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II. HOW THE FIRST BRIBRI INDIANS WERE BORN.

In those far-away times, Sibú once thought what he could do to break up the seed of our kin, which he kept hidden without avail in a certain place. Then he made a bet with Jáburu, and they agreed that they would throw two cacao pods at each other, and that he should lose in whose hands the pod of cacao would break. And as Sibú did not want to lose again the seed of our kin, and let Jáburu have it, — for that was the stake they were going to play for, — he willed that he would choose for himself the green cacao, and give the ripe one to Jáburu. They were to throw four times.

Jáburu placed himself beyond the Arari,¹ at the mouth of Djiri, while Sibú remained on the opposite side at Torok-hu. And Jáburu threw his pod twice, and the next time it broke in his hands, so that he lost the wager. This happened at dawn, and the angry Jáburu then proceeded to warm his chocolate, and to have the monkey, his *biká-kra* or servant, serve it hot to him. But he, in trying to be quick, kicked the pot, and upset the hot chocolate. And this is how the warm spring near Torok-hu was formed. And there, where the hot water now remains, Surá-Djébi (= Jáburu) had his large pot, and since dawn came upon him, he had to abandon it. Just at this time our kin were born in human form. And as our forefathers were lying down on the stone banks which are still found there, they saw the peccaries going by. They went after them, and thus it was that

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Our forefathers told us that in far-away times, when we lived in other countries, the gods allowed us to be eaten by birds and animals.

Once upon a time, when many of our people were playing on a plain, there came flying a mighty eagle, and he caught one of our kin and blood, and threw him into a large basket he was carrying. He carried him away to the top of the Kamuk,² where he fell asleep, because he was very tired. At that time the eagle never thought of eating up our kinsman. On the morn, he flew again, carrying off his prey far away to the peak of Nēmósul, where he rested, without thinking yet of eating him. Again he flew away, far away, and got to the ridge of Nēmóie, where he met with powerful jaguars. And he told them how he had brought the man. One of the jaguars then proposed to him that they should eat the man together. The eagle consented, and they ate him. They ate him, and after that, the eagle flew up, high up to the top of Nēmóie. And this is the reason why we see white spots near the top of Nēmóie; they are the bones of our kinsman, and there it was that man was eaten for the first time by birds and animals, because the jaguar taught the eagle how to eat him. Our forefathers also used to say that on the same ridge of Nēmóie there are stones shaped like jaguars. Whenever any one goes there, those stones become alive and true jaguars, because they are not stones at all, but had spirits.

Such is the tale of our forefathers, and they also used to say, that once upon a time strange men became a prey to the jaguars, on that same ridge of Nēmóie. And this is why we are not permitted to live in these dangerous places.

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Sibú had brought with him a cotton apron. He blew on the skunk, and it breathed again; it stood on its hind legs like a man, and was ordered to fasten the apron upon his body. Sibú had brought, also, the Singer's Calabash,¹ and he said to the skunk: "O thou, my uncle; thou shalt get the Calabash!" The skunk replied, "Oh no, I prefer to have the Drum of the Helper!" Then they played for a long time, until the music pervaded the wilderness. And Sórkura, alone in the woods, said to himself: "What is that resounding *tuú, tuú*, in my house?" And he thought: "What is it that so resounds? No one would dare to go to my house to bewitch." Then he thought again that he would go and watch. He went home, and hid himself behind a wall, to wait and see.

Sibú came again to play with the skunk. But then Sórkura was waiting for him with his spears. He threw one of these, and Sibú evaded it, so that it stuck fast in a wooden pillar; he threw another, but Sibú warded it off with a pot; the third one fell into the fire, and the fourth went through the door. And then Sibú ran away so swiftly that Sórkura only could grasp the whistle, which remained in his hand. Sórkura's people went after Sibú to kill him, but he could not be found.

