

## ABORIGINAL HEROINES.

STORIES OF WOMEN TOLD BY THE INDIAN NOVELIST.

The Malice Whose Love was Unrequited—Tales of Ducky Heracles From Spirit Land—An Indian Svengali and Tribby in South America.

The story of Kulila, as told by the Guarani Indians, who live on the banks of the Paraná River, in South America, is a typical Indian tale of the milena whose love was unrequited, says the New York Sun. "Kulila was the most beautiful maiden that can be imagined," as the story says, and, "she lived in the old times in which the people took upon themselves with pride the games of sacred birds, each one according to his valor in battle." Among the young men in Kulila's days was Amira, a youth who possessed "the art of making love by singing and playing the flute," but "many say that Amira did not belong to the land of the living, but rather to the world of spirits, for were a man how did it happen that he did not return the love of Kulila?"

Now it appears that at a certain season the maidens of the tribe united to give a daylight festival at which there was much singing and dancing, and at the end of the dancing they crowned with wreaths of flowers the youths who had found greatest favor in their hearts. So when this festival was held on the banks of the river, Kulila crowned Amira, because in grace and strength and in the sweetness of his voice as a singer he had exceeded all others. This event happened near the end of the day, and as the sun went down Amira, instead of seeking the society of his sweet heart, according to the custom of his tribe, stretched himself upon the grassward and "made his flute to sound in a strange manner, imitating the song of the Cabure, king of all the birds, when it calls together all its feathered subjects."

Then there appeared "among the clouds of fog" that surrounded the camp, "a great animal, white, and of the form of a tapir, but having the feet of the jaguar and the tail of the fox." Running to Amira it knelt at his feet, the youth mounted on its back, and, breathing forth flames and smoke from its mouth and nostrils, it fled away, and, with the youth singing on its back, vanished from the sight of the wondering people. Even when both had utterly disappeared the sound of the song of Amira was still heard coming from among the vapors.

As for Kulila, "after having seen Amira it was impossible to love another man." The route which the strange animal had followed led to the depths of the forest, but Kulila determined to follow and find him or else end her life. Accordingly she armed herself with a poisoned arrow, which she secreted in the folds of her garment, and started on the trail of the white monster. The trails of hunters and the runways of deer permitted her to penetrate the forest until at last a dense thicket of thorny shrubs and vines bordering a low ground grew up to cacti detained her until midnight, when the moonbeams first began to penetrate the branches of a huge tree that overshadowed the thicket.

At that moment Kulila heard a voice, weird and far away, accompanied by the wild trills of many birds singing together. Hastening toward the place from which the music came, she soon discovered on the borders of a tiny lake an open arbor covered with the flowers of the odoriferous maniruyu vine. In the center of this, on a couch of skins of the jaguar, reclined a most beautiful woman of the race of the spirits of evil, and on her white breast rested the head of Amira.

"The jaguar, deprived of her young, feels no such anger and desire for vengeance as that which overcame the weak maiden daughter of the forest when she gazed upon that scene," says the story. Drawing the poisoned arrow from his hiding place in her garment, Kulila rushed into the arbor and with two quick strokes ended the life of Amira and her own as well. Having been denied the love of Amira in life, she determined that no other woman should enjoy it in her place.

But the moment the deed was done a tremendous hurricane, whose black clouds were torn and scarred by vivid lightning, broke over the forest, and in this beautiful woman of the spirits of evil and the songs of the myriad birds that accompanied her, and the arbor with its roof of odoriferous flowers, disappeared forever, and with them went the souls of Kulila and Amira. "But traces of the soul of Kulila, forever beautiful and full of grace, may still be seen flying over the earth in the fragmentary clouds that hurry on in advance of the Tronado, scattering tear drops on the flowers that open to greet her as she comes, and are then cut down by the blast that follows."

Among the Indians of the United States two curious stories are found, in each of which the heroine is a ghost from the beginning of the story. The Pawnee tell of a youth who, on returning from a hunting excursion, found his affianced sitting alone on top of her hut, every other person in the village having gone away after buffalo. He asked her why she was there all alone, and she replied that it was because she had had trouble with her relatives, and they had gone off and left her there. At this the youth wanted her to become his wife at once, but she bade him wait, and then told him that that night a grand dance would be held in the village. Sure enough, there was one of the old Pawnee kind, where everybody turns out and all go from lodge to lodge singing, whooping, and dancing about each until everybody is exhausted. But this was a dance of the ghosts of the Pawnees who had died in the village and they danced all about the youth so that "he came pretty near being scared." Next day the girl willingly went with the youth, following the trail until they over-

took the camp of the tribe. Then she stopped and said:

"Now we have arrived, but you must go first to the village and prepare a place for me. Where I sleep let it be behind a curtain. For four days and four nights I must remain behind this curtain. Do not speak of me. Do not mention my name to any one."

