

enough, in he went, and as soon as he was seated, the tug of war came. One pulled his hat off; another pushed him out of the lodge, and when he asked for his hat, he found they had pushed that out in advance of him. Somewhat resolved upon having his own way, he again went in, or attempted to do so, when he was met at the entrance, thrown down, and in the scramble for his life and hat, surrendered the tail of his coat to an Indian lad, who very adroitly cut it off. He could not comprehend the meaning of such treatment until I explained it to him. He thought them rude. I thought so too—but he laughed over it, and finally turned it off by saying—“ ’twas a good joke”—of which he was often reminded when he examined the fit of his coat or the fur of his hat.

The origin of the Indian's belief in this Medicine Worship is to be found in the following traditional story, which is usually related to any one when about to join the clan. I received it myself upon passing the mysterious ordeal.

When Keshamonedoo made the red men, he made them happy. The men were larger, were fleetier on foot, were more dexterous in games, and lived to an older age than now.

The forest abounded with game, the trees were load-