Four days passed by, and Sibú was not seen anywhere. When he went back to Sórkura's house, this time under the disguise of an old Sórkura, — buried in far-away times, and now covered full with wounds and sores, — he said, "I am told that your boys stole Sibú's whistle." Sórkura answered, "How is it? dost thou happen to be Sibú?" Then Sibú spoke again, "Thou wilt make fun of me, because I am so old and sore! I Sibú, the Almighty! Could Sibú be like myself?" But Sórkura insisted, "No, thou mightst be Sibú!" And Sibú went on, "Was Sibú, the Whistle-Bearer, like myself?"

Sórkura went and took the whistle, which was hanging from the brim of a basket. He showed it to Sibú, and Sibú grasped it; but Sórkura did not loose the string. Then Sibú spoke once more, and said, "The good gods manifest good virtues: what you have done is wrong! Let the string go." But Sórkura said, "No." Sibú then

¹ This is the sacred calabash, filled with the hard seeds of the *Canna*, and used by the singer (*stú-kur*) to mark the cadence of the ceremonial songs. The chief singer has a helper (*rint*) provided for the same purpose with a drum. Therefore, the skunk declines the honor of leading the tune, and is modest enough to be satisfied with the drum.

willed, "May he let me have the whistle! May he look back into the house!" And as this happened, Sibú ran away and ran on whistling all the while. Meanwhile Sórura thought he would go and set him an ambush on the path. He took four of his spears and his shield, hung his conch upon a string around his body, and said to his people: "I will go and kill Sibú; when you hear my conch resound, Sibú shall be dead. Then you are to warm up my cacao, as I will soon be back." He then went and waited for Sibú to pass by, and when Sibú came along, he threw one of his spears at him. But Sibú had on the back of his head another ear, which warned him that some one was going to shoot at him. The spear fell noisily on his side. Sórura made another throw, but without effect. And now Sibú took one of the spears in his hand, and threw it at Sórura, who received it on his shield. Then Sibú willed, "I will kill Sórura; may he look over his shield!" Then he took a new aim, and Sórura was shot just in the middle of his face. And Sibú took the conch, and blew: *Tut, tut*, so that the woods resounded, and he cut Sórura's body into pieces with his knife, and made it into flesh, bones, blood, and bowels, which ever since have been things of ill-omen to us.¹ Sórura's people waited long, and kept his chocolate warm for him; but he never came back. Sibú had killed Sórura!

V. THE KING OF THE TAPIRS.

Like the wild hogs and the deer, the tapirs have also their king. Two Bribri went hunting into the woods, each one carrying his bow and arrows. They met with a white tapir, and tried to kill it; but they did not succeed. Both ran after it, but they lost its track, and one of them went astray, no one ever knew how. The other looked for him everywhere, but did not find him. So he went back to his home, where he asked for his companion, and, as he had not come back, everybody thought that he had met with a mishap, and lost his life.

The lost man ran far away behind the tapir until he lost sight of it; then he stood still to rest. Soon his ear perceived the crowing of a cock. He then thought that there was some house near, and, having gone to see, he got to a large *palenque*.² He went in, and

¹ Every time the Indians find in the woods leaves sprinkled with blood, or bones and excrement, the origin of which they cannot explain, they see in them Sórura's relics, and turn away with awe; also leaves having the appearance of being spotted with blood, such as frequently occur in certain groups of plants (*Araceae*, *Begonia*, *Columnnea*, etc.), are considered to be of the same origin, and are signs of ill-omen for the undertaking they are engaged upon.

² Palenque is the *Spanish* or possibly *Nahua* word employed in Costa Rica to designate the large conical houses of the Bribri, who call the same *ti-suri*.

there was standing a man of stately appearance. He asked, "Here I am; how art thou?" The other answered, "Well; why didst thou come here?" And he told how he had shot at a tapir, and had lost it. Then the man of the house went on, and said, "Why dost thou shoot to play? When thou shootest, do it so as to kill, so that the poor beast does not fall a prey to the worms. But I see thou art tired, so come in and have a seat." And he brought him *chicha*, and gave him to eat the meat of the tapir at which the hunter had shot without effect, but which the owner of the house had killed.

And when he had rested, drunk, and eaten, the hunter said that he had visited his host. But this one replied, "There, take thou this piece of cane, and plant it at thine home, and when the cane has grown its full growth again, then, but not until then, shalt thou be able to speak once more."