As the story runs, the young man went to the camp where, instead of preparing a bed behind a curtain, as she had said, he did what any Pawnee Indian would be likely to do. He told one of the women of his family to go and conduct the girl to his lodge. And when this relative asked who the girl was he remembered the injunction not to speak her name, but forgot the injunction not to speak of her. He replied by telling who the girl's parents were. Thereat the relative said it could not be so, because that girl was dead. Nevertheless she went to look for the girl as bidden, but, of course, did not find her. Having failed to do as he was told, the girl could not come back to him. However, she was kind in a way, for that night he died—she took him to her.

Of a similar character in general is the Iroquois ghost heroine story; but in this case the heroine was the spirit of a hunter's dead wife. And this story is of a particular interest to those who suppose that the Indian wife is an overworked, ill-used slave. As the story runs, the hunter and his wife lived in the forest far from any village. "They used to go hunting together very often," but eventually the household work kept the wife at home usually, but "when he went alone he never had good luck." One day the wife took sick and in two days she was dead. "The man felt very bad and buried her in the cabin." He was so lonesome then that "he made a wooden doll about her size and dressed it in the clothes she used to wear." This he placed before the fire when he went away to hunt, and with that only for a companion he continued to live alone in the forest for a whole year, doing the house work, as well as the hunting, as best he could. Then, one day on his return from the hunt he found a good fire in his hut and wood beside the door. The next day there was not only a fire, with wood to replenish it, but a piece of meat was cooking over the fire for his supper. "So he looked all over to see who had done this, but could find no one." The next time he went hunting he did not go so far, but returned early instead, and, on opening the door quickly, found his wife sitting where he had left his doll.

"The Great Spirit felt sorry for you," she said, "so He let me come back to see you, but you must not touch me: until we have seen all of our people; if you do you will kill me."

Thereafter they lived together and yet separately, until the second anniversary of the wife's death. Then they started for the tribe's village to see "all of our people," and, "so you will be well," as the hunter said. They got on comfortably until within a day's journey of the village, and then the husband's love for his wife overcame his prudence. He clasped her in his arms in spite of her warning, and in an instant she disappeared, and he found he was embracing his wooden doll only.

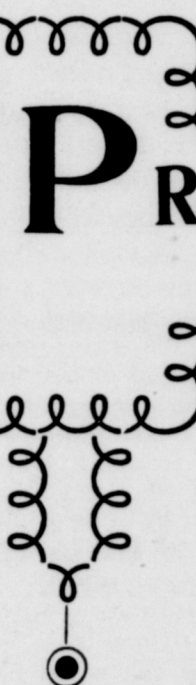
The Iroquois have a story of a girl who became a medicine woman in a supernatural manner. Her parents having decided to marry her to an old man who was very repulsive to her, she leaped into the Niagara River, and was carried over the great falls. At least that is the story she told afterwards. But just as she was to be dashed to death on the rocks the spirit of the falls caught her, took her into a cave beneath the falls, and there kept her safely until he had taught her the origin of the fevers that killed her people and how to avoid them. Then, the old tutor having died, he returned her safely to the village. The fevers, she said, were due to a snake who lay coiled in the earth under the village and poisoned the springs. In order that he might feast on the bodies of those who died. As a remedy she proposed to remove the village to a site where the springs were not so contaminated. This was done, and "for a while sickness ceased."

A more interesting story than that is told by the Hudson Bay Eskimo to account for the origin of whales and seals of various kinds. This is a beautiful maiden named Sedna and the seagull. Sedna was so very attractive that all the youths for many miles about came to see for her hand, but she was so proud of her beauty that none could win her. Finally one spring as the ice was breaking up a seagull "flew from over the ice and wood Sedna with enticing song."

"Come to me," it said, "come into the land of the birds, where there is never hunger, where my tent is made of most beautiful skins. You shall rest on soft bearskins. My fellows, the gulls, shall bring you all your heart may desire; their feathers shall clothe you; your lamp shall always be filled with oil, your pot with meat."

