Hawaiian Wonder Tales

BOOKS BY POST WHEELER

RUSSIAN WONDER TALES

ALBANIAN WONDER TALES

HATHOO OF THE ELEPHANTS

HAWAIIAN WONDER TALES

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by Post Wheeler

Illustrated by Jack Matthew

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To

PRINCESS KAPIOLANI KAWANANAKOA

Heiress to a Vanished Throne

Contents

Three Tales of the Goblins Who Lived on the Sea-Bottom

Foreword

FOLKLORE is the bequest, in song and story, of the old to the new, the prehistoric to the modern. Hawaii came into the United States only yesterday, bringing its own peculiar contribution to add to the Nuhuan and Amerindic folklore fragments that we have inherited from the vanished past. Lacking formal expression in a written language — for the Hawaiian tongue was not reduced to writing till 1820, little more than a century ago — the tales have come down to us by purely verbal transmission.

Before the coming of the first Europeans the Hawaiians had their tradition [*olelo*] and chant [*melé*] which belonged to the native ballet [*hula*], and had developed their professional guild of "legend-bearers" [*kaäo*]. These bards and story-tellers, whose recitals played a considerable part in feasts and celebrations, were familiar appurtenances of the ancient Hawaiian kings. They had an elaborate system of posture and gesture, which now, except among the old, is moribund. The tradition itself, in our own time, is dying: nowadays Hawaii's youth is nourished on the silver screen.

The Hawaiian myth-mass in its most ancient tales shows the familiar framework of the beginning of created things. First the chaos, the sun, moon, and stars, the Earth, the creation of man, and the birth of the first arts and civilization. These stories are similar to those of all cosmogonies, from the Zulu to the Eskimo, the Hawaiian series closing with the labors of the half-gods, such as the Seven Great Deeds of Maüi, who pushes up the firmament from the Earth, tethers the sun with his nooses, brings fire from the Underworld, and dies in his combat to win immortality for man from the Goblin-Goddess of Death. In later tales the demigod merges with the race's great heroes and adventurers of the dawn of history.

Though they have taken on slightly different shape as they have domesticated themselves in Tahiti, Samoa, New Zealand, Tonga or the Marquesas, the Hawaiian tales, with scarcely an exception, are Pan-Polynesian. Even the names of their heroes, with allowances for phonetic changes — for the Pacific has its own Grimm's law — are recognizable in any part of this vast area of nearly half the water surface of the globe. A sufficient indication that they descend from a common stock, developed in the race's ancient homeland on the Asian continent before the great era of migration began, and attained their wide distribution as does all legendary material.

An intriguing feature of the Hawaiian story-group is the frequency with which one comes upon a fragment that stems back to the mass of Semitic legend of which so much appears in the Old Testament. For example, in addition to the account of the Creation: the legend of Lucifer and his seduction of the revolting Angels, who with him were thrust down into uttermost darkness — the Earthly Paradise [*Pali-Uli*], the "easeful land the gods have since hidden," with its sacred *(tabu'd)* breadfruit tree linked to the doom of the first man and woman

— the creation of the woman from a rib of the man, taken from his body while he slept — the Cain and Abel episode [*Laka* and *Ahu*] — the "Flood Story," with Nuü the builder of the great house-carrying canoe which saved his family, even to the sending out of the bird to find the emerging Maüna Kea (Hawaii's loftiest peak) — the sacrifice by Abraham of his son — the flight of the Israelites from the Egyptian bondage and their crossing of the Red Sea [*Kaïula-a-Kané* = Red Sea of Kané] — Joshua's halting of the sun [a tale of Maüi] — the story of Jonah and the Great Fish [the Prophet Naüla-a-Maïnea of Oahu, swallowed by a whale and cast up alive on the Island of Kaüi] — the story of Joseph and his brethren — all of these appear in recognizable form in the Archipelago's legends.

These were related to the earliest missionaries there by the natives, before the latter had heard their biblical counterparts, and long before the translation of the Bible into their tongue. They are the old Chaldaic and Hebrew legends over again. The conclusion is unescapable that, if their origins were not identical or near those of the Semites, the ancestors of the Polynesians inherited them from a source which fed both lores alike.

In the legends as we find them today one can discern many fragments that belonged to the oldest cosmogonic myths. According to some scholars the protagonists of my THREE TALES OF THE GOBLINS WHO LIVED ON THE SEA-BOTTOM were, in origin, personifications of natural powers, Waïtiri [HEMA AND THE GOBLIN-WOMAN] being the thunder, and Ka-Haï [KA-HAÏ AND THE SORCERER TAMA-I-WAO] the lightning. Similarly the monstrous Bird [KILA AND THE GIANT BIRD HALULU] which in New Zealand is the *Poüa-Kaï* and in Fiji the *Ngani-vatu* or *Ngatu-leï,* "whose shape, like a fog, shut out the sun," together with the horrific *Mo-o,* the "Lizard" or "Dragon" of the older commentators, may well have been, in

origin, the perishing memory of ancient evil deities of typhoon and volcano.[1]

The usual process of myth-degeneration has had its way. The gigantic *Mo-o* of the Age of the Gods, brought to subjection by Hiïaka, the sister of Pelé, the volcano-demoness, eventually became the devouring dog Kalahu-Moku [AÜKELÉ AND THE WATER-OF-LIFE], whose diet is human eyeballs, and which is too dreadful, says the legend, to be described. The *Mo-o's* primal King, Kamohoaliï, in the same tale, has become the Wizard-Guardian of the Well-of-Life, and in other later legends is to sink to the level of Shark-King of Molokaï and Oahu.

Lono, in the Aükelé tale the mere supernatural puppet, was in origin one of the primal Trinity of Creation: Sunlight, Matter, and Sound. From the quality Sound he later became a deity of Healing.[2] The blind Waïtiri [KA-HAÏ AND THE SORCERER TAMA-I-WAO] and her taro roots are drawn from a primal source: in the Mangaian version it is the god Tané who steals her roots, and in Manihiki it is the demigod Maüi. From the Maüi sequence, too, is borrowed the blind grandmother of the Aükelé tale, cooking her bananas under the *wili-wili* tree.

The *Menehuné* [LAKA AND THE LITTLE-PEOPLE] the older tradition calls the vanishing remnant of the servitors of the ruling race, brought by the forefathers of the present-day Hawaiian stock from their homeland Paradise of *Pali-Uli.* In the process of time they have become the dwarf-folk, generally beneficent to man, half faun and half fairy. Indeed, in the New Zealand legend the fairy-like character predominates: they are called *Patu-paï-arehé, Turehu,* or *Nuku-maï-toré,* and live in the trees, like the birds.

1 Halulu is said to have been worshipped by King Kamehameha I.
2 When the famous Captain Cook landed on Hawaiian soil, it was as this deity, returning to Earth in fulfillment of an ancient prophecy, that the natives at first greeted him.

The true "Sky-Country," Lewa-Nuü or Lewi-Lani, of the older legends, has lost its paradisiacal character, and has become the "Upper-Outer-Kingdom" of the various tales. In the New Zealand variant the Great Vine, which forms the only path between it and the world of the Lower Islands, in the process of deterioration, has become a spider-web, spun by the "Sky-Spider."

As to the tales which suggest a root common to biblical stories, HAWAIIAN WONDER TALES contains but four. AÜKELÉ AND THE WATER-OF-LIFE is a variant of the story of Joseph and his brethren, and that of KILA AND THE GIANT BIRD HALULU is another, more elaborated one. The story of Jonah and the Whale is perhaps echoed in the popular tale of THE BOY WHO WOULD EAT LOBSTERS. The unbiquitous "Flood Story" has many versions: the one included in this volume, THE SEA-MAIDEN WHO HAD A STONE IMAGE FOR HUSBAND, has wandered furthest from its biblical prototype. LAKA AND THE LITTLE-PEOPLE gives one legend of the Menehuné's final departure from the Archipelago after defeat by the army of the owls, but another tradition gives a wholly different version of their flight, including their miraculous crossing of the "Red Sea of Kané," which curiously parallels the story of the fleeing Israelites.

The Hawaiian story-teller has allowed himself much license in the use of various episodic fragments, employing them, sometimes as mere embroidery, at will. The Menehuné are introduced again and again, as a handy *deus ex machina.* The building of Laka's canoe by the "Little-People" is duplicated in the story of Niheü and Kana the demigod, to which, perhaps, it properly belongs. The latter tale also repeats the story of the stealing of the Water-of-Life by Aükelé, and the life-giving water itself is a feature of many others. The story of the trees

felled to build Kana's canoe, which refuse to stay cut down, appears in both legends.

The exploits of the youth Kaleleä, whose prowess on the field of battle is appropriated by his comrade [KALELEÄ AND HIS WISH], are given in some accounts to the very famous hog-demigod, Kamapuää. Some of the adventures of Kaülu, the Strong Youth [THE BOY WHO BECAME KING OF THE SHARKS], are in various legends assigned to the hero Palila, son of one of the traditional monarchs of Kaüi. The Great Bird and the *Mo-o* are stock properties. The former, which figures commonly in the tale of Aükelé, I have chosen to use in the equally well-known tale of Kila.

Both of these were borrowed by the modern Haleolé, the first native Hawaiian romancer, for his celebrated fairy-tale of Laïeïkawaï, published in Honolulu in 1863. Its heroine, whose name entitles the story, is the "Beauty of Pali-Uli," the "Woman-of-the-Twilight." While included in various folklore collections, the story is no true sprout from popular verbal tradition. The name is unknown to the old chants. It is of deliberate manufacture — though none the less fascinating for that — written, as the author says in his foreword, "to enrich the Hawaiian people with a story-book . . . a book of entertainment for leisure moments, like those of the foreigners." It contains, however, many fragments culled from the ancient myth-mass.

A word should be said of the animal element in these tales. Kawelo's Rat-Chief [KAWELO THE LITTLE-BROTHER-TO-THE-RATS], and Kapoï's Owl [KAPOÏ AND THE OWL-KING], no less than Nanaüë the Shark-King, are more than animal. They are that singular Hawaiian dual being, the *Kupua.* It is a supernatural, possessing two bodies which it exchanges at will, being sometimes animal, sometimes human. It has vast magic,

in various legends having the powers of flight, expansion and contraction, and second-sight. And on occasion it combines these qualities with enormous appetite, extraordinary beauty, and phenomenal subtlety.

Some of the ancient deities, fallen from their high estate to the status of demigod, are given *Kupua* character in later tradition, as are a number of prehistoric heroes. Makaliï, originally a Deity of Plenty, whose place was in the Sky-Country of Kualoa, a sacred land of High-Chiefs of the olden times, becomes in later legend the brother of Moïheka and King of Moaüla. As such he is pictured as a Rat-*Kupua;* in one story Kaülu, the Strong Youth [THE BOY WHO BECAME KING OF THE SHARKS], encounters him in his rat form. Kila [KILA AND THE GIANT BIRD HALULU] himself, Moïheka's son and thus Makaliï's nephew, by some traditions, is a Rat-*Kupua* also, as is his great-aunt Kanepohihi (Kuponihi).

Curiously the *Kupua,* in its lesser manifestation, is not limited to the animal kingdom: its classification embraces beings with leaf-bodies, tree-, fern-, flower-, vine- and moss-bodies, and bodies of shell and stone, cloud and wind. Each of these, too, has sub-classes, the cloud-*Kupua,* for example, including the down-looking-cloud, the morning-flower-cloud, the saffron-colored-cloud, the cloud-in-the-eye-of-the-sun, and many others. We find in the legends frequent alluring statements such as, "The Tree-People being always restless and in ceaseless motion, she placed them around the house, to dance and sing with soft rustling noises." These concepts lend a peculiar beauty to the adult traditions.

As the great Chief of the *Kupua* in the older myths is the *Mo-o,* so in their modern variants it is the shark. Its worship was a universal cult. Every island had its Shark-God, every considerable bay and sea-cave its Shark-King. The Shark-God

had its temples, with their constituted priesthood, and on occasion human sacrifices were baked in their ovens and offered on their altars. Certain families, and occasionally individuals, had their own Shark-Gods, to whom they gave worship; it was an article of belief that such a person, or a member of such a family, need fear no peril on the sea — in the moment of danger, sharks (the following of his particular shark-deity) would appear to succor him. If his canoe was wrecked, they would carry him safely to shore. Such favors were reciprocated by the rescued one with food thrown into the sea or a calabash of *awa*-wine poured on the surface of the water. Similarly each local Shark-King had its keeper [*Kahu*] whose office was hereditary and who supplied it with fowl, pig, yams, etc., as the Wizard Mokolii [THE BOY WHO BECAME KING OF THE SHARKS] supplies Nanaüë, and bespoke its protection for the local fishermen.

The elepaïo-bird, the Wizard Mokolii's familiar of the shark tale, that sits on his shoulder and brings him gossip, and that carries messages for the ruler of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom in FLASH-OF-THE-PADDLE AND LISTENER-TO-THE-HEAVENLY-VOICE, is to be found everywhere in the Islands. A busy little bunch of green and speckled feathers, of insatiable curiosity, its note is its name, repeated over and over. It figured in the primeval deity-legends, as is shown by the saying, "At the bird's cry of Elepaïo,' the night-labors of gods and heroes must cease." In later stories it advises in love affairs, and, like the jay of the southern part of the United States, may be suspected of being in league with the Powers of Evil.

Aside from those of animal persuasion, there are a few supernaturals in the tales of this collection, notably the *Eëpa* [KAWELO THE LITTLE-BROTHER-TO-THE-RATS] with whom the *a-a* [dwarf] is sometimes confused, and the *Pona-Turi* [THREE

TALES OF THE GOBLINS WHO LIVED ON THE SEA-BOTTOM]. The *Eèpa,* with human form and character, have supernatural powers conferred upon them by their animal protectors. Gnome-like in appearance, they play the part assigned to the gnome in European folklores. The *Pona-Turi* are true goblins, of human form but lost souls, unregenerate and loathsome, to be slain without mercy wherever found. They are, no doubt, the faded echo of a prehistoric cannibal people to the southward, exterminated by the northern Polynesian.

In my selection of the tales and my choice of versions I have omitted those which deal with the *outré* category of Hawaiian witchcraft — the *lapu* [ghosts], the *akua* [pure divine spirits, sometimes mischievous], the *kahoaka* [spirits of the living], *uhana* [spirits of the dead], and *aümakua* [guardian ancestral spirits that protect the family and may inhabit a living animal]. The legend-mass is full of these. They are of vast interest to the student, but have no place in this volume.

Nor have those which involve the complex social relations sometimes existing in the early civilization of the Archipelago. The tale of Kila concerns itself with the two famous Kings Olopana and Moïheka and the woman Luükia, who, according to best authorities, was wife to both; but the purpose of my tale of him is best served by an ancient version which makes her the daughter of Olopana and the wife of Kila, Moïheka's blood-son and son of Olopana by adoption.

As to the telling of the tales, I use the "thee and thou" without reference to the fact that in the old Hawaiian tongue the hard *k* becomes *th* and the pronunciation of other consonants is likewise softened, in order to carry the time of the relation sensibly back into the distant past.

Finally, the tales of this volume do not include the myths of the primal deities and the demigods that succeeded them.

The student may have them. Can there be children who feel kinship with heroes so gigantic that they play at drinking the ocean, pushing up the sky, and lassoing the sun with nooses made of their sisters' hair?

No, these Wonder Tales belong to a later time, when the great gods and half-gods have departed, but (fortunately) leaving their potent spells and incantations for the use of their human descendants. They tell of the boy with the magic arrow that flew always to his luck. Of the sea-maiden who had a stone image for a husband. Of the "Little-People" who built the hero's war-canoe for him in a single night. Of the Goblin-Folk, eaters of human flesh, who lived on the sea-bottom and came up on the land only by night, since the sunlight was fatal to them. Of the boy who became King of the sharks. Of the lad who slew the giant bird Halulu, whose wings were as huge as ships' sails, with claws at every feather-end. Of the man whose friend was the Owl-King. Of the wicked Sorcerer who ruled the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, that rested on the tops of the highest mountains, "like a canoe on spear-points."

These are stories that were made for the delight of children of every age.

POST WHEELER.

Hawaiian Wonder Tales

Aükelé and the Water-of-Life

IN THE ancient days, my little brothers and sisters, when our ancestors lived in the land to the west that we call Helani-the-Distant, the Land-that-Supports-the-Heavens — before they first came to this rainbowed Hawaii — there was a High-Chief of that country named Iku, who had eleven sons, and the youngest was so much handsomer and cleverer than the others that he was his father's favorite.

He was loved best of all, too, by his grandmother, who watched over his babyhood, an old woman so old that she remembered the time when the trees talked together, with skin rugged and blackened like a lizard's, hair the color of ashes, and eyes as red as fire-coals. She was a Sorceress, who went every night to the high mountain to talk with the Spirits, ate naught but black crabs and poppy-seeds, and could see across tomorrow. When he was born, she made over him a charm with a black pig, a white fowl, and a red fish, and when he

was a year old she tattooed in the crook of his left elbow a magic mark that gave him great strength.

He grew up straight and tall, with skin the color of a banana ripe for plucking and eyeballs as white as its meat.

When the boy was become a youth, and could recite the names and histories of his ancestors from the beginning, Iku summoned his Counselors before him, and said to them, "After I am dead and my spirit has gone to the Underworld of Milu,[1] it is my will that my youngest son, Aükelé, be High-Chief after me, and wear my Royal cloak woven of the yellow feathers plucked from under the wing of the o-o bird,[2] and inherit my honors and possessions." And they answered, "May those of us who forget thy words pay for it with the death of our bones!"

The other sons took delight in feats of strength, and at this time were voyaging amongst the islands round about, meeting their champions in bouts of boxing and wrestling, and when they returned and learned that their younger brother had been set above them in the Chieftainship, they were angered and began to plot together how they might bring hurt upon him.

Said the eldest, "Our father is a great Chief, but age has caught him. He is like old One-Tooth, who holds the land fast to the bottom of the ocean. He has only one thought, and that is this wretched brat of a brother of ours, whom he will make High-Chief, so that one day our shadows may not fall on him! Truly, this is not to be borne."

Said the second, "Let us go to wrestle on the beach. When he sees us striving together he will want to try. We will wrestle with him one by one till he is tired: then we will throw him into the sea, where the sharks will finish him."

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1 The Lord of the World of the Dead

2 Yellow was the color of royalty. These cloaks might be worn only by Kings and Princes The lesser nobility wore cloaks mixed of yellow and red.

"Well and good," the others replied. And they went to the beach and began to wrestle together with shouts and laughter, till the sound reached Chief Iku's house, where he sat with Aükelé, delighting in his conversation. When he heard it, Aükelé sprang up, and his father asked, "Where dost thou go?"

He answered, "I hear my brothers shouting on the beach, and would sport with them."

"Nay," said Iku. "Go not. For they are jealous of thee and hate thee for no fault of thine."

Asked Aükelé, "How dost thou know that?"

"By their faces," said his father. "Just as I know a dog by his tail."

But Aükelé said, "Surely they will not harm me. Are we not brothers of one family?" So he hastened to the beach, and when they saw him they called to him deceitfully, "Come, little brother and wrestle with us. Though thou art younger, we will take care not to hurt thee."

When they spoke thus the words pricked his pride, for he knew his own strength was greater than theirs. Nevertheless, because he was of a generous heart and wishful to be friends with them, when one by one they challenged him, he forbore to win over them, though no one of them was able to stretch him on the sand. So, in accordance with their wicked plot, when they deemed him tired enough for their purpose, the eldest cried out, "Now is the time!" And at that the whole ten fell upon him together to throw him into the deep water beyond the rocks, where the sharks waited with their mouths open. Then he discerned their evil purpose, and putting forth all his strength, hurled them, one after another, onto the rocks with such violence that they cried out with pain and the arm of one of them was broken.

That night the ten brothers met together, and in their

anger and shame that he had worsted them, they said to one another, "We will no longer remain here with our heads hanging. Let us build a canoe and go to some island far across the sky-blue ocean, where we shall be fitly treated." And the next day they went into the tangled forest and chose a great koa tree and felled it and set to work, all ten of them, nine shaping and hollowing the wood with their stone axes and the broken-armed one picking up the chips.

They labored for two forties of days till the canoe was done, and it was a great one, with outrigger[3] of hibiscus wood that was light as cork, and square paddles and a prow like a war-canoe fit to breast the highest waves. They wove for it three-cornered grass-sails, and twisted its cordage from coconut husk, and stocked it with fishing tackle and calabashes of sweet water, and with bananas and sugar-cane and breadfruit for food, and dragged it to the beach and made it ready to set out on their journey.

Then Aŭkelé came to the beach, and called to them, "O my elder brothers! O my playmates and food-companions! Are we not of one blood and family? Let me go with you."

The eldest answered, "Why should we take thee? Is it not because of thee that we are forsaking the land of our forefathers, where we were born, to go into the hungry places?"

Asked Aŭkelé, "Why is it on my account that you depart?"

He replied, "Because our father has set thee, the youngest, over us. And because we tried to kill thee and have shame that we did not succeed."

"Nay, all that shall be forgotten," Aŭkelé told him. "I am a little stone, but I can roll far. And where we go, the eldest shall be leader and I shall be least of them all." But still they would not consent.

[3] A log, so placed as to float alongside the canoe, a little distance from it and fastened to it, to balance it in a heavy sea

It happened that one of the brothers had a little son six years old whom he was taking with him. The little boy loved Aükelé, and now he began to cry, saying, "O my father, let my uncle come with us! For he is the only one who will play with me and tell me stories!" And so, to quiet his wailing, they agreed that Aükelé should accompany them.

When all was ready they went before their father and mother to say farewell. The mother wept, pleading, "My children, give up this foolish voyage! Who can say whether you will find another island on the sea-waste? And finding one, how shall you support yourselves there?" And Iku said, "My sons, this going is not of my will. The wanderer, even if perchance he find another land, is like to build his fence around a field of nothingness." But they only shook their heads and remained silent, so that he sighed and spoke the word of parting, and they betook themselves to the canoe and made ready to launch forth.

The old grandmother, however, took Aükelé aside, and put into his hands a joint of bamboo. Said she, "Here is something I have prepared for thee, my grandson. In it thou wilt find an image which I have magicked with the three magics of earth, sea, and air. If thou art in distress or evil threatens thee, take it out and set it on thy knee and say to it these words:

Lono, look for me,
Lono, listen for me,
Lono, tell me!

Then tell it thy trouble, and it will counsel thee for thy good. But if at any time thou dost not act according to its advice, speak to it never again, for always after that it will remain for thee only a piece of wood and nothing more.

"Also I have put into the bamboo a strip of skin from my thigh: it will protect thee against anything of the animal-kind

that walks, swims, or flies. Thou hast only to shake it at such an enemy to turn it instantly to ashes. But it may be used only when thou art in the last extremity, with death within a spear's length.

"Lastly thou wilt find in the bamboo-joint a green ië-ië leaf: touch it to thy lips and it will banish all hunger and thirst.

"In my youth I for a time served Kamohoaliï, the Wizard, whose land is across eight oceans, and who has in charge the Water-of-Kané, which brings the dead to life, and my two uncles Kananaï and Hawewe and my aunt Luahinekaï still serve him. From him I learned my magic, and the best of my learning I have put into these three things, the image, the strip of my skin, and the iè-ië leaf. These I give thee with my blessing.

"It is well that thou, the last-born one, go over the ocean with thy brothers, for by my spells I read that thy fate is not here. It is in the land called Lalaké, where the stars dance on the tops of the mountains. Its Queen is named Namaka, and thou shalt have her for thy wife if thy courage is great enough. Only put thy trust in the little image rather than in thy brothers."

He thanked her and went aboard the canoe with the bamboo-joint, and took up his paddle with the rest, and the grass-sail was spread and the canoe sailed out on the sky-blue ocean, bearing the ten brothers and the child.

They sailed four moons without seeing so much as a single tree, by which time they had eaten all the food they had brought and had remaining only a single calabash of sweet water and two lengths of sugar-cane. They sailed four moons more with nothing to eat but sea-snails and an occasional flying fish that struck their sail, and with only the rain and dew to slake their thirst, till the nine brothers were as thin as starved

crows and lay in the bottom of the canoe too near dead to lift their heads, all save Aükelé. As for him, each night, when dark fell, he would open his bamboo-joint and take out the ië-ië leaf and touch it to his lips, and instantly his thirst and hunger would vanish. Then he would lay it on the lips of the little nephew, who slept beside him, and to him also it would be as if he had just eaten and drunk his fill.

There came a day at last when the paddle dropped from the steersman's hands, and he lay like the rest, unable to speak for weakness. Then Aükelé said to himself, "After all, these are my brothers, and though they hate me I cannot let their death be at my hands." And he took the leaf and touched their lips with it, one after another, so that all bestirred themselves and presently rose up strong and well again.

"How strange it is!" they said. "We have ceased to feel weak and hungry. It must be that we are nearing a bountiful land so filled with fruits and grains that even the wind that blows from it has refreshed us!" And they fell to chanting as they paddled.

Next day they passed a fisherman in his canoe, and called to him, "Ho, fisherman, what is thy land? And in what direction does it lie?" The fisherman replied, "I am of Lalaké, and it lies two days' distance straight before you." When he heard this Aükelé knew they were approaching the land his grandmother had told him of, where his own fate lay, and his heart was glad. He fell to wondering whether he should indeed win its Queen Namaka for his wife, and whether she was as beautiful as a Queen should be, and then he bethought himself of the image in his bamboo-joint.

When dark fell he took it out and set it on his knee, and whispered to it:

"Lono, look for me,
Lono, listen for me,
Lono, tell me!"

Then it stirred in his hands and spoke in a small voice, like the voice of a mosquito: "What wouldst thou know, Master?"

"WHAT WOULDST THOU KNOW, MASTER?"

"Tell me of the land Lalaké and its Queen Namaka," said Aükelé.

"It is the land where the stars dance on the tops of the mountains," it replied. "No outlander may enter it on pain of death, and the sand of its shore is strewn with the white bones of High-Chiefs who have dared the penalty, desirous to win her to wife, on account of her great beauty."

"Is she so *very* beautiful?" asked Aükelé, and it answered, "The loveliest daughter of all the Chiefs of all the islands of the many-colored engulfing ocean must be in eighty points more lovely to be compared with her. She has a back as straight as a precipice, a face like the full moon, skin like the covering of a young banana shoot, and a blaze of stars in her eyes."

Then Aükelé asked, "By what means can I come to see and speak to her?"

And it told him, "Only by overcoming her guardians. They are seven in number, her two maidservants who run as a giant rat and lizard, her four elder brothers who fly as great birds, and her house-protector. The last is her devouring dog Moëla, the Day-Sleeper, which is of all creatures in that land the most terrible. By day he lies asleep in a vast cavern beneath her house, and by night he is loosed to range the forest and shore, where if he find an outlander he bites off his head, his hands, and his feet, and tears his body to shreds as a child tears the wings from a butterfly. He is huge as a war-canoe, his scent is so keen that he can smell an ant eighty spear-lengths under the ground, his bark is like four hundred thunders, and his breath sets the tangled forest afire."

So saying, the image shut its eyes and became again a thing of painted wood, and Aükelé put it back into the bamboo-joint and went to sleep in deep dejection, thinking, "How can I, though I were the greatest Chief and warrior in all these Lower Islands, hope to overcome guardians like those?"

Now in the morning when the sun rose, the Queen Namaka, asleep in her house, that was thatched with Royal yellow feathers, was awakened by the cry of her four elder brothers, who all night long, flying high and flying low as wild-crying, gray sea-falcons, had circled her coasts, watching lest any man land there. She opened the door and they flew in, and turning three times round about, took on their human form, and said: "A canoe is nearing thy realm, bringing eleven young Chiefs. What wilt thou have us do with them?"

Said she, "Ask them whether they come in peace or in war. If in peace, warn them to depart. If in war, bring me word, that I may destroy them."

Straightway resuming their bird form, they took flight, and winging swifter than the wind to the approaching canoe, perched on its prow and asked, "Why come ye here, strangers? Is it in peace or in war?"

When they spoke in human voice, Aükelé knew they were the elder brothers of Queen Namaka, and he said to the others, "Softly, softly, catches the o-o bird! Let me speak kindly to them, and perchance all will be well." But they replied, "Who art thou to give orders here?" And they answered the sea-falcons insolently, saying, "What is it to you, O feathered sea-robbers? Be off to your fish-catching! We go whither we will and make war where we choose." And they threw empty calabashes at them.

At that they rose into the air, screaming angrily, and sped back to the Queen. "They come in unfriendliness and have offered us insult," they told her, and she rose, and snatching up her feathered spear, hastened to the shore.

As for Aükelé, saying to himself, "This is a death-day for us!" he went apart from the rest, and taking the image from his bamboo-joint, set it on his knee, and whispered to it the magic spell. When it moved in his hand and opened its eyes, he asked it, "What now shall I do to save myself?"

It answered in its small, thin voice, "The Queen will destroy the canoe and all it carries. When thou seest her on the shore, dive into the water, failing not to take me with thee. And it may be she will not see thee."

So, as a long wave lifted the canoe on its crest, Aükelé watched, and when he saw the Queen waiting on the beach with her spear in her hand, he tightened his loincloth, and with his bamboo-joint that held the image in one hand, and his knife in the other lest there be sharks lurking about, he dove from the canoe, a long deep dive.

Now the spear the Queen carried had been made for her by Mokoliï, the greatest of the Wizards. It was magicked with the deadliest magic, and when she pointed it at the canoe, it and the nine brothers and the child it carried sank instantly into the sea. After that she returned to her house, and said to her four elder brothers, "Ye have guarded well, but cease not to be watchful."

When Aükelé came to the surface, with no more breath left in his body than a waterlogged sponge, there were only broken paddles floating on the water, and he gained the shore, that was strewn with the white bones and battered helmets of Chiefs who had come there before him, and fell asleep under an ekoko tree, feeling as if all his sinews were broken, and mourning the evil drowning of his brothers, howsoever cruel they had been to him, and of the little nephew who had loved him.

The Queen busied herself with her usual occupations till noon, when suddenly there sounded a rumbling as of thunder, and sending for her two maidservants, she said to them, "My watchdog, Moëla, is growling in his sleep. He must be dreaming he smells the scent of some flesh-and-blood creature. Or perchance one of the young Chiefs the canoe carried has escaped my death-spear and the real scent has pierced his slumber. Go, therefore, both of you, to the beach and make examination, and if you find there any creature of flesh and blood, kill him." Whereon they took on their forms of a giant rat and an enormous lizard, and hastened to do her bidding.

It befell, however, that the heat of the noonday sun awakened Aükelé, and remembering where he was, and the terrible fate of his brothers and little nephew, he took the wooden image from his bamboo-joint and setting it on his knee, spoke the magic lines. And instantly it stirred and opened its eyes, and said, "What troubles thee, Master? What now can I tell thee?"

Said Aükelé, "I have gained this land of Lalaké, but how am I to come to the Queen Namaka, and how may I escape her vengeance?"

It replied, "Thou hast awakened none too early. For she has sent her two maidservants, who are now on their way here to kill thee. Had I not been here, nothing could have saved thee."

"In my bamboo-joint," said Aükelé, "is a piece of skin from my grandmother's thigh. I have only to shake it against them to turn them to ashes."

"Nay," the image answered, "that has power only against beast, bird, and fish. Though these servants of hers can by magic take the forms of a rat and lizard, they are really human beings like thyself, and the skin cannot overcome them."

"What then must I do?"

"Their secret names," said the image, "are Upo-ho and Haä-Pua. When they come, call them by these names. They will be so taken aback at thy knowing them, that they may fear to harm thee." So saying, it closed its eyes and became once more a thing of painted wood.

Scarcely had Aükelé put it into the bamboo-joint again when the lizard and the rat came galloping to the beach — so fearsome a pair to see that his blood ran cold. But he took courage in his mouth and called out to them loudly, "Greetings, my good friends. Aloha[4] to thee, Upo-ho, and to thee, Haä-Pua. Love to you both."

When they heard this, in their astonishment Haä-Pua leaped three of her lizard-lengths backward and Upo-ho reared up on her rat's haunches and her whiskers clapped together like stone-pointed spears. Said they to one another, "Can this be a mere man, and know our secret names, that none but the

[4] A word of welcome or salutation

A GIANT RAT GALLOPED UP.

Queen and her four elder brothers know? Surely, to have such knowledge he must have great power, and we should beware how we treat him. He shows no fear of us, so he must know what are our proper forms."

So they turned themselves three times round about and instantly became two maidens, dressed in grass-skirts, with orange-red girdles and red flowers in their hair, as like as one coconut to another. "Forgive us, O Stranger," they said, "that we did not at once perceive thy real quality." And they came and seated themselves near him, saying, "What is thy name and rank and from what land dost thou come?"

He replied, "My name is Aükelé, and I am the son of the

High-Chief Iku, whose realm is Helani-the-Distant, the Land-that-Supports-the-Heavens. I have come to your land of Lalaké to see its Queen Namaka, who is said to be the loveliest daughter of all the High-Chiefs and the Low-Chiefs of all the islands of the many-colored ocean."

Then they all fell to talking together, and he told them of his own country, how it had apples as big as melons, sugar-cane so heavy that it lay flat against the ground, and ponds stocked with all fish of the seas except the whale and the shark. And so handsome was he, and so agreeable his conversation, that they both were enraptured with him. They thought, "Even had we no fear of him, we could never bear to kill one whose speech is so pleasant and who is so good-looking!"

And at last they said to him, "We pray thee, do not take amiss what we must tell thee. The truth is that our Queen's watchdog has scented thee here, and she has sent us to kill thee. We are minded now not to do this, but lest her wrath light upon us, we shall tell her that, though we made search everywhere, we found no flesh-and-blood creature. Thus thou canst escape her anger. Since thou knowest our names, we know thee for a master of magic who will be well able to make thy way back safe to thine own country."

So they bade him farewell, and resuming their rat and lizard forms, returned to Queen Namaka, and said to her, "We have made search of the coast and the tangled forest, but neither on the beach nor in the ravines have we found any creature of flesh and blood."

The Queen was satisfied, and bade them rest, but again there came the rumble of thunder, and she summoned her four elder brothers, and said to them, "For the second time my watchdog, Moèla, has growled in his sleep. I have sent my two maid-servants to search, but they find no one. Do ye go, therefore,

all of you, and do likewise. For indeed, I think he scents something. If you find a creature of flesh and blood, destroy him." And they took on their bird forms and flew to the beach.