When the hunter got to his house, he could not utter even a word, so he planted the cane; and it grew, and when it had attained its full height, then the hunter could talk again, and he told all that had happened to him.

The man in whose house the hunter had been was the king of the tapirs, and this is why he treated him so.

VI. THE KING OF THE WILD HOGS.

Among the beasts, the wild hogs also have a king. He is to all appearance like a very white and good-looking fellow, who goes through the woods with a big stick in his hand. He lives in an enchanted place on the heights of San-krá-ua, and his door is guarded by a huge tiger.

The king of the hogs is displeased when the Indians wound his subjects without killing them at once. Once upon a time there was in Boruca one of those bad hunters who had the reputation of being a bad archer, and who always wounded the animals, but never killed them. One day he went into the woods, and met with a large herd of hogs, after which he ran and ran, without being able to reach them. When he paid attention to the place he had got into, he saw that he had gone astray. Then he went ahead until he came into the presence of the king of the hogs, who caught him by the throat and said, "Why dost thou hurt all my hogs without ever killing them? Now thou shalt suffer for it, because thou shalt remain in my hands until thou hast healed them all." And there he stayed for a long time, healing hogs; and at the beginning they did not let him heal them, but came upon him to bite. So that he suffered a thousand deaths, until they were cured a little, and became so tame as to follow him everywhere.

When there were no more hogs to cure, the king called our

Brunka to his presence, and told him he could go, and to be careful not to wound hogs again without killing them. He also marked in his presence all the hogs he would be at liberty to kill. And the man went away through the woods, until he got to Krámra-ua,¹ where he met with a few of his kinsmen who were hunting hogs. When they saw the man who used to cure them, the hogs always ran to him, and never would go away, so that he could easily kill all those which had been marked for him. And he always advised his companions never to wound animals, but to kill them right away.

VII. DON PEDRO CASCANTE.

(Legend of the hollow trail of El Pito.²)

In very remote times, when the Spaniards had not yet arrived in these countries, the Indians only could climb up from the coast of Quepos to the high mountains of Dota by following the long and tiresome ridge of El Pito, bound together by means of the royal vine into files of ten to twenty, and pulled by witchcraft without any effort from their side. But, also, on each journey one man disappeared without the others being aware when or how, and that was the toll they paid for the dreaded ascent.

This great calamity had lasted for numberless years, and the trail to El Pito became deeper and narrower from day to day, on account of the way they had to go over it, bound together in long files, when a very holy missionary father left Cartago, riding a strong white mule, to go and win over the Indians. And as he was going down to the coast through the fearful road of El Pito, he met the "Encanto" which had taken the form of a big turkey, and would not get out of the road to let the holy man pass. Then the father became very angry; he alighted from his mule, bound the turkey with a blessed string, and dragged him down hill until they got to the place called "Alto de los Cotos." There he tied him to a large tree which he blessed, and told him that he would stay there up to the day of the final doom. And from that day hence, the "Encanto" never again annoyed the passers-by.

Only a certain Pedro Cascante, who had a large breeding-farm of mules and cattle, down on the plain of "El Calicanto," allowed himself to become a prey to his avarice, and on account of it, he lost his soul.

Cascante had become very rich by carrying out to San Marcos the

¹ Krámra-ua, name of a place on the lower Diquis.

² This trail, so deeply cut into the ridge of El Pito as to be tunnel-like at a few places, leads from San Marcos, once one of the principal residences of the Quepos Indians, down to the coastal plains of the Pacific.

fine cheese, finer even than the celebrated Bagaces, which he produced on his farm, together with many other good things. But the richer he became, the more grew the tremendous avarice of Don Pedro. Once he was climbing up the hill of El Pito, in the heavy ascent of "Los Godines," when one of his mules disappeared suddenly. Therefore he jumped from his horse, and, sword in hand, ran through the woods until he got to a plain, where a man was unsaddling the mule which had just gone astray. Cascante then got into a rage, and wanted to fight with the robber. But the latter quietly kept telling him: "Let us be peaceful, friend; let me take thy sword, and bind thine eyes, then I will take thee to my house where thou shalt receive thy mule's weight in gold or silver." After a while, Cascante consented to have his eyes bound, but would never let his sword go. They walked along, and in a short time the bandage fell from his eyes, and he found himself in a large house, filled with gold and silver. The robber, who was no other than "El Encanto," allowed him to carry away all he could, and he loaded his mules with gold and silver.