"Sedna could not long resist such wooing as that," says the story, which shows how much alike are red and white maidens, and away she went with the gull over the sea. But when she reached the gull's home she found, as some other girls who have gone over the sea with foreign husbands have found, that she had made a mistake. Instead of a tent of well-dressed hides she had one of fish skins full of holes. Instead of a couch of soft furs she had one of walrus hides. Instead of all the food the heart could desire she had to live on loathsome fish. Then she cried to her father to come to take her back to her old home, and after a year he came to do so. Having killed the gull who was her husband the two got into the father's boat to return home. After they had left the land the gulls found their dead comrade where Sedna's father had left him and with loud and mournful cries (cries which they are ever repeating even to this day) they started out to take vengeance. They saw the Eskimo and Sedna in the boat and "stirred up a heavy storm." The sea arose in immense waves that threatened the pair with destruction. In this mortal peril the father determined to offer Sedna as a sacrifice and threw her overboard, but she clung to the side of the boat, begging to be taken on board once more. To release himself the father took a knife and cut off the first joint of all her fingers, and these falling into the sea, swam away as whales, the finger nails becoming whalebone. Then as the girl still clung to the boat, he cut off the next joints, and these became one kind of seals, while the th-

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third joints, which were not off, became another kind. Then the storm subsided, Sedna was taken into the boat, and the pair reached their old home. But their troubles were by no means ended, and eventually the earth swallowed them. "They have since lived in the land of the Adlivors, of which Sedna is mistress." Among the Guarani Indians, who, as said, live on the banks of the Paraná River there is a Tribby tale. The Tribby was in all respects the most beautiful maiden in the tribe, while the villain, the Svengali, was "a horrible and repellent dwarf, with long white beard, a great dishevelled red mane which he shakes violently, and a garb of fish skins." The Guarani Tribby is, like many other charming maidens, well aware of her beauty, and when she goes to the lake in the morning to bring the water for the family use she lingers on the bank to gaze on the sweet face she sees reflected on its placid surface. It is then that the wicked Guarani Svengali approaches. Transforming himself into a flamingo of richest colors "and affecting the gentle step of the bird of red plumes, he advances softly to a spot near to the inexperienced maiden, who, not knowing her danger comes to possess herself of the flamingo, with whose delicate plumes are formed precious ornaments. "The dwarf, which, although transform-

ed, still possess the power to give a new form to whatever it touches, reduces the maiden to an elf, and placing her between its powerful wings and caressing her as it flies, goes away to a place in the mysterious lake of Ibersa, where no human being can enter." The wicked Guarani Svengali has not been satisfied with one victim of his magic powers, for Indians say that when they find themselves at the fall of the night near the margin of the mysterious lake they often see the dwarf in his favorite form of a flamingo "furrowing the quiet waters of the lake, moving indolently his coral feet, and carrying over the curled plumes of his wings, crimson as the illusion of pleasure, numbers of his enchanted elfs, who languidly stretch themselves on the broad back of their lord and sing songs of love full of sweet melancholy until the midnight hour arrives, when the dwarf with wild shrieks resumes his natural form, and with his victims vanishes in the mists of the night."

Reading and Thinking. Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body; but there is such a thing as literary dissipation. Reading that entails its full benefit presupposes thoughtful reflection; to make the most of our reading it should be done deliberately, that it may nourish the mind as well-digested food does the physical life. Coleridge remarks:

"There is one art of which every man should be master—the art of reflection. If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all? In like manner there is one knowledge which it is every man's interest and duty to acquire, namely, self-knowledge; or to what end was man alone of all animals endued by the Creator with the faculty of self-consciousness?"—Chicago Record.

## A STRANGE CASE.

Mr. H. Carron of Detroit Completely Cured of Blood Poison.

DETROIT, Mich., July 1.—A very curious incident has occurred here, and one which will be of centennial interest. Mr. Hugh McCarron, a well known notary public, has been a sufferer for many years from a peculiar form of blood poisoning inducing the most frightful pains in the breast and back. The best doctors were consulted without being able to give any relief and Mr. McCarron decided that his case was hopeless. He was finally recommended to make a trial of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and did so with the faint hope that they might have some effect in his case, the peculiar nature of which did not lead him to associate it with kidney complaint. To his surprise the effects of the remedy were noticeable from the very

first, and he is now thoroughly restored to health by this means.

## One Hundred Million Dollars.

A writer, evidently with more time on his hands than he knows what to do with, has been making some curious calculations. This is what he says, assuming the amount required to be 100,000,000 dollars.

First of all, that amount in gold weighs no less than 200 tons. Next, supposing the sum were all in twenty-dollar gold pieces which were piled up one on top of another, the total height of the pile would be more than six miles—far exceeding that of the loftiest mountain in the world, Mount Everest in the Himalayas, which is only about five and a half miles above the sea level.

It, however, one-dollar gold pieces were employed, and were stalked up in exactly the same manner, the heap of gold would reach a height of 28½ miles.

Furthermore, if a person could take this immense pile of coins and begin spending them at the rate of one dollar a minute, night and day, Sundays and weekdays, it would take him nearly 200 years to get to the end of them.

Lastly, to store 100,000,000 dollars in bags each containing 5,000 dollars in gold, would require about 1,700 cubic feet of space.