Meanwhile, however, Aükelé had taken the image from the bamboo-joint and set it on his knee and spoken the spell, and said to it, "O Lono, I have made friends of the two maidservants. What more is to be done?"

It answered, "The Queen's devouring dog will scent thee again, and this time she will send her four elder brothers. Thou must do with them as thou didst with the maidservants. Their secret names are Kané-moë, Kané-apua, Le-apua, and Kaha-umana. Say them over to me, for if thou dost forget one of them it will go hard with thee."

When Aükelé could repeat the names without mistake, the image became again a thing of wood, and scarce had he put it back in the bamboo-joint when the four great wild-crying sea-falcons came wheeling above him. At sight of their yellow eyes flashing lightning, and their cruel beaks and talons outspread to tear him, he feared greatly, but he called out to them in a loud voice, "Aloha to you, my good friends! I greet you, Kané-moë, and Kané-apua, Le-apua and Kaha-umana. Love to you, all four."

When they heard their secret names spoken thus by a stranger they were so amazed that they halted their headlong flight as suddenly as if a dart-arrow had caught them. They alighted on the ground at a little distance, and the eldest said, "O Stranger, who art thou, to know our names? Where art thou from and why hast thou come here?"

He answered, "I am the son of the High-Chief Iku, ruler of Helani-the-Distant, the Land-that-Supports-the-Heavens. My fate decrees that I shall wed the most beautiful Chief's daughter of these Lower Islands, and I have visited all the lands of the

sky-blue ocean save this Lalaké, seeking her. But to whatever land I went it was declared that there was no daughter of its High-Chiefs or its Low-Chiefs as beautiful as thy sister Namaka the Queen of this land, so I have come here to satisfy the need of my eyes."

When the four bird-brothers heard this, they said to one another, "It is lucky we did not try to do him a mischief. For he is a great Prince, and his magic must be greater than ours. Our sister, being the most beautiful maiden alive, is the one he searches for. What could be better than for her to wed him? Thus together they can rule this land and his own Land-that-Supports-the-Heavens. Let us resume our proper bodies and talk with him."

Having thus concluded, they turned themselves thrice about and instantly became four youths, comely and strong, as like to another as four breadfruit trees, wearing robes of tapa cloth[5] and cloaks woven of the yellow feathers of the o-o bird, and drew near and sat down beside him. "We pray thee, overlook the manner of our greeting, O Prince," said they, "but we did not at once perceive the signs of thy princely rank and the loftiness of thy station." And they beguiled an hour in pleasant conversation with him, at the end of which time they were delighted with his accomplishments.

At length the oldest of them said, "We pray thee not to be offended at what we must tell thee. For at first sight we knew thou wert at all points precisely the husband we would choose for Queen Namaka — who indeed is the most beautiful of all the Chief's daughters of the earth — and we are thy steadfast friends in thy desire. But our sister is headstrong and self-willed, and not easy to be controlled in the matter of her marriage. It is in our minds to go to her and tell her of thy arrival and

[5] A cloth made of the inner bark of certain trees, principally the wild mulberry.

acquaint her with our decision. And after a little do thou follow us."

Aükelé thanked them, and they resumed their bird forms and flew back to the Queen's house. And as soon as they were out of sight, he took out the little image and set it on his knee, and spoke the charm, and when it opened its eyes, saying, "What wouldst thou, Master?" he told it how the case stood.

"Thou hast done well so far," it said, "but there is a harder thing yet for thee to face. For the Queen is set against her marriage, and will not easily yield to her elder brothers. She has still her house-protector, Moëla, her devouring dog, and him she will send against thee. He is not human, however, so that the strip of thy grandmother's skin will overcome him. But that thou canst use only in the last extremity, when death is but a span before thy forehead, otherwise it will not avail." And having said this, it became only a wooden image as before.

As for the four brothers, they came before Queen Namaka and told her of the Prince they had found on the beach, and of his high rank and estate, saying, "We have chosen him as the man thou shouldst wed. Surely in all the evergreen islands of the dotted ocean there could be found no nobler husband for thee."

When they thus spoke, however, she was angered, saying to herself, "What! Shall they presume to pick my husband for me without my having had a sight of him?" And she answered them deceitfully, saying, "O My Brothers! If this Prince is all you say, I shall be fortunate indeed to be his wife. Go then and call my people together, and arrange all things for the wedding feast, and when he comes I will take him to be my husband."

They departed gladly to make all ready, and set the Royal

THEY CAME BEFORE THEIR SISTER, QUEEN NAMAKA.

cooks to heating their ovens, and the butlers to preparing awa[6]-wine, and bade the Royal drummers assemble with their dancing-drums made of hollow coconut wood covered with shark-skin, and ordered the Royal reciters to practice their chants for the ceremony. But whilst they were thus engaged she went secretly to the cavern beneath the Royal house, where the devouring dog lay asleep, snoring a rumbling snore that made the rocks tremble as if in an earthquake. She unchained him, and called to him, softly lest her brothers hear, saying, "O Moëla! O my faithful house-protector! Wake, for a flesh-and-blood creature is on the beach! Fly to him and tear him to pieces!" But the great dog was deep in his daytime sleep, and did not waken.

Then she fell to fondling him, saying in his ear, "O Moëla! Chief-guardian of my person! Wake, I beseech thee! An outlander is on the shore for thee to eat. His flesh will be sweet as honey!" But the great dog only snored the louder. Till

[6] A species of the pepper plant. A mildly intoxicating drink is made from its crushed roots.

she seized a stone and struck him with it, when his snoring ceased, and he rose up and shook himself, howling. "Haste to the beach, Moëla!" she cried. "And kill! Kill! Kill!" Then at the word he rushed from the cavern and galloped to the sea-shore. As he passed through the tangled forest the yellow-tasseled shower trees burst into flame, and his lower jaw ploughed the earth like a shovel.

In all his horrid bulk he flew across the sand of the shore, barking his four hundred thunders, as huge as a war-canoe, with hair the color of dry grass, eyes red as blood, and his open mouth showing six rows of teeth. So that Aükelé, standing to meet him with the piece of skin from his bamboo-joint in his hand, felt the hair rise on his head, and the sweat of fear trickle betwixt his shoulder-blades, knowing that if he used it too soon by so much as the wink of an eyelash, he was lost. So the great dog leaped upon him, but just as the terrible jaws were about to snap together, he shook the skin in his face, and with a burst of fiery and foul-smelling smoke, Moëla instantly became a heap of ashes.

Then Aükelé, still trembling, took out the little image and thanked it, and asked its advice, and it said, "O Master, death has nearly passed, and thou canst now face the Queen without danger. There is but one thing more to remember. Whilst thou art beneath her roof, until thou art her husband, eat nothing that is given thee, for it will be the deadliest poison. If thou art hungry, use thy ië-ië leaf." So saying, it shut its eyes and became wood, and Aükelé returned it to the bamboo-joint, and set out through the tangled forest to the Queen's house.

Now the Queen, watching in the doorway for the return of her great dog, and beholding Aükelé approaching alone, knew that her savage house-protector was dead, and tears of

rage filled her eyes, so that she could not see the handsomeness of his face or the nobleness of his bearing. Her four bird-brothers, knowing that she had loosed the dog against him, began to tremble for fear of his vengeance. And as for her two maidservants, they were in such terror that they turned into their rat and lizard forms and disappeared, one into a lava-crevice and the other into a fishpond.

Aükelé greeted the brothers with fair speech, and they said to their sister, "This is the Prince of whom we told thee, who is come to be our guest." And they invited him in, seating him on coconut-leaf mats as white as milk. But anger still held her, and she sat with her face turned from him.

Presently she ordered that food and drink be brought, and Aükelé, noting that she touched each dish with her left hand as it was set before him, said to himself, "Is she indeed bound to have my life?" Aloud he said, "I pray thee, O Queen, let us talk awhile before I eat, for now that at last I see thee, the greater hunger of my heart is satisfied." And he told her how in his far land of Helani-the-Distant he had learned of her beauty, and that his own fate lay in this land of hers. Till at his voice her anger, in spite of herself, began to soften.

AÜKELÉ WAS SMITTEN WITH HER LOVELINESS.

As for him he was so smitten with her loveliness that he scarce knew what he said, and he thought, "Alas! How can

she love me, indeed — she whom the highest Chiefs and greatest warriors have besought in vain!" And at last he said to himself, "At any rate, I have seen her. My fate is here. But if she cannot be my wife, let my bones lie with those others on the beach." And he took up a pomegranate from the platter and held it in his hand.

Then he said, "O Namaka, I have journeyed from afar with my love, like this pomegranate, in my hand. If I cannot have thy love, I do not care to live longer. Tell me: shall I eat of this?"

When he said this she knew that he was aware she had made the fruit a poison to him, and looking at him, seeing for the first time how handsome he was, love was suddenly kindled in her heart, and she snatched the pomegranate from him, crying, "Nay, nay! Eat it not! I meant but to try thee! Now I see that thou art the husband I have waited for so long!"

So the marriage feast was prepared, the drums were beaten and the prayer-songs chanted, and that same hour Aükelé and Queen Namaka were wed, and they began life together, both of them, in all joy and contentment, their loves flowing together like the mingling of sea-ferns in the tide. She doted on him, teaching him all her magic in exchange for his own, till he could transform himself into a coral rock, a waterfall, or a banyan tree, whilst her brothers instructed him in their art of flying, so that soon he could soar from cliff to cliff or wheel like a gull over the sea.

Now in his happiness Aükelé had not ceased to grieve over the death of his brothers and the little nephew to whom he had told stories, and one night, when he had dwelt in the land of Lalaké a full year, he dreamed that the little boy came to him, weeping because of his death in the sea, and he woke filled with sorrow. As he lay open-eyed and grieving, he bethought

himself of what his grandmother had told him of the Water-of-Kané that brought the dead to life, in the land where his great-uncles and his great-aunt still served Kamohoaliï the Wizard, who had the magic water in charge. He thought, "Why should I not go thither and fetch some of it to restore my brothers and my nephew to life?"

In the morning he said to his wife, "What dost thou know of the Water-of-Kané?" She replied, "It is the magical water in the Well-of-Life, of which if the sick drink they recover, and if a man be dead and it is sprinkled over his body, he instantly becomes alive again."

He asked her, "In what land is it?"

She answered, "In a land across eight oceans, a canoe-journey of three years, and one filled with perils."

"In what direction is it?"

"It lies due eastward from the doorway of this house. Why dost thou ask of it?"

He replied, "I am minded to go there to fetch a calabash of the water, to give back life to my drowned brothers and my little nephew."

Then she began to weep and to beseech him, saying, "Nay, do not go upon this journey, lest death come to thee also! For even if thou couldst reach that land, the well must be guarded by enchantments that thou canst not break."

But he would not be persuaded, till at last she said, "Very well, since it was through me they perished, I cannot forbid thee. Only be wary of danger, for if evil befell thee, I should die." But he comforted her, telling her that his two great-uncles and his great-aunt were in the service of the well's custodian and would aid him, and next day, when the morning sky blazed like blue fire, he bade her and her brothers farewell and set out.

He flew eastward, over the sea, eighty times faster than the

swiftest war-canoe, ten times faster even than the sea-falcon, so that he reached the first land before the sun set. And from there he went on, flying by day and sleeping by night, and satisfying his hunger and thirst by the ië-ië leaf from his bamboo-joint, till at last he came to the eighth land which held the Well-of-Life.

There, when he had slept for a whole sun-round and refreshed his strength, he took the little image from the bamboo-joint that was fastened to his girdle, and repeated the charm that made it come alive:

"Lono, look for me,
Lono, listen for me,
Lono, tell me!"

And when it asked, "What now, Master?" he told it how the case stood with him, and said he, "How can I gain the Water-of-Kané to bring to life my ten brothers and my nephew?"

It answered, "The Well-of-Life is indeed in this land, in a valley in its very center, at the bottom of a great chasm so deep that it takes four days to descend from its rim. It is in the charge of Kamoholiï-the-Aged, the Wizard, whose skin is as black as charcoal. When he holds down his hands, the custodians of the well dip up the Water-of-Kané in a calabash and give it to him. To no one else will they give so much as a drop. And the descent of the chasm is guarded by two sentinels armed with weapons."

Asked Aükelé, "Who are these sentinels, and how can I pass them?"

The image replied, "The first thou wilt meet on the rim of the great chasm. His name is Kananaï. But he is old and wise, and cannot be hoodwinked."

Said Aükelé, "What if he is my great-great-uncle?"

Said the image, "If so, for the sake of the blood-tie, he should let thee pass."

"And the second sentinel?"

"Thou wilt encounter him halfway down the descent. His name is Hawewe. But he is clever and cunning, and naught can deceive him."

"What if he is my great-great-uncle also?"

"Then, for the sake of the blood-tie, he also should let thee pass. But at the bottom thou wilt find the wisest and cunningest of them all, Luahinekaï, the Old-Woman-of-the-Forbidden-Place. She is placed there to warn the Wizard if any succeed in passing the sentinels above. She is blind, but so keen are her ears that not even a spider can pass her."

"She is my great-great-aunt," said Aükelé.

"Then, for the sake of the blood-tie," said the image, "she too should assist thee. Thou wilt find her sitting under a wili-wili tree, with a rooster beside her, roasting bananas. Do not greet her, but run to her and sit on her lap. Wait till she speaks first, then tell her thy name, and ask her help to get the Water-of-Kané." And having spoken, it shut its eyes and became again the image of wood.

Aükelé restored it to the bamboo-joint, and set out, soaring over hills and plains, till at length he came to the land's central valley, and alighting on its rim, where the sentinel stood on guard, armed with weapons, bade him Aloha.

Exclaimed Kananaï, "Who art thou, insolent trespasser?"

"Who but thy great-great-nephew?" Aükelé answered. "I am Aükelé, son of the High-Chief Iku, of the land of Helani-the-Distant. I am come for a calabash of the Water-of-Kané, to bring to life my ten older brothers and my nephew."

Exclaimed he, "What! Art thou the grandson of my son Kapoïno? Then for the sake of the blood-tie I must let thee

pass. But if thou shouldst get the water, take care on thy return not to touch the sacred torch-wood trees that grow on the right of the path, lest Kamohoaliï hear the clashing of the leaves, and pursue thee to kill thee."

Aükelé thanked him and went down the steep way. He climbed downward for two days, when he came to the halfway sentinel, armed also with weapons, and gave him greeting, saying, "Aloha to thee, my uncle."

"Who art thou, impudent interloper?" criew Hawewe.

"I am none other than thy great-great-nephew," Aükelé replied, "son of Iku, High-Chief of the Land-that-Supports-the-Heavens. I am come for some of the Water-of-Kané, to bring to life my nephew and my ten older brothers."

"Art thou truly the grandson of my nephew Kapoïno?" exclaimed Hawewe. "Then because of the blood-tie I must let thee pass. But if thou dost get the water, beware as thou comest back not to brush against the loü-lu palms that stand on the left of the path, lest the rattling of their fronds reach the ears of Kamohoaliï, and he overtake and slay thee!"

To him also Aükelé gave thanks, and climbed on down the path a second two days, when he came on the Old-Woman-of-the-Forbidden-Place, sitting under her wili-wili tree, with her rooster beside her, roasting bananas. She was bent like the root of a banyan tree, her hair was grizzled-gray, her skin wrinkled like a pumpkin leaf, and her eyes were covered with a white film. Without greeting, he ran to her and threw himself into her lap, when she exclaimed, "What is this tree-limb that has fallen across me?" And putting down the banana she was roasting, she felt him all over. "What is this!" she exclaimed. "O Conceited One! How darest thou sit in my lap, as though thou wert at least a nephew of mine?"

"And so I am, Aunt," said Aükelé. "I am thy great-great-

nephew Aükelé, son of Iku, High-Chief of Helani-the-Distant. My ten brothers and my nephew are drowned, and I am come for some of the Water-of-Kané from the well yonder, that they may live again."

"That thou shalt have," she answered. "If thou art the grandson of my daughter Kamo-o, the blood-tie compels me. There is one way and only one to obtain it." Then she mixed ashes from her oven with charcoal and painted his arms with it till they were black from the elbows down, and concealed him under her robe, saying, "Make no noise, for Kamohoaliï's ears are sharp. Presently when it is dark my rooster will crow three times, and he will come out of the well to sleep. Then go to it and stretch down thy hands, and those who guard within it will give thee a calabash of the water. But make haste to gain the rim of the chasm with it, for Kamohoaliï can run uphill faster than a wild pig with eight legs."

With that she fell again to her banana-roasting, and presently dark came, when the rooster crowed three times, and the Wizard came from the well. He stretched himself on the ground, and saying to the old woman, "Be vigilant!" fell asleep. When he snored, Aükelé came from under her robe and hastened to the well and stretched down his hands, and the custodians therein, taking the blackened arms for those of Kamohoaliï, dipped a calabash of the water and gave it to him.

Then, having kissed the old woman and whispered his farewell to her, Aükelé hastened up the steep path with the water. For two days and nights he climbed, bearing the calabash with care lest he spill any of its contents, till he was nearly halfway to the top when his foot slipped, and he fell against a loü-lu palm on the left of the path, and the rattling of the fronds awoke the Wizard taking his sleep below. He opened his eyes, saying, "What noise do I hear?" The old woman answered, "It was

only the crackling of the boughs under my oven." But he was suspicious, and lay listening the rest of the night and the next two nights also without hearing a further sound.

AÜKELÉ CARRIED THE CALABASH WITH CARE.

Aükelé wished long life to his uncle Hawewe, and climbed on two days more, till he neared the chasm's rim, when again he stumbled and brushed against a sacred torch-wood tree that stood on the right of the path, and this time, at the rasping of the branches, Kamohoaliï sprang up and rushed up the steep path like the wind. Halfway to the summit he came to Hawewe, and questioned him; and Hawewe replied, "I have seen nothing but a wild pig that was rooting at the foot of a loü-lu palm. Doubtless it was that that woke thee." He ran on till he came to the chasm's rim, where he questioned Kananaï; and Kananaï answered, "I have seen nothing but a wild goat running amongst the torch trees."

But by that time it was too late to overtake Aükelé, who two days before had wished his uncle Kananaï long life and taken flight on the backward track to the land of Lalaké, where the stars dance on the tops of the mountains. And in good time he arrived there safely, to the joy of Queen Namaka and her brothers.

Straightway all went together to the beach, where Aükelé launched a canoe, and paddling out to deep water, poured the contents of the calabash onto the waves. And instantly up to the surface rose the great sunken canoe, with the ten who had been drowned standing alive in her.

Thus the brothers were again united, and the ten forgot their hatred of Aükelé, and when the rejoicings were ended, Queen Namaka had a great double-canoe built, with forty paddlers, and they all sailed back together to the land of Halani-the-Distant, where Chief Iku and his wife greeted them with a feast that lasted a whole moon. And after Iku met death, and his spirit departed to the Land-Under-the-Sea, Aükelé and his wife, Queen Namaka, all their lives ruled his land of Helani-the-Distant one year and her land of Lalaké the next, and knew not which they loved the better.

That is the tale, little brothers and sisters, of Aükelé and his wife Namaka. Now my words have run away. It is finished.

Flash-of-the-Paddle and Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice

YOU HAVE heard, my little brothers and sisters, of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, that is past the rim of the sky-blue ocean and rests on the tops of the highest mountains like a canoe set on the points of spears. You shall hear more of that country in other stories, for many tales are told of it.

In the very ancient days — soon after our ancestors came from their first home in the west that is called Helani-the-Distant, the Land-that-Supports-the-Heavens, to this Hawaïi of the dotted seas — that kingdom was ruled by a King who had eight daughters. In feature they were as like to one another as pandanus-seeds, and all were slim and delicate as flowers; but the youngest, whose name was Haka-Lani-Leo, which in the ancient tongue meant Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice, was so beautiful that her nurse covered her face with a veil to hide her loveliness.

There was but one way by which a man of the Lower Islands might reach the Upper-Outer-Kingdom. At one place, where its rim rested on a high peak that lifted from the shore of one of the islands, a gigantic vine drooped from it down the face of the mountain, and its tendrils had rooted in the Earth below. The shoots of the vine had grown as thick through as young trees, and wound about one another like the strands of a cable. To climb it was perilous, for the rain-clouds through which it passed made it wet and slippery, and above them a tribe of wild and fierce sea-eagles nested in it, which fell upon any trespassers with beaks and claws. Many heroes who tried to ascend the vine had lost their lives in the trying, and the ground in which it rooted was littered with their white bones.

When Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice was sixteen she learned of the great vine, and at once fell to coaxing her father to allow her to descend it and thus visit the world of the Lower Islands.

Said he, "My daughter, the folk of the lower world are not like us. Their voices are harsh and even their skins are a darker color. Their lands are as small as our tapa-coverlets, and from lying in the water are damp and dismal. Thou wouldst take no pleasure there."

She replied, "Nay, but I will promise that their lands shall not know the print of my foot. I wish only to see and observe them. I pray thee grant me this."

For long he withstood her, but so great was her desire that she fell sick with longing, and at length he summoned his Chief-Counselor, and said to him, "I must let my daughter have her will in this, or she will die. How may it best be managed, so that she will come to no harm?"

After pondering the matter, the Counselor said, "By thy magic make for her a floating island which will carry her where

she wills, and I myself will accompany her. She will soon tire of the plaything and be content to remain in thy kingdom."

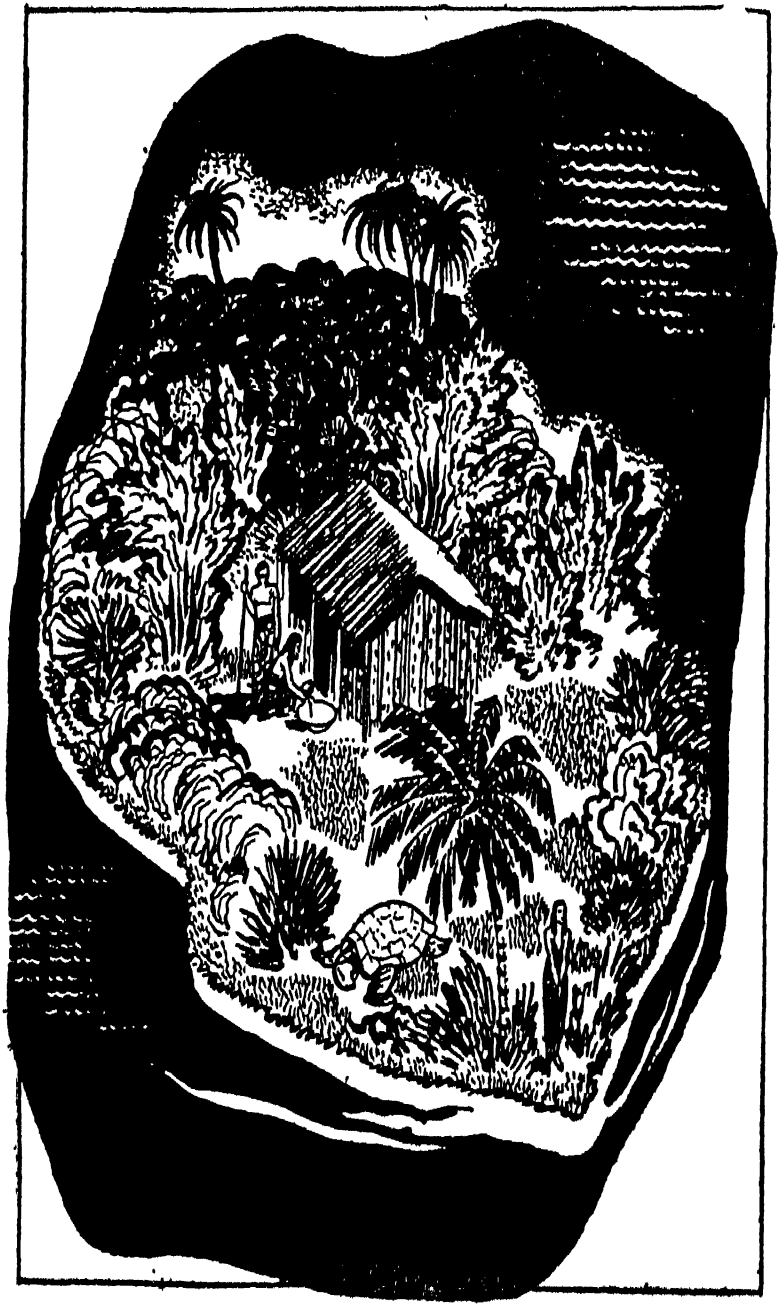
Accordingly the King made ready the island, and magicked it so that it would sail, like a great canoe, wherever she bade it. It had groves of flowering shade trees wherein roosted violet and emerald birds-of-paradise, with tails like yellow waterfalls. It had springs of sweet water and all kinds of fruits and vegetables. He gave her, also, attendants to care for her, with his Chief-Counselor to advise her, and for a companion a wise old sea-turtle that had served his ancestors for a hundred years. When all was ready she and her company were let down, by ropes twisted of coconut husk, through the clouds, by the way of the great vine, to the strand — whence rose the peak on which the rim of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom rested — to where the floating island lay waiting them.

At the last he gave her a small calabash containing a number of orange-colored seeds. Said he, "When it is thy wish to return, or if thou shouldst need me meanwhile, bring the island here and plant in its earth one of these palm-seeds. Water it with sweet water and repeat these words:

Sprout, seed!
Grow, tree!
Mount till I bid thee stop!

and the tree will rise from the ground. Take thy seat on its top, and it will lift thee with it, till its crest reaches the rim of our land."

He bade her farewell, and she set out on the floating island over the dotted sea. She visited many lands, large and small, watching their people fishing on the reefs, sailing their canoes, riding on the breakers with their surfboards, and to her delight leaping like shining arrows from the cliffs into the sea. Wherever she went folk stared in wonder at the magic island that



THE FLOATING ISLAND WAS READY.

moved of itself, and marveled at her beauty. But though they begged her to stay and sport with them, she remembered her promise to her father, and would not. Yet she longed to do so, for to her eyes the youths and maidens were handsome and their brown skins she thought as lovely as her own of lighter hue.

On one of the beaches she saw a youth at whom she could not gaze enough. He was a tall young Chief whose feather-cape and shell-fringed apron, as he walked on the sand, stood out amongst the rest. In riding the surfboard none could compete with him. When she bade her island sail away she sighed and looked after him till distance swallowed him.

Now the young Chief was known as Lapakahoë, which is to say Flash-of-the-Paddle. He was so called because of his skill with the canoe, and his paddle was named Water-Scatterer. His knees were tattooed in squares, circles, and crescents, and he was so handsome that there was no Chief's daughter in his land that did not long to have him for her husband. But he had smiled at none of them.

When he saw the maiden on the floating island his heart had flown out of his breast to her like a bird. After it had vanished he walked alone on the shore till dusk came, saying to himself, "Has she gone from me forever?" and when he thought that he might never again behold her, a cold chill numbed his bones. Till at last he said to himself, "I will follow her. If I find her, good. If not, death in the sea will be welcome."

So he took some food and a calabash of sweet water, and launching his canoe, sailed away in the night in the direction the island had gone.

At sunrise there was naught to be seen but the sea-waste, and that afternoon the sky purpled and blackened and a great storm arose, so that his canoe was well-nigh swamped by the

waves, and but for his strength and skill he would have been drowned. Two nights and a day he fought for his life, and in the next night he thought, "It is impossible that I find her. Why should I kill myself with bailing? This is my death-day. I will sink and leave my body to the sharks." So he ceased to labor and the water filled the canoe. But just as it went down, a towering wave flung it onto a sandy beach, dashing it to pieces, and after a struggle he saved himself, and lay down beyond the breakers more dead than alive.

Now when he awoke the tempest had tired itself out and white clouds curdled in the blue sky. As he saw the green groves standing in the sunlight, with their flame trees afire with bloom, wherein the birds were singing, he took heart. He found two pieces of wood, one hard and one soft, to make fire, and plucked a breadfruit and cooked it, for he had not eaten for two sun-rounds and the food he had brought had been lost with his canoe. And scarce had he tasted it when to his joy he beheld, running toward him, the maiden he had followed, and knew that he was on the floating island. She wore a short skirt of embroidered tapa-cloth ,with shell circlets on her ankles. Her flowing hair was adorned with a bunch of white ginger flowers, and around her neck was a garland of scarlet lehua blossoms.

Said she, "Aloha, youth! Love to thee. What dost thou here?"

He replied, "Love, indeed. As to what I do here, it was to find thee that I left mine own land the day before the beginning of the storm, which last night wrecked my canoe and nearly cost me my life." And at that she knew him for the youth she had seen, and the blood painted her cheeks, whilst her loveliness flowed over him like a wave.

Asked she, "Why hast thou made the fire?" He answered, "It was to cook this breadfruit to eat."

"Nay," she cried. "Burned thus, it will be a poison to thee! Come with me and I will give thee proper food."

"ALOHA, YOUTH! LOVE TO THEE."

He went with her some way through the trees to her house, which was very splendid, built of polished timbers, thatched with the feathers of the o-o and with lintels of birds' bones. There she seated him on mats braided of the tender stems of sedge-grass, and brought him a hardwood bowl heaped with kumara berries. "Here is food," she said. "My people have gone to gather more, but these will stay thy hunger."

"I thank thee," said he. "But wilt thou not let me cook some of the breadfruit?"

"Surely the sea has troubled thy mind!" she exclaimed. "To eat burned food is like to kill thee."

Said he, "Wait." And he went out and built an earth-oven beside the doorway, and heated stones, and when he had baked

a breadfruit, he began to eat it, whilst she watched him with fear. But seeing that the food in truth pleased him, when he set a piece before her and begged her to taste of it, she did so. Said she, "It is indeed good!"

He asked her, "Dost thou here eat naught but raw food?"

"Aye," she replied. "Never have I seen it eaten burned like this."

Then she told him who she was, and of her own land, the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, of which her father was ruler. In his turn he related how he had followed her, preferring a death in the sea to life without her. And her love, that had wakened at first glimpse of him on his island, came to full bloom.

So presently the Chief-Counselor found them, with both their faces shining.

Said he, when Flash-of-the-Paddle had told him of their love, "O Princess, it is no light thing for thee to take this man, High-Chief though he be in his own land, for thy husband. It is necessary that thou return to the Upper-Outer-Kingdom to ask permission of thy Royal father."

She replied, "He will not refuse me, no never!" And she cried aloud her command to the floating island to return to the place whence they had set out. Straightway a wind began to blow, before which it sped across the seas, and so at last come to rest beside the island of the great vine.

There, as her father had directed her, she planted in the ground one of the orange-colored seeds, and watered it with sweet water, and repeated over it the spell he had taught her:

"Sprout, seed!
Grow, tree!
Mount till I bid thee stop!"

And immediately the seed burst and sprouted, the shoot thrust from the ground, and the tree began to grow. She had scarce

time to seat herself on its crest when it rose into the air faster than one could throw a stone.

As it went higher and higher Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice felt terror seize her. She cried down to Flash-of-the-Paddle, "O my love! My hands are cold. My feet are stiff. My heart is chilled with fear!" And he cried in reply, "O Palm Tree! Let not the King's daughter fall!" And it folded its fronds about her and held her tight.

Thus she passed upward through the wet rain-clouds. Above them the wild sea-eagles did not attack her, and when she reached the Upper-Outer-Kingdom and bade the tree stop growing, it bent over and set her safely on its rim, after which it began to grow backward, its top descending as swiftly as it had arisen, till its magic was worked out and it remained an ordinary palm tree growing on the floating island.

She hastened to the Royal house, where the King said to her, "Welcome home again, my daughter. Here thou art and here thou shalt remain. And didst thou find anything worth seeing in the filthy Lower Islands?"

She replied, "O my father! I found there a man, a High-Chief and a warrior, whom I have brought back with me to be my husband. Give me thy consent."

Hearing, he frowned. "Naught but misfortune can come to thee from such a marriage!" he said. "Better that thou wed one of thine own land."

But she wept and besought him, crying, "If I may not wed him, then I will go husbandless to the end of my span." So, his heart having always been tender to her tears, he said, "Thou sayest thy youth is a High-Chief and a warrior. As such he should have the protection of Heaven. Let him come up alone by the vine, with only a knife in his girdle, and he shall have thee for wife."

This he said believing that Flash-of-the-Paddle must fail. For up to that time only one man of the Lower Islands had succeeded, and though he had reached the top with life yet in his bones, he had straightway died from the effort. But the Princess cried out with delight, saying, "Well and good! Let thy Chief-Counselor be at once informed, so that my husband-to-be may come to me without delay. For I starve for his kiss!"

Now the King had a pet elepaïo-bird[1] which carried his messages, and when he summoned it, it flew into the room, puffing its green breast and ruffling its speckled feathers, and alighting on the mat, chirruped, "Ele*païo!* Ele*païo!* What is thy word, O Master?" The King gave it his message for the Chief-Counselor, and it flew from the doorway, circled thrice in air, and departed, whilst Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice called her servants and hastened to the top of the vine to watch for the coming of Flash-of-the-Paddle.

As for him, when the Chief-Counselor told him on the floating island what task lay before him, he said to himself, "Surely this is not too great a thing for me to do when my love waits at the end of it!" And he slept a round of the sun to gain strength, put taro root,[2] a calabash of sweet water, and a quantity of dry sand in a back-pack, and with his green-stone knife in his loincloth swam to the Place-of-the-Vine and began the ascent.

If I told all of the tale, my little brothers and sisters — how in the rain-clouds he sprinkled the sand on the slippery bark to give him hand-hold — how, clinging with one hand, he fought the fierce high-flying sea-eagles with the other, stabbing and slashing with his knife, till one by one he drove them off shrieking — how he bound himself to the vine with his

1 The Hawaiian fly-catcher.

2 A variety of the plant commonly called "elephant's ear." The pounded root, mixed with water and fermented, makes the food called poi.

"NAUGHT BUT MISFORTUNE CAN COME OF THIS MARRIAGE."

loincloth when he rested — and how, in order that his food and drink might suffice, he took but one mouthful of taro root and a single sip of water each day — if I told you all these things, the string of ku-kui nuts[3] would be burned out before I came to end. But at last, worn and spent, he came to the rim of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, where Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice waited for him.

There they embraced one another, and when he had refreshed himself, they went together to the Royal house, where the King said to him, "Well, thou hast come up by the vine, and my promise is my promise."