And, since then, Cascante maintained himself on good terms with "El Encanto," and even his old wife took her part of the benefits of the acquaintance. For she was seen catching tapirs to carry her load of plantains to the house, and binding the wild animals of the forest with a thin vine, and chastising them with a heavy stick, when they were not docile. She used to catch the jaguars, and beat them to death after tying them to a tree with a slender sprig, and whenever they tried to resist, she took them by the tail, and flattened them against the trees.

Don Pedro only travelled by night, riding a big black mule, and accompanied by a dog of the same color. The eyes of both animals threw out sparks in the darkness and from their necks hung noisy bells. And from fright all the people who met them in the night went on their knees to pray, and then the noise ceased instantly, the sparks shone no more, and the night-rider shouted: "Holloa, boys, be not frightened, I am Don Pedro Cascante!" Once ahead, again began the noise, and the sparks shone anew, and so rapid was the ride uphill that they made in six hours the long steep ascent from "El Calicanto" to San Marcos.

When Cascante died, his "deudos" put a candle on his coffin, but then he came to life three times. The fourth time they lighted many candles, and then went to sleep. When they woke up, they found themselves in the dark, and the coffin empty. The "Encanto," who is no other than the Devil himself, had come for his due, and taken away Don Pedro.

H. Pittier de Fábrega.

PAWNEE STAR LORE.

THE Ski-di, one of the four bands composing the Pawnee tribe of Indians as it is known to-day, trace their origin and organization to the stars, and most of their ceremonies are connected with this definite belief. As a result, the rites are necessarily limited in their scope, and this limitation has left an impress upon the people who not only took part in the ceremonies, but relied upon them for personal and tribal welfare. The fact that for numberless generations the thought and attention of the entire community have been directed toward a special aspect of nature, the firmament with its stars, clouds, and winds, renders the Ski-di an unusually interesting field for the comparison of the lore of the people with the lore of the priests.

While the data at present in hand are insufficient for a final comparison of these lores, yet the material already secured, a part of which is here presented, clearly points to their interacting influence, and may be of interest to students of folk-lore.

The dual forces, male and female, had, according to the Ski-di rituals, their places in the heavens. The west was female, the east was male. The source of all life, the power which permeated all forms, dwelt in the zenith, in "the silence of the blue sky, above and beyond all clouds." This central power, whose abode was where the east and west conjoined, could not be seen or heard or felt by man, and yet it was to this power that man must address his wants. *Ti-ra-wa* was the name of this power in common use by the people and in the public ceremonies. The old and venerable men, the leaders in the sacred rites, called this power "*A-ti-us Ti-ra kit-ta-ko*" (*A-ti-us*, "father;" *Ti-ra*, a part of *Ti-ra-wa*, "the highest power;" *ki-ta*, "above;" *ko*, a part of *ti-ko*, "sitting;" "Father *Ti-ra-wa* sitting above"). This name, I was told, "must be uttered in the lowest of tones or in a whisper." The priest explained: "That the mysterious being who instructed our fathers said, that this is the name by which men must think of the highest power, and when one takes his child aside, and teaches it quietly, then, too, he must think of this power as *Ti-ra-wa* father sitting above."

Ti-ra-wa approached man through the lesser or under powers which were called "*Ti-ra-wa-wa-ri-ki-u-ra-wi'-hi-ri*" (*Ti-ra-wa*, "power;" *wa-ri-ki*, "standing;" *u-ra*, a part of *hu-ra-ru*, "earth, ground;" *wi'-hi-ri*, "touching.") The word implies that these powers are standing below or under the highest power, which sits above, and are able to move and to touch, to come in contact with the earth, here spoken of by the term which signifies its life-giving power. The term in common use for the dwelling-place of all the powers above, the highest as well as the under powers, was *Ti-ra-wa-hut*.

