Listen!" said the Beings of Water. "Long have men neglected their duties, and the Beloved of the Clouds need payment of due no less than ourselves, the Trees, the Food-maker, the Dog, and the Old Woman. Behold! no plumes are set about our border! Now, therefore, pay to them of thy feathers—four floating plumes from under thy wings—and set them close over us, that, seen in our depths from the sky, they will lure the Beloved of the Clouds with their rain-laden breaths. Thus will our stream-way be replenished and the Trees watered, and their Winds in the Trees will drop

thee dead branches wherewith thou mayest make payment and all will be well."

Forthwith the *Tâkâkâ* plucked four of his best plumes and set them, one on the northern, one on the western, one on the southern, and one on the eastern border of the Pool. Then the Winds of the Four Quarters began to breathe upon the four plumes, and with those Breaths of the Beloved came Clouds, and from the Clouds fell Rain, and the Trees threw down dry branches, and the Wind placed among them Red-top Grass, which is light and therefore lightens the load it is among. And when the Cock returned and gathered a little bundle of fagots, lo! the Red-top made it so light that he easily carried it to the Food-maker, who gave him bread, for which the Dog gave him four bristles, and these he took to the old Grandmother.

"Ha!" exclaimed she. "Now, child, I will cure thee, but thou hast been so long that thy head will always be welted and covered with proud-flesh, even though healed. Still, it must ever be so. Doing right keeps right; doing wrong makes wrong, which, to make right, one must even pay as the sick pay those who cure them. Go now, and bide whither I bid thee."

When, after a time, the Cock became well, lo! there were great, flabby, blood-red welts on his head and blue marks on his temples where they were bruised so sore. Now, listen:

It is for this reason that ever since that time the medicine masters of that people never give cure

without pay; never, for there is no virtue in medicine of no value. Ever since then cocks have had no bristles on their breasts—only little humps where they ought to be;—and they always have blood-red crests of meat on their heads. And even when a hen lays an egg and a *tâkâkâ* cock sees it, he begins to *tâ-kâ-kâ-â* as the ancient of them all did when he saw the brown nut. And sometimes they even pick at and eat these seeds of their own children, especially when they are cracked.

As for mice, we know how they went into the meal-bags in olden times and came out something else, and, getting smoked, became *tsothliko-ahâi*, with long, bare tails. But that was before the Cock cut the tail of the *tsothliko* Mouse off. Ever since he cried in agony: "*Weh tsu yii weh tsu!*" like a child with a burnt finger, his children have been called *Wehtsutsukwe*, and wander wild in the fields; hence field-mice to this day have short tails, brown-stained and hairy; and their chops are all pink, and when you look them in the face they seem always to be crying.

Thus shortens my story.

THE GIANT CLOUD-SWALLOWER

A TALE OF CAÑON DE CHELLY

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

DEEP down in cañons of the Southwest, especially where they are joined by other cañons, the traveller may see standing forth from or hugging the angles of the cliffs, great towering needles of stone—weird, rugged, fantastic, oftentimes single, as often—like gigantic wind-stripped trees with lesser trees standing beside them—double or treble. Seen suddenly at a turn in the cañon these giant stones startle the gazer with their monstrous and human proportions, like giants, indeed, at bay against the sheer rock walls, protecting their young, who appear anon to crouch at the knees of their fathers or cling to their sides.

Few white men behold these statuesque stones in the moonlight, or in the gray light and white mists of the morning. At midday they seem dead or asleep while standing; but when the moon is shining above them and the wanderer below looks up to them, lo! the moon stands still and these mighty crags start forth, advancing noiselessly. His back is frozen, and even in the yielding sand his feet are held fast by terror—a delicious, ghostly terror, withal! Still he gazes fascinated, and as the shadow of the moonlight falls toward him over the topmost crest, lo, again! its crown is illumined and circled as if by a halo of snow-light, and back and forth from this luminous fillet over that high stony brow, black hair seems to tumble and gather.

Again, beheld in the dawn-light, when the mists are rising slowly and are waving to and fro around the giddy

columns, hiding the cliffs behind them, these vast pinnacles seem to nod and to waver or to sway themselves backward and forward, all as silently as before. Soon, when the sun is risen and the mists from below fade away, the wind blows more mist from the mesa; you see clouds of it pour from the cliff edge, just behind and above these great towers, and shimmer against the bright sky; but as soon as these clouds pass the crag-nests they are lost in the sunlight around them—lost so fast, as yet others come on, that the stone giants seem to drink them.

Of such rocks, according to their variety and local surroundings, the Zuñis relate many tales which are so ingenious and befitting that if we believed, as the Zuñis do, that in the time of creation when all things were young and soft and were therefore easily fashioned by whatever chanced to befall them—into this thing or that thing, into this plant or that plant, this animal or that, and so on endlessly through a dramatic story longer than Shakespeare or the Bible—we would fain believe also as he does in the quaint incidents of these stories of the time when all things were new and the world was becoming as we see it now.