He commanded that the wedding feast be prepared without delay, at which all ate cooked food and found it good, and that night Flash-of-the-Paddle and Listener-to-the-Heavenly Voice were married, and began living together in all content. So a year rolled its course, in such happiness that he forgot his old home in the Lower Islands, his parents, his sisters, and the friends of his village.

But at the end of this time he began to remember and to long for a sight of their faces. He said to himself, "Doubtless they think me drowned in the storm, and all this while have been mourning for me!" The thought remained in his mind, and often he would sit in sadness with tears in his eyes.

His wife, Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice, noted this, and would ask him, "Why dost thou sit silent, with dull grief behind thine eyelids? Dost thou no longer love me?" And he would answer, "Nay, I love thee more each sun-round." But at last he said to her, "Though I have thee and thy love, yet I pine for a glimpse of my old home, where I was High-Chief, and I long to comfort my parents and my sisters, who think me

[3] Candle tree. Its heart-shaped nuts, strung on the thin stalk of a coconut leaf, are burned for light, each nut burning from two to three minutes.

dead. Though a year has gone by, they must still mourn for me."

Then, sighing, she said, "Aü-e! If I hold thee here against thy will, I shall lose thy love! Though parting slay me, it is better that thou go, and ease the burning of thy heart with sight of them." And she went to her father and told him.

Said he, "Did I not tell thee that naught but unhappiness could come to thee from thy marriage to him? Well, if it must be so, I will send him by my sea-turtle, which went with thee on the floating island, and well knows the ways of the lower seas. For it is the wisest and swiftest of all my creatures."

So the turtle was made ready. A platform was fitted to its back, with hampers containing all things necessary, and it was lowered to the strand below. And she bade Flash-of-the-Paddle farewell.

Said she to him, as he held her in his arms, "Promise me two things: that thou wilt on no account remain longer than four tens of days, and that thou wilt not lose thy love for me."

He answered, "I shall stay there but half that time, and how can I lose my love for thee, my most precious one? Sooner shall the bright canoe-guiding star fall into the sea!"

"I take thy promise," she said, then, "and if thou dost forget me, I swear by all our gods that I will kill thee."

At that he laughed, saying, "If I forget thee, I will help thee do it."

At the last the King said to him, "My son, remember my final counsel, and fasten it, as with fish-hooks, to thy memory. If thou dost forget it evil will befall thee. When the turtle starts, bind a strip of tapa-cloth over thine eyes. Thou wilt not reach thine own island till the sun has gone thrice across the sky. During that time remove not the cloth, even to eat and drink, till it sets thee on the shore, where it will wait for thee till thy visit is ended. And do thou return here in the same manner."

SO FLASH-OF-THE-PADDLE STARTED HIS VOYAGE.

So Flash-of-the-Paddle started on his voyage on the back of the huge sea-turtle, with the tapa-cloth bound over his eyes. The turtle-tribe have no language, so that there was no speech between them. But the sharks called to him, "Ho, traveler! Why dost thou ride blindfold? Didst thou ever see the sea and the sky more beautiful?" And when he replied, "I have naught to say to you," they were angered, and swam full-tilt against the turtle, battering it with their snub-noses and thrusting it beneath the waves, till he was well-nigh drowned. Once he laid his hand on the tapa-cloth, thinking he must see to save himself, but remembered the King's warning in time.

The porpoises, too, gamboled about him, leaping from the water, and crying, "Dolt! Take off thy bandage. For the land is in sight. Perchance it is thine own home." And the wild-crying sea-birds swooped down, clawing at his head, and

screaming, "A blind man! A blind man! Drive with your beaks, brothers, for he cannot see us!" But through all he kept his eyes covered.

And at last, on the morning of the fourth day, he felt the turtle clamber up on a beach, and snatching off the tapa-cloth, he beheld the remembered strand of his island and his own village near at hand.

Thus he came to his friends, who welcomed him as one returned from the dead, whilst his parents and his sisters wept over him with relief.

So, amidst the feasting and rejoicing, he forgot the sea-turtle, and when on the second day he ran to the beach, lo, he found only its huge shell, for a party of fishermen had come upon it and had speared it and cut up its flesh and taken it away for food. The wise old sea-turtle, who alone knew the sea-roads, was dead!

Thereat he wept and wrung his hands, crying, "Alas! Ye have slain my friend, who brought me hither! What now shall I do? How shall I find my way back to my wife?" And he could not be comforted.

At last the fishermen said to him, "We grieve for thee. But what we did was done in ignorance. In atonement we will not eat the flesh, but will burn it on the altar of our temple, as a sacrifice to our gods. And we will help thee bury the shell and set a mound over it in remembrance."

Accordingly, when they had burned the flesh, they dug a grave on the beach for the great shell. Five days they spent in the labor, digging it deeper than any grave had been dug before; and therein they laid the shell, wrapped in many folds of tapa-cloth, and set up a mound of stones over it.

Now in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice waited for the return of Flash-of-the-Paddle. When the

two tens of days had gone by, she said to her father, "His people have persuaded him to stay the full time." But when the four tens of days had passed and he did not come, she said, "My love means less to him than his old home. He has forgotten me, and I shall never see him again!"

Then the King, after pondering deeply, said, "Give me a garment that he has worn and one of thine own, and leave me till I send for thee."

She brought them, and he shut himself away from all for a day and a night, when he summoned her, and said he, "There is a certain magic, which has come down to me from my ancestors, and I have set it to work on thee and on thy husband. By its virtue, from this day, age shall touch neither of you till you two meet again, both of you remaining as you are now, in every line and feature. If thou art wrong, and some accident has prevented his return, you shall still live out your two lives together. If thou art right and he has indeed forgotten thee, then thou wilt be able to make good thine oath and kill him."

From that day, neither Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice, in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, nor Flash-of-the-Paddle, on his faraway island, grew older. The years gathered themselves together, the King died and the magic that had made the floating island died with him. His son reigned in his stead, and died, and *his* son ruled, yet Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice remained as youthful and lovely as ever. And on Flash-of-the-Paddle's island, also, three generations passed. His parents died, his sisters grew old, and their children and their children's children, whilst he remained the handsome youth that he had been. The mound over the sea-turtle's grave on the seashore remained, and its story had become a legend.

Now the seven sisters of Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice in time were wedded and daughters were born to them, one to

THE SEVEN SISTERS OF LISTENER-TO-THE-HEAVENLY-VOICE.

each. These daughters married in their turn, and each had a daughter, who, when she grew to maidenhood, was as like to her mother as one pandanus-seed to another. And all were so like their great-aunt, Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice, that any one of them might well have been taken for her.

With the years the great vine had grown more thick and strong, so that men passed more easily up and down, whilst the folk of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, when they were so minded, went in canoes among the Lower Islands and learned the sea-ways. And it befell at last that Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice said to herself, "My lonely life has been long enough. It is time that I found him who is my husband, and carried out my vow to kill him."

She had a great seagoing double-canoe built, that was painted red, with sails and cordage of red, and with its forty paddlers in red cloaks — the canoe of a Royal Princess — and taking her seven great-nieces with her, in a Moon-of-the-Pomegranate, sailed forth on the sky-blue ocean.

She remembered the way the floating island had gone long ago, and she bade the helmsman follow it. So at length, on a morning, they came to the island where Flash-of-the-Paddle dwelt. He seldom spoke, spending his days sitting on a great

rock on the shore, gazing out across the sea, and because he did not age or die, folk regarded him with fear and awe.

When the great canoe came to the landing-place, all the people thronged to see it, amazed at its splendor and at the beauty of the eight maidens, wearing Royal feather-cloaks, who sat on its platform — for they could not guess that one of them, beneath whose robe was hidden a green-stone dagger with a point as sharp as a needle, was many years older than the rest.

Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice saw the figure sitting on the rock beyond the crowding people, and her heart stopped beating. She beckoned to an old man, and asked him, "Who is the man yonder?"

He replied, "My Princess, we call him the Youth, because he does not grow old like us. As he looks now, so he looked in the time of my great-grandfather."

"Has he always lived in this village?" she asked.

"Aye," he answered, "except that during one year he dwelt in another land, from whence, our legend says, he came again riding on a sea-turtle."

She was obliged to pause a moment to still her trembling. Then she said, "How many wives and children has he had?"

"None," he told her. "He has never married."

"How long a time!" she said. "Did he so love this place that he never wished to return to that country from whence the turtle brought him?"

"Not so," he replied. "He would have done so speedily, but when he was not by it, the turtle was speared by fishermen, who had not known that it had carried him. And the turtle alone knew the sea-road. Such is the story. And it is told that the fishermen, sorrowing for their deed, gave the turtle's flesh for an offering in the temple, nor did he make fish-hooks of its shell, but buried it here on the shore with honor."

"Where is the place of its burial?" she asked.

He replied, "The heap of stones by the cliff, there, is its mark."

Then she said to the people, "I am minded to see if your legend is true. Fetch tools and dig up the shell." And the men ran and brought mattocks and dug. They labored long, since the grave had been very deep, and it was noon before they came to the stone-lined bottom, where lay the shell in its rotted tapa-cloth. And they brought it up and laid it before her.

Said she, "The tale is a true one. The turtle was known to me, and I recognize its markings. For my canoe is from the land thy Youth visited in his year of absence from this place."

Now all this time, as was his wont, Flash-of-the-Paddle had sat moveless, paying no heed to those about him, with his chin in his hand, gazing seaward. And as she looked at him, she thought, "He was not false to me! It was fate, not his own will, that kept him here! But what if, in all the years, he has indeed forgotten me? For if so, I am held by my oath to kill him."

At last she said to the old man, "I pray thee, go to him and say that his wife, Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice, is here." And in wonder he did so.

When he heard the words of the old man, Flash-of-the-Paddle cried a loud cry, and leaping up, ran to the canoe and stood gazing at the eight, who were as like one to another as pandanus-seeds.

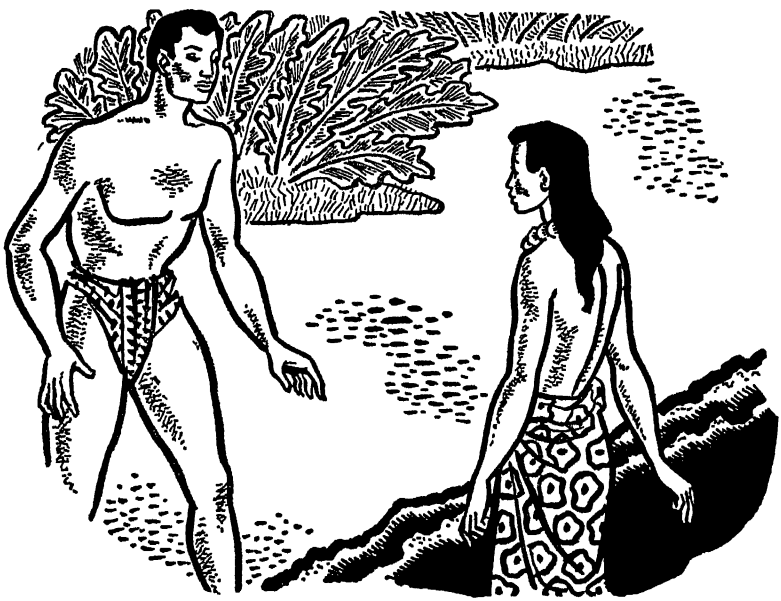
And to see the likeness between them, his voice caught in his throat. He thought, "O my love! Has youth remained for thee also, and thy seven sisters? But which of the eight art thou? For I remember thy oath, and if I mistake, I die! Have I found thee only to lose thee, and my life also?" And he knew not what to do.

Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice had instructed her nieces how

to act, and now she signed to the eldest, who rose, and stepping from the canoe, drew near to him. Asked she, "Dost thou not know me?" But gazing on her, he said, "Nay, thou art not she! Thy neck is not as lovely as was hers!"

She returned to her place with eyes downcast, and another came, asking him, "Am I less beautiful than when thou didst leave me?" But said he, "Her hair was curling like the tendrils of the jessamine vine. Thine has less sheen!" And she, too, seated herself again in the canoe.

A third came, and his arms were outstretched to embrace her, but looking into her eyes, he saw not the deep dark glow of the eyes of his love, and he turned away. When a fourth approached him, her knee had not the dimple he had loved in Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice, and he shook his head; and to



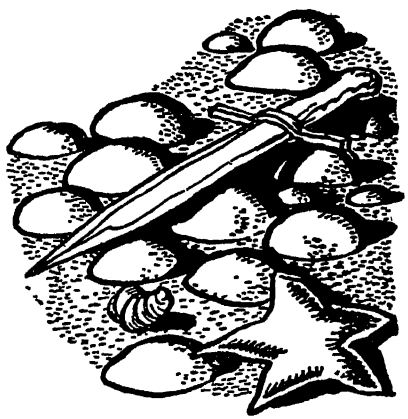
HE OPENED HIS ARMS TO HER.

a fifth he said, "Nay, thy whole body has not the beauty of one of her eyelids!" And so with all the seven: each in some feature lacked something of the perfection he remembered.

At the last the real Listener-to-the-Heavenly-Voice rose and came from the canoe and faced him. And he saw in her his lost love, as he had known her three long lifetimes before, in the unforgotten years, in all her loveliness, as he had dreamed it every day since then. And tears ran down his cheeks. He opened his arms and she came into them, whilst the green-stone dagger beneath her robe fell rattling on the pebbles at her feet.

So, my little brothers and sisters, Flash-of-the-Paddle found his wife again!

The people of the island made for them a great feast which lasted three days, after which he went with her company aboard the red canoe, which carried them back to the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, where they lived out their lives in happiness. They took with them the shell of the wise old sea-turtle, which is still treasured by their descendants, and their story has been told in every generation since that time.



The Boy Who Would Eat Lobsters

I AM NOT sure, my little brothers and sisters, whether there should be a story tonight. For it has been told me that some of you were up to mischief this day and one of the eel-traps is broken. Yet, to be sure, it would be a pity to disappoint those who gathered the root-bait and brought in the coconuts without giving a thought to eels, just because some did otherwise.

So I will tell you a story of a boy whom every wind that tickled his skin blew toward mischief, and of how he was punished in a manner he did not expect. Listen well, for such a thing might befall any one of you.

It happened when our Hawaiï was young, when the cliffs were higher and the chasms deeper and the hills greener, and the white flowers of the sugar-cane whiter, and the orchids and begonia trees even more beautiful, when the wild goats had no horns, and when the fishes knew our tongue and we knew the tongue of the fishes — very, very long ago.

At that time there lived on the island of Kaüla a widow with

one son who was named Punia. He was twelve years old, as full of mischief as the sea is of fish, and not always obedient. Moreover, he loved to frolic with danger as a dog frolics with a bone.

His mother was poor, with a small piece of land on which she raised taro root and sweet potatoes, and it was a rare day on which they ate sugar-cane or a banana.

Now Punia loved to eat lobsters. He loved them better than sugar-cane or bananas, even than roast pig. But the lobster cave in the reef lay deep. The sharks made those waters their home, and though he was a clever swimmer the sharks could swim faster than he could.

When he was especially tired of sweet potatoes he would go to the beach, where, sitting on a rock ledge, he could look down through the clear blue water to the dark mouth of the lobster cave, and watch the sharks swimming about before it. The largest one, who bullied the other nine, was named Kuhaïmoäna, and he was more huge than any shark Punia had ever seen — big enough to swallow a canoe whole.

When his mother came upon him there, knowing what was in his mind, she would say, "My dear son, do not dream of trying to get those lobsters. Thou art all I have, and the sharks would certainly devour thee. If thou shouldst dive to the cave thou wouldst never come up."

But he would answer, "Only think how good a lobster would taste with our potatoes!" And one night he thought of a plan.

The next afternoon he went to his rock ledge and saw the ten sharks lying asleep on the sandy bottom. He splashed the water with his foot till he was sure they were awake, when he said aloud (so that they would hear him), "How I shall enjoy eating those lobsters! The sharks are all asleep, and even if they wake up, my friend to whom I gave the breadfruit, the one with the

leanest tail, has told me a trick that will fool them — even Kuhaïmoäna, who is as stupid as he is big."

At that Kuhaïmoäna said to the rest, "At least one of us will have a sweet morsel! That boy is plump and juicy, and will not be salty like a fish. So I am stupid, am I? Let us watch for his dive, and the lucky one will get him."

Punia had picked up a big piece of lava-rock, and now he threw it well out beyond the cave-mouth, and whilst the ten sharks made a rush toward the place of the splash, he dove down as swift as a dart-arrow, and entering the cave, snatched two fat lobsters and darted to the surface again before the sharks could turn around.

Seeing him standing on the edge with his prizes in his hands, Kuhaïmoäna gnashed his saw-teeth in anger. Said he to the other sharks, "What! He certainly dove, for we all heard the splash. Yet there he is now with two lobsters! How did he do it?" Then he remembered Punia's words. "There is a traitor here!" he cried. "Did he not say the one of us with the leanest tail had taught him a trick that would save him? We shall see which of us *has* the leanest tail!"

He made all the other sharks lie down in a row — which they did willingly enough, since each knew his own innocence — and when he snarled, "Thou art the one!" the smallest shark at whom he was looking had not time to flirt a fin before they pounced upon him, the whole nine of them, and when they backed away there was not left of him so much as a whisker, Kuhaïmoäna (whose own tail was as thick through as a tree) getting the biggest piece.

As for Punia, he and his mother ate the lobsters for their evening meal, though tears fell into her bowl, for she knew that eating lobsters was not the best way to turn his mind from

them. And she was right, for the very next day there he stood on the rock ledge, up to his mischief again.

This time also Punia paddled his feet in the water till the sharks woke, when he said, cunningly, patting his stomach, "How good those lobsters were yesterday! I will now get two more. Not in exactly the same way, for the shark with the biggest paunch — there he is now! — has told me a trick even better than the one I played then!"

So saying, he threw another piece of lava-rock eight spear-lengths away to one side. And again all the sharks made for the splash, and he dove in and was back on the ledge with two more lobsters before they had untangled themselves.

When he saw they had been fooled a second time, Kuhaï-moäna was in a terrible rage. He pounded the coral reef with his tail till all the cuttlefish fled to the deep sea. "Who did he say taught him this second trick?" he exclaimed. "The one with the biggest paunch!" And he glared at the others with his great white eyes so that they all drew in their waists, trying to look as slim as possible.

Till the most daring one said, "Surely, O Kuhaïmoäna, it is thou whose paunch is the biggest!" With the words, however, fright seized him, and he made a dash for the open sea. But it was too late. Kuhaïmoäna's jaws snapped him in two as you would bite a silversides, and the rest finished him.

That evening also Punia and his mother feasted on lobster, and she hoped he would be content to go without for awhile. But not he. The more he ate the more he wanted, and the next day there he was on the ledge, with a piece of lava-rock in his hand, and the eight sharks listening.

Said he, "I shall not need to play any trick today, for whatever happens, my friend the old gray shark with the barnacles on his back has promised to protect me." He threw the rock eight

spear-lengths in a new direction, whilst the sharks raced to the splash. And a third time he dove and came back with his two lobsters.

This time there was no trouble in deciding which shark was to be eaten, the one who had the barnacles on his back being the only one who could not see them. Kuhaïmoäna had only to give the signal, and presently there were only seven sharks left, counting himself.

One would have thought, little brothers and sisters, that Punia would by now have grown tired of eating shellfish, and so perhaps he was, but he was enjoying the game, and also he had a grudge against Kuhaïmoäna, who had kept him waiting so long for his lobsters. So the fourth day he was on the ledge as usual.

This time it was the shark with the mottled nose — who, he reflected aloud, had promised no harm should come to him — which left only five sharks beside Kuhaïmoäna that day. The next it was the shark with one tooth missing, and the next the shark with the crooked fin. Each day, when Punia came up and climbed onto the ledge with his two lobsters, he left Kuhaïmoäna more furious. If sharks were not so stupid the remaining ones would surely have gone to find a less risky neighborhood; but there was Punia, every day naturally looking more plump and juicy, and the chance of eating him kept them there, until at last only one shark was left, and that, of course, was the monster, Kuhaïmoäna, the one who was so huge he could swallow a whole canoe.

He, too, was not so hungry now, for inside him was the ninth shark, and the pair had made a meal of the eighth, who with them had devoured the seventh, and they four had eaten the sixth, and Kuhaïmoäna and the four had swallowed the fifth, and before that the six of them had downed the fourth, and they

seven had finished the third, and he and the seven others had gobbled the second, and the whole nine of them had eaten the first — the one with the thinnest tail, that had begun it all. So that Kuhaïmoäna was really ten sharks, himself and the other nine — all that was left of them.

No, it was not hunger that kept Kuhaïmoäna there, lying on the sandy bottom, gritting his saw-teeth and watching, but the knowledge that Punia had so tricked him. "Now that I am rid of all the others, who seem to have been his friends," he thought, "if he will dive once more, only just once more, I shall get him!" And he rejoiced when again he saw the boy standing on the rock ledge.

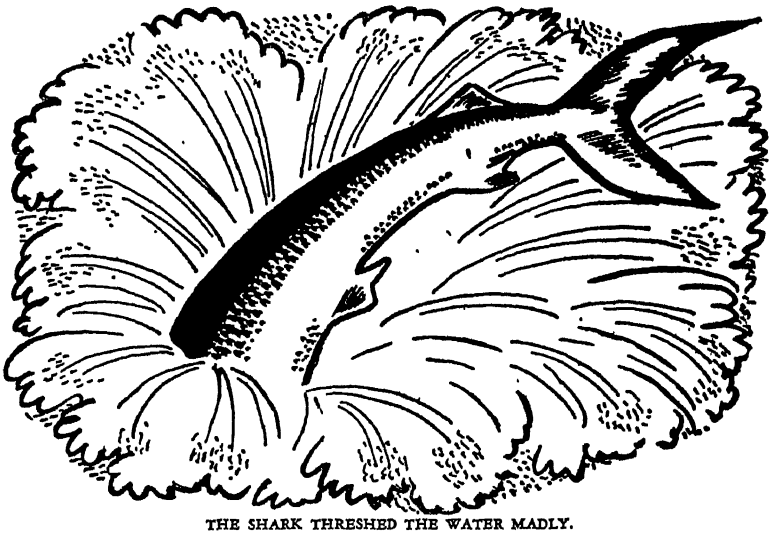
This time, however, Punia was not there for lobsters. He had grown very proud of himself. He was after Kuhaïmoäna himself. He had brought with him two iron-wood stakes an arm-span long, sharpened at each end, and two smaller sticks, one hard and one soft, to make fire by rubbing them together, with a bag of tapa-cloth containing some taro root, salt, and a clamshell.

Said he to himself (loud enough, of course, for Kuhaïmoäna to hear), "No more lobsters for me. I am tired of them. Today I shall break off some branches of pink coral with these sticks of mine. Though I see Kuhaïmoäna there, I am not afraid of him. If he should open his mouth wide enough to swallow me whole, of course I should die. But he is too stupid to know that. He will bite me in pieces and eat me, and when my blood stains the surface of the water my mother will see it and with it she will bring me to life again."

Hearing his words, Kuhaïmoäna said to himself, "Oh-ho! So that is the trick, is it? Well, I shall take care of that. Your mother will never bring you to life. I shall open my jaws so wide that you can walk in without your head hanging." And

he stretched his mouth so far that when Punia dove, he walked in as if he were entering the lobster cave.

But before he could close it, Punia set his sharpened stakes upright, so that they pierced his jaws and held his mouth from entirely closing. Then with his fire-sticks Punia made a fire, and with his clamshell scraped a ball of meat from the shark's ribs, cooked it on the coals, and with his salt and taro root made a meal of it.



THE SHARK THRESHED THE WATER MADLY.

As for Kuhaïmoäna, with the pain of the scraping and the heat of the fire, he swam about, threshing the water, unable to keep still, till at last he grew so weak that he lay panting on the soft sand of the bottom. Then Punia said aloud, "If he only remains here in the deep sea, I shall be safe. But if he swims inside the breakers, to the shallows where the sea-moss grows, then there is no hope for me, and I must die."

Hearing this, Kuhaïmoäna thought, "That is where I shall

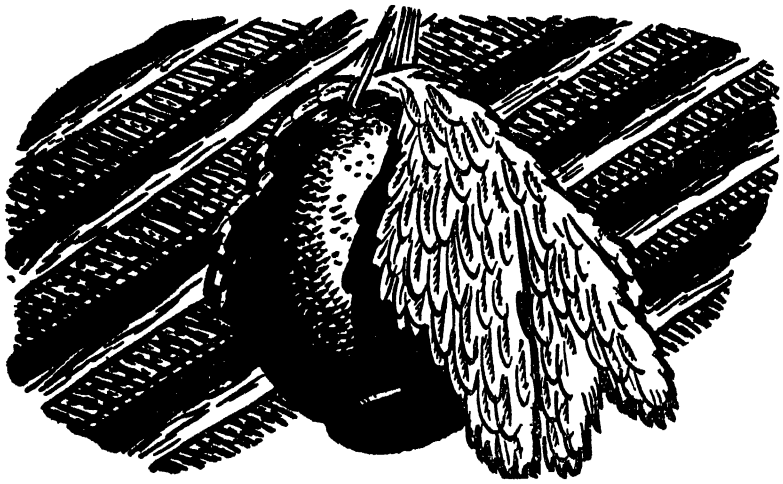
go, then, for thou shalt certainly die!" And with his last strength he swam to the shore, at such a pace that it carried him clear out of the water on the dry beach, where he speedily died himself.

When the people saw the shark's huge body stretched on the shore, they gathered about it, exclaiming at its great size and wondering at the sharpened stakes thrust through its jaws. Said they, "Let us fetch our wooden knives and skin it." When he heard this, Punia called out, "Do so, good people, but cut not too deep, for I am here!"

So they slashed it open and Punia came forth, chewing the last of his taro root.

But what do you think, my little brothers and sisters? From staying so long in the inside of that shark, he had not a single hair left on his head! It was as bald as the palm of my hand. And as long as he lived he remained so — which was the punishment for his mischievousness.

So keep out of mischief, especially with the sharks. You may think you are clever, as Punia did, but who wants to be bald before he is thirty?



Kawelo the Little-Brother-to-the-Rats

MAY YOU live, my little brothers and sisters, till you are blink-eyed and palsied and bent double over a staff! But if you live four times so long, the folk of these rainbow Islands will still be telling the tale I shall tell you now. It is the story of the famous Kawelo, who was called the Garland-of-his-Parents, and whose friends were the Rat-People.

He had an older brother whose name was Huna, who was born during a fierce thunderstorm, whilst a company of rats raced squeaking through the roof-thatch, so that the old people said, "He will be an Eëpa, and a Little-Brother-to-the-Rats."

Now, as you know, an Eëpa child is ugly and ill-formed, but to make up for that it has magic power over some tribe of the bird- or beast-kind, who all his life watch over him. And the rats knew that this child was to be under their protection. The

parents wrapped the babe in tapa-cloth, and put it in a calabash covered with a feather-cloak, and hung it in the rafters, saying, "This is no ordinary child, and is not born to be devoured by the grasshoppers!"

The following year a second son came to them, whom they named Kawelo, which is to say Waving-of-the-Flag. He was as handsome as Huna was homely, and his legs were as straight as Huna's were crooked. Huna was a hunchback, his bones were small, his face sharp and thin, and his hair like that of a rat, whilst Kawelo was sturdy and comely, with hair curling like the tendrils of the morning-glory vine. As they grew, Huna was Kawelo's guardian and loved him so much that the Rat-Folk adopted him also.

One day, when Kawelo was twelve years old, he said to his father, "I am grown too old for toys. Give me rather a canoe, in which I may go upon the river and fish." His father replied, "Thou shalt have it, my son." And he went straightway to the forest and chose a suitable tree, and cut it down, and lopped off its branches. Whilst he sat resting, he heard a sound like a great-voiced wind sweeping through the wood, and rain pattering on the leaves, and there came running and leaping a multitude of rats, who fell squeaking on the fallen trunk, tooth and claw. They ripped off its bark, and began to gnaw and shape its ends and nibble out its interior, till in less time than it can be told in a tale, the body of the canoe was finished. Then they scampered into the forest.

Hardly had the tail of the last one vanished when Kawelo came hastening from the house. Cried he, "Is it really done so soon?" And he told his father that a little bent man, with a long pointed nose and rat's whiskers, had leaped from a bamboo bucket under his chin, saying to him, "Thy canoe waits for thee, Kawelo, in the forest."

THE RATS CAME RUNNING AND SQUEAKING.

His father said to himself, "This is Huna's doing." And he fixed benches in the canoe, and made paddles and a grass-cloth sail for it, and carried it to the river, where Kawelo sported with it every day, till he could handle it as well as any man. Also he practiced boxing and wrestling, throwing the dart-arrow and the war-spear, and all the manly games, which made him supple and active. Whilst his own body was not formed for such exercises, Huna took pride in his brother's prowess.

There were two other boys with whom Kawelo was used to play: one was Prince Aïkanaka, the son of the King of the country, a youth mean and cruel — and the other was one Kaüahoa, who was called Flat-Nose, the strongest lad of his age in those parts, and a bully. Kaüahoa was jealous of Kawelo's grace and good-looks, and envying him his canoe, begged his own parents for a kite. They procured him a huge one, and when Kawelo made one of his own and they flew them together, Kaüahoa made his larger kite dart from side to side and wind its string about Kawelo's till it snapped it, so that the smaller one was blown away and lost in the sea. Kawelo was angry, but Kaüahoa sneered, "It was the wind that did it. Am I a magician that I can control the wind?" And Kawelo made no quarrel with him.

Now it befell that the King died suddenly, and the rats warned Huna, their Eëpa brother, saying, "Bid thy parents fly to another land before Prince Aïkanaka is confirmed in the Kingship. For Kaüahoa is his closest companion. Both hate Kawelo, and will surely slay him!" They heeded the warning and set sail in their canoe betwixt dark and daylight, taking both their sons with them. In the canoe went also the Rat-Chief with two four-hundreds[1] of his people, and it flew over

1 To the Hawaiian the mystical numbers are not the 3, 7, or 9 of Europe, but 4 and 8 and their multiples.

the waves like a flying fish to the island of Oahu. There Kawelo's parents built a new grass-house and lived happily together, till Kawelo was eighteen and strong as a young pepper tree.

One day there was held a boxing bout on the beach, and a mighty champion two spear-lengths tall from another island defeated all who stood against him, so that the Oahu folk murmured, and the faces of the High-Chiefs and even of the King were shamed. Seeing this Kawelo stood forth and said he to the victor, "I will box with the." Whereat, as he was but a stripling, the champion roared with laughter, crying, "Aü-e! I fear, I fear! Let me hide myself!" But said Kawelo, "Thou shalt presently have my permission." And at his courage the people cheered and clapped their hands, whilst the King exclaimed, "It is a shame to slay so handsome a youth!"

The champion struck at him a blow that would have split a rock, but Kawelo slipped from it like an eel, and dealt him a single side-blow, at which the man's chest clamored like a drum, and his feet trembled and he fell unconscious, to the delight of the people.

For his victory the King made Kawelo a High-Chief and gave his parents land for a taro field and a fishpond, and Kawelo built himself a wide-timbered house which Huna, with the aid of his rat brothers, thatched in a single night with the yellow feathers of the o-o bird, till it was almost as splendid as the King's. And soon Kawelo married the loveliest Chief's daughter of the whole island, who was named Wahiné, and whose father was its most famous warrior.

After the marriage feasting was over, his parents said to one another, "Our son has now made his own home: let us leave him, with Huna, his Eëpa brother, for comrade, and return to our own place in the land of Kaüaï, where are our old friends,

to spend our last years." So they bade their two sons farewell and sailed back to the land from whence they had come.

Now, next to boxing and spear-throwing, Kawelo best loved canoeing and fishing, whether with hook, spear, or net. His wife Wahiné also loved the sport, and no woman was as skillful in casting a line or in taking a shark with her long bone hooks. Often Kawelo paddled in his canoe to the reef, which was the best fishing ground, with the island's Fishing Master, and his was always the greatest catch. One day as they were thus employed, the Fishing Master said to him, "These are our last days of this sport for two moons, for presently will come the great fish which is the curse of this sea."

Kawelo asked him, "What is that?" And the Fishing Master told him how, each year, at that time, a monstrous parrot fish came from the deep ocean to prey upon the reef, bigger than any whale and more cunning than any shark, whose scales were the color of silver, its eyes like smoky yellow moons, and whose tail was studded with bone spines as sharp as lava-stone daggers. It would charge the fishermen, tearing their nets and smashing their canoes and breaking men's backs like stalks of sugar-cane. Sacrifices of pigs and goats had been laid on the temple's altars and prayers lifted to the gods in vain. Always the visitor stayed three moons. When it departed there was not so much as a crab left to catch on the reef, and it was long before its fish returned.

Kawelo, hearing, rejoiced, and said he, "Here is a fight worthy my hand!" And on the morrow he went to the forest and began gathering the stoutest and thickest vines, and of them wove a net such as never had been seen. It was as big as a pond and exceedingly strong. Forty men could scarce carry it to the beach. When it was floated he weighted its lower part with slabs of rock and attached its top to cork-tree logs. Many canoes were

needed to tow it to the reef, about which he stretched it in a circle, with a wide opening toward the sea. Inside it he put twenty live porpoises, whose tails were anchored by cords to the coral rocks on the bottom.

At sunrise of the day of the monster's coming a hundred canoes with strong paddlers placed themselves along the rim of the huge net, and at the side where it lay open, Kawelo waited in his own canoe with the Fishing Master.

The giant parrot fish came with a tidal wave, the fish browsing on the reef fleeing before it, and seeing the porpoises, entered the net to devour them, when Kawelo, with mighty strokes of his paddle, brought its ends together and they were made fast. Finding itself enclosed, the moster rose with gnashing teeth and flailing tail, and attacked the floating logs, whilst the surrounding canoe-men strove to drag the net to shore. Then, unable to break through, it clamped its massive jaws in the vine and dashed to sea at such a pace that the waves swept high swamping half the canoes, whose paddlers were forced to swim for their lives.

But Kawelo and the Fishing Master bailed furiously and remained afloat, whilst they went swiftly out upon the sky-blue ocean. One by one, as the land faded, the other canoes cut themselves loose and paddled home, till only theirs was left.