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Sórkura went and took the whistle, which was hanging from the brim of a basket. He showed it to Sibú, and Sibú grasped it; but Sórkura did not loose the string. Then Sibú spoke once more, and said, "The good gods manifest good virtues: what you have done is wrong! Let the string go." But Sórkura said, "No." Sibú then

¹ This is the sacred calabash, filled with the hard seeds of the *Canna*, and used by the singer (*stá-kur*) to mark the cadence of the ceremonial songs. The chief singer has a helper (*sint*) provided for the same purpose with a drum. Therefore, the skunk declines the honor of leading the tune, and is modest enough to be satisfied with the drum.

willed, "May he let me have the whistle! May he look back into the house!" And as this happened, Sibú ran away and ran on whistling all the while. Meanwhile Sórkura thought he would go and set him an ambush on the path. He took four of his spears and his shield, hung his conch upon a string around his body, and said to his people: "I will go and kill Sibú; when you hear my conch resound, Sibú shall be dead. Then you are to warm up my cacao, as I will soon be back." He then went and waited for Sibú to pass by, and when Sibú came along, he threw one of his spears at him. But Sibú had on the back of his head another ear, which warned him that some one was going to shoot at him. The spear fell noisily on his side. Sórkura made another throw, but without effect. And now Sibú took one of the spears in his hand, and threw it at Sórkura, who received it on his shield. Then Sibú willed, "I will kill Sórkura; may he look over his shield!" Then he took a new aim, and Sórkura was shot just in the middle of his face. And Sibú took the conch, and blew: *Tut, tut*, so that the woods resounded, and he cut Sórkura's body into pieces with his knife, and made it into flesh, bones, blood, and bowels, which ever since have been things of ill-omen to us.¹ Sórkura's people waited long, and kept his chocolate warm for him; but he never came back. Sibú had killed Sórkura!

V. THE KING OF THE TAPIRS.

Like the wild hogs and the deer, the tapirs have also their king. Two Bribri went hunting into the woods, each one carrying his bow and arrows. They met with a white tapir, and tried to kill it; but they did not succeed. Both ran after it, but they lost its track, and one of them went astray, no one ever knew how. The other looked for him everywhere, but did not find him. So he went back to his home, where he asked for his companion, and, as he had not come back, everybody thought that he had met with a mishap, and lost his life.

The lost man ran far away behind the tapir until he lost sight of it; then he stood still to rest. Soon his ear perceived the crowing of a cock. He then thought that there was some house near, and, having gone to see, he got to a large *palenque*.² He went in, and

¹ Every time the Indians find in the woods leaves sprinkled with blood, or bones and excrement, the origin of which they cannot explain, they see in them Sórkura's relics, and turn away with awe; also leaves having the appearance of being spotted with blood, such as frequently occur in certain groups of plants (*Aracea*, *Begonia*, *Columnea*, etc.), are considered to be of the same origin, and are signs of ill-omen for the undertaking they are engaged upon.

² *Palenque* is the Spanish or possibly *Nahua* word employed in Costa Rica to designate the large conical houses of the Bribri, who call the same *tsuri*.

there was standing a man of stately appearance. He asked, "Here I am; how art thou?" The other answered, "Well; why didst thou come here?" And he told how he had shot at a tapir, and had lost it. Then the man of the house went on, and said, "Why dost thou shoot to play? When thou shootest, do it so as to kill, so that the poor beast does not fall a prey to the worms. But I see thou art tired, so come in and have a scat." And he brought him *chicha*, and gave him to eat the meat of the tapir at which the hunter had shot without effect, but which the owner of the house had killed.

And when he had rested, drunk, and eaten, the hunter said that he had visited his host. But this one replied, "There, take thou this piece of cane, and plant it at thine home, and when the cane has grown its full growth again, then, but not until then, shalt thou be able to speak once more."