One of these tales, a variant of others pertaining to particular standing rocks in the west, south, or east, is told of that wonder to all beholders, "El Capitan," of the Cañon de Chelly in the north. No one who has seen this stupendous rock column can fail to be interested in the following legend, or will fail to realize how, as this introduction endeavors to make plainer, the Zuñi poet and philosopher of olden times built up a story which he verily believed quite sufficient to account for the great shaft of sandstone and its many details and surroundings.—F. H. C.

Häki Suto, or Foretop Knot, he whose hair was done up over his forehead like a quail's crest, lived among the great cliffs of the north long ago, when the world was new. He was a giant, so tall that

men called him *Lo Ikwithltchunona*, or the Cloud-swallower. A devourer of men was he,—men were his meat—yea, and a drinker of their very substance was he, for the cloud-breaths of the beloved gods, and souls of the dead, whence descend rains, even these were his drink. Wherefore the People of the Cliffs sought to slay him, and hero after hero perished thuswise. Wherefore, too, snow ceased in the north and the west; rain ceased in the south and the east; the mists of the mountains above were drunk up; the waters of the valleys below were dried up; corn withered in the fields; men hungered and died in the cliffs.

Then came the Twin Gods of War, Áhaiyúta and Mátsailéma, who in play staked the lives of foes and fierce creatures. "Lo! it is not well with our children, men," said they. "Let us destroy this Häki Suto, the swallower of clouds," said they.

They were walking along the trail which leads southward to the Smooth-rocks-descending.

"O, grandchildren, where be ye wending?" said a little, little quavering voice. They looked,—the younger, then the elder. There on the tip of a grass-stalk, waving her banner of down-stuff, stood their grandmother, Spinner of Meshes.

"The Spider! Our Grandmother Spider!" cried one of the gods to the other. "Ho! grandmother, was that you calling?" shouted they to her.

"Yea, children; where wend ye this noon-day?"

"A-warring we are going," said they. "Look now!

"No beads for to broider your awning
Have fallen this many a morning."

"Aha, wait ye! Whom ye seek, verily I know him well," said the Spider-woman.

> "Like a tree fallen down from the mountain
> He lies by the side of the cliff-trail
> And feigns to sleep there, yet is wary.
> I will sew up his eyes with my down-cords.
> Then come ye and smite him, grandchildren."

She ran ahead. There lay Häki Suto, his legs over the trail where men journeyed. Great, like the trunks and branches of pine trees cast down by a wind-storm, were his legs arching over the pathway, and when some one chanced to come by, the giant would call out: "Good morning!" and bid him "pass right along under." "I am old and rheumatic," he would continue, oh, so politely! "Do not mind my rudeness, therefore; run right along under; never fear, run right along under!" But when the hunter tried to pass, *kúutsu!* Häki Suto would snatch him up and cast him over the cliff to be eaten by the young Forehead-cresters.

The Spider stepped never so lightly, and climbed up behind his great ear, and then busily wove at her web, to and fro, up and down, and in and out of his eyelashes she busily plied at her web.

"Pesk the birds and buzz creatures!" growled the giant, twitching this way and that his eyebrows. which tickled; but he would not stir,—for he heard the War-gods coming, and thought them fat hunters and needs must feign sleepy.

And these? Ha! ha! They begin to sing, as was their fearless wont sometimes. Häki Suto

never looked, but yawned and drawled as they came near, and nearer. "Never mind, my children, pass right along under, pass right along under; I am lame and tired this morning," said he.

Áhaiyúta ran to the left. Mátsailéma ran to the right. Häki Suto sprang up to catch them, but his eyes were so blinded with cobwebs that he missed them and feigned to fall, crying: "Ouch! my poor back! my poor back! Pass right along under, my children, it was only a crick in my back. Ouch! Oh, my poor back!" But they whacked him over the head and stomach till he stiffened and died. Then shouting "*So ho!*" they shoved him over the cliff.

The Navahos say that the grandmother tied him there by the hair—by his topknot—where you see the white streaks on the pillar, so *they* say; but it 's the birds that streak the pillar, and *this* is the way. When Häki Suto fell, his feet drave far into the sands, and the Storm-gods rushed in to the aid of their children, the War-gods, and drifted his blood-bedrenched carcass all over with sand, whence he dried and hardened to stone. When the young ones saw him falling, they forthwith flocked up to devour him, making loud clamor. But the Twain, seeing this, made after them too and twisted the necks of all save only the tallest (who was caught in the sands with his father) and flung them aloft to the winds, whereby one became instantly the Owl, who twists her head wholly around whensoever she pleases, and stares as though frightened and strangled; and another the Falcon became, who

perches and nests to this day on the crest of his sand-covered father, the Giant Cloud-drinker. And the Falcons cry ever and ever "'Tis father; O father!" *("Ti-tätchu ya-tätchu.")*

But, fearing that never again would the waters refreshen their cañons, our ancients who dwelt in the cliffs fled away to the southward and eastward —all save those who had perished aforetime; they are dead in their homes in the cliff-towns, dried, like their cornstalks that died when the rain stopped long, long ago, when all things were new.

Thus shortens my story.