At length the island of Oahu sank into the haze behind them, when the Fishing Master, in fear cried, "This is our death-day!" But Kawelo, pointing, said, "Nay. Seest thou not my brother's little comrades are at work?" And looking, the Fishing Master saw, deep under the surface, in the dragging loop of the great net, a thousand small fishes, with pointed snouts and whiskered like rats, that were worrying the runaway, biting its throat with sharp rats' teeth so that the water was tinged with its blood. All that day and the next night the

giant parrot fish dragged them on, till at daybreak its speed slackened, and at last it came to the surface and floated on its side, dead.

They cut off its terrible head and dagger-studded tail with their stone axes, and after three days' sail came home again, where they were welcomed with rejoicing. Even the King was on the beach to meet them. Said he to Kawelo, "What wilt thou ask for reward?" Kawelo replied, "Four pigs, for I am very hungry." And he ate forty platters of roast pork, and drank forty calabashes of awa-wine, and slept through a whole change of the moon. Thus it is told, my little brothers and sisters, and you may believe it or not, as you are minded.

When at last he woke and stretched himself, a messenger was bowing before him. Said he, "O Kawelo, I bear thee saddest news from thy parents. The land of Kaüaï is not as thou didst leave it. For the cruel Aïkanaka, who is King, has for his Chief-Counselor the bully Kaüahoa, who is grown a giant in strength and wickedness, with a heart as hideous as his face, and for hatred of thee has seized their land and driven them to the hungry places."

Hearing this, Kawelo was enraged, and the blood of fury reddened his eyes. He dismissed the messenger, saying, "Return to Kaüaï and bid my parents not despair, but wait my coming." Then he went to his father-in-law, and said he, "O father of Wahiné! Thou art a warrior, and the most famous in this land for fighting with the war-club. Is it not so?"

The other answered, "Nowhere in these Lower Islands is there my equal."

Said Kawelo, "I am skilled in the use of ax, dagger, and spear. But the art of the war-club is not known to me. I pray thee, instruct me."

So they practiced every day, from morning to night, till the

younger man was as skilled as the older, and his father-in-law taught him all he knew save a single blow, the secret of which he kept, as he desired that no man should surpass him. Till at last he said, "Thou hast now mastered the art of the war-club, and there is no more I can teach thee. But why art thou turned of a sudden to thoughts of war?"

Kawelo replied, "I go to fight Aïkanaka, King of Kaüaï." And he told him the news that reached him. Said his father-in-law, "That will be a hard war, a fierce war, a war such as thy years have never known!"

Kawelo left him, and going to the temple, prayed long to the gods. Then, returning to his house, he called his wife Wahiné and told her his intention, and said he, "O Beautiful-Eyes, go to thy father tonight and beg of him the loan of his battle-axe and his battle-spear. And ask him if perchance there is any blow of the war-club which he has not taught me."

It was then dark, and it was midnight when she came to her father's house. Said he, "What brings a woman through the gloom of the night and the grove that is full of dangers?" She replied, "I come from my husband, who would have thee loan him thy battle-axe." Asked he, "Is thy husband a man, and has he not an axe of his own? Mine is fit only for my own hand."

She made no answer, and he asked again, "What brings my daughter through the shadows and the star-dark wood that is thick with perils?" She returned, "I come from Kawelo, who prays thee to loan him thy battle-spear." And he said, "Is thy husband a High-Chief without a spear of his own? No one can throw mine save me."

Still she did not reply, and a third time he asked, "What brings Wahiné through the black midnight and the forest that is filled with evil spirits?" She responded, "I come from my

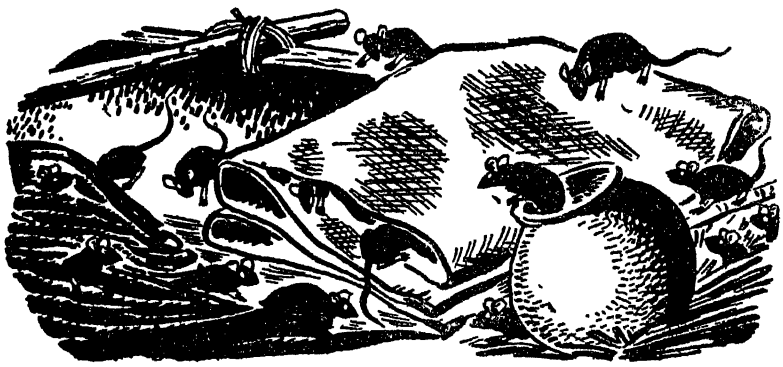
loved one, to ask thee if there may not be a blow of the war-club which he has not yet learned of thee."

When she said this, he was for long silent. At last he said, "I am in the wrong. Thy husband is not only a man and a High-Chief, but he is a warrior! After so long peace a little fighting will be good for my old bones. I will go with him, and though I am sunken deep in years, I will wield my ax and spear myself. Tell him to come to me and I will teach him one more blow with the battle-ax which he does not yet know."

Wahiné returned home and repeated to Kawelo what her father had said, and he was glad, and in the morning the old man taught him the last blow, with its secret name, which, repeated, was itself a magic spell. It was a blow which began with a downward stroke and swung aside to turn upward, and he made his own son receive it from his hand, that Kawelo might master it perfectly. Then he said, "Thou hast no more to learn from me."

As for the King, he gave Kawelo his Royal red double-canoe which held a hundred men, and ten High-Chiefs, and as many Low-Chiefs with their canoes and fighting men — in all three four-hundreds of warriors — gathered for the war. When all was prepared, on the last night, whilst they sat at the feast of farewell, Huna, Kawelo's Eëpa brother, led aboard a squeaking army of his rats, fifty to each canoe, who hid themselves away, under cordage and beneath extra sailcloth, with their Rat-Chief, whom he carried in an empty calabash. Thus at sunrise they sailed away. And Kawelo's wife, Wahiné, whom he called Beautiful-Eyes, went with the fleet, for she would not be separated from him.

When they neared the land of Kaüaï and Aïkanaka's watchers beheld the cloud of canoes in warlike array, they gave alarm, and Kaüahoa — now a burly mountain of a man, with



THE RATS HID THEMSELVES AWAY.

body as hard as lava-rock — called his army, and massed it at the foot of the cliff fronting the beach, a host so numerous that it blackened the shore. In the shallows Kawelo lay down on the platform of his double-canoe and drew over him a grass-cloth mat, and when Aïkanaka's herald came near and shouted, "Ho! Ye who bring war to Kaüaï, who is your champion?" he made sign to Huna to reply. Huna responded, "We are all champions here." "Is it Kawelo?" the herald asked. And Huna answered, "We have no need of Kawelo, who takes his ease in Oahu."

The herald reported this to Kaüahoa, who laughed, saying, "Tonight they shall all be cooked in our earth-ovens as sacrifice to our gods." And he said to the herald, "Let it not be said that we lacked in courtesy. Ask what is their pleasure as to the battle?"

Huna replied to this question, 'This is a canoe of a High-Chief. According to custom, therefore, let your people lift it and bear it to the shore. We will then bathe and eat, and after that we will tighten our loincloths and begin the fight."

So at Kaüahoa's command a hundred of his warriors threw down their weapons, and wading to the canoe, lifted it to their shoulders to carry it ashore, when Kawelo threw off the grass-

mat and rose upright, in his yellow feather-cloak and headdress, with his spear, that was named Whizzing-Point, and his war-club in his hands — so dire a sight that the bearers dropped the canoe, which in its fall crushed to death thirty of them. And the rest, screaming, "It is Kawelo! Kawelo is here!" fled back to their forces.

Kaüahoa, the giant, had seven picked spearmen, whom he called the Seven-Breadfruit-Trees, and seeing Kawelo coming in the front of his warriors, he said to them, "Hurl your spears at him all together!" But to Kawelo the deadly shafts were as water thrown from the bath. Three he caught betwixt his left arm and his body, and the points of the others he noosed in his loincloth.

The first of the seven, who was named Kaïli, the Snatcher, ran forward and aimed a fearful blow, but Kawelo swerved and his war-club smote off his right ear, so that he turned and fled.

The second, who was called Kuilio-Loa, which is to say My-Long-Dog, came upon him with swinging ax, shouting, "Here is thy death-day, insolent invader!" But Kawelo turned the blow aside and thrust upward with his club, whose spikes tore off the other's right thumb, and he also fled.

One by one the five who were left faced Kawelo in fury. They were named Bitter-Sea, Cold-Back, Frightener-of-Birds, Crooked-One, and the Shark, and each he outfought, till all were in flight. And Aïkanaka, the wicked King, watching from the base of the cliff, felt his bones turn cold with dread.

Now Kawelo had divided his men into two companies, of which he led one. His wife's father, Oahu's famous wielder of the war-club, captained the other, but his years were many and Kawelo had given to him the larger force. So that though these, fighting fiercely, drove the Kaüaï warriors before them, his own

force, overborne by numbers, were pressed back to their canoes.

Then, whilst Kawelo rallied them, with his spear flashing and his war-club smiting right and left till men fell about him like forest leaves in a whirlwind, Aïkanaka said to the giant Kaüahoa, "It is time for thee to end this game!" And the huge champion tore up a whole koa tree by the roots, and poising it on his shoulder, with the birds roosting on its boughs, rushed to the fray.

Seeing him approaching, Kawelo remembered bitterly how, when they two were boys together, Kaüahoa had entangled their kite-strings, and a swift thought came to him. He called to Wahiné, crouched on the platform of the war-canoe, to coil its stoudest sharkline and cast it over the branches of the koa tree. She did so, and her skillful hand sent its heavy bone hook whistling through the air. The cord wound about the trunk, as Kaüahoa's kite-string had wound about Kawelo's, and its pronged shark-hook sank deep into Kaüahoa's shoulder. And whilst he struggled to release himself, Kawelo leaped beneath the branches and struck his secret upward blow with his club, that laid his enemy, the evil tool of King Aïkanaka, dead on the sand.

But Aïkanaka had held two four-hundreds of his slingers in reserve. These had gathered great piles of stones, the size of coconuts, and now at his word they hurled them on Kawelo and his men like a mountain hailstorm — a kind of fighting they had never known, and against which their spears and war-clubs were of no avail. Under the rain of stones the strand was heaped with their bodies, and Kawelo fell at last, with the rest. When, beholding him routed and his force overwhelmed, the company that fought under his father-in-law lost heart and were scattered up and down the shore, and one by one, with their leader, made prisoners.

Lastly Aïkanaka came himself to the canoes, and looking at Kawelo's body, asked, "Is he dead?" His men replied, "Aye." He lifted his war-club and struck it, saying, "Would thou could feel my blow as Kaüahoa felt thine!"

They said to him, "Strike again, for there may still be life behind his eyes!" But he answered, "Nay. When he comes to the Underworld of Milu, I would not have him say to the Lord of the Dead, 'It took two of Aïkanaka's blows to slay me!"

He bade them carry Kawelo's body to the temple and lay it on the altar, and the Oahu prisoners, together with their wounded, bound hand and foot, he ordered taken there to wait the next morning, when they should be strangled and their bodies baked in earth-ovens as a sacrifice to his gods.

Now under the shower of stones, at the last, Kawelo, deeming all lost, had bidden his wife Wahiné and Huna save themselves, and they had taken to the water and swum some way down the beach, from where, hidden amongst the rocks, they had witnessed his fall. Wahiné wept with bitter tears, and Huna had no heart to console her, for to him also Kawelo was the most loved thing on the earth.

But in the night Huna heard a sudden pattering and squeaking, and making a light with his fire-sticks, he beheld the Rat-Chief, who said to him, in the rat-tongue, "Do not despair, for there is life yet in thy brother Kawelo, and all is not lost."

He told him that his Rat-Folk, unseen had followed the victorious army, that all the Oahu men who remained alive were lying bound in the temple, with their spears and war-clubs piled before the altar, and Kawelo's body, covered with banana leaves, laid upon it. And said he, "I myself crept beneath the leaves, and my nose felt warmth in his limbs. My people are there, waiting my word to gnaw through the ropes that bind his

warriors, when they can seize their weapons and fall upon Aïkanaka's men, who have laid aside their arms and are now feasting their victory. But come with me quickly and see that, indeed, Kawelo yet lives."

Huna gave Wahiné the Rat-Chief's news, and bidding her hope, he followed him along a goat's track to the top of the cliff, where the temple stood. It was unguarded and its walls resounded with the din of drums and the shouts of the feasting. They entered, and whilst the Rat-People gnawed the ropes that bound the Oahu fighters, Huna stripped the banana leaves from Kawelo's body finding to his joy that it was not cold, and that his bones were unbroken.

HUNA STRIPPED THE LEAVES FROM KAWELO.

After being rubbed and kneaded, Kawelo's consciousness returned to him, and when Huna told him how things stood, he said, "At sun-up, in the very hour of the sacrifice, will be our time!"

He bade his men remain lying on the mats, with the broken ropes wound about their limbs as if they were still bound, whilst

he lay down again on the altar and covered himself again with the leaves. Thus they all waited till dawn, when Aïkanaka, with his priests in their red robes, and his High-Chiefs and Counselors, entered and took their places.

But when his stranglers came forward to do their work, Kawelo sprang up with a shout, and his men leaped for their spears and war-clubs. Kawelo slew Aïkanaka with a single blow, and his father-in-law struck down three of his High-Chiefs. As for the army who had been victorious the night before, when they came forth and fell upon them, they found them staggering with drunkenness from the all-night feasting, and the Oahu men herded them before them like wild goats, and drove them over the edge of the cliff, so that they were dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

Thus the flower of Aïkanaka's army perished, and Kawelo took possession of the land of Kaüaï, where he and his forefathers had been born, and ruled it in justice all his days. He found his parents, who were living on grasshoppers, and with them and his wife Wahiné, he lived in happiness. And always Huna's Rat-Folk were the friends and protectors of his line.

This is the tale, my little brothers and sisters. Now all the oil is burned out in the coconut-shell lamps, and the sleeping mats are spread. But tomorrow chases tomorrow, and there is always another evening.

Kila and the Giant Bird Halulu

HAVE YOU heard the tale of Kila, my little brothers and sisters, Kila-of-the-Great-Heart, whom the folk called Son-of-the-Long-Spear, who slew the giant bird Halulu, and found the Princess Luükia in the house of the runaway King, that was so magicked that even the mice under the flooring whisked no tail during a time long enough for a slow-growing koa tree to come to full size? Well, light a fresh string of ku-kui nuts, so that the dark will be afraid to come in, and you shall hear it. And listen well, that one day you can tell it to your children.

More years ago than there are karaka berries in the lowlands, there was a King in this island of Hawaiï, who ruled over the land of Waïpio. His name was Olopana, and he had a baby daughter, lovelier than the rainbow, named Luükia. One day he took her in his pleasure-canoe beyond the reefs, and when they were far from shore a great storm came without warning and the canoe was blown out to sea. After the storm a gale blew for many days without ceasing, whilst they lived on raw flying fish and rainwater, till at last they came to a land far to the southward that was called Kahiki.[1]

The King of that country whose name was Moïheka, treated them with kindness. He was a ruler of great power, and the Royal house he had built for his use was lofty and splendid,

[1] Tahiti.

thatched with yellow o-o feathers, with sills made of bird-bones and timbers of fragrant kaüila wood. But adventure was in his blood, and after they had been a short while there he said to himself, "Here is a man who could well fill my place. Why should I not voyage to the further seas, and see new lands, and perchance find another realm that will please me more?" So he provisioned his Royal red canoe, and telling his purpose to his High-Chiefs, said to them, "It is my will that my house remain closed and empty, till my spirit has gone to the Underworld of Milu and my bones are brought back for burial here with those of my ancestors."

That night he sailed away, with his sons and a handful of favorites. And the people made the stranger, Olopana — since in his country he had been a King in his own right — King in his stead.

Now one of the Princes, whose name was Mua, desired himself to be King, and he made a cunning conspiracy against him, so that in the end Olopana had no choice but to flee for his life, together with eight warriors who chose to go with him rather than serve the wicked Mua, planning to return to his own northern realm of Waïpio. They secretly prepared a double-canoe, and when all was ready, one night at sunset, he went to fetch his little daughter Luükia to the landing-place where the canoe waited.

But the child was not to be found. He questioned his servants, and one replied, "Not long ago she was playing in the grove before the house of Moïheka." He hastened thither and at once knew that she had entered the house, for he saw, caught on the hook of its doorway, a shred of the tapa-cloth garment she wore. But when he tried to enter himself he could not; it was as if an invisible wall stood before him. Again and again he called her name, but there was no answer.

He said to himself, then, "Prince Mua's magicians have done this. Through his spies he has learned my purpose to leave, and this is a trick to hold me till he can slay me! But he will not harm a babe." So he rejoined his eight warriors, and, grieving, sailed away without her. Thus, in time, he came back to Waïpio, where the people received him with joy, and took up his rule again.

Now the unseen wall that had shut him from the Royal house was the work not of the wily Mua, but of King Moïheka. He was learned in magic, and when his canoe was on the high seas, he had said to himself, "What if, now that I am gone, my will is forgotten and my Royal house dishonored?" And he had repeated a spell whereby no living thing could go in or out of it. Its door-guards sat in their places, as still as statues, and even the birds perched on its yellow thatch of o-o feathers moved neither claw nor wing. And the little Luükia, who had wandered in at its doorway, lay on its mat as silent and moveless as they.

NOT A LIVING THING IN THE PALACE MOVED.

As for Moïheka, he sailed to the northward, coming finally to our island of Kaüi, and finding it fertile and pleasant, remained there. He married its King's daughter and in time became its ruler himself.

So each of the two, Olopana and Moïheka, who had been kings in the southern Kahiki, ruled again in our northern Hawaiï, Olopana in his old realm of Waïpio and Moïheka in the neighboring island of Kaüi, where a son was born to him whom he named Kila. It is of him this story tells. But Olopana remained childless, mourning alway for his lost Luükia.

When Kila was born those who saw him said, "This babe is the highest flower on the top of the tree!" And of all his sons Moïheka loved him the best. He brought him up from his babyhood as a High-Chief. He taught him small things and great things, things within and things without, things above and things below, things that happen by day and things that happen by night, things of the uplands and things of the lowlands. When he was ten years old he could repeat without error the names and titles of his ancestors on both sides to thirty generations, and recite their adventures and achievements. At sixteen he was skilled in the art of canoe-building and the warrior use of spear, war-club, and dagger. Moïheka taught him also the names and places of the stars — Iao the Eastern Star, the big stars that look like a bird flying, and the red stars that we call the Cluster of Makaliï — and instructed him in magic and the meaning of dreams.

Thus Kila grew up valiant and fearless, excelling in all manly sports and learning, till he was come to man's stature, when Moïheka died, and his bones, wrapped in blue tapa-cloth, were placed in a cavern on a sacred island till they could be carried back to Kahiki, as had been his command. And his widow ruled the land.

Now Moïheka's older sons were jealous of their younger brother, Kila, and they said amongst themselves, "When our mother dies, this young shrimp is like to be made King, unless we do away with him!" Said the eldest, "It is time the bones of our father were taken to Kahiki. Let us say to our mother that we count it fitting that all of his sons accompany them. On the way Kila's death-day can meet him."

Thus agreeing, they went to their mother and proposed the voyage. Said she, "Why take Kila, since none of you have love for him?" But they replied, "What will it be said in Kahiki if one of our father's sons stay behind?" So, though she was distrustful of them, she consented.

Moïheka's bones were brought, and in the Month-of-the-Hibiscus they sailed away, all of them. On an evening, when the shadows of the clouds leaned no more upon the mountains and the sky-roof was gilded with saffron-red, they passed the shores of Waïpio, and the evil-minded brothers whispered to one another, "We need not trouble to kill him. Let us leave him here, and returning home, say that in a storm he was swept overboard and a shark devoured him." And all of them having agreed on this, the eldest said aloud, "Let us go ashore here and sleep a night on the white sand."

Accordingly the canoe was beached, and all lay down to sleep. And as Kila slumbered, the rest stole to the nearest village, and on its edge seized a youth of his age, and strangled him and cut off his hands, after which they pushed off the canoe without sound and set sail homeward, leaving Kila asleep.

When, after some sun-rounds, they reached Kaüi, they landed with their hair cut short as a sign of mourning, and went to their home, bearing Moïheka's bones and wailing aloud, so that all the household knew that misfortune had befallen them. Kila's mother ran weeping to meet them, and seeing that he was

missing, cried, "What has happened to my son?"

Then the eldest of the brothers answered, "Aü-e! Alas for him! Whilst we were on the high sea a furious storm fell on us which washed him overboard, and a shark devoured him before our eyes!" And he showed the severed hands of the youth they had slain, saying, "These are all that remain of him."

His mother wept for many days without ceasing, and the whole land mourned for the youth Kila, whom all had loved. His father's bones were laid once more in the cavern on the sacred island, and no one guessed the treachery of the knavish brothers.

As for Kila, when he awoke at daybreak on the shore of Waïpio and saw the canoe gone, he knew that his brothers had tricked him, and as he was weeping at their baseness, a crowd of villagers, who had found the body of the slain youth and followed the footprints of the murderers, fell upon him and dragged him before their Chief, accusing him of the crime.

Said he, "I was of a company whose canoe landed here last night, and my comrades have departed without me. But as to the killing, I know nothing." When the Chief asked, "Who art thou, and what is thy station in thine own land?" he was silent, lest he cast shame on his name.

Then said the Chief, "As there is no proof that thou hadst knowledge of it, thou shalt not be put into the earth-oven, but thou shalt go to the Valley-of-the-Bird."

For in the interior of that land was a dark and deep gorge, shut in by high cliffs, that was the haunt of a giant bird whom they called Halulu. She was as huge as a double-canoe and lived upon human flesh, and those condemned for certain crimes were driven into the gorge, whose only entrance was guarded by two forties of spearmen, to be her prey. Into this gloomy cleft Kila was thrust with blows, and left to his fate.

As he trod the stony floor of the gorge, a man crept from behind a rock and greeted him. "Aloha, Youth!" he said. "Love to thee. Art thou but just now come to this place?"

"Love, indeed," Kila replied. "I am here only long enough to walk thrice about a bush."

"Alas!" said the other. "I grieve for thee. Little does it matter for me, who am long past my prime. But thou art too goodly a youth to find thy death-day so soon!"

"In what manner are we to die?" asked Kila, and the man told him of the great bird, that nested on the clifftops and fed daily on the wretched victims below. How she was so enormous that her bulk shut out the sun, with wings whose sweep spanned the gorge and whose every feather had at its end a talon sharp as the sharpest lava-rock dagger. How a great wind heralded her coming, when she would wheel above the place, letting down, one after the other, her terrible wings, whose clawed feathers, that were twelve paces in length, would brush along the ground, thrusting into every crevice and hiding-place till one of them touched a man, when their talons would seize him, and when she had in this manner taken two, she would fly to the clifftop to devour them. And said he, "There is no escape for us, for the cliffs cannot be climbed and the entrance is guarded by the King's spearmen."

Kila asked, "Are there no caves or rock-crannies in which you can be safe?"

He answered, "No. Each day we seek out crevices and hide in them — so far I myself have dodged death for twenty days — but sooner or later the bird will find us all and our bones will bleach on the cliffs."

"How many are you?" asked Kila.

He replied, "Yesterday we were ten. Today we are but eight." He shouted, and from here and there seven other men came

to them, who greeted Kila, pitying his fate and bemoaning their own condition. They were worn and wan from hopelessness, and staggering on their feet from lack of food. For there was naught to eat in the gorge save herbs and the bark of stunted trees.

They told him that the great bird Halulu came every second day, and he said, "We shall not die tomorrow, at any rate. Let us sleep this night, and take counsel then."

So all lay down and slept, and next day he searched the gorge, and finding at one spot a shallow grotto in the cliff, set them all to building up its mouth with great stones. He himself sought out stones with sharp points and edges, from which, with tree branches for handles and vines for cord, he made a stone ax for each.

Thus prepared, on the second morning they lay behind their rock barrier and waited the coming of the bird. As they talked, one of the men, who had a clubfoot, asked Kila, "Hast thou, perchance, skill in divining the meaning of dreams?" He replied, "Yes." Said the man, "As I slept I dreamed that I was eating a mountain apple." Then said another, who had a cast in one eye, "And in my dream I was seated before a feast of roast pig and sweet potatoes baked in plantain leaves. What dost thou divine from our two dreams?"

Now from his father's teaching Kila knew that these dreams, dreamed by a man with a crippled foot and a man whose two eyes looked not straight forward, foretold calamity. And he said, "It is better that I do not tell you."

Then the man he had first met when he entered the gorge, said to him, "I, too, dreamed a dream, in which a calabash of awa-wine was given me and I drank of it. Canst thou divine it?" And Kila answered, "It is a sign that thou shalt come forth safe from this place."

Scarce had he spoken when there came the great-voiced wind, and after it the bird. She let down her wide wings, first the left and then the right, whilst their taloned feathers swept the place, searing out the clefts and crannies in the rock, and finding no man, she screamed in anger. But at length the feathers brushed across the stones piled before the groto, and the claws hooked themselves about them, dragging them down. Till a wing thrust itself in and seized the man with the clubfoot and the man whose eye had the cast. Kila and the rest threw themselves upon it with their stone axes, and hacked off twenty of its feathers, but the wing dragged its two victims from their refuge, and Halulu flew screaming to the clifftop for her horrid meal.

The rest of that day and all the day following Kila and his six remaining comrades toiled at building their wall of rock more thick and high, and the bird's next coming they were well prepared. It thrust in one wing and they met it with such a hail of blows that its great bone was broken. It thrust in the other and they attacked it so fiercely that eighty of its taloned feathers were hacked off, and Halulu's screams of pain echoed from the sky. At last in fury she thrust in a leg as huge as a tree, and then her mighty beak, when Kila dealt such a blow that his stone ax crashed through her skull and she fell dead.

They made fire and burned the dreadful creature's body, and the guards, seing the smoke rising from the gorge, entered it and found what had happened. They reported this to King Olopana, and he called together his High-Chiefs, Prophets, and Counselors, and said to them, "This is a strange thing! The great bird has been the guardian of the gorge since a time which no one living can remember. Give me your thought."

After pondering the matter together, they said, "It could not have been killed by ordinary means. It must be that a man of

excellence is amongst those who survive. We advise thee to have them brought before thee."

Olopana did this, and the seven were brought to the Royal house, where he questioned them. Kila kept silence, but the rest answered, as with one voice: "O King, that we live is due to this stranger, whose very name we know not. He it was who showed us the way to overcome Halulu, and his hand struck the blow that killed her." Then the one who in his dream had drunk the awa-wine, said, "He knows things hidden from us common ones. For he divined our dreams, foreseeing evil to two of us — who next day were devoured — and escape for me, who am here alive."

The King decreed pardon for them all, and the six went away rejoicing. But Kila he bade remain, and when they were alone, he asked him, "Art thou a Chief in thine own land? And what is thy country?"

Kila replied, "O Olopana, it is not yet the time for me to answer that. I pray thee, count me one whom ill-fortune has pursued, and let me be the humblest of thy servants."

The words pleased the King, and he made Kila a fetcher of wood and water, but he watched him, seeing in him the signs of high birth, made him at length a High-Chief, and in time adopted him as his son, giving him the name Lena.

Now after some years there came a great drought in the land of Kaüi, from whence Kila had come. During twelve changes of the moon no rain fell, whilst the grasshoppers ate every green thing. The wells dried up, the streams ceased to run, and the people died for want of food. So that the Queen — who was Kila's mother — said to his brothers, "I have learned that in Waïpio, on the island of Hawaii, there is no lack of food. You must go there and bring some of its plenty to us, lest our people starve."

They, however — since it was on that coast that they had slain the youth and abandoned Kila — for long refused, one saying, "It is not possible that there is food to spare there," and another, "Nay, shall we make ourselves beggars?" But at length, so great was the necessity, the eldest of them agreed, and set out in his canoe, with eight paddlers, for Waïpio.

Since so many canoes from other islands had come demanding food, the King had set Kila over the matter, and the brother was brought before him. The years had greatly altered Kila's look, nevertheless his brother trembled when he saw him. Till one of the Chiefs said to him, "This is Lena, the King's son, in whose hands is thy request." Then he knelt and told Kaüi's need.

Looking at him, Kila thought, "It cannot be that this man has so base a heart that he may not be forgiven! But before I pardon him he must confess the wrong." And he put him in charge of one of his stewards, to be questioned.

When the steward demanded, "What are the names of thy parents?" he returned false answers. When he was asked, "Hast thou visited this place before?" he replied, "Nay, this is my first sight of Waïpio." And this being told to Kila, he bade that the stranger's canoe be seized and he himself held prisoner.

As he failed to return to Kaüi, Kila's mother was troubled. Said she to his brothers, "You must go and find out what has happened." So they, too, voyaged to Waïpio. And with them also it befell as it had befallen the other: on landing they were seized and brought before Kila's steward. And they also, in dread, returned false answers to his questions. When they asked concerning their elder brother, they were told, "He is to be slain and put into the oven as a sacrifice to our gods."

As for Kila's mother, when they, too, did not return, she was in great distress. She said to herself, "Since the death of my

husband Moiheka, evil has pursued me. I will go myself." And she cut her hair short, as one in mourning, and with eight servants, embarked in the Royal canoe for Waïpio.

Now Kila had sent secretly one of his own men to Kaüi, who out-sailed her with news of her coming, and he had a grass-house prepared for her, to which she was taken on landing, where it was said to her, "Lena, the King's son, will presently come to thee." So there she waited in trouble of mind till he came. He was dressed as a High-Chief, in Royal headdress and a cloak of orange-colored mamo feathers, and in him she did not at first see her lost son.

HE WAS DRESSED AS A HIGH-CHIEF.

When he had given her greeting, he asked, "Are these sons whom I am told thou hast followed from Kaüi, thine only ones?"

She replied, "They are sons of my dead husband. My own son, while on his way with them, to carry his father's bones

to their resting-place in his southern Kingdom of Kahiki, was eaten by a shark, and I am now childless."

Said Kila, "As for these stepsons, it is not in my power to save them. They have been found guilty of the murder, seven years ago, of a youth of this land."

Then he ordered that all the brothers be brought before them both, and said to them, "Say truth, and it may be that some mercy may be shown you. Did you not, seven years since, land upon these shores and cruelly slay a youth of this land, and cut off his hands?"

When he said this their faces changed, and they began to tremble exceedingly. They thought, "This man is a Wizard, and our death-day has found us!" But still they did not know him, though the Queen did, and put her hand on her heart to still its beating.

Said Kila, then, holding out his hands, "It was not these you brought back to Kaüi to prove that a shark had devoured me — for I, in truth, am Kila! The hands you brought were those of the youth you slew, the night you left me on the shore and sailed away. I myself paid your penalty for that cruel deed, paid it in pain and peril of my life, in labor and loneliness. Now I am again a King's son, and your lives are in my hands."

Then, turning to the Queen, "What sayest thou, my mother?" he asked. "Should they be spared who did this thing?"

She answered, "Nay, their penalty is well deserved. Let it be given to them."

Said he, then, "Thou sayest truly it is deserved. Yet I remember, as they did not, that we are all sons of my father Moïheka. I send them back, therefore, with thee, to Kaüi. But they shall be stripped of their titles, and not as a King's sons and High-Chiefs, but as common men, shall they live out their lives."

She said, "It shall be done, my son."

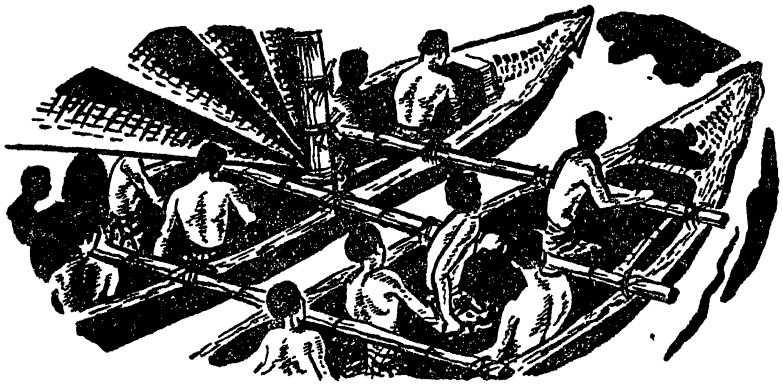
So the Royal canoe carried them back to Kaüi, where they lived as owners of a single breadfruit tree, with no man to do them honor. With his mother he sent a great store of food of all kinds, so that the people of her land should be in plenty till the rains came again. The Queen besought him to return with her and rule in her place, but he said, "Nay, in King Olopana I have found another father, and this land shall henceforth be my home. But presently I shall come to Kaüi, and shall bear my father Moïheka's bones back to Kahiki, to be laid with those of his ancestors, as is fitting."

And this he did. King Olopana bade him good-speed. He told Kila how, when he fled from that land, the magic wall had prevented him from following his little daughter Luükia into the Royal house, so that he had been obliged to leave her behind; and said he, "If thou perchance couldst find and bring her to me, I would ask no more of this world!"

At Kaüi Kila fitted out Moïheka's double-canoe, that was painted red and decorated with pigeon's feathers, and with forty paddlers and eighty of Waïpio's warriors, he sailed by the canoe-guiding southern star to Kahiki.

When he came there he beheld, set up on the shore signs forbidding the landing of any stranger; but saying to his men, "Who presumes to bar the son of Moïheka?" he ordered the canoe to be beached. The folk gathered on the shore said to him, "High-Chief though thou be, this is our King Mua's command, and thou shalt die for breaking it." And he replied, "In my youth I heard tales of your Mua from my father, who was your King before him. Bid him show himself, or send his champion, and my littlest warrior will make his head a plaything for my paddlers!"