When the hunter got to his house, he could not utter even a word, so he planted the cane; and it grew, and when it had attained its full height, then the hunter could talk again, and he told all that had happened to him.

The man in whose house the hunter had been was the king of the tapirs, and this is why he treated him so.

VI. THE KING OF THE WILD HOGS.

Among the beasts, the wild hogs also have a king. He is to all appearance like a very white and good-looking fellow, who goes through the woods with a big stick in his hand. He lives in an enchanted place on the heights of San-krá-ua, and his door is guarded by a huge tiger.

The king of the hogs is displeased when the Indians wound his subjects without killing them at once. Once upon a time there was in Boruca one of those bad hunters who had the reputation of being a bad archer, and who always wounded the animals, but never killed them. One day he went into the woods, and met with a large herd of hogs, after which he ran and ran, without being able to reach them. When he paid attention to the place he had got into, he saw that he had gone astray. Then he went ahead until he came into the presence of the king of the hogs, who caught him by the throat and said, "Why dost thou hurt all my hogs without ever killing them? Now thou shalt suffer for it, because thou shalt remain in my hands until thou hast healed them all." And there he stayed for a long time, healing hogs; and at the beginning they did not let him heal them, but came upon him to bite. So that he suffered a thousand deaths, until they were cured a little, and became so tame as to follow him everywhere.

When there were no more hogs to cure, the king called our

Brunka to his presence, and told him he could go, and to be careful not to wound hogs again without killing them. He also marked in his presence all the hogs he would be at liberty to kill. And the man went away through the woods, until he got to Krámra-ua,¹ where he met with a few of his kinsmen who were hunting hogs. When they saw the man who used to cure them, the hogs always ran to him, and never would go away, so that he could easily kill all those which had been marked for him. And he always advised his companions never to wound animals, but to kill them right away.

VII. DON PEDRO CASCANTE.

(Legend of the hollow trail of El Pito.²)

In very remote times, when the Spaniards had not yet arrived in these countries, the Indians only could climb up from the coast of Quepos to the high mountains of Dota by following the long and tiresome ridge of El Pito, bound together by means of the royal vine into files of ten to twenty, and pulled by witchcraft without any effort from their side. But, also, on each journey one man disappeared without the others being aware when or how, and that was the toll they paid for the dreaded ascent.

This great calamity had lasted for numberless years, and the trail to El Pito became deeper and narrower from day to day, on account of the way they had to go over it, bound together in long files, when a very holy missionary father left Cartago, riding a strong white mule, to go and win over the Indians. And as he was going down to the coast through the fearful road of El Pito, he met the "Encanto" which had taken the form of a big turkey, and would not get out of the road to let the holy man pass. Then the father became very angry; he alighted from his mule, bound the turkey with a blessed string, and dragged him down hill until they got to the place called "Alto de los Cotos." There he tied him to a large tree which he blessed, and told him that he would stay there up to the day of the final doom. And from that day hence, the "Encanto" never again annoyed the passers-by.

Only a certain Pedro Cascante, who had a large breeding-farm of mules and cattle, down on the plain of "El Calicanto," allowed himself to become a prey to his avarice, and on account of it, he lost his soul.

Cascante had become very rich by carrying out to San Marcos the

¹ Krámra-ua, name of a place on the lower Diquis.

² This trail, so deeply cut into the ridge of El Pito as to be tunnel-like at a few places, leads from San Marcos, once one of the principal residences of the Quepos Indians, down to the coastal plains of the Pacific.

fine cheese, finer even than the celebrated Bagaces, which he produced on his farm, together with many other good things. But the richer he became, the more grew the tremendous avarice of Don Pedro. Once he was climbing up the hill of El Pito, in the heavy ascent of "Los Godines," when one of his mules disappeared suddenly. Therefore he jumped from his horse, and, sword in hand, ran through the woods until he got to a plain, where a man was unsaddling the mule which had just gone astray. Cascante then got into a rage, and wanted to fight with the robber. But the latter quietly kept telling him: "Let us be peaceful, friend; let me take thy sword, and bind thine eyes, then I will take thee to my house where thou shalt receive thy mule's weight in gold or silver." After a while, Cascante consented to have his eyes bound, but would never let his sword go. They walked along, and in a short time the bandage fell from his eyes, and he found himself in a large house, filled with gold and silver. The robber, who was no other than "El Encanto," allowed him to carry away all he could, and he loaded his mules with gold and silver.