Scarce had he spoken when the beach resounded to the



THEY SAILED TO KAHIKI

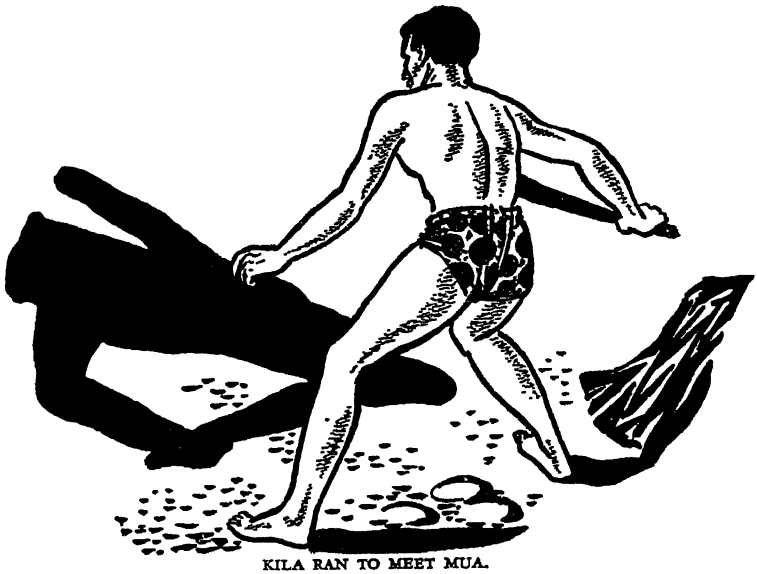
beating of war-drums, and Mua's host came upon them, armed with spears and war-clubs. His bodyguard was of huge size, the strongest fighter of the country, and he strode in advance of the rest, whirling his war-club and shouting for a warrior to meet him in single combat.

Then the smallest of Kila's companions, whose head barely reached Kila's elbow, said to him, "Was it not I who was to give our paddlers yonder braggart's head for a toy?"

Kila, smiling, replied, "Aye, Ukuliï, thou shalt fight him. But remember one thing. When you meet, look not in his face, or he will strike a crafty twisting stroke that will deceive thee. But watch the ground betwixt you. For the sun is behind him, and thou canst tell by the shadow it casts there which way his blow will fall."

So when Mua's champion came within reach, seeing the man of small stature, with his head bent and his look cast down, he aimed a straight stroke that, had it smitten him, would have broken him in pieces. But Ukuliï, seeing the shadow whirl its club to the left, leaped to the right, and as he did so struck a level stroke that, falling betwixt the champion's hip and shoulder, drove through his ribs and laid him lifeless.

Seeing his man felled at the first blow, Mua's rage choked him, and he rushed forward, a spear in one hand and his club in the other, shouting for the strangers' leader, and Kila himself ran to meet him, whilst the men of both sides stood silent and watching.



KILA RAN TO MEET MUA.

Mua hurled his spear, which Kila, not troubling to leap aside, broke in air with his club. Then, circling one another, both together smote, and Mua's club where it fell left a chasm in the sand, but Kila's struck Mua's forehead, so that he went down like a falling tree. And seeing him prostrate, his warriors fled.

Now Mua lay on the sand unconscious for a time sufficient to cook eight ovens of food, and when he came to he staggered to the mountains, and for shame never returned to his rule.

As for Kila, he went straightway to the forbidden house

that had been his father's. Its hedge was grown to the height of trees, and weeds choked its entrance. When he would have entered, the invisible wall reared by Moïheka stopped him. Said he to himself, "This is my father's magic, but he taught me its spell." And he repeated the words that dissolved the magic, and entered the doorway.

Instantly the two guards of the door sat up and stretched themselves, saying one to another, "Can we have been asleep?" And seeing Kila, they exclaimed, "Who art thou, who has the face of our departed King Moïheka?" He told them, "I am his son." And they wept upon his feet.

He entered the house, and lo, lying on the mat, he saw a beautiful girl, yawning and rubbing the sleep from her eyes. She was more lovely than all the daughters of all the High-Chiefs and Low-Chiefs of eighty countries, with eyes purple as a banana flower, and lips redder than the hibiscus petals — such a beauty as to make the sunrise envious. At first sight of her he felt himself falling in love as deep as the deep sea, and he said to himself, "O Chieftainess, to whom none is to be compared! How long have I gone searching one like thee?"

He sat beside her and took her hand, saying, "Who art thou?"

She answered, "Who but Luükia, the child of King Olopana? Have I been a long while asleep?"

Then he told her all that the years had held since his father's spell had magicked that house (and her in it) in her babyhood. How her father Olopana had had to depart without her, and now was King of Waïpio, whence he had come. And at his words she began to love him with as joyful a heart as his own.

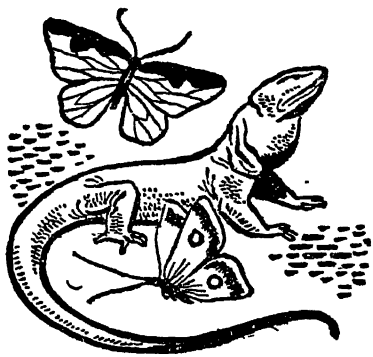
He left half of his warriors to care for her, and with the other half as a guard, he carried the bones of his father Moïheka to the Royal burial-place of his ancestors on the sacred mountain which was called the Mountain-of-the-Feather-Cloak. After that

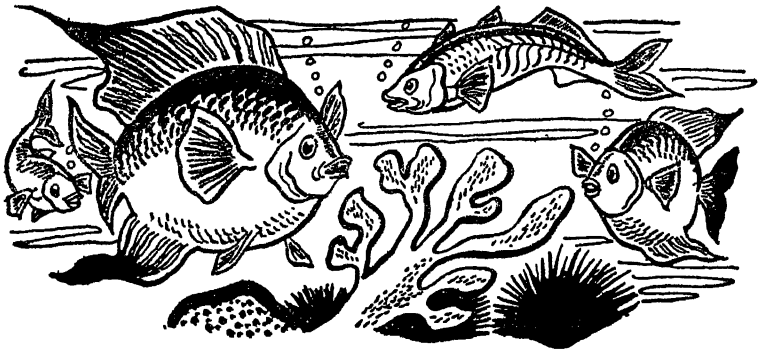
he sailed back, with her, to Waïpio, in our Hawaiï, to Olopana, who welcomed them with all rejoicing and could not kiss Luükia enough.

Soon the marriage feast was prepared and the Royal drums were beaten, and Kila took her as his wife, and when at length King Olopana died, and Kila became King after him, she ruled as his Queen.

This is the story's end, my little brothers and sisters. Fasten it as with fish-hooks to your minds, and let it not scamper from your memories. For it is a tale born in this rainbowed Hawaiï of the dotted seas, and as true as that ghosts live in darkness and feed on lizards and butterflies.

And now it is the time for sleep.





The Sea-Maiden Who Had a Stone Image for Husband

YOU KNOW, my little brothers and sisters, that in the old days there were folk who lived under the sea as we live above it, breathing the water as we breathe the air. Their lands were without sun, or moon, or stars, but were lighted by sea-creatures that carried shining lamps on their heads.

Some of these people were evil, hunting in bands, like the wild pigs, hating the Air-Folk and coming to the surface only to pull down some swimmer, as do the sharks, to eat him; but others were without malice toward the Air-People, having their villages and their High-Chiefs like us, and living on shellfish and the herbs and mosses that grow on the floor of the ocean. Though in their own land they went in human shape, like all the Sea-People, they were akin to the fishes, and could take fish-form when they were so minded.

Well, as many years ago as there are leaves on all the koa trees of all the tangled forests, there was a land wherein these Sea-Folk lived, off the coast of Hila, down in the deepest sea.

It was called Lalo-Hana, which is to say, the Down-Under-Country. Its High-Chief, whose wife was dead, had two children, a son named Ki-papa and a daughter named Hina. The lad was headstrong and disobedient, and the maiden was as lovely as the moon — so beautiful that he determined that she should be given as wife only to the greatest monarch of all the sea-bottom.

To this end he had, from her babyhood, shut her away from everyone, building her a dwelling of pink coral without windows, wherein she lived with her brother for guardian, seeing no one save those two and her attendants. When she came to the age of marriage without his having found one whom he considered suitable for her to wed, he had made an image of colored rock, with eyes of pearls and hair of seaweed, and gave it to her to be her husband. And she, knowing nothing of the sea-world, outside of the walls of her prison, or of the great world of the islands above, was content.

It befell one day that her brother, tiring of his guardianship, went off to hunt cuttlefish with his comrades, and when her atendants were not watching, she slipped out of her dwelling and wandered at will through the forest of many-colored coral that surrounded her dwelling, admiring its beauty and the grace of the waving sea-ferns. Beyond the forest was a rocky hill, and climbing this, she beheld a number of lovely shell-ornaments, fastened to the ends of cords that hung down from above. They were in the form of hooks, and each hook held a small fish.

Now the top of the rocky hill was a reef that fronted the land of Kawaluna, and the cords were the lines of fishermen, let down from their canoes. This she did not know, and as the hooks pleased her, she cut three of them from their cords with a sliver of rock, and carrying them back with her, hid them in a hollow shell in her dwelling.

SHE CLIMBED UP THROUGH THE FOREST,

As for the fish-hooks' owners, they were Royal fishermen of the young King of Kawaluna, who was named Koni-Konia. When they pulled up their lines and found the hooks missing, they were puzzled. They went to the King's house to report their loss, where Koni-Konia examined their lines, and said he, "These were never bitten through by a fish, but were cut with a knife. A thief has stolen your hooks."

He gave them other hooks of turtle-shell, saying, "Tomorrow, when you fish, put no bait on them." Accordingly, next day they dropped their lines with the hooks naked, and when they pulled them in, three hooks again were missing. For the maiden, Hina, finding herself again unguarded, had stolen to the hill and taken them, and hidden them away in her hollow shell.

When the fishermen returned and told King Koni-Konia of this second misfortune, he was greatly angered. Exclaimed he, "Some clever diver has fooled you! Six of my hooks he has taken from under your very chins!" And he gave them still more hooks, carved from whale-tooth ivory, bidding them next day paddle beyond the reef and let down their lines where the sea was deeper than any diver could go.

This time Hina had no need to climb the rocky hill, finding her ornaments dangling on the edge of the coral forest, and a third time she took three hooks to add to her store in the hollow shell. But on this day she was missed, and her attendants, seeing her re-entering her dwelling went and informed their master.

When her father learned that she had brought to naught all his care, he was enraged. He summoned his son Ki-papa, and said to him, "Thou hast failed in thy duty to me and to thy sister. How shall I punish thee?" Ki-papa answered sullenly, and in the end his father banished him from his home, making him an outcast from his land of Lalo-Hana.

Now each family of these Sea-Folk had for their servants an

HE SUMMONED HIS SON, KI-PAPA.

especial fish, one having the balloon fish, one the black-banded butterfly fish and one the spotted hilu, and when they swam as fish that was the form they assumed. The blunt-nosed paoö fish was the servant of Ki-papa's family, so when he fled from the deepest depths it was as a paoö fish.

He had never seen the sea-surface before, and for long he swam about in the sunny shallows, admiring the green-and-white beauty of the land, with its trees and pebbled beaches, and the sky with its shining clouds, and watching the people at their sports and occupations. At last he said to himself, "If I am to be cast out thus from mine own kind, I will live no longer in the sea. As my true form is like that of these land-folk, I will dwell here as one of them." So, waiting till nightfall, he swam to the beach, and taking on his man's form, lay down to sleep under a canoe.

It happened that Koni-Konia's Chief Counselor and champion, whom the folk called the King's Backbone, was walking

on the beach next morning at sun-up, and saw the sea-youth asleep there. He noted his comeliness and ruddy complexion, and knowing him for a stranger, informed Koni-Konia, who sent men to bring him to the Royal house.

When he learned that the newcomer was one of the Sea-Folk, of whom he had so often heard, the King was greatly pleased. He spent much time conversing with him of the strange Down-Under-Country and of its people, and when he found his guest was an exile, condemned to live his life elsewhere, he made him his companion and bade him count the Royal house his home for so long as it pleased him.

Asked he, one day, "For what wrongdoing wast thou made an outcast from Lalo-Hana?" And Ki-papa told him of his sister Hina, in whose guardiancy he had failed, who was so beautiful that she had been kept apart from all others from her very birth, and had never seen a man, even of the Down-Under-Country, except himself and their father.

So well he described her grace and beauty that, listening, Koni-Konia, though he had never set eyes on her, fell as deep in love with her as the deep sea in which she dwelt. And when Ki-papa told of the rock-image that had been given her for a husband, he exclaimed, "Would I might be her husband instead!"

Ki-papa answered, "That would be a joy to me, for I miss her companionship. But thou, being of this upper Island-Land, canst not go to her, and death would be my penalty if I returned there. So I know not how she could be brought hither."

At length, from thinking and dreaming of Hina, Koni-Konia's love waxed so great that he summoned his Counselors and his High-Chiefs and his Wizards, and told them of his case and asked their advice. But all shook their heads, and the King's Backbone said, "O Koni-Konia, clearly the sea-

maiden cannot be brought from the Down-Under-Country by force. She must come of her own accord. But how that can be brought about I cannot guess." So that the King dismissed them and sat in melancholy.

That night, however, Ki-papa came to him, and said, "I have thought of a way in which my sister may, perchance, be enticed hither."

Said Koni-Konia, "How?"

Ki-papa answered, "I counsel thee to have made a great number of images, man-size, after the fashion of the one she counts her husband, and to have them let down with ropes till they stand on the sea-botom. Place the least handsome one near to her dwelling in the coral forest, and let a cord lead therefrom to another image set further off, which is more delightful to see. Let a cord from that second image lead to a third more eye-gladdening than both of the others. Thus add image to image, all connected by the cord, and let the line of them go from the deep depths up and up to the beach, and from thence to this house of thine. Having tasted freedom, Hina will again elude her attendants, and finding the first image, she will see the cord and follow it, and if each new image she comes upon is more lovely to her than the last, in the end thou wilt see her on this very spot."

Straightway, delighted with the plan, the King had a hundred images made, all of the form and size of a man. They were carved of lava-rock, with the hair of seaweed and eyes of pearl-shell that glistened with rainbow colors. Each wore a red loin-cloth and a shoulder-scarf of figured tapa-cloth. Two forties of fishermen let them down with ropes of coconut husk, as Ki-papa had advised, the first in the forest of pink coral that surrounded Hina's dwelling, and the next on its outskirts, from whence the long line led up the slope from the deep depths to the shallows,

and from the beach to the Royal house, the last image at its doorway. All were connected by the cord, and each was more beautiful than the one before it.

When all was ready King Koni-Konia sat down in his house to wait the outcome, whilst all the people, old and young, were forbidden to approach the beach or the images, but were commanded to keep within their houses. No sound of ax or hammer was to be heard. Dogs were tied, pigs were shut in their pens, and cocks and hens were put into empty calabashes, so that if the sea-maiden came, no noise should frighten her back to the depths.

Now as for Hina, she wept over her brother's disgrace and absence and was sad without him. She petted her image-husband and played with the fish-hooks she had hidden in her hollow shell, but she longed to wander again through the forest of pink coral, and perhaps find more of the ornaments that hung down on the cords from above. For a long time (whilst King Koni-Konia was preparing the hundred images) this proved impossible, for her attendants guarded her more closely than ever, but at last one day her chance came and she slipped away.

When she came on the first image, that stood in the midst of the forest, she was astonished. She examined it closely, and noting its fine workmanship, she said to herself, "How lovely! This is handsomer than the husband I have, and will make me a better one." Then seeing the cord that was tied to it, she followed it to the second image on the forest's skirt. It was more finely made than the first, with a brow of onyx and hair of sea-moss, and she thought, "This will be a more beautiful husband even than the other, and I will take it instead." She traced the cord to the third one, which was on rising ground, to find it more lovely still, and said to herself, "They grow

better and better! The husband I have now is as ugly as a sea-urchin compared with this!"

So she went on, from one image to another, finding each surpassing the last, till when she came to the shallows and beheld the next standing in the sunshine, with the light sparkling from its necklace of colored shells, she was overjoyed. Thought she, "Why has no one ever told me of this shining green world above our dark one? And what a huge fish that must be to carry on its head that great round light so high overhead!"

Thus she came at length to the gate of the Royal house, and to its doorway, where stood the last of King Koni-Konia's images, that was forty times finer than any she had yet seen, and holding her breath with delight, she followed the cord into the house's inner room.

Now the young King himself sat there, holding the end of the cord in his hand, and he smiled on her and greeted her, saying, "Aloha, maiden! Love to thee."

Exclaimed she, "What! Canst thou speak? Thou, who art eighty times handsomer than all of the others put together?"

He answered, "Why not?"

Said she, "How strange! For my husband cannot. Wilt thou be my husband instead of him?"

He replied, "With all joy, if thou wilt be my wife."

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her, and called his Chief-Counselor, and had the Royal hula-drums beaten, and summonded all the people and showed her to them. And that same hour she and Koni-Konia were wed, and the marriage feast was such as the folk of the land of Kawaluna had never seen.

They dwelt together thus in happiness for two moons, when one day her brother said to her, "My sister, was it not thou who

"... IF THOU WILT BE MY WIFE."

stole the King's fish-hooks from the lines of his fishermen?"

She asked, "What are fish-hooks?"

He went and brought one and showed it to her. Said she, "Were they his in truth? It was I, indeed, who took them for ornaments! Alas, that in my ignorance I knew not what they were!" And she wept in shame.

Till he said, "Nay, grieve not. Perchance I can get them back for thee. Tell me where I shall find them."

She told him where she had hidden them in the hollow shell, but she said, "I fear to have thee go, for an outcast may not enter Lalo-Hana under pain of death, and what if thou shouldst be taken?"

But he answered, "Never fear for me. It will be easy."

So that night he plunged into the sea, and taking the form of a paoö fish swam into the depths, and when he came back at dawn the hollow shell was in his mouth. Resuming his man's form he carried it to her, and she took the nine fish-hooks and gave them to Koni-Konia.

Said Ki-papa then, to her, "I did not get thy shell without trouble. For as I was coming from the doorway of thy dwelling the paoö fish saw me and knew me. They followed me in a great multitude to the very shallows, and they will inform our father."

"What can he do?" she asked. "Even if he knows thou art here, and I with thee, he cannot take us back. The King is my husband, and this upper land and not the Down-Under-Country is henceforth ours."

He replied, "But the Sea-Folk have power to raise the sea till it covers the land, and he will send all his people, who will come with the water, as paoö fish, to find us."

Said she then, "Go to the beach and watch. If the waters rise, and thou seest that they teem with paoö fish, come and

warn us. I myself will tell the King, that the people of the land may not be taken unawares and thus drown."

So he hastened to his post to watch, whilst she went to Koni-Konia and told him. Said he, "If the waters rise we will go to the hills, all of us."

But she answered, "The waters will engulf the hills."

"If so," he said, "we will ascend the highest mountain."

Said she, "The waters will cover the mountain."

"Then we will climb the trees on the peak of the mountain, so if the earth be wholly covered we shall be safe."

He sent runners swift as arrows to warn the people far and near to prepare themselves. And on the third day Ki-papa sped to them, crying, "The waves are rising! Even now they are over the grasses of the beach! And the waters are filled with the paoö fish, thousands on thousands of them!"

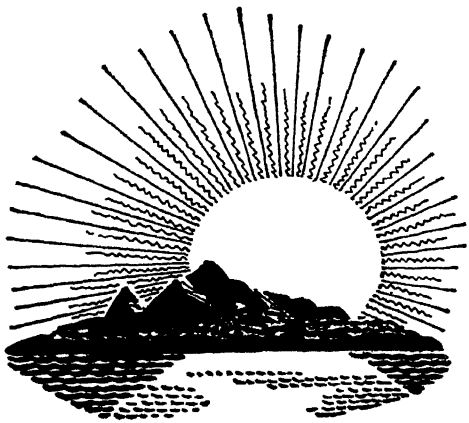
When he heard this Koni-Konia sent criers to cry the news, and he and all his court, with his wife Hina, and her brother Ki-papa, his Counselors, his Chiefs, and his Wizards, hastened to the hills, followed by all his people, and from there to the loftiest mountain, with the swelling waters to their knees and the paoö fish nibbling at their heels. The water came higher and higher, and when it was at their waists they all climbed into the highest trees.

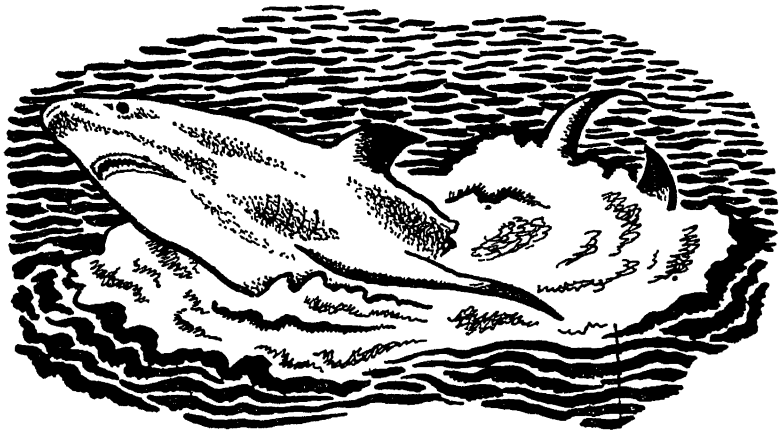
Then, after ten days, the Sea-Folk (that were the paoö fish) said to one another, "The top of the mountain is wholly covered, and all the folk of the land are drowned!" And they went back to the Down-Under-Country to carry the news, and the waters went back with them.

The mountain showed first, then the green hills, and lastly the lowlands, where had been the villages. These were gone, but the danger was past, and before long the dwellings were rebuilt and the fields retilled, and all was as before.

This, my little brothers and sisters, is the famous tale of how the ocean once covered this rainbowed Hawaiï, even the top of the highest mountain.

As for King Koni-Konia and his wife, the sea-maiden Hina, they lived in love for each other all their lives, and when at last he went to find his ancestors, their son ruled the land of Kawaluna in his stead.





The Boy Who Became King of the Sharks

STORIES cannot be told in the dark, my little brothers and sisters. But now that the ku-kui nuts are lighted, I will tell you one that our father had from our grandfather, and *he* had it from *his* father, and how far back the telling of it goes no one knows. But it was a very long time ago that it happened, for it was when men knew the tongues of the birds and fishes — which they have forgotten now — and the fishes and birds knew the tongue of man and they all talked together. It is the story of the man Nanaüë, who became King of the sharks, and of the youth called Kaülu-the-Strong.

As you know, in the ancient days the King of every tribe of beast and bird and fish, when he was so minded, could take on the form of man. Every land had its Shark-King, and the Shark-King of this island of Oahu was named Ku-Kamaülu. When

he swam as a shark he was the hugest of all in the sky-blue ocean, and when he took on man form, he appeared as a High-Chief, tall and handsome, with his finger-joints delicately tattooed, dressed in a golden feathercloak and red loincloth, and wearing a splendid necklace of dog's teeth, with a green-stone jewel hung from his ear.

One day, as he lurked in his shark form in a bay, just outside the breakers, on the chance of pulling down and devouring some bather who might venture too far from shore, he beheld a lovely girl riding on her surfboard amongst her comrades. She was so graceful and beautiful, with her glossy hair twined with red hibiscus blossoms, that at first glimpse he began to love her. For many days he swam there, and with every sight of her he loved her the more.

At last one night he swam to the shallows and leaped onto the sand, and taking on his man form, entered the near-by village. He told its people that he was Chief of a distant land, who had been blown out to sea in a storm, and so had reached their island, and they received him gladly, giving him a grass-house to live in, with a taro patch and a banana grove.

Only one person knew him for what he was, and that was Mokoliï, the greatest of the Wizards, who lived in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, that rests on the tops of the highest mountains like a canoe set on spear-points. He often visited these lower lands, for he had no need to climb up and down by the great vine, that in one spot drooped down from the rim of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom to one of the islands, where it had rooted in the earth, for by his magic he could fly.

In especial he visited this island of Oahu, which is the loveliest in all the seas. Thus he chanced one day to be walking through the very village to which Ku-Kamaülu had come, with perched on his shoulder, twittering in his ear things hidden

his little green elepaïo-bird, which always accompanied him, and secret, and saw the stranger Chief.

He asked it, "Who is yonder man?"

And it replied, in the bird-tongue, "This man is a fish, and the fish is a shark, and the shark is a King, and the King of the sharks of Oahu is Ku-Kamaülu." When he asked, "For what reason has he taken on human form?" the elepaïo-bird answered, "For the sake of a human maiden he has seen. And to see is to love, and to love is to wed, and the maiden's name is Kaleï."

Said Mokoliï, "Go now on the errand I bade thee do, and come to me tonight."

That night in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, the bird flew in at the Wizard's door to perch on his shoulder. He asked it, "Hast thou done my bidding? Hast thou flown far to find a child for me to steal to be my slave?"

It answered, "In the lower island of Oahu is a plain. Beyond the plain is a mountain. Over the mountain is a river. Across the river is a valley. In the valley lives an old magician. He has a younger grandson, and he has an older grandson, and the older is five years old, and his name is Kaëha." So saying, it fluttered to a shelf and went to sleep.

Next day Mokoliï flew down to Oahu, crossed the plain and the river to the dwelling of the old magician, before which the little Kaëha was playing alone, and snatching him up by the girdle with his teeth, sped back to his house in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, where after that the boy remained a slave, keeping the flies from the Wizard when he slept, and as he grew older tending Mokoliï's melon patch, gathering faggots for his oven, and pounding the taro root for his food.

As for Ku-Kamaülu, the Shark-King, he made swift love on the island to Kaleï, who soon took him for her husband, and

he lived with her for many moons in all content. But his shark's blood ceased not to long for the deep sea and the taste of human flesh, and at last he could bear it no longer. So he said to her, "O Fondled-One! The time has come when I must return to my own land, and for certain reasons I may not take thee with me."

Hearing, she wept, saying, "A babe will soon be born to us, and if it is a son, what shall I say to him when he asks of his father? For I know not thy rank and place in thine own country."

He answered, "If it is a boy, there will appear on his body a mark which will tell thee that. Name him Nanaüë, and let the mark be seen by no other eye than thine, and whilst he is growing let him taste the flesh of no animal save fish." And that night, as she slept, he fled to the beach, and taking on his shark form, plunged into the sea, and never after that did he return to this island.

In the next moon a boy babe was born to Kaleï, on whom shs lavished all her affection. Mindful of her husband's words, she examined him with care, but could find no mark upon him except a thin dark line, scarce thicker than a hair, that curved across his back betwixt his shoulder-blades. She showed this, however, to no one, keeping it always covered, and as he grew, gave him no meat to eat, but only sea-food.

Nevertheless she watched the mark closely, and as time went on she saw the curved line broaden and darken, and split lengthwise, till its two edges were like the opening of an eel-trap. Finally jags came upon the edges, and one day she saw suddenly that it resembled nothing so much as a shark's wide mouth, with its double row of pointed teeth set in each jaw. And all in a moment she knew that her husband was really a shark, and that the little Nanaüë would be a shark-man.

Now the shark-man, which is half man and half shark, and never without his horrid mark, is hated by all men, who, wherever one is found, put him to death. For sooner or later he becomes an eater of human flesh. To find that her son was one of the creatures, Kaleï's sorrow was so deep that for many nights she lay on her mat and could not sleep for weeping.

But at length she thought, "Perchance if he eats no meat till he is past his childhood, the shark's desire will never come to him, and he can live out his life like other men." And after that she kept him always under her chin, sewing his tapa-cloth garment close about him, so that the telltale mark was hidden, even when he bathed in the surf or swam in the sea. And she would say to him, "My son, beware ever to touch meat, for it is a deadly bane to our blood!"

Thus he grew till he was a youth, never having with his own eyes seen the mark on his back, and never having tasted meat.

One day he asked her, "Why must I always wear my upper garment and may never take it off, even when I swim, as do all the other lads?" Then she knew that the time had come when he must be told, and she said, "Go alone to the pool in Waïpio Valley, ~~in~~ which thou hast seen thy face a hundred times. Take off thy garment, and turn thy back to the pool, and look over thy shoulder. Then come back to me."

He did so, and returning, said, "There is a shark's mouth on my back, betwixt my shoulders."

Then, with tears, she told him. And said she, "Since he was able to walk as a man, I know that thy father was the King of the sharks of this island. Thou art a shark-man, my son, and there is no help for it. Always thou must keep thy parentage a secret, lest thou be slain. It is for this reason thou wearest always the tapa-cloth garment."

After that Nanaüë gave free rein to his appetite, stealing

by night all the pigs, the dogs, and the fowls of the neighborhood, and eating them raw. And at length, when there was no more meat to be stolen, and only seaweed and taro root for him to eat, and the teeth of the great mouth under his garment gnashed more and more fiercely, he said to himself, "If I am half shark, I will have shark's food, and shark's food is man." He went to the bathing place, and swimming under water came beneath a bather and shed his robe, and the huge mouth in his back bit off the man's leg and devoured it.

When the bather's torn body was washed ashore, though sharks had never been known to enter the bay, the King of Oahu sent eight of the Royal shark-hunters, who searched during many days, but not a single shark could they find. So that the people said, "He was careless, and a devil fish took him unawares."

From that time Nanaüë grew bolder. If a group of the villagers passed him on their way to the beach, he would ask them, "What today?" When they replied, "We go to leap from the rocks," he would say, "Have a care that ye lose not your feet!" Then he would follow, and lurk unseen face-down on the sea-bottom, and the mouth would bite off the feet of one of them. When they answered, "We go to dive for coral," he would say, "Be on your guard lest ye lose your heads!" In the water he would overtake them, and at the end of their dive the mouth would bite off one's head. This continued till no moon passed without a mangled body being cast up by the waves.

And as the shark blood grew stronger in Nanaüë, his look began to change. Till he ceased to walk erect, but went awkwardly, with his head lower than his waist, whilst his skin grew the color of gray ashes and his eyes glassy and cold.

Now it befell that Mokoliï again passed through the village,

HE WOULD FOLLOW AND LURK UNSEEN.

and beholding Nanaüë, said to his elepaïo-bird perched on his shoulder, "Who is yonder man?"

It replied, "He is but half a man, and his other half is shark. The man-half is the woman Kaleï, and the shark-half is the Shark-King, Ku-Kamaülu, and the two halves are Nanaüë."

At that the Wizard remembered, and said to himself, "It is he, not sharks in the bay, who holds the village in dread. He is the son of his father, and a shark-man! Sooner or later he must betray himself, which will mean his death. As for me, he may eat all the folk of this neighborhood and welcome; but he may be more useful to me alive than baked in the oven, for if he lives till his father Ku-Kamaülu dies, he himself will be King of the sharks! So I will save his life whilst I can, and in such wise that he will be grateful to me."

So he put himself in the way of the villagers, who said to him, "O Mokoliï, of thy wisdom tell us what to do that our village be not made empty and desolate."

He answered, "Ye do well to ask my counsel. Ye have

amongst you a shark-man, whom you must destroy."

They asked him how such a creature could be known, and he said, "Every shark-man bears for a sign a huge shark's mouth in his back betwixt his shoulders. When you have found such a one, he must be baked in an earth-oven at sunset on the shore. But do not do this unless I am here, that I may recite a certain spell whereby his spirit cannot haunt the place."

With that he sat down by the wayside leaving them saying to one another, "Can there be a man in our village with such a mark that we have never seen?" And in the end, one said, "Nanaüë, the son of Kaleï, who drowned herself, wears always a tapa-cloth garment, and has never been seen without it!" And another said, "Let us seize him and strip it from him and see if he has the shark's mouth."

So straightway some sixteen of them called Nanaüë from his house, and surrounding him, tore the tapa-cloth from his shoulders. And beholding the great mouth gnashing its teeth at them, they threw themselves upon him, shouting for help.

Seeing himself discovered, he fought in bitterest rage, his shark's mouth biting and snapping, but strong as he was, he was at last overcome, and bound with ropes twisted of coconut husk, and held under guard, whilst the whole village crowded about him, to wait for sundown. And the people built an oven on the seashore, and kindled a great fire beneath it, and lined it with red-hot stones for the baking, and ran to fetch Mokoliï.

When the Wizard came, he said to them, "Ye have done well. But before he is put therein, draw back, for if ye heard the spell I am about to pronounce, ye would all instantly die." So they drew back, and he said to Nanaüë, in a low voice, "I am come to aid thee. When thou feelest thy bonds loosen, leap into the sea, and as it is near dark, thou canst easily escape. Forget not that it was Mokoliï who saved thee."

Then he walked three times about the oven, waving his arms and muttering to himself, after which he signed to the people as if to say, "The spell is set. Come now and do your work." But under his breath he repeated a spell at which the ropes that bound Nanaüë snapped like vine tendrils, and feeling himself free, he leaped up and sprang into the sea, whilst Mokoliï exclaimed to the dismayed villagers, "What! Is my wisdom to be wasted on folk without wit enough to tie a knot?"

Thus making good his escape by the aid of the wily Wizard, Nanaüë the shark-man swam a goodly way along the coast, thinking to find another village where he might give free rein to his dreadful appetite, when he came to a shark lying on the surface, weeping and lamenting. Seeing him, it opened its mouth to devour him, when Nanaüë turned on his face, and seeing the shark's mouth betwixt his shoulders, it drew back, saying "Pass in peace, for I perceive that thou art of our blood." He asked it the cause of its lamenting, and it said, "I sorrow, O Shark's-Son, because our monarch has been taken with a grievous illness."

Nanaüë swam on another lengthy while, when he came on a second shark wailing like the first, and of it also he asked the reason of its grief. And it answered, "I mourn because our ruler is sick, and there is small hope for his life." He swam on, and when the night was half spent, he came to a third shark bemoaning itself, and to his question it replied, "A flying fish has just brought news that our Shark-King, Ku-Kamaülu, has but a day to live."

Asked Nanaüë, "Where is Ku-Kamaülu?"

The shark answered, "In his cavern, which is a day's journey from this place. Why dost thou ask?"

"I am his son," Nanaüë told him.

"Then I will take thee there," said the shark. He mounted

"WHERE IS KU-KAMAŬLU?"

on its back and it set forth at speed, and the next night they came to the place of the cavern, whose entrance was beneath a rocky cape, on the sea-bottom. But there it said, "What is now to be done? For thou art still but half fish and canst not live in the cavern."

Said Nanaüë, "Go and tell my father that I am here." And the shark left him and dove out of sight.

It was some time gone, and when it reappeared, it was accompanied by eight aged sharks, the oldest of whom asked him, "What is thy name, and of what mother wast thou born?" He answered, "I am Nanaüë, born of Kaleï." Then said the shark, "Thy father is dead. But in his last moment he named thee his son, and passed the Kingship to thee. Thou art now King of the sharks of Oahu, with its reefs and rivers, its bays and bights, and all waters thereabout." And as it spoke, Nanaüë felt his flesh harden and his skin thicken and his legs melt together into a tail, and all on a sudden he turned into a shark.

Thus the youth Nanaüë became the Shark-King of Oahu He took the name of Kaïaleälé, which is to say Wild-Sea, and wedded the Shark-Queen Kaähupahua, who ruled the island's greatest harbor. He was the most dreaded of all the Shark-Kings. He never took on human form, and wherever he went he was guarded by two four-hundreds of his fierce shark-folk.

He did not forget the Wizard, who, in his life as a man, had saved him from the oven. From time to time Mokoliï would bring from the Upper-Outer-Kingdom a quantity of bananas —

for which fruit the shark-kind has liking — and feast him with them on Oahu Beach, and in return Wild-Sea would fetch Mokoliï rare pearls from the deepest ocean. Save for him, Wild-Sea hated all humankind, and daily ravaged the island's coasts, whilst the canoes rotted on the sand and the faces of the Royal shark-hunters were shamed.

Till at last the King of Oahu sent heralds far and wide, proclaiming that he who slew the King of the sharks should be made a High-Chief and wed his only daughter, the beautiful Kehelé, whose breath was as sweet as pounded ku-kui nuts.

And now, my little brothers and sisters, whilst the Shark-King, who had once been the lad Nanaüë, ravages the coasts of Oahu, and Mokoliï the cunning Wizard sits in his house in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, with his elepaïo-bird twittering on his shoulder and the stolen youth Kaëha slaving at his daily tasks, you shall hear of Kaëha's younger brother, who was called Kaülu-the-Strong.

He was so called because when he reached man's stature he was the strongest youth that had ever been seen in these Lower Islands. A tree is strong, a wave is stronger than a tree, and a hurricane more strong than either, but he had the strength of the tree, the wave, and the hurricane all together.

His father and mother had died in his babyhood, and he had been brought up by his grandfather, the magician. He had been only three years old when his older brother was stolen away, but he remembered how Kaëha had loved him, and never ceased to grieve for him.

When he was eighteen he said to his grandfather, "Give me thy blessing, for I go to search for my brother. If he is alive I shall find him."

The old man bade him go, and with his blessing he gave him a club of ironwood, saying, "Take this, which is my most

precious possession. Throw it in the direction thou desirest to go, keeping a tight grip on its handle, and it will carry thee with it." Then he made him stretch out his hands and repeated a spell over them. Said he, "I make these thy two servants. When a task seems too hard, ask them and they will advise thee."

Kaülu put his food-pack on his back, bade his grandfather farewell, and taking his stand before the doorway, threw the club with all his might, and it took him over the river. He threw it again and it bore him over the mountain. He threw it a third time and it carried him over the plain, and he alighted on the Oahu seashore.

Now it happened that Mokoliï was on this day paying one of his visits to Oahu, and sitting by the wayside, whilst he rested, he sent his elepaïo-bird to fly abroad and learn secrets. The bird encountered Kaülu, walking along, following everything with his eyes, and chirped to him, "Ele*païo!* El-e-*paï-o!* Aloha. Love to thee, youth. Who art thou, and what dost thou here"

Kaülu responded, "Love, indeed. My name is Kaülu, and I search for my older brother, who was stolen away in my childhood."

Now the elepaïo-kind have no mind, but only memory, and when it heard this, it said, "Beyond this plain is a mountain. Over the mountain is a river. Across the river is a valley. There is an older grandson and a younger grandson, and the name of the older is Kaëha."

Cried Kaülu, "If thou knowest so much, it must be thou canst tell me where to find him."

Said the elepaïo-bird, "In the Upper-Outer-Kingdom. Pounding the taro root, gathering the faggots, tending the melon patch."

"Tell me who stole him," said Kaülu, and the bird twittered,

"There yonder is a man, and the man is a Wizard, and the Wizard is Mokoliï, and Mokolii stole him." And it flew back to its master and perched on his shoulder.

"Well," said the Wizard, "what hast thou learned?"

And it replied, "There is an older grandson and a younger grandson, and the younger seeks the older, and the name of the younger is Kaülu."

Just then up came Kaülu-the-Strong, with his club under his arm, and he asked the Wizard, "Art thou Mokoliï?"

"I am," Mokoliï answered. "What wouldst thou with me?"

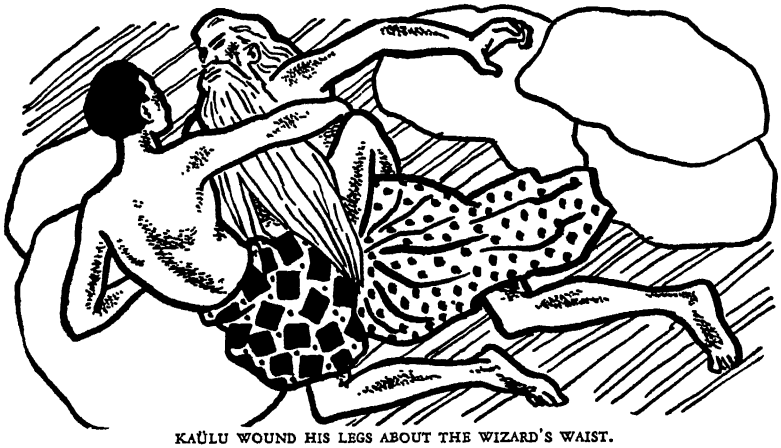
"I seek my brother Kaëha. If thou art the one who stole him, thou shalt suffer for it."

Replied the Wizard, "I have a slave of that name, but he was never thy brother. Sit on my knees and I will take thee to him, and thou canst see for thyself."

Then Kaülu, seeing how Mokoliï's eyes burned red, asked his hands, "Hands, hands, are you strong?" And his right hand answered, "*I* am." And his left hand answered, "*I* am." And both said together, "We are."

So he sat on the Wizard's knees, when Mokoliï, repeating a spell, flew with him into the upper air, purposing to throw him down and dash him to pieces. But Kaülu wound his legs about Mokoliï's waist, and wrapped the Wizard's long beard about his thighs, and held him such a grip that Mokoliï could not dislodge him. He mounted higher and higher, till they reached the very rim of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, putting forth all his power in vain. Kaülu clung to him like a limpet to the rock.

For three days and nights they struggled thus, till both were famished, when at last Kaülu said to his right hand, "Lima-Kaü-Kahi, art thou still strong?" It replied, "I am," and Kaülu bade it loose not its hold. He said to his left hand, "Lima-paï-



KAÜLU WOUND HIS LEGS ABOUT THE WIZARD'S WAIST.

hala, art thou still strong?" It replied, "I am," and he bade it draw a joint of sugar-cane from his food-pack, and he took it and began to chew it.

Said Mokoliï, "Give me thy sugar-cane, and I will take thee back unhurt."

Kaülu answered, "Set me down here in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, and thou shalt have it."

But the Wizard would not, so Kaülu finshed the sugar-cane, and presently he bade his left hand give him a calabash of awa-wine from his pack to drink. When he smelled the wine Mokoliï's mouth watered, and he snarled, "Give me the calabash and I will set thee down here."

Kaülu returned, "Do it first." Seeing there was no help for it, the Wizard set him down in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom and took the calabash, and when he quenched his raging thirst, he exclaimed, "Find thy brother if thou canst, and may the grasshoppers devour thee!" And he muttered his spell and flew into the air and vanished, whilst Kaülu said to himself, "At any rate, I am here in Mokoliï's land, and when I find his house I shall find my brother."

When he had slept a round of the sun Kaülu set out, throwing his club, which carried him over tangled forest and green mountain, asking whomever he met where Mokoliï's habitation was to be found. On the third day he found himself in a grove of banana trees, where two men were cutting the fruit. As they piled the bunches, one said to the other, "What can Mokoliï do with so many?" His comrade replied, "He takes them tomorrow to the land of the Lower Islands, where he feasts his crony the Shark-King of Oahu."

At nightfall, when they bore the fruit to Mokoliï's house, Kaülu followed them secretly, and climbing a palm tree, concealed himself in its top, from whence he could see the Wizard sitting in his doorway, with his elepaïo-bird perched on his shoulder. He heard him say to the bird, "The youth Kaülu is very strong. He is in this land, and lest he find his brother here and do me mischief, I take the slave tomorrow to Oahu Beach, where my friend the Shark-King shall rid me of him. Dost thou understand?"

And the elepaïo-bird chirped, "E-le-*paï*-o! There is the younger grandson and the older grandson, and Kaülu the younger seeks the older. There is Oahu Beach, and to the beach comes the Shark-King, and to the Shark-King goes Kaëha."

Then the Wizard said, "At daybreak fly in advance of me to Oahu, and bid Wild-Sea's patrols say to him that moonrise I bring him a feast of bananas, and to close the feast a morsel of flesh sweeter to his taste than white fowl or black pig." When the bird had recited this in its own fashion, he put it on the shelf, where it went to sleep, and he lay down on his mat and slept also.

Presently the slave came from the house to gather faggots, and watching him, Kaülu thought, "He can be none other than my lost brother!" And he descended from the tree and told him

who he was, and both rejoiced and wept over one another.

Said Kaülu, at length, "The Wizard, I have learned, is to take thee on a journey tomorrow."

"Aye," Kaëha replied, "we go with bananas, to feast one of the Kings of the Lower Islands."

Kaülu asked him, "Does he not take something else for the feast, belike a goat or a turtle?"

"Nay," answered his brother, "he spoke of nothing else."

Then Kaülu asked, "In what manner does he carry the fruit?"

"In a great bag of grass-cloth," Kaëha told him. "He has drunk much awa-wine today, and will sleep till noon, when I am to have the bananas packed ready in the bag."

Said Kaülu, "There will not be bananas in the bag. I shall be there instead."

Next morning, Kaülu concealed the bunches of fruit in the thicket, and when noon was near he took his place in the bag. And scarce had he done so when Mokoliï awoke and stretched himself. He seized the bag, grumbling at its weight (as well he might, Kaülu being of a bulk to match his strength), and setting his yellow teeth in Këaha's girdle, repeated his spell and flew into the air.

When he descended to Oahu in the land of the Lower Islands, the moon was rising. He sped to the beach, where the instant he alighted Kaülu slit the bag with his knife and sprang upon him. Too late Mokoliï would have repeated his spell-of-flight: Kaülu shouted to his two hands, and they grasped the Wizard's throat so tight that he could not pronounce a word, and Kaülu filled his mouth with the grass-cloth and bound him hand and foot with his girdle.

Presently the Shark-King thrust up his snout from the waves —and he was now become more enormous than any fish in all the seas, big enough to swallow down a double-canoe with

KAULU GRASPED THE WIZARD'S THROAT.

its forty paddlers —and cried, "Ho, Mokoliï! Hast thou brought my bananas?"

Kaülu answered in the Wizard's voice, "Alas, my friend! The bananas are not yet fully ripe. I bring thee, however, thy tidbit more luscious than any fruit — thy morsel more delicious than black pig or white fowl!"

Said Wild-Sea, "That can be only a man! Give him to me quickly, for I am very hungry!"

And Kaülu, seizing Mokoliï, threw him with a mighty throw, and the Shark-King's great jaws nipped him in two before he touched the water. Such was the end of the greatest and wickedest of the Wizards.

But Mokoliï revenged himself on the Shark-King after all. For he was so full of evil that his flesh was the direst of poisons, and Wild-Sea had scarce swallowed the last bit before a spasm seized him. He swam in frenzied circles, lashing the sea with his tail till it rose in water-spouts, whilst he swelled greater and more great, till he burst with an explosion like

eight thunders, at which his bodyguard, in fear, made for the open sea.

Kaülu-the-Strong swam to the Shark-King's body and cutting off his head, hung his jawbone on a tree. And when the people, thronging to the beach, beheld the terror of the island dead, they rejoiced, and carried Kaülu to the King of Oahu, who straightway married him to his daughter, the beautiful Kekelé, whose breath was as sweet as pounded ku-kui nuts.

Kaleleä and His Wish

ONCE IN the old, old time, my little brothers and sisters, on this island of Oahu, there was a boy named Kaleleä. When he was born his father exclaimed, "Here is a son to bring life to my bones!" And as he grew he taught him all manly sports, so that he could leap up and down a high precipice and run on the water like a waterfowl, as swift of foot as if he had been born of the wind. In particular he taught him the arts of boxing and of war, so that as a youth he was expert with the spear and war-club.

When he was eighteen he said to his father, "It is time I traveled to other places and tried my hand against strangers. I pray thee, give me a canoe."

So his father outfitted a canoe for him and bade him sail wherever he would. He gave him, also, when he departed, a dart-arrow of Kamini wood, whose center-notch was made of whale-tooth ivory and its throwing-cord of porpoise hide. Said he, "This arrow is a magic one, which has come down to me from my great-grandfather. Its name is Puané! It will point always to thy good fortune. Throw it as thou wilt, and go whither it falls — there thou wilt find thy luck."

Kaleleä chose as companion a youth of his own age whom

his comrades called Keïnoho — which is to say the Slattern — because he took little care of his looks. Though he was cowardly, he was strong and hardy and knew how to manage a canoe. Together they sailed away to the near-by island of Kaüi.

Darkness fell whilst they were on the high sea. A great wind arose and the Slattern began to tremble with fear. "Let us turn back!" he begged. "For these waters are known to be the haunt of a sea-spirit, which rides the waterspout and shoots men with flying fishes, forbidding passage except it please him."

But Kaleleä answered, "No sea-spirit shall stop me!"

Even as he spoke there uprose from the sea in their path two arms as huge as trees, with hands hairy and horrible, that hovered over the canoe with wide-stretched fingers, whilst a voice boomed, "Who passes here?"

Terror gripped the Slattern, and he shrieked, "Answer that this canoe is from the gods, and perchance it will not slay us!"

Kaleleä, however, rose to his feet and shouted bodly, "I, Kaleleä, of Oahu, pass!" when the arms were drawn back into the sea and disappeared. So they sailed on and the next day landed on the Kaüi coast.

When they beached their canoe Kaleleä set the knot of the throwing-cord in the arrow's ivory notch, and exclaiming, "Puané, go to my luck!" threw it. Wind-fleet, it flew over a plain, a river, and a hill, and they set out, following its flight. It had struck into the ground at a place where a company of warriors were contesting at boxing, falling in their midst, and they had said to one another, "This is a challenge, and he who cast it shall box with the best of us!" But when Kaleleä came to claim it, seeing him a youth of humble appearance, they threw it to him, saying, "Get thee gone! This is a matter between fighting men and not for slaves whose work is counting cock-roaches."

Kaleleä was angered at this, and said he, "My arrow was thrown from afar and fell here by chance, but count it a challenge if ye will."

At that one of them, who was called Maïloü, which is to say the Bone-Breaker, cried out, "Insolent!" and aimed a fearsome lunge at him, but Kaleleä warded it, and smote so hard a blow in return that the man fell unconscious.

Kaleleä threw his arrow again, this time toward the west, and it soared over a temple, a fishpond, and a banana grove. It came to earth in a valley, where, following its flight, they found eight High-Chiefs practicing the spear-throw, and stopped to watch them. They were casting at the trunk of a distant coconut tree. Six missed entirely, the seventh grazed its side, and only the eighth struck it squarely, so that its crest shook and a coconut fell to the ground.

At the poor markmanship Kaleleä laughed, and the last who had thrown said to him, "Son of a dog! Knowest thou one who can do better than that throw of mine?"

"Aye," Kaleleä replied, "I myself can do better."

"What wilt thou wager?" asked the Chief.

"My life," Kaleleä answered, "against thy war-club."

"So be it!" agreed the Chief. "This night thou shalt die and be offered a sacrifice to our gods."

Kaleleä chose a spear and stroked it between his hands from end to end. He breathed on its point and whispered to it. Then he drew it back and hurled it, and it broke the spear that quivered in the tree trunk and split the tree to pieces. At which the Chiefs shouted with admiration, and the one with whom he had wagered gave him his war-club.

Kaleleä threw his dart-arrow a third time, now to the south, and it flew over a bald-headed man and a blind man, a club-footed man and a hunchback, then circled to the west and fell

"MY LIFE, AGAINST THY WAR-CLUB."

in the lowlands of the land of Ewa. Following its direction, he and the Slattern came to a charming glade in which they were sure it had dropped. But they could see no trace of it. In the glade was a splendid walled fishpond, from which two maidens were netting silversides. One of them was so lovely that Kaleleä grew dizzy from looking at her. Her eyes were as purple as a banana flower and her lips redder than the hibiscus petals. She wore a short skirt of tapa-cloth and a cape trimmed with feathers, and her hair was adorned with ornaments of pink coral.

She said to him, "Aloha, youth! Love to thee. What dost thou seek here?"

He responded, "Love indeed. I seek a dart-arrow which I threw from afar. Hast thou not seen it?"

And the other maiden answered for her, "Nay, we have not seen it."

Now the arrow had in truth fallen in the glade, but her sister, picking it up, had noted its fine workmanship, and had said to the other, "This is the arrow of no common man. Take it in the house, and when its owner comes for it, it will give me excuse to speak with him." Now, seeing how strong and comely Kaleleä was, she could not look at him enough.

She asked in jest, "What is thine arrow's name?" And he replied, "Its name is Puané."

Said she, still in jest, "Why dost thou not call to it?" And he called its name loudly, when instantly a high, thin voice from within the house answered, "Here I am, Master, here I am."

She was astonished at the marvel. Said she, "Truly it is there. I denied it only to try thee." She went to fetch it, and when she handed it to him, he bade her farewell and left the grove with her beauty burning in his heart.

A fourth time Kaleleä threw his arrow, and now it soared

eastward and fell on the uplands of Ewa, where after long search he and the Slattern found it. The earth there being rich, each marked out a strip of ground for his own. They planted them with fruits and vegetables, and under a great samang tree, which cast a shadow like a thundercloud, they built a house which they named Arrow-Flight, thatched with pili grass, with moonflowers climbing over its door, in which they lived in comfort, working by day and spending the evening playing pebble-checkers[1] or in conversation.

One night, after their evening meal, when they had lighted a string of ku-kui nuts, so that the room was bright, and had stretched themselves on the sleeping-mats under their bark coverlids, with pillows under their heads and their eyes on the rafters, Kaleleä looking at one gable and the Slattern at the other, Kaleleä said to his comrade, "Art thou sleepy?" The Slattern answered, "No." Said Kaleleä, "Neither am I. Let us play the game of wishes. Tell me the dearest wish of thy soul, and I will tell thee mine."

"What good will that do us?" grumbled the Slattern.

"Perchance the gods will hear and will grant them."

"Well," said the Slattern, "I wish that we may sleep till the cock crows in the morning, then pound some roots till they are soft for bait, bait our eel-trap, catch a fat eel, bring it home, wrap it in banana leaves and bake it in the earth-oven. When the cock crows the second time I wish that we may take the eel from the oven and set it to cool, then eat all we can hold of it and afterward lie down on the mats, with our heads on the pillows and our eyes on the rafters, where the rats are racing back and forth — just as we are doing now. That is my dearest wish."

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[1] A game played with white and black pebbles on a board laid off in squares.

Said Kaleleä, "It is the wish of a slave. If I could wish for naught better than that, I would go and drown myself."

"If thou hast a better one, tell it," said the Slattern.

"Good!" said Kaleleä. "I wish, then, that tomorrow the King may send for timber and build houses for us. I wish that we may eat his dogs that bite the peoples' faces, and pigs whose tusks cross one another, and the fat milkfish of the Royal fishponds. I wish that we may drink of the best awa-wine, prepared by him and poured and held to our lips by his own hands: And I wish that when we have eaten and drunk our fill and slept, the King may bring his two daughters and marry them to us. That is a wish worth wishing, and it is mine."

But to hear this the faint-hearted Slattern trembled with fear. "Nay, nay!" he cried. "A wish like that will bring us to our death-day!" And he covered his head with his pillow that he might not listen.

Now there was rebellion in the land, and the King, whose name was Kaku, had spies everywhere. One had reported to him that the house in the uplands, wherein the two youths dwelt, showed a light that sometimes burned till the stars stopped blinking at the dawn, and he sent a spy to learn what was talked of there. It befell that on the night Kaleleä and the Slattern exchange their wishes, the spy lay beside the wall of the house with his ear glued to a crack, and heard them. He thrust a wooden dagger into the red clay of the doorway and hastened to make report to the King.

Kaku summoned the Chief-Captain of his army, his Chief-Wizard, and the wisest of his Counselors, and bade the spy repeat his tale of the two wishes, after which he said to his Counselor, "What sayest thou of this?"

The Counselor exclaimed, "What! Thou, the King, to give these beggers Royal food and drink, house them, and make them

husbands of thy daughters? For such insolence they should be baked in the oven!"

The King then asked his Wizard, and he replied, "They should be hurled from the highest precipice!"

Lastly he asked his Chief-Captain, who said, "O King, the first youth's wish was innocent enough. As for the second, it will be wise for thee to carry out his wish, small and great, without delay. For if there is a man in thy kingdom who can put down thine enemies, it is like to be this youth."

After consideration, and from his great faith in his Captain's wisdom, Kaku bade that Kaleleä's wish be carried out. He set two twenties of men to building in the night twin grass-houses, side by side in the Royal enclosure, and the Royal cooks to preparing a feast, cooking the dogs and pigs from the Royal wattles and the milkfish from the Royal pond. All was to be ready by the following morning.

Now when Kaleleä and the Slattern awoke next morning and opened the door of their house, beholding the wooden dagger sticking in the clay beside the doorway, the Slattern exclaimed, "Here is the sign of a King's spy! One has been here, and no doubt has carried our game of wishes to the King! This is our death-day."

But Kaleleä returned, "No harm has come to us yet. But I still wish my wish, even if death come to my bones!" And he cooked the morning meal and set it out on the mats and ate. But the Slattern had no appetite.

When noon drew near they beheld a company of men coming from the forest. They carried stone axes, and the Slattern cried, "Death is but a span before our foreheads!" And he began to weep and bemoan himself. But these passed by, and there followed them a train of porters, wearing Royal aprons, bearing house-timbers. Said Kaleleä, "Why dost thou weep? They are

carrying to the lowlands the beams for the houses the King is building us." And he cooked their noon meal and ate it. But the Slattern trembled so that he could not eat for the clicking of his jaws.

When evening came they beheld another company ascending the slope. These had war-helmets and their leader wore a Royal feather-cloak, and all were armed with spears and war-clubs. When he saw them the Slattern fell down from fear, but Kaleleä exclaimed, "Coward! If we die, we die, but we are not dead yet."

Said his comrade, "For what are the litters they bring, but to carry us to the ovens?"

But Kaleleä replied, "What if they be to bear us to our wedding feast and our marriage to the King's daughters?"

He lifted the shivering Slattern in his arms and threw him through the doorway. Then he seized his war-club, and saying, "Whatever be our fate, we have no further need of this wretched lean-to!" he smote its corner timber such a blow that it splintered and the whole dwelling tumbled in ruins.

Then he asked the leader of the armed men, "What would you of us?" The Chief replied, "The King has sent us to bring you both to the Royal house. But fear not, for life is with you."

At that the Slattern took heart, and they entered the litters and were borne swiftly to the lowlands and to the Royal enclosure, where the King's Chief-Counselor received them.

There a feast was spread, at which his Priests and Wizards, with all the High-Chiefs and Low-Chiefs, were gathered, the youths were seated on the Royal mats in places of honor. And hearing the beating of the drums, and the rattling of the coconut rattles, and smelling the good smell of roast meats and fowls and turtles, and the spicy scent of sweet guavas, mangoes, and awa-wine, the Slattern felt his insides yawn, and Kaleleä said

to himself, "If I am dreaming, may I never wake up!"

The King with his own hand set the platters before them, the roast dog and the pig with the crossing tusks, the taro root and the sweet potatoes, and the eels and fat milkfish from the Royal fishpond. With his own hands he mixed the awa-wine and poured it and put the calabashes upon their knees, and all the Chiefs shouted when they drank.

At midnight, when all were filled with the food and drink, the King said, "O my Counselors and Warriors! As ye know, I have been for three years at war with the King of Kona, who claims my territory and has set at naught my rights. So far I have been unable to win the victory. The gods have sent to me, however, these two heroes, by whom success will come. Today I make them my sons-in-law by marriage to my two daughters, and dwellings have been prepared for them beside mine own."

At that all the gathering shouted, and the King rubbed noses with them, and his Chief-Counselor took them to their new grass-houses where they found their wives, the Royal Princesses, awaiting them. And whom, my little brothers and sisters, do you think was Kaleleä's bride? None other than the lovely maiden who had hidden his magic dart-arrow Puané, whose eyes were as purple as a bananna flower and her lips redder than the hibiscus petals!

So there they two dwelt together in all joy, whilst every day he loved her the more, and she thought that all the lands of the Lower Islands could not hold another man half as handsome as was he.

Now after a time the King of Kona, whose name was Great-Owl, growing bolder, came with an army and attacked one of the Ewa villages, and King Kaku's warriors made ready to fight them. Whilst the beating of the sharkskin drums rode the

air, the Slattern, who had done nothing since his marriage but eat and drink and lie on his back on the mats watching the rats race in the rafters, came to Kaleleä, and said he, "What is to be done? I can paddle a canoe, but as for fighting, I know less about it than the King's mother-in-law. When he talked of our winning the victory, he meant thee, not me."

"That may be thine own opinion," Kaleleä answered. "But my wish was for no fighting. I shall remain here with my wife and let her plait gardenia blossoms into wreaths for me to wear."

When he heard this the Slattern's hair stood on end. "If we both stay behind," he groaned, "the King is like to take away our wives and send us back to the uplands — or to the oven! If thou wilt not go, why, then I must." And he took Kaleleä's war-club, to look the part, and went after the warriors.

The way led around a mountain, and by the time they reached the enemy he had no more breath in him than a water-soaked sponge. When the Chiefs waited for him to lead them, he said, "Do attack them in the front, whilst I circle around alone and fall upon them in the rear." And when they opened the fight he crept away and hid himself in a patch of sugar-cane.

As for Kaleleä, as soon as the Slattern lef him, he said to his wife, "I have a longing to eat shrimps. Go to the shore and net some for me, whilst I rest. But come not back to wake me till the sun is low."

So she departed on the errand, and when she was out of sight, he daubed his face with wet clay, and rubbed ashes in his hair, so that he had the look of an aged man. Then, exclaiming, "Puané, go to my luck!" he threw his dart-arrow. It flew high over the mountains around which the warriors were marching, and saying to himself, "This will be a short cut," he ran up its steep cliffs as nimbly as a goat.

On the further side he overtook the King's Chief-Captain — who, being lamed from an earlier war, had set out in advance of the rest that he might be in time for the encounter — and greeted him. "Aloha!" he said. "Whither art thou limping so early?"

"Hast thou not heard, old man?" returned the other. "King Great-Owl is attacking our border, and I go to join the fight."

Said Kaleleä, "Lest thou be late, let me carry thee." And he set the Captain on his shoulder, and ran, as swift as the darting of a firebird, to a hillock which overlooked the plain whereon the battle was beginning, and set him down there, saying, "The fighting will come this way, for the enemy will drive the Royal forces back, and here thou canst rally them."

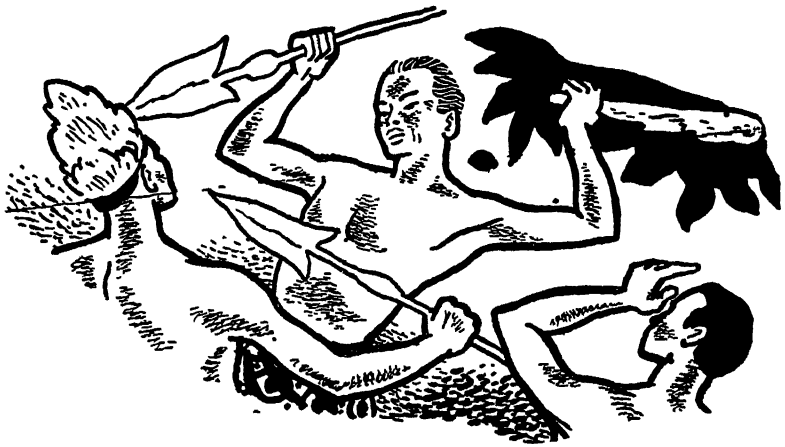
Said the Captain, "I thank thee. Never have I seen one of thy many years so strong! Canst thou not fight, too?"

"Nay," Kaleleä answered, "this is the day on which I eat shrimps." And he left him, and running swiftly as a gull flies, circled Great-Owl's army, and coming upon them from behind, snatched a spear from one and a war-club from another, and charged amongst them like a mad shark in a school of minnows. As his club slashed from side to side, men fell before him like reeds in a hurricane, and they trampled one another in panic.

Straight through their ranks he went, and in their very front slew their leader and took his feather-cloak and helmet, and whilst they fled, made off with them to the hills, and by a roundabout way, came home. There he hid his spoils beneath the flooring, washed the clay from his face, and combed the ashes from his hair, and was snoring peacefully when at sundown his wife came with the shrimps.

As for the Slattern, peering from his nest in the sugar-cane, and beholding the invaders in flight, he crept forth, and after

HE SET THE CAPTAIN ON HIS SHOULDER AND RAN.



HE SLEW THEIR LEADER IN FRONT OF THEM.

following them some distance, turned back. When he rejoined King Kaku's warriors, he exclaimed, "I would have slain more of the rascals, but it is well to leave some to bear news to Great-Owl, that he may beware of us."

Then, thinking him the warrior they had seen smiting in the midst of the enemy and routing them, they shouted in admiration, and putting him at their head, marched back, exulting in the victory.

When King Kaku heard, he exclaimed, "He is a fighter indeed!" And sending for his Chief-Captain, he said, "Thy judgment was, on the whole, good. But it is not my son-in-law of the bold wish who will win for me. He prefers to lie on the mats and drink awa-wine, whilst the other does the fighting." And he made the Slattern a High-Chief.

As for the Captain, however, from his hillock he had noted the way the old man who had carried him went, and had seen him mingle in the fray. And he said to the King, "Judge not hastily, for the cock is not a High-Chief because he roosts on the top of the ridgepole."

The next moon Great-Owl again sent his army across the border, and King Kaku ordered his warriors to repel them. And since Kaleleä would not rise from his mats, the Slattern, groaning with fear, went with them. And once more he bade the warriors begin the attack, and saying, "I myself will go around about and fall upon them from behind," slunk off and concealed himself in a swamp.

And when the troops had departed, Kaleleä said to his wife, "My beautiful, today I have a longing for a dish of the soft sea-moss that grows on the shore. I pray thee, search out some for me. But come not back before evening, for I shall sleep."

She departed accordingly, when he took his magic dart-arrow, and saying "Puané, go to my luck!" threw it toward the west. It circled in air and flew again over the mountain, and with the clay and ashes he gave himself the appearance of the aged man, and followed its flight. Again he found it on the mountain's further skirt, and close by the spot where it had struck into the ground he beheld the King's Chief-Captain, resting his lame leg.

"Aloha!" said he. "Whither dost thou journey so early?"

Said the Captain, "Hast thou not heard? Big-Owl's army has again overrun our border. But I fear I shall be too late for the fray."

"Let me carry thee," said Kaleleä, and setting him on his shoulder, ran like the wind to the plain where the battle was beginning, and set him down on a rock-pinnacle whence he could overlook the encounter.

"Never in my days," exclaimed the warrior, "have I seen an old man of thy speed! Surely thou shouldst today be carrying a war-club."

"Not I," Kaleleä replied. "This is my day for eating sea-

moss." And he set off across the plain, running so fast that the ends of his loincloth snapped behind him. As on the first occasion, he took the enemy in the rear, and snatching the weapons from the first warrior he met, raged so furiously that all fled from him. Nor did he cease till he slew their leader, and taking his feather-cloak and helmet, ran with them to the hills and so home, where he hid his booty under the flooring, and having washed the clay from his face and combed the ashes from his hair, he lay down on the mats.

As for the Slattern, all happened as before. When he saw the enemy routed, he stole from his hidding-place amongst the reeds, and after following them some way, came back, saying to King Kaku's warriors, "The villians led me a hard chase, and a few escaped me!" And as before, he led them back, whilst they chanted songs in praise of his prowess.

Now his wife was as homely and quarrelsome as Kaleleä's was sweet and lovely, and she was envious of her sister's beauty. As she stood at her doorway, watching the warriors feasting the victory, the Chief-Captain came to her, and said, "O my Princess! Thou shouldst have pride in thy husband this day."

She answered, haughtily, "I am a King's daughter. It is no more fitting that I should have for husband a great warrior."

Said he, "I did not see thy sister's husband in the battle. Is he, perchance, sick?"

At that she laughed. "Aye," she replied. "Sick of the sickness that always ails him, whose medicines are roast pig, awa-wine, and sleep." And she went in and closed the door.

Now Kaleleä's wife, returning from her errand at the shore, was just then entering his house adjoining, and overheard her sister's words.

Seeing her turn away weeping, the Captain said to her, "Is this a day for tears?" She answered, "I weep for what she said

of my husband. But is it not his to choose whether he will fight or not? And do not I, his wife, know that he is no coward?"

"Hast thou been with him this afternoon?" he asked.

"Nay," she replied. "He sent me to the shore to fetch some sea-moss for him to eat."

"Did he do likewise on the day of our first battle?"

"Nay," she said, "that day it was shrimps he craved."

With that he left her, and went to the King, who said to him, "Well, our cock still roosts on the ridgepole. And our bold wisher snores on the mats. Shall I not send the snorer back to his upland hovel?"

But the Chief-Captain answered, "Forget not the saying, 'When thy fruit is ripe, another runs away with it.' I pray thee, let thy wrath wait awhile."

As for Kaleleä, he but feigned sleep, and had heard what the Captain said to his wife. When she set the sea-moss before him, he said, "O lovliest daughter of all the High-Chiefs and Low-Chiefs of these Lower Islands! It was by wishing that I gained thee. Tell me, what wish lies deepest in thy soul?"

She answered, "To have thee for my husband."

"Wouldst thou not have me such a one as the mighty warrior who is wedded to thy sister?"

"Nay," said she. "That thou couldst be if thou didst choose."

Now after his two defeats Great-Owl was some time quiet, preparing the war, when he ordered a third attack, and this time he himself led his forces against the Ewa border, where it touched the sea.

So once more King Kaku summoned his warriors to resist them. Again they marched forth, eight four-hundreds of them, the cowardly Slattern at their head. And again Kaleleä sent his wife away and threw his magic dart-arrow. It circled three times in air and flew southward, over a plain and a river, to the

sea, and when with clay and ashes he had given himself the appearance of the aged man, he followed it, running across the river's surface like a waterfowl.

He found the arrow standing in the sand of the beach, and near at hand was the lame Captain — for once on time, having started the day before.

"It is strange," said the warrior, "that I see thee never save just before a battle! Is today thy day to eat cuttlefish, perchance?"

At which Kaleleä laughed. "Today," he said, "I eat an owl." And he made off, at such a pace that the flying sand made a cloud behind him, to meet the approaching enemy.

When he neared them he concealed himself till they had gone past him, when he burst upon their rear like an angered hurricane, with a huge rock in either hand, smiting on both sides at once. Neither club nor spear could touch him. Till Great-Owl's warriors broke and fled along the beach, with him in pursuit. Thus King Kaku's warriors met them, and the flying spears shut out the sun. Straight through the enemy's ranks Kaleleä fought his way to King Great-Owl himself, and slew him with a single blow.

Now the battle had swept about the Chief-Captain, and it befell that his spear, hurled against one of the enemy Chiefs, missed its mark and caught Kaleleä, as he bent to tear off Great-Owl's feather-cloak and helmet, in the left shoulder. But Kaleleä plucked out the spear-point and made off with his spoil, whilst the remnant of the invaders fled to hide themselves amongst the rocks, or threw themselves into the sea, fearing the sharks less than the vengeful war-clubs of King Kaku's men. And a third time the Slattern, who had crouched shivering in a crevice of the cliff, rejoined the rejoicing warriors of Ewa, who

marched back chanting songs of triumph, counting him a hero above all heroes.

That night, as all feasted and made merry, King Kaku said to his Chief-Captain, "The dead Great-Owl's weapons have been brought from the battlefield, but not his helmet or his Royal feather-cloak. Has some miscreant stolen them?"

The Captain replied, "Tomorrow thou shalt have them and more beside."

"Where are they?" asked Kaku.

"They are in the house of one of thine own men," said the Captain.

Cried the King, "The scoundrel! He shall be baked in the oven! Who is he?"

"I cannot tell thee his name," answered the other, "but thou shalt know him by a wound he carries in his left shoulder."

Furious with anger, King Kaku next morning sent his fleetest runners throughout the land of Ewa, bearing his command that all its men, old and young, assemble in the Royal enclosure, before his house, none being excused except those too sick to walk and those who, having fallen down, could not get up again. And the multitude who gathered he made pass before him, each with his left shoulder uncovered. But the shoulder of none showed a wound.

The Chief-Captain said to him, then, "There is one I do not see. Where is thy son-in-law Kaleleä?"

Said the King, "Snoring in his house as usual, no doubt." And he sent one of his Chiefs for him.

When the order came to him, Kaleleä said to his wife, "My little game is played out, and thy sister will no more say words to make thee weep." He took the helmets and feather-cloaks of the two Kona Captains he had slain from beneath the flooring, and arrayed her in them. The Royal cloak and helmet

of the King Great-Owl he himself put on, the cloak over one shoulder, and with the other shoulder bare he led her before King Kaku.

HE LED HER BEFORE KING KAKU.

Seeing him coming in this guise, the King was vastly astonished, and the lame Captain rolled on the ground in delight. "Here are the missing cloaks and helmets, O Kaku!" he said. "Thy hero is not the cock that has been crowing on the ridgepole, but this son-in-law of thine. The wound in his shoulder mine own spear gave him. He is the warrior who has gained all thy victories, and has slain the enemy of thy realm!"

He told, then, his story, and King Kaku's hair stood on end with rage. He bade that the Slattern be brought before him, but he could not be found: at first sight of Kaleleä wearing the feather-cloak, he had slunk away and lost himself in the multitude. Nor was he ever seen again in that land, and his wife was given to a fisherman.

As for Kaleleä, King Kaku made him chiefest of all his High-Chiefs, and when at last his spirit went to join his ancestors in the Underworld of Miru, Kaleleä ruled the lands of Ewa and Kona after him. He and his Queen lived long and happily, and the magic dart-arrow that flew to his luck has been handed down to his sons and his son's sons to this day.

There is tonight's tale, my little brothers and sisters — a tale with laughing lips and its hanging hair wreathed with lehu blossoms. Remember it! Remember it! Remember it!

Kapoï and the Owl-King

MANY generations ago, my little brothers and sisters, in the old, old days, there lived in the Rainbow Valley in the island of Hawaïï, a man named Kapoï. He was very poor and had to work from dawn to dusk for food to keep his bones from showing. His grass-house was decaying and its roof was falling to pieces, so that it was little more than a shelter from the worst of the rain.

One afternoon he went to the near-by marsh to cut a bundle of sedge-grass to mend the thatch, when to his joy he came upon an owl's nest with seven eggs in it.

Saying to himself, "This is my good luck, and I shall have a feast this night," he carried the eggs carefully home, and having washed them and wrapped them in cabbage-trees leaves, he built a fire in the earth-oven before the house, and heated the stones red hot to bake them. But as he was about to lay

them on the hot stones, there came from a mustard tree whose branches overhung his doorway the *tu-whoo* of an owl, and a voice said, in the tongue of the birds, "O Kapoï, give me back my eggs!"

He looked up and beheld a great owl, with a yellow breast and a white crest, which said, "Thou surely canst not mean to devour my eggs, which will be my children!"

Said he, "O Owl, I am a poor man, and so hungry that my insides are yawning. They have had naught to comfort them for three sun-rounds. The eggs are already wrapped for the baking, and as good as eaten."

"I have sorrow for thy hunger," said the owl, "but the eggs are mine, and if thou dost steal them thou shalt suffer the loss of thy bones."

"Well," said Kapoï, "I am not altogether without heart, and thou shalt have them." And he set the eggs in the grass, and the owl flew down, and one by one carried them off in its beak to its nest.

When it came for the last one, it said, "O Kapoï, thou shalt not suffer for thy kindness. There are worse things than hunger, and in an extremity perchance even an owl may aid thee. If thou wouldst make me and my tribe thy constant friends and protectors, build a temple of apple wood for us in the forest, and once each moon lay on its altar three bananas." Having said this, it cried its *tu-whoo* three times, and flew away with the seventh egg.

From that day Kapoï's luck changed for the better. His taro plants suffered no blight, his yams flourished, and hunger visited him no more. And soon he built in the forest the little temple, on whose altar he laid each moon the three bananas.

Now the King of the land, whose name was Ha-Kaü, unknown to Kapoï, had begun to build a great temple to his

gods, and had decreed that no man should build another until it was completed. An enemy of Kapoï's, learning of what he had done, informed the King, who in anger sent armed men, and dragged Kapoï before him, and he was condemned to be slain and baked in the Royal oven as a sacrifice for the King's new temple.

On the third evening thereafter, as he lay alone, bound and bemoaning himself, awaiting execution by the priests, he heard a low *tu-whoo,* and the great owl with the white crest and yellow breast flew in through the doorway. Said he, "O Kapoï, fear not. I am Puëo-Aliï, the King of the owls, and it was my seven eggs thou didst give back when thou wast hungry."

"Aü-e!" moaned Kapoï. "I am in a place where none can help me. For tomorrow's sunrise will see me slain on yonder altar!"

"Nay!" said Puëo Aliï. "Thinkest thou we owls are so helpless? Three days ago, when word was brought me that King Ha-Kaü had had thee seized and had condemned thee to death, I sent swift messengers to all the islands — to Niïhaü, Kaüi, Oahu, Molokaï, and Maüi — and to every forest of all this Hawaiï, all of whose owls, to the number of twenty thousand, have come to rescue thee. Listen and thou shalt hear them." So saying, it flew to the doorway, and flapped its wings thrice, and throughout all the grove about the temple there arose a flapping of wings, like the sound of a great wind. Then bidding him be of good cheer, it flew into the air and vanished.

All through the night, as the priests gathered, whilst the torches flared and the sharkskin drums beat, Kapoï waited. Till the dark lightened and Hawaiï's breasts were pink by the dawn. Then the priests in their red cloaks came in where he lay, chanting their prayer-songs, and the executioners with their clubs, and hope died in his breast.

But even as they waited the signal to slay him, there rose a sound outside like the howl of a hurricane, and in through the doorway came flying a shrieking army of owls. In their thousands, with knifelike beaks stabbing, and hooked claws tearing, they swooped upon them in fury, with their beating wings drowning the drums, and their shrieking pierced the heavens.

In vain the King's men fought them, till blinded, they fled from the temple, seeing in terror the whole sky clouded with the whirring hosts. Then the owls with their sharp beaks severed Kapoï's bonds and freed him, and he went back, wondering, to his house.

When the news came to King Ha-Kaü, he was frightened. He bade that his new temple be dedicated to Puëo-Aliï, and that the owls of the Rainbow Valley thenceforth should be declared protectors of the Royal line, and they are counted so to this day.

As for Kapoï, he made him a High-Chief, and appointed him one of his Counselors, and his son and his son's son after him.

Three Tales of the Goblins Who Lived on the Sea-Bottom

Hema and the Goblin-Woman

LONG, LONG ago, my little brothers and sisters, in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, that is past the rim of the sky-blue ocean and rests on the tops of the highest mountains like a canoe set on the points of spears, there ruled an evil Sorcerer named Tama-i-Wao. He was three hundred years old, and was a Master of Magic, who knew four of the five great spells.

These great spells were: First, that which gave him the power of flight, so that he could soar betwixt sky and earth more swiftly than the swiftest bird. Second, that by which he could instantly alter his size, swelling till he could step from one cliff to another and walk in the forest with his head and shoulders above the trees, or shrinking till he could hide like an insect under a leaf or twig. Third, that whereby he could command the winds. Fourth, that which controlled the sea-monsters, the whale and shark and devil fish. And fifth, that by which one could make himself invisible. All but the last of these Tama-i-Wao possessed, but study and search as he might, he had never found the spell of invisibility.

By his magic he had seized the kingdom, and he ruled it with his two brothers, one of whom he had made Overloard, in our world of the Lower Islands, of the sea-monsters, and the other he had made Master of the Winds — the warm southern breezes, the blustering northwest gales, the whirlwind, the typhoon, and the hurricane.

He had made alliance also with the folk called Pona-Turi. These were a Goblin-People whose home was on the sea-bottom. They could come up on he land only by night, for they could not bear sunlight, and were one exposed to it, it instantly died. They lived on fish and seaweed and, male and female, were fierce and cunning, loving most of all the taste of human flesh.

Tama-i-Wao had one daughter, lovelier than all the daughters of all the High-Chiefs and the Low-Chiefs of the islands, whose name was Waïtiri, and lest any man of the lower countries should gaze upon her, he had forbidden her to set foot beyond the boundary of his kingdom. But, being willful, she often disobeyed him.

As you remember, there was only one path whereby the Upper-Outer-Kingdom could be reached from the Earth. This was by a great vine which drooped down from its rim, against the face of a mountain on whose peak it rested, and whose tendrils, which had grown to be as thick as young trees, had rooted in the ground at its foot. There, however, Tama-i-Wao had stationed his Master of the Winds, and when any man of the lower lands dared attempt to climb up by the vine, the Wind-Master would summon a whirlwind, that lashed him with such fury that it broke his hold and hurled him to the ground, where he was dashed to pieces.

But Waïtiri would prevail on this uncle to let her descend, and on the shore she would call on her other uncle, the Master

of the Sea-Monsters, whom she would coax till he summoned one of his swiftest sharks to bear her abroad on its back. At her bidding it would carry her across the sea and amongst the islands, where she might satisfy her curiosity as to how their people lived and amused themselves.

THE SHARK WOULD CARRY HER ACROSS THE SEA.

One island she visited oftenest because on it was a grove of coconut trees, for the coconut tree did not grow in the Upper-Outer-Country, and she was most fond of its fruit.

Now on this island, which contained only a single village, lived a young fisherman, who excelled all his fellows in strength and good-looks. Whether in spearing fish from his canoe or riding the waves on his surfboard, none could compete with him. Though he was of the age when it is good to marry, and though of all the maidens of the place there was not one but desired him for husband, he looked at none of them. They smiled at him and wore their finest, feather-trimmed capes and bracelets of shells and colored seeds, and made him necklaces of lehu blossoms, and danced for him wearing their belts adorned

with dogs' tails. But with not one would he eat from the same calabash.

At length one night he went to the Wise-Woman of the village, who could read the stars and divine the future by the patterns on the backs of tortoises, where she sat in her grass-house eating spiders, and greeted her.

"Love to thee, Aunt," he said.

"Love, indeed," she replied. "What wouldst thou of me, Nephew?"

Said he, "I have no parents and my house is lonely. I want a woman for my wife."

Said she, "So do all men who have passed beyond spinning tops and flying kites."

"Tell me where I may find one I may love above all others."

Said she, "Wait till this night becomes day, and that day becomes night, and come to me again."

So the next night he came, and when he greeted her, she said, "Thy wife is not of this place, though thou shalt find her here. Go each afternoon to where our river runs into the sea, conceal thyself and watch. Sooner or later a shark will come swimming in, bearing a girl on its back. She is of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom of Tama-i-Wao, and her name is Waïtiri. She will dismount from the shark's back and sport awhile in the fresh water. Then she will climb a coconut tree and pluck a coconut to drink of its milk, after which she will make the tree bend over the water, and leap to the shark's back to return to her own land. Whilst she is drinking the coconut milk, creep near with no more sound than a fish's footsteps, and when she leaps, seize her in thy arms. Though she weep and struggle with thee, do not loosen thy grasp, but carry her to thy house, and she will become thy wife."

He thanked her, and the next afternoon he went to the

mouth of the river and concealed himself in the bushes in the grove of coconut trees. This he did each day for twenty days, and on the twenty-first day he heard the water swish and ripple, and beheld the shark swimming from the sea, with the girl on its back. She was naked, but her long hair, black as midnight, covered her like a cloak, and he held his breath at sight of her beauty.

She dove from the shark's back and swam about awhile, delighting in the fresh water, then, wringing out her dripping hair on the bank, she climbed a coconut tree and began to pluck the fruit and drink its milk, whilst he stole noiselessly nearer and nearer to the tree. And when at last she caused it to bend over the water, and made her leap, he sprang up and caught her in his arms.

HE STOLE NEARER AND NEARER TO THE TREE.

She screamed, whilst the shark thrashed the water madly and clapped its horrid jaws together, but he held her tight, though she besought him with tears to let her go, crying, "What canst

thou want with me, O Man? There can be nothing betwixt thee and me." Then he told her of what the Wise-Woman had said, and of how he had watched there every day and at sight of her had fallen in love with her with all his soul. Till at length she ceased to struggle, and seeing how strong and handsome he was, she said, "Can it be that thou dost love me so much? Surely no one of my own land could please me more!" And she smiled on him so kindly that the shark gnashed its saw-teeth and swam furiously away to carry his tale back to the Upper-Outer-Country.

Now when Tama-i-Wao, the Sorcerer, learned what had happened, he was in a mood to bite the tail off a lizard, so that none of his subjects dared stand before him, and his brothers, the Masters of the Wind and of the Sea-Monsters, did not venture into his presence for a year. He forbade that his daughter Waïtiri's name be spoken, and pronounced against her the curse of blindness.

As for the youth on the island, he carried her to his house, and they straightway became man and wife. They dwelt in happiness together for a year, whilst day by day each loved the other the more, she never regretting the loss of her own land, and he counting himself the most fortunate of men. Till a babe was born to them, a boy, sturdy and comely, whom they named Hema.

When the babe was a moon old, his father took him to the Wise-Woman, and said to her, "Aunt, thou didst give me my wife. Here is our child. I bring him to show him to thee."

Said she, "That is well. I will give him a gift that may be of use to him. Lay him here on the mat, and take me up on thy back and carry me to where the cliff fronts the sea-waves, and I will show thee what my gift is."

He took her on his back and carried her to the place, where

she said, "Set me down facing the cliff, and fasten the words I say to thy memory." He did so, and she repeated these words:

"Matiti matata![1]
Rock-base, be open!"

when instantly the cliff split asunder, revealing a deep cavern, into which she passed, when the rock closed upon her.

He waited in wonderment, till presently the cliff yawned open again and she came from the cleft, which again closed behind her. She asked him, then, "Dost thou remember the words?" He answered, "Perfectly." Said she, "I pass the power of the charm to thee. Repeat it, and enter the rock as did I. To come forth thou hast only to repeat the words, when the rock will open for thee."

He did so, and when he had come forth, she told him, "This spell has come down to me from my great-great-grandfather. Till this night I have never had need to use it, nor can I ever do so again, since thou art now its master. Only its master can use it, and then only for himself alone. When thy son is eighteen years old, thou shalt pass the power to him."

She made him take oath that he would do this, and he carried her back to her house, rejoicing that his son should have such a rare gift.

The little son grew, as fast as a hibiscus tree, till he was as nimble as a wild goat and the strongest lad in the village. His father taught him the names and deeds of his ancestors and the arts of canoe-making, fishing with net and spear, wrestling, and flinging the dart-arrow, and when he was eighteen years old (the Wise-Woman having died long before this) he taught him the spell that opened and closed the rock and passed its power to him.

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1 "Open, cleave asunder!"

Now all this while, Tama-i-Wao, in the Upper-Outer-Country, had not forgotten them. He had ordered his Master of Sea-Monsters to send a horde of his fish-creatures to spy on the island, and these reported that the curse the old Sorcerer had put on Waïtiri was working, and the white film that had come on her eyes was year by year growing thicker, till now she was half blind. When he learned that her husband and son spent their days on the sea in their canoe, searching for a certain seaweed to use as a remedy for her blindness, he ordered that the fiercest sharks be sent to attack them. But both Hema and his father were famous shark fighters, and with their knives of greenstone they slew some forty of them. When this failed, Tama-i-Wao ordered his Master of the Winds to overwhelm them, and he, choosing a time when they were far from shore, called up a hurricane, which fell upon their canoe and sank it, so that the father was drowned, and his son Hema was dashed upon the rocks more dead than alive.

Waïtiri grieved deeply for her husband, and Hema's sorrow was so great that for many days he had no heart even to fish. At length she called him to her, and said, "My son, I can no longer remain here. This blindness of mine was the curse of Tama-i-Wao, who now has slain thy father, and only by a narrow chance hast thou kept thy life. I will return to his land and beg his forgiveness: perchance he will lay aside his hatred and leave thee to live out thy life in happiness."

So she took her stand on the shore, and cried to the shark-spies that ringed the island, "Ho, ye servants of my uncle your master! Bid him send me my carrier-shark to bear me back to my father!" And they took the message to the Master of Sea-Monsters, and the swift shark was dispatched, and Waïtiri bade Hema farewell, weeping, and departed on its back as she had come so many years before.

SHE CALLED TO THE SHARK-SPIES.

But when she arrived at the place where the great twisted vine hung down from the rim of the Upper-Outer-Country, her uncle said to her, "Tama-i-Wao has forbidden thee entrance. He commands that thou remain here to guard the forbidden ascent, forever." So, as there was no help for it, Waïtiri remained there, grieving for her dead husband and the son she had left on the faraway island.

As for the Sorcerer, he said to himself, "I have caught the father, and the son shall not escape me!" And summoning the Chief of the Pona-Turi, the Goblin-Folk whose home was on the sea-bottom, bade him send the fiercest member of his tribe to prey upon the island's inhabitants, till not a single one should remain alive. Accordingly the Pona-Turi Chief chose a female, the most savage of her kind, and sent her to the island, where the creature sought out a cavern on the shore, whose only entrance was beneath the sea-surface, and made it her secret lair, from which she came forth by night to seek her victims.

Thus, one morning, one of the villagers was missing: his

sleeping-hammock, that swung on the porch of his grass-house, was empty. He was never seen again. Before long a second vanished, also in the night, and then a third. The island had no wild beasts larger than goats, yet it was clear that some terrible night-prowling creature was loose upon it. But no one could solve the mystery. Guards were placed about the village in vain. Sometimes it burst through the wall of a house, sometimes through its roof. Somesimes it burrowed like a giant mole under its foundations and overthrew it. There was never any trace found of its victims, for when the Pona-Turi seized a man she would strangle him, and gallop with him to the shore, where she would eat him as a chicken eats a locust, and scoop a hole in the sand and bury his bones.

At length the Chief of the island, who was named Mano, called all the men together — the youth Hema amongst them — and said to them, "Tonight let no man sleep, but let every one remain outside his house and conceal himself, and it may be we shall discover what is the curse that rests upon us." So all did this, one hiding in a crevice of the rock, and another in his roof-thatch, while Hema climbed a palm tree and concealed himself in its top.

There were two men who chose to watch together, and they went to the shore and covered themselves with sand. But in the night drowse overcame them, and they fell asleep. At daybreak one awoke and found that his comrade had vanished, and in the sand were great holes, as if a tree had been walking.

He ran to the village and told his tale, and the Chief said, "Alas! There can no longer be doubt. It is one of the Pona-Turi folk that haunts our shore! Our island has no trees big enough to make seagoing canoes, wherein we might seek out a new land. Here we must remain, and it will be the goblin's life or ours. With every human being a Pona-Turi devours, it

becomes twice as strong as it was before, and this one, by the size of its footprints, has eaten many, and will be hard to overcome. Let us keep our weapons ready and sell our lives as dearly as possible."

When Hema heard this, he said to himself, "The Pona-Turi are in alliance with my mother's father, Tama-i-Wao, the Sorcerer, and it is he who is responsible for this. He drowned my father with the hurricane, and for that I swear to punish him. I cannot hope to overcome this creature, or to save these helpless people, but I can keep my own life." So, after that, each evening, at the approach of dark, he would go to the cliff on the shore, and facing it, say the magic spell:

"Matiti matata!
Rock-base, be open!"

And when the cliff split asunder he would enter the cavern and sleep there in safety till morning.

But day by day, as the disappearances went on, he was more and more sorrowful that the charm would work only for himself alone. For do what they would, though every man strengthened his doors and slept with spear and stone ax at his side, in a year's time the village had shrunk to a quarter of its size, and most of its grass-houses were empty.

Now the Chief of the island had an only daughter, whose mother had died at her birth. She was sixteen years old and as lovely as the sunrise. Her name was Ulu. He had thought, "When the Pona-Turi believes it has devoured all on the island, it will leave it, and perchance I can save my daughter." So he had dug a pit beneath the flooring of his house, and had hidden her there, with enough food and drink to last her many moons, and had kept her hidden there day and night, praying that the haunter might not find her, and bidding her, even though he himself should be taken, on no account to show herself, so long

as a morsel of the food or a drop of the water remained.

Thus it was when the day came when there were but three persons left — Hema, and the Old Chief, and his daughter hidden in the pit beneath the flooring, whom Hema did not know was still alive.

That night Ulu was wakened in her hiding-place by a terrible noise. The beams of the house shook, and the walls fell in, and she heard her father cry out, and knew that the Pona-Turi had come and had taken him.

For an hour she lay trembling with fear. And at last she heard heavy footfalls above her and a sniffing all about like that of a monstrous rat. Then the flooring was torn away as if with great hooks, and in the moonlight that came through the riven wall, she saw the Pona-Turi glaring down at her.

She was two spear-lengths tall, with eyes as big as a man's fist, and a mouth huge as a platter, filled wih tusks like a wild hog. Her legs were like scaly-bark almug[2] trees, her skin as rough as an aged shark's, and her face as covered with warts as a floating log with barnacles. She had hair like grey moss and eyes red as a rat's, and she was naked save for a skirt woven of seaweed.

She stretched out a bony arm as long as a tree branch, and snatching Ulu up as one picks up a shrimp, fled like the wind to the seaside. There she dove with her into the sea, and presently, half drowned and all but dead with terror, the girl opened her eyes in the rock-cave that was the creature's lair. It was dimly lighted by a fire of palm fronds that burned at one side.

The Pona-Turi threw Ulu down on a heap of seaweed, and snarled, in a voice like the crackling of burning bushes, "What is thy name?"

[2] Sandalwood.

"It is Ulu," the girl answered, trembling.

"One name is as good as another," said the goblin. "Dost thou know why I have brought thee here? It is to cook my food for me. That must be fish henceforth, since I have eaten all the folk on this island but thee. The first time it is burned thou shalt be eaten instead. Now feed the fire, for I am tired and will sleep." So saying, she stretched her huge hulk on the floor and began to snore, whilst Ulu wept herself to sleep, in grief for her dead father and fear for her own life.

She woke to find the cave almost in darkness and the fire nearly out, and she rose to feed it. The sound roused the Pona-Turi, who said, "The sun will be up by now, but I hate the sunlight. There are some fish yonder that I speared yesterday. Dress and cook them for me!"

Ulu mended the broken oven with bits of rock, and dressed and cooked the fish, and the Pona-Turi gobbled them down bones and all, leaving only a tail or two for the girl, and immediately went to sleep again.

When at last she woke, she scrambled up, saying, "Night has come, and I must be off to the reefs for my fish-spearing. I shall be back before daybreak. Whilst I am gone build me a larger oven, for in spite of all the human flesh I have eaten of late, I feel my hunger growing within me. And do not think to leave this cave, for I keep my pet shark at the end of the sea-passage, and he would make but two bites of thee." So saying, the goblin took a spear and fish-basket from a corner and diving into the water, swam out through the under-passage into the sea.

Such was Ulu's first sun-round in the sea-cave, and many followed like it. The Pona-Turi snored by day and fished by night, and ate as much as ten strong men. Always the girl

cooked whilst the goblin snored, and in the long nights when she was alone wondered how she might escape.

At length one night she said to herself, "As well be eaten as live forever like this! At any rate let me find out whether the sea-passage is difficult." And when the goblin departed for her fishing, she slipped into the water and swam after her through the passage. Across the sea-entrance a huge shark was lying, and the Pona-Turi stopped to rub noses with it, on which it moved aside and let her pass.

Ulu thought, "Sharks are dull of brain and eye, and it is thus it knows her. Well, I can do that also." So she returned to the cave, and after waiting awhile, swam down the passage a second time, and at the entrance she rubbed noses with the shark, and it let her go by.

When she came to the sea-surface the beach was bright with moonlight and the goblin nowhere to be seen. She waded ashore, and in the beauty of the night she forgot danger and walked up the strand till she came to the great cliff, where she sat down to rest. When suddenly she heard the sound of rock grinding against rock, and saw the cliff split open, and a youth came from the chasm, which instantly closed behind him. He held a spear in his right hand and a stone ax in his left.

Seeing her, he lifted the spear to throw it, when she cried out in fear, and at the cry he lowered it, exclaiming, "What! Art thou not the Pona-Turi?"

She answered, "Nay, I am Ulu, the daughter of Chief Mano." And she told him how the goblin had slain her father and smelled her out under the flooring where he had hidden her, and how she kept her now a prisoner in her lair. On his part he told her of his magic spell that had given him safety, and how at last, deeming himself the only one of the islanders left alive, and seeing no way of escape, he had determined to face

"I AM ULU, DAUGHTER OF CHIEF MANO."

the monster and either slay her or be slain and eaten himself.

Conversing thus together, seeing her beauty, Hema felt love of her enter his heart, whilst she began to love him also. At length, seeing that the coming dawn was paling the sky, she said, "I must go back now, lest the Pona-Turi return and find me gone."

He answered, "Not so. I shall teach thee my spell, and pass its power to thee. Then, though I die, thou canst be safe."

But she cried, "No! If thou wert to die I should drown myself. Even were I safe by night and free by day, I could not live lonely on the island. The goblin will do me no harm so long as I cook her fish for her. Let us wait, for time mends many things."

So they parted, after agreeing to meet at the same spot every other night. And this they did. When the goblin had departed to her fishing, Ulu would wait an hour and then swim out by the sea-way, rubbing noses with the shark, and at the cliff she would call Hema's name. When he heard, he would ask from within the rock, "Where is the Fisher-by-Night?" and she would answer, always in the same words: "On the long reef, on the short reef, spearing wide fish and netting narrow fish. Open, my darling!" Then Hema would speak his magic spell, and the cliff would open, and they would be together.

However, though they met thus many times, they could think of no way out of their dilemma, and at last one night Ulu stayed too long. The Pona-Turi returned to the rock-cave before she arrived. Seeing the girl was not there, the cunning goblin swam back with her catch of fish through the passage, and lay hidden on the shore till she saw Ulu hastening along the sand. Said she to herself, "Where has she been? Perhaps there is someone alive on the island that I have missed, and she has found him!"

She waited awhile after Ulu had entered the sea-passage, noting how the girl rubbed noses with the shark, and then came herself to the opening. There the shark said, in its own tongue, "Didst thou not pass just now, Mistress?" "Nay," she replied. "Thou hast been dozing and dreamed it, but I shall need thee no longer on this service, and thou art dismissed." And the shark went off gladly to gambol with its own kind.

When the Pona-Turi entered the cave, she threw down her fish, bidding Ulu cook them, and went to sleep, and the day passed as usual. But when night came again and she departed, she did not go to the reefs, but stretched herself on the sea-bottom and watched.

All night long she watched, growing more furious every hour when the girl did not appear. When daylight came she seized on a devilfish, which she threw down in the cave, saying to Ulu, "This is all I have brought. I speared a beautiful two-legged fish, however, but was so hungry that I could not wait, and gobbled it raw."

This she said to try her, but Ulu, though she trembled inwardly to see how her goblin-eyes burned redder and her cruel mouth watered, told herself, "Surely she cannot have pierced the cliff, and he is safe!" And she showed no concern, but saying, "I am glad it was to thy liking, Aunt," went on with her work.

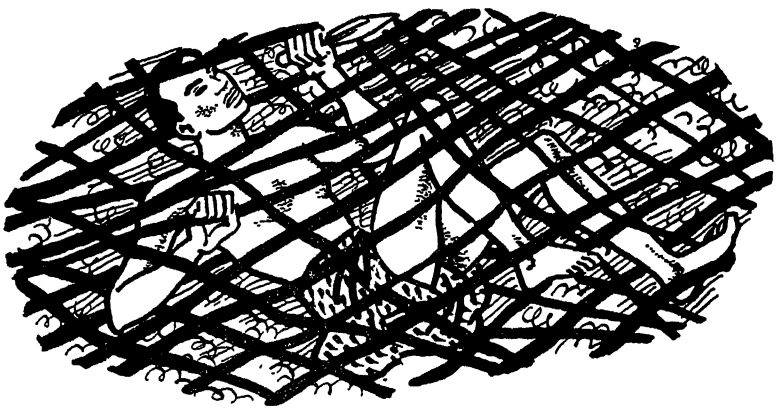
The next night the Pona-Turi watched again, and this time she followed Ulu at a little distance, crouching behind the rocks and sand-hillocks. She heard her call Hema's name, and the words she said, and saw the cliff open and the youth come forth and the rock closed behind him. And thinking what a delicious morsel he would make for her, she smacked her lips and shuddered with delight.

The next night the goblin could scarcely wait for the sun to

set, when she set out, this time taking with her a huge net woven of thick vines, ten spear-lengths across, towing it after her through the under-passage like a canoe. She galloped up the strand, and taking her stand before the cliff, made her voice small and thin like the girl's, and cried out Hema's name. And Hema, hearing, asked, "Where is the Fisher-by-Night?"

To which the creature, still in the girl's voice, answered, "On the short reef, on the long reef, netting small fish and spearing big fish!"

Hema wondered that Ulu should say the words thus wrongly, and he cried, "Nay, that is not right!" But when the Pona-Turi called to him wheedlingly, "Open, my darling!" he thought it was indeed Ulu, and spoke his spell and the cliff opened and he came out.



HE SLASHED HIMSELF FREE.

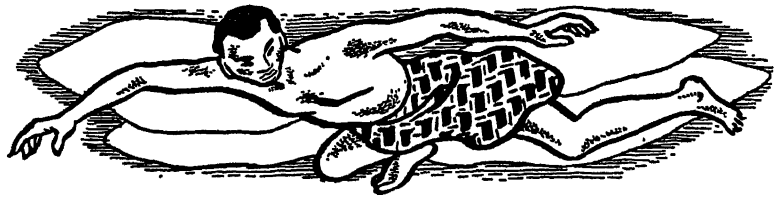
He saw too late that it was not Ulu but the goblin, and as the cliff rolled shut, she threw her great net, whose meshes enveloped him. But he snatched his knife from his girdle like lightning, and slashing himself free, shouted the charm. Instantly the cliff yawned open again and he sprang through the gap to the cavern of safety.

Yelling with fury to see him escaping her, she rushed after him, but the rock did not wait for her. It closed upon her like a monstrous vise, nipping her till she shrieked direfully. But though she struggled with all her wicked strength, it was of no avail: the rocky sides clamped together tighter, till she was squashed as flat as a banana leaf.

When the cliff reopened to the words of his spell, Hema kindled a huge fire of driftwood and threw her body on it so that it was burned to ashes. When Ulu the next night came running to the place, he told her how the Pona-Turi had met her death, and they rejoiced together.

With nothing longer to fear, they went to his grass-house and cleaned it and roofed it with new thatch. They pruned the breadfruit trees and planted young taro and sweet potatoes, and began living there together as man and wife. They were alone but happy in their love for one another. And at length two boy babes were born to them to comfort their loneliness.

But, my little brothers and sisters, as to how at length they left the island, and how Hema found his grandmother Waïtiri, and overcame her father, the Sorcerer Tama-i-Wao — that is not to be told as we sit thus in the dusk. By the light of the ku-kui nuts, burned one by one on their long string, ye shall hear of those things. In my next story!



Ka-Haï and the Sorcerer Tama-i-Wao

YOU HAVE heard, my little brothers and sisters, how Waïtiri, the daughter of Tama-i-Wao, the old Sorcerer, ruler of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom that rested on the tops of the mountains like a canoe set on spear-points, forsook her land for the love of a youth of the lower islands. How Tama-i-Wao in anger cursed her with blindness and brought about his death, and how, when she returned to beg his forgiveness for the sake of her son Hema, he condemned her to watch forever, with his Wind-Master, at the place where the great vine drooped down to the Earth, to give warning if anyone of the Lower Islands attempted to mount it. You have heard how, not content with this, he sent the cannibal Pona-Turi to haunt the island on which the young Hema lived, and how Hema, by means of his rock-opening spell, that caused the cliff to cleave asunder, slew the goblin and took to wife the maiden Ulu, who alone with him was left alive. Now you shall hear what befell those two on their island.

The two sons born to them they named Ka-Haï and Aliki. Hema taught them both all he knew of fishery and of canoe-building, and when they were of the proper age, he related to

them the names and histories of his ancestors on both sides. Especially he told them of the Pona-Turi folk, who lived on the sea-bottom, against whom he had sworn unending war, bidding them, when they were come to man's estate, in case he himself should fail to do so, to seek out the haunts of the goblins and utterly destroy them.

Now when the lads were budding into manhood, it befell that a large tree was washed ashore on the island in a storm, and he said to them, "My chance has come at last. This trunk is of the proper wood, and of size sufficient to build a seagoing canoe. Whilst it will not be large enough to hold all four of us, it will carry your mother and me. In it I will find some inhabited land where she can live, and will return for you."

So they set to work, and in a moon's time it was done, caulked with palm fiber, and seaworthy. When it was provisioned and ready, he took Ka-Haï, the elder son, to the cliff and taught him the rock-opening syllables, and said he, "My son, do not fail to remember them against the future. I do not yet pass the power of the spell to thee, for I may need to use it before my return. But if evil overtakes me, with my last word I will do so. Go, therefore, each eight days to the cliff and pronounce the words, and when the rock opens for thee thou wilt know that I am dead, and thou art the spell's master. And one day, when thou hast a son of thine own, let it go to him."

The next day Hema and Ulu bade the two youths farewell, and sailed away over the sky-blue ocean. They sailed for three moons, and fate guided them, for at the end of that time they came to an island which was a single mountain spiring to the sky. They landed at its foot, where a cliff pierced the clouds, and down the cliff fell a gigantic vine, with strands as thick as young trees, twisted together.

Said Hema to his wife, "This can be none other than the

Place-of-the-Vine, of which my mother told me, and the vine falls from the land of her father, Tama-i-Wao, who caused my own father's death, the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, to which my mother returned when I was a youth."

Said Ulu, "That is many years ago. Doubtless she is long since dead."

He answered, "That I will find out." He bade her wait on the shore, and going to the vine, stretched forth his hand to climb it, when he beheld near by an old woman sitting under a camphor tree. She was bowed like a sickle-moon, with hair as white as sea-foam. Before her was a round oven of clay, over which she was boiling taro roots. Wondering that she had not spoken to him, or looked in his direction, Hema drew nearer, his footfalls making no sound on the soft sand, and saw that with her thin fingers she was counting the ten roots that lay in her lap. When she began to tally them again, he said to himself, "She is blind," and stretched forth a hand and took up one. Finding this time but nine, she cried out, "Who is here? Who has taken one of my taro roots?"

He answered, "It is I, Aunt."

"Call me not Aunt," she said. "Who art thou?"

"I am Hema," he replied, "and I come to find my mother Waïtiri."

When he said this, she began to wail. "Alas!" she wept. "I am that Waïtiri, not thy aunt but thy mother, and thou art my son!"

Then they mingled their tears together, and he called his wife, Ulu, and the old woman blessed her as a daughter. He told her their story and she told them hers, saying, "My father Tama-i-Wao has no mercy, and has condemned me to watch here forever at this place. You cannot remain here, lest he kill you both."

Said he, "Thou shalt go with us."

But she answered, "I may not do that, for his Wind-Master comes each evening to see that all is well, and finding me missing he would send out his winds over all the seas to find us." But he would not depart, so at length she said, "Fill your canoe with stones and sink it in the water, and when it is the hour of his coming you can conceal yourselves in the bushes yonder."

So he sank the canoe, and they fell again to talking, and he told her of the two sons whom they had left behind them on the island. Said she, "Ka-Haï, the elder, is of the age to marry. Whom wilt thou give him for a wife?"

He answered, "I know not where to find one for him."

Said she, "My niece in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom will be just the one for him. She is sixteen years old, and because of her loveliness is called Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky. I will so contrive that she shall fall in love with him, and will find a way to bring them together."

He asked her, "How can that be possible if thou thyself canst not enter the land?"

"She alone there takes pity on me," she replied, "and every third day she descends by the vine to talk with me here and cheer me in my misfortune. She is so light and climbs up and down so daintily, that the vine does not swing and clash against the cliff, which if he heard, the Wind-Master would fly to this place instantly in the lap of one his hurricanes. But it is now the time of his coming, so do you both conceal yourselves."

So they hastened to hide in the bushes, and scarce had they done so when there arose a gentle breeze, which swelled to a howling gale, and the Wind-Master appeared from nowhere, green-eyed and white-bearded, with a nose gnarled like a lava-slab.

Said he, "Old woman, are thine ears sharp, and does the vine hang quietly?" She answered, "Not even a centipede has gone up." Said he then, "Fail not to listen well." And straightway he mounted the shrieking wind and vanished.

Then the old woman called to them, saying, "Come forth now and let us talk, for he will not come again till tomorrow at this same time."

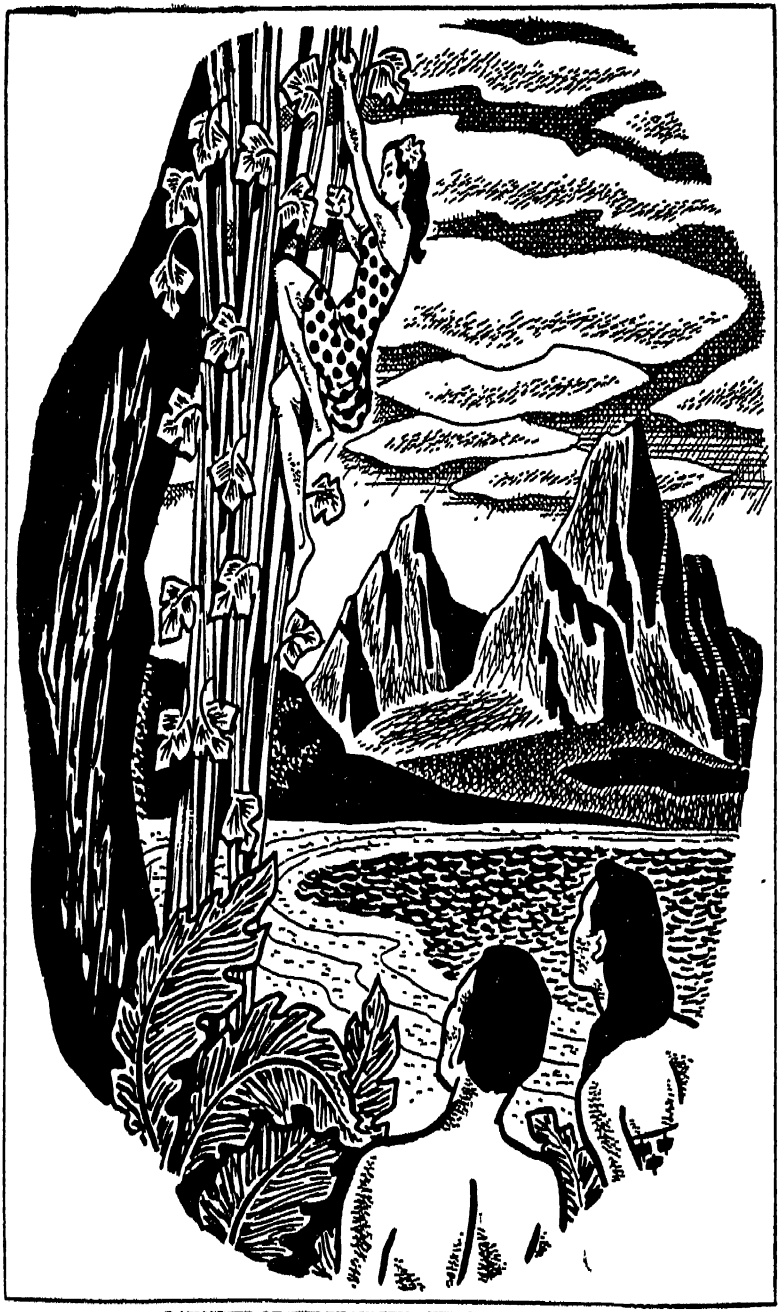
At nightfall Hema contrived a hidden shelter where he and Ulu slept, and the next day — except for the hour of the Wind-Master's visit — they spent in conversation with his mother Waïtiri. All the while Hema never ceased to ponder how he might snatch his mother from Tama-i-Wao's clutches and get away, all three of them. But no plan came to him.

The next day, as they sat together, the old woman said, "Hasten and hide yourselves, for my niece is coming. I hear her slipping down like a field-mouse." And presently from their nest in the bushes Hema and Ulu saw Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky slide down the great vine and run to where the aged Waïtiri sat by her oven boiling her taro roots.

When their chat was finished, she climbed up the vine again and the pair came forth. Said the old woman, "I have told her of my grandson Ka-Haï, and she left with her eyes sparkling. Let us wait whilst the medicine works."

The next time, when the girl departed, Waïtiri said to them, "I told her my grandson was the strongest and handsomest youth in all the islands of all the sky-blue seas, and she went away with her hand on her heart."

The third time she came, the old woman said to them, "When I told her my grandson's hair was curling like the tendrils of the morning-glory vine, and his eyes like twin black stars, she cried, 'Tell me no more, Aunt, for I have fallen in love with him as deep as the ocean!' "



DAUGHTER-OF-THE-BEAUTIFUL-SKY CAME INTO SIGHT.

Hema asked her, "But Ka-Haï cannot come here, and how can she go to him?"

The old woman answered, "I have prepared a way. The Wind-Master recently punished one of his sharks for disobedience, and it is filled with malice against him and ripe for rebellion. I have made friends with it, and every day I feed it some of my taro roots, so that it comes to my call. It shall carry her to the island. But we must wait till the eighth day from now, when the Wind-Master goes on his sea-tour. He will be gone three days, and by the time of his return it will be too late to overtake them."

Said Hema, "Good. When the Wind-Master is away we three shall make our own escape also, and with good luck we may find a land where we may all live out our lives in peace."

So it was arranged. The Master of the Winds departed on his mission, and after Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky had set out on the shark's back for the island where Ka-Haï waited, Hema raised his sunken canoe, and he and Ulu and his mother sailed away.

But alas, in the Wind-Master's absence, the lazy winds ceased to blow, and in the calm they made little headway. When he returned, finding the old woman missing, he called up the strongest of his gales, and sent them in every direction, and the canoe being found, his fiercest hurricane fell upon it in the night and it was wrecked, and Hema and his mother Waïtiri were drowned.

With his last breath, however, Hema cried out loudly, "Ho my son, my beloved son Ka-Haï! I, thy father, pass the power of the rock-opening spell to thee!"

As for his wife, Ulu, the Pona-Turi folk (who, as it happened, lived on the sea-bottom beneath that very spot) in the turmoil of the tempest swarmed to the surface and stole her away alive

to a house they had built on the nearest shore, a house they called Manawa-Tané, big enough to hold a thousand of them. For the goblins, though they remained on the sea-bottom by day since the sunlight was fatal to them, delighted to come up by night. They used to gather at Manawa-Tané to guzzle wine made from sea-spiders, and make merry; and they kept Ulu a prisoner there, to wake them just before sunrise from their drunken sleep, when they would return to the sea-bottom. They took Hema's bones and hung them up in the rafters, and would laugh when the wind rattled them.

Thus it was with them, my little brothers and sisters. But the Wind-Master's gales did not overtake Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky, and the shark carried her safely to the island where Ka-Haï and his brother Aliki waited the return of their father and mother, not knowing the cruel fate that had overtaken them both.

Every eighth day for three moons Ka-Haï went to the cliff, and facing it, spoke the magic spell:

"Matiti! matata.
Rock-base, be open!"

But it remained shut, at which he rejoiced, knowing that Hema was alive. In the fourth moon, however, when he repeated the syllables, lo, the cliff opened.

He went back to their house weeping, and told his brother Aliki, saying, "Our father Hema is dead, and what of our mother Ulu?" And they mourned together.

The next morning Ka-Haï said to his brother, "I dreamed I woke in the night, and a lovely girl lay on the mat beside me, who wiped away my tears." Said Aliki, "That is a sign of happiness."

The following morning Ka-Haï said to him, "I dreamed again that I woke and found the girl by my side. I asked her

who she was, and she said, 'I am called Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky, and I have come to comfort thee.'" Said Aliki, "That is a sign that happiness is but a span before thy forehead."

That night Ka-Haï woke, and a ku-kui nut was burning, by whose light he saw the maiden for the third time there beside him. Said he, "O Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky! Canst thou come to me only when I sleep?"

She asked him, "Dost thou deem thyself now in sleep?"

Said he, "Surely."

"Prick thyself with thy knife," said she.

So he pricked his thigh with his knife, and when the blood started he knew that he was indeed awake.

They conversed together till day came, and she told him how her aunt, the old Waïtiri (who was his grandmother), had chosen him to be her husband, and had sent her on the shark's back. And said she, "These nights, as I have watched thee, from words thou didst mutter in thy sleep, I know thy father Hema is dead. If so, it must be that thy mother and grandmother also have met his fate, since they were all to sail together on the day I departed. Doubtless Tama-i-Wao's Wind-Master has destroyed them. But let me comfort thee, for I have fallen as deep as the deepest sea in love with thee, and thy sorrow is mine."

Said Ka-Haï, "I, too, have loved thee from the first time I saw thee in my dream."

Next day he took her for his wife, and they began living together, Aliki loving her as a blood-sister. So they spent a year, and their love was a glory to them. At the end of this time she said to him, "Soon a babe will be born to us. If it is a girl I shall care for her, and if it is a boy thou shalt wash and tend him." Said he, "It shall be so."

When the babe was born, it was a son, and they named him

Laka, joying in his beauty and sturdiness. His mother cherished him like a jewel, could not bear him out of her sight a moment, and would have slain one who found in him a flaw as big as a gnat's eye.

Ka-Haï, according to their agreement, cared for him, and one day, when the child had been playing in the dirt, he took him up in his arms to wash him at the well. And as he drew the water, he said in pleasantry, "What a dirty little son I have!"

Now his wife heard the words and was greatly angered. She snatched the boy from his hands, and crying, "Since thou hast contempt for thy son, thou shalt see him no more!" she ran to the shore, and whistling up her shark, leaped to his back. Ka-Haï, regretting his words, pursued her, crying to her to return, but she answered, "I go back to my land of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom. Never more shalt thou see thy son till thou come for him!" And at her bidding the shark turned about and sped from the island, whilst Ka-Haï returned to his house disconsolate.

Said he to Aliki, "There is no help for it but we go after her to the land of Tama-i-Wao, for deprived of my wife and son I cannot live."

Said his brother, "How can we do so, without a sea-going canoe, and with no proper tree to build one?"

Ka-Haï replied, "We will build one, nevertheless."

So he put his wits to work, and that very day they began. They made the keel of the bones of a dead whale that had stranded on the beach, and the ribs of pieces of coconut wood lashed together with strips of goatskin. Never before had such a canoe been fashioned in the Lower Islands. But when, after two moons' labor, it was done, it promised to be seaworthy, and they provisioned it and set sail.

How, after many more moons' journey they found the Place-of-the-Vine, of which Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky had told them, would be a long tale, but in the end find it they did. There was no old Waïtiri there now to counsel them, but after resting some days to refresh themselves from the long seafaring, they tightened their girdles and set out to climb the great twisted vine that stretched its gnarled length up through the clouds to the rim of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, that rested on the tops of the mountains like a canoe set on spear-points.

But they were not as light and agile as Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky, and they had scarce climbed an hour when the vine began to grind and clash against the rock, and suddenly the Wind-Master, with his long white beard whipping behind him, and his nose like a lava-slab, appeared out of nowhere, shouting, "What! Dare ye climb the vine?" He yelled to his winds, "Ho, my winds! Hither, my hurricane!" And the winds began to shriek, and the hurricane hurled itself upon them, so that the luckless Aliki lost his hold and fell and was dashed to pieces on the Earth below.

But Ka-Haï, gritting his teeth with fury that his brother should thus have perished in the morning of his days, held on with hands and teeth, clinging to the vine like a limpet, and so great was his strength that the winds could not dislodge him. In vain the Wind-Master summoned his whirlwind and his tornado — they could not break his grip, and at last the Wind-Master, seeing himself worsted, fled howling to his master Tama-i-Wao.

Ka-Haï climbed on for two days, on through the clouds, saving all his strength now for what was to come, and at length, when he neared the top of the peak on which the rim of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom rested, he beheld the old Sorcerer coming down the vine to meet him.

Tama-i-Wao had great claws fastened to his hands and feet, as sharp as bone fish-hooks, and his cruel eyes flashed fire. Said he, in a terrible voice, "Dog's son! How dost thou think to enter my kingdom without my permission!"

Ka-Haï answered, "I do not fear thee. For I have magic that is greater than thine. Look over thy shoulder and thou shalt see it." And when Tama-i-Wao looked over his shoulder, Ka-Haï whispered his rock-opening spell, and the cliff to which the vine clung parted and swallowed him up.

When Tama-i-Wao turned again and saw no one there, he was greatly astonished. Said he to himself, "He has the spell of invisibility, that I have sought for two hundred years! I must be careful how I treat him." And aloud he said, "Overlook my hastiness, but I did not know thee for a master of magic like myself. We should be friends, and I welcome thee to my kingdom."

And Ka-Haï, from within the rock, replied, "I thank thee. I have long known of thy accomplishments, and have come hither to learn of thee. Right willingly will I be thy guest for a day and a night."

"Thou shalt stay with me a moon at least!" said the Sorcerer.

"That," replied Ka-Haï, "I cannot. For the folk of the lands I rule beyond the horizon would wax discontented at my long absence."

At that the Sorcerer thought, "What if he is indeed a powerful ruler? It will not do for me to anger him! If he can thus make himself invisible, what is to keep him from taking me at a disadvantage and slaying me out of hand?" And he felt the sweat of fear trickle betwixt his shoulder-blades. Said he, "Wilt thou not show thyself, that we may more pleasantly converse together as we mount?"

Ka-Haï replied, "Gladly. Look behind thee, and thou wilt presently behold me."

Tama-i-Wao looked behind him (whilst within the rock Ka-Haï quickly whispered the spell) and when he turned again there was Ka-Haï not a spear's length away.

Exclaimed the Sorcerer, "Thy skill is not small! Four of the great spells I possess. Wilt thou exchange this of thine for the chiefest of them?"

"What is that?" asked Ka-Haï.

Tama-i-Wao replied, "It is that by which one may soar the upper air."

Said Ka-Haï, "That, after all, would leave me no better than a bird. But what bird can make himself invisible?"

"Well," said Tama-i-Wao, "I will add to it the second of my great spells, by which one can make his body as small as an ant or as great as a whale."

"I am neither whale nor ant," answered Ka-Haï. "Of what use could that be to me?"

Then the Sorcerer thought, "Though I give him all my four, with the spell of invisibility I shall still be greater than he, for I have other magic that he will not be able to match." And he said, "If these are not enough, I will give thee also the third and fourth, that command the winds and the sea-monsters."

At that Ka-Haï told him, "It is enough. Repeat the four to me, and I will pass the power of my spell to thee."

So Tama-i-Wao repeated to him his four great spells, and each one Ka-Haï fastened to his memory forever. He learned the syllables which conferred the gift of flight, and felt in his arms and legs the strength of wings. And he learned those by which he could lessen or increase his size, and those that ruled the winds of the sky and the monsters of the sea.

When he had mastered all, Ka-Haï said, "Very well, thou

shalt have mine. But as the sun is hot, let us sit at our ease whilst I teach it to thee." So saying, he turned aside and spoke his spell under his breath, and immediately the cliff beneath the vine split open and disclosed the cool cavern. Said he, "This bit of magic is not worthy of thy high consideration, but it will afford us a spot in which to rest."

Tama-i-Wao would have entered the cavern, but his foot no sooner touched its edge, than his whole body became paralyzed. For he was not master of the spell. But when Ka-Haï cried, "I pass the power to thee!" the strength flew back to the Sorcerer's limbs and he entered. And instantly the cliff closed behind him, leaving Ka-Haï outside.

Tama-i-Wao, finding himself imprisoned within the rock, cried, "Open the cliff and let me out!" But Ka-Haï replied, "Miscreant! Murderer of thy daughter and of my father! I gave thee the power to enter the rock, but not the syllables that open it! And thou shalt not come out, no never!"

Then the Sorcerer began to shriek lamentably, offering all his wealth, and even his kingdom, for the magic words that would set him free. But Ka-Haï said, "Thy wealth is mine for the taking, and as for thy realm, I, Ka-Haï, son of Hema and grandson of thy daughter Waïtiri, shall henceforth rule it in thy stead!"

He climbed on, then, to the rim of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, where he found the Wind-Master, with his fingers curling like talons and his eyes flashing fire, awaiting him. He spoke the Sorcerer's second spell, and his body shot up to the height of a palm tree, and the Wind-Master fell on his face before him. He spoke the third, and a whirlwind enveloped them, and the Wind-Master beat his head on the ground and howled for mercy. Said Ka-Haï to him, "Thy Overlord, Tama-i-Wao is overthrown. Dost thou accept me henceforth in his place?"

And the Wind-Master made submission, trembling for his life.

Ka-Haï bade him bear the news to the Master of Sea-Monsters and to all officers of the kingdom, and asked him, "Where is Tama-i-Wao's granddaughter, who is called Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky?" The Wind-Master answered, "She lives in such-and-such a village, with her four brothers and her little son." Ka-Haï then dismissed him, and resuming his own form, repeated the Sorcerer's first spell, and sprang into the air, and flew to that place.

He alighted in a near-by forest, where he made himself small in stature, with wizened features, rubbed his face with mire and put ashes in his hair, till he had the appearance of a filthy, bent-backed little old man. In this guise he presently came upon four youths who were working with axes, shaping timbers to build a house.

He sat down near them and presently heard one say, "Let us shape them carefully, my brothers, for Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky will not have them unless they are smooth as tapa-cloth."

Asked he, "Who is this ye speak of?"

They replied, "She is our sister, for whom we build a new dwelling."

Seeing how they dawdled over the work and followed each chip with their eyes, he presently said, "Give me an ax and let me help you, for I had some skill in my youth." But they said, "No, for our work is over for the day. However, thou mayest carry our axes for us." He replied, "Gladly. But I am old and cannot keep pace with you. So do you go ahead, and I will follow."

They gave him the axes and went on, and as soon as they were out of sight he set to work on the timbers, and in twelve strokes each was done — so beautifully that the most expert

workman could not have bettered it, with sides as smooth as tapa-cloth.

HE SET TO WORK ON THE TIMBERS.

He overtook the four brothers at the edge of the village, where they were buying firewood, and said they, "Here comes the old fellow with our axes. He can carry our faggots." So they put the bundle on his back and he bore it on to their house. He entered it, and there beside the fire, he saw his wife, with their little son Laka in her lap. And he put down the wood beside the fireplace.

She asked her brothers, "Who is this?"

They answered, "He is only a dirty old man we found in the forest, who has carried our faggots for us."

Said she, "He is dirty, but he is old and poor. Give him food in return for his trouble, and let him sleep here."

Next morning the brothers woke him, crying, "Come, old man. Fetch the axes, for we go again to work."

He went with them to the forest, and when they found the timbers they had left half completed now shaped and finished, they were astonilshed, saying one to another, "Who can have done this for us?"

They felled more trees and began hewing more timbers, which, as on the day before, the evening found but half completed, and again the old man that was Ka-Haï, their ax-carrier, lagged behind and finished the work. And a second time he returned to their house with them, and beheld Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky sitting with their child Laka on her knees.

Now the third night, as she sat by the fire, he saw tears on her cheeks, and he asked, "Why dost thou weep?"

"I weep," she replied, "thinking that my little son, as he grows, will be without a father."

"Hast thou not a husband?" he asked.

"I had a husband once," she rejoined, "but he has ceased to love me. Otherwise he would come hither to me."

He asked, then, "Was thy husband short and bent-backed, like me?"

"Nay," she said. "He was warrior-built, tall and straight as a spear."

Whilst she spoke he whispered the proper spell, and instantly his body grew as tall as the doorway and spear-straight, and seeing, she began to tremble. "Tell me," he said. "Of what appearance was he?"

Said she, "His eyes were like twin black stars, and his hair was fragrant as the leaves of the maïlé plant. And in all points he was the handsomest of the sons of all the High-Chiefs and the Low-Chiefs of the Lower Islands!" Straightway the ashes fell from his hair, and he became again her husband, tall and comely and lovely countenance, and she ran to him and put the little Laka in his arms, crying, "So thou hast come at last!"

She called her brothers and showed him to them, and they hung their heads, saying, "We well knew that he was not in truth the dirty old man he pretended to be."

Ka-Haï said to them, "I have utterly vanquished Tama-i-Wao and have possessed myself of his spells. His cruel reign is ended, and his bones shall rest where none may do them honor. Henceforth I myself shall rule this kingdom, and my son after me."

That same hour he made the little Laka a High-Chief, carrying him through a hole broken in the house-wall, in accordance with the ceremony of chieftainship, and plunging him three times in a spring, as a badge of his high rank. After this he received the submission of the realm's officers, who had been summond by the Wind-Master, and him he made his Chief-Counselor.

When all was in order, Ka-Haï said to him, "There yet remains one thing for me to do before I assume the Royal feather-cloak and spear. It is through the folk of the Pona-Turi that evil has dogged my line, and I shall punish them. Tell me where is the abiding place of that loathsome breed of the sea-bottom."

The Wind-Master answered, "To the southward, across a green sea and a red sea, is their haunt, near a shore on which they have erected for their carousing and merry-making a great house which they call the Manawa-Tané. There often by night thou wilt find them."

The next day Ka-Haï set out. He flew first to the mountain's foot, where the great vine was anchored in the earth, and buried his brother Aliki's bones, setting up the proper mark over them. Then, after resting a night, he soared out over the ocean. He flew one day over the sea of green, and a night and a day over the sea of red, and on the third day, a little before sunset, he

reached a shore where stood an enormous house with thick walls and high rafters, with latticed windows in each side.

He alighted and beheld a woman sitting in its doorway. She was worn and woe-begotten, and one could scarce see her face for the welts and bruises that covered it. He greeted her, saying, "Aloha, Aunt. Love to thee."

"Love indeed," she responded, "What dost thou here?"

"I come seeking my enemies," he replied. "What house is this, and in whose ownership?"

"It is called Manawa-Tané," she responded. "It is the pleasure-house of the Pona-Turi, who come hither by night to frolic and to drink wine. If thou wouldst keep thy life in thy skin, stay not, lest when they come up from their sea-bottom they devour thee, and hang up thy bones to rattle in the rafters."

"Who art thou, Aunt?" asked Ka-Haï.

"I was once Ulu," she answered, "wife of the brave Hema. Seized by the foul creatures in a storm that sank our canoe and drowned my husband, I have suffered here as their slave these past three years."

Cried he, "Dost thou not know me? I am Ka-Hai, thy son, who have thought thee dead." And they wept over one another. Said she, presently, "Think not of me, my dear son! Whatever my tortures, I am now happy at this sight of thee. Fly from this place and save thyself, for it is nigh the time for the goblins to come."

"Fear not for me," he told her, "for I have powerful spells to protect me." He related to her, then, his adventures since he had left the island, and she was glad for his victory over Tama-i-Wao, even whilst she mourned for the fate of his brother Aliki. "How is it the Pona-Turi spared thy life?" he asked her, and she replied, "When they come up on the land, it is always by night, for in the sunlight they must die. After

they carouse here to their wont, they sleep. And they keep me here to wake and warn them when dawn is near, when they rise and beat me with whales' ribs and go back to the sea before the sun rises."

Just then the sun plunged into the ocean, and saying, "I go now to light the torches. Hide thyself, for their horde will be here presently," she entered the house and set torches all about, whilst he called upon his size-altering spell, whereby he shrank to the size of a grasshopper, and concealed himself under the doorstep. And scarce had he done so when the Pona-Turi began to thrust up their ugly heads from the water.

They came galloping to the house, naked and hairy, male and female, a full thousand of them, deafening the strand with their bellowings, and entering, began to sing and dance and guzzle wine, whilst Ulu seated herself once more by the doorway.

Presently Ka-Haï spoke her name, and she said, "Is that a cricket speaking?" He answered, "Nay it is I, Ka-Haï." She peered under the door-step, and seeing him, started in amazement, but he said, "Be not astonished at my small size: soon thou shalt see me as big as ever. But bend down thine ear and listen, for I have a plan."

She bent down and listened, and he said, "Keep watch, and let me know when all of the creatures are sunk in slumber. Then I shall stuff the latticed windows and every chink in the walls with seaweed. Do not warn them when the sun is about to rise, so that if they chance to wake they will think it is still night. When the day is fully come, I will pull out the seaweed and the sunlight will kill them."

Whilst the goblins made merry, he hastened to the water's edge, and resuming his proper size gathered a heap of seaweed as high as a hill, and when the sound of revelry began to

SHE BENT DOWN AND LISTENED TO HIM.

diminish and the torches to flicker out, he returned to his mother.

"They are now well drunken," she told him, "but are not yet asleep." And he shrank again to the size of a grasshopper and crept beneath the doorstep.

Presently one of the Pona-Turi thrust his head through a lattice-window, and cried, "Ho, Watcher-at-the-Door! Is all well?" She replied, "Why should it not be?" He lifted his muzzle and sniffed horribly all about him. "Can there be a human near?" he said. "I smell a blood-smell!" She answered, "I killed a cuttle-fish for my supper. It is its blood thou dost scent." So he returned to the frolicking.

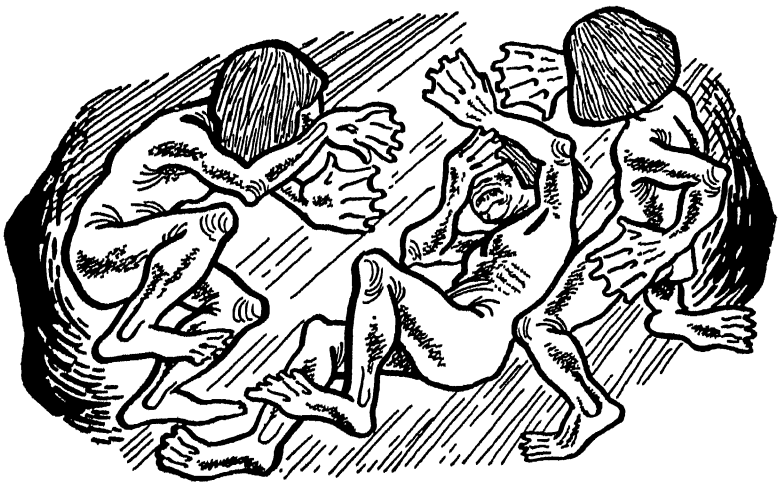
Ka-Haï and his mother waited two hours and four hours, till the last torch was extinguished and the house shook with the din of the snoring. When at last she said, "It is the time," Ka-Haï emerged, and taking on his man's stature, brought the seaweed and stuffed it in the lattice-windows and in every

crevice of the walls, large and small, till the inside of the great Manawa-Tané was as dark as the bottom of a covered well.

At length the dawn began to lighten the sky, and one of the goblins within called out, "O Watcher-at-the-Door! Is not the day near?" She answered, "Nay, not yet. Seest thou not that it is still deep, dark night? Ye have yet two hours."

They slept again, and as the sun mounted into the sky and the light grew brighter, another called from within, "O Watcher-by-the-Door! The night seems over-long. Is not the day near?" And again she replied, "Nay ye have still an hour. Sleep on!"

So again they slept, till the sunlight was full and strong, when Ka-Haï hastened to pull out the seaweed from the windows and wall-crannies, so that the inside of the house was flooded with it. Then the Pona-Turi woke, feeling their skins crack, and they all began to shriek and to howl, and to run madly hither and thither, till, one by one, they fell down and died.



ONE BY ONE THEY FELL DOWN AND DIED.

When Ka-Haï and his mother entered the great house where the bodies of the goblins lay, they heard a tinkling and jingling in the rafters. He asked, "What is that?" And she said, "It is thy father Hema's bones that they have hung there. They jingle with joy that thou hast slain his enemies!"

Ka-Haï took down the bones and wrapped them in blue, burial tapa-cloth, and when he had burned the house of Manawa-Tané to its foundations, he took them in his arms, with his mother, and flew back, over the red sea and the green sea, to the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, where he began his rule. He laid Hema's bones in a calabash and reverently buried them, and in that land he and his mother Ulu, and his wife, Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky, and their son Laka, dwelt for many years in happiness.

Whilst Laka was still a lad Ka-Haï taught him the names of his ancestors and acquainted him with their exploits, saying to him, "Treasure these things in thy mind. And as for my own adventures, thou shalt hear them, from first to last, when thou hast come to the age of seventeen."

Thus the tale ends, my little brothers and sisters. But if ye would hear how Laka, too, when he became a man, showed himself a great warrior — how he slew the great Wizard of the Pona-Turi, and destroyed the four terrible armies of the sea-monsters, so that in all the ocean not a single one of the cannibal goblins remained — that must wait for my next story.

Laka and the Little-People

I HAVE TOLD you, my little brothers and sisters, how Ka-Haï, the brave son of Hema, overcame Tama-i-Wao, the Master of Magic, and waged war on the cannibal Pona-Turi folk, who lived on the sea-bottom and whom Tama-i-Wao had made enemies of his line. And how, after he had destroyed a thousand of those goblins, he ruled the old Sorcerer's realm, the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, that sat on the tops of the mountains like a canoe on the points of spears, and appointed his son Laka to rule after him. Now I shall tell you, in his turn, of Laka.

The boy grew to a youth, and there was none stronger or more brave. He could handle the war-spear like a hardened warrior, and delighted in feats of strength and daring, so that his father Ka-Haï had great pride in him.

It befell one day, when he was sixteen, that in his rambling he came to the very rim of the kingdom, at the place where

the great vine drooped down through the clouds to the lower world, and knew it at once for the vine of which he had often heard.

Now Ka-Haï, after he returned from his slaughter of the Pona-Turi, had made an edict forbidding that anyone should descend it, but Laka said to himself, "Here is a feat that is worth all my strength, and why should I not try it? My father has forbidden it, but who is to tell him?" And he put off his robe and tightened his loincloth and began the downward climb.

He climbed three hours through the clouds, and sat down to rest, when he heard a voice complaining, "Alas! If I but had the rock-opening spell! Then I could escape from this prison! To him who releases me I will give all the pearls of eight seas!"

It was the old Sorcerer, Tama-i-Wao, whose voice Laka heard, for after Ka-Haï had shut him in the cliff, he had called upon all his magic and had thus preserved his life through these many years, though the rock