And, since then, Cascante maintained himself on good terms with "El Encanto," and even his old wife took her part of the benefits of the acquaintance. For she was seen catching tapirs to carry her load of plantains to the house, and binding the wild animals of the forest with a thin vine, and chastising them with a heavy stick, when they were not docile. She used to catch the jaguars, and beat them to death after tying them to a tree with a slender sprig, and whenever they tried to resist, she took them by the tail, and flattened them against the trees.

Don Pedro only travelled by night, riding a big black mule, and accompanied by a dog of the same color. The eyes of both animals threw out sparks in the darkness and from their necks hung noisy bells. And from fright all the people who met them in the night went on their knees to pray, and then the noise ceased instantly, the sparks shone no more, and the night-rider shouted: "Holloa, boys, be not frightened, I am Don Pedro Cascante!" Once ahead, again began the noise, and the sparks shone anew, and so rapid was the ride uphill that they made in six hours the long steep ascent from "El Calicanto" to San Marcos.

When Cascante died, his "deudos" put a candle on his coffin, but then he came to life three times. The fourth time they lighted many candles, and then went to sleep. When they woke up, they found themselves in the dark, and the coffin empty. The "Encanto," who is no other than the Devil himself, had come for his due, and taken away Don Pedro.

H. Pittier de Fábrega.

PAWNEE STAR LORE.

THE Ski-di, one of the four bands composing the Pawnee tribe of Indians as it is known to-day, trace their origin and organization to the stars, and most of their ceremonies are connected with this definite belief. As a result, the rites are necessarily limited in their scope, and this limitation has left an impress upon the people who not only took part in the ceremonies, but relied upon them for personal and tribal welfare. The fact that for numberless generations the thought and attention of the entire community have been directed toward a special aspect of nature, the firmament with its stars, clouds, and winds, renders the Ski-di an unusually interesting field for the comparison of the lore of the people with the lore of the priests.

While the data at present in hand are insufficient for a final comparison of these lores, yet the material already secured, a part of which is here presented, clearly points to their interacting influence, and may be of interest to students of folk-lore.

The dual forces, male and female, had, according to the Ski-di rituals, their places in the heavens. The west was female, the east was male. The source of all life, the power which permeated all forms, dwelt in the zenith, in "the silence of the blue sky, above and beyond all clouds." This central power, whose abode was where the east and west conjoined, could not be seen or heard or felt by man, and yet it was to this power that man must address his wants. Ti-ra-wa was the name of this power in common use by the people and in the public ceremonies. The old and venerable men, the leaders in the sacred rites, called this power "A-ti-us Ti-ra kit-ta-ko" (A-ti-us, "father;" Ti-ra, a part of Ti-ra-wa, "the highest power;" ki-ta, "above;" ko, a part of ti-ko, "sitting;" "Father Ti-ra-wa sitting above"). This name, I was told, "must be uttered in the lowest of tones or in a whisper." The priest explained: "That the mysterious being who instructed our fathers said, that this is the name by which men must think of the highest power, and when one takes his child aside, and teaches it quietly, then, too, he must think of this power as Ti-ra-wa father sitting above."

Ti-ra-wa approached man through the lesser or under powers which were called "Ti-ra-wa-wa-ri-ki-u-ra-wi'-hi-ri" (Ti-ra-wa, "power;" wa-ri-ki, "standing;" u-ra, a part of hu-ra-ru, "earth, ground;" wi'-hi-ri, "touching.") The word implies that these powers are standing below or under the highest power, which sits above, and are able to move and to touch, to come in contact with the earth, here spoken of by the term which signifies its life-giving power. The term in common use for the dwelling-place of all the powers above, the highest as well as the under powers, was Ti-ra-wa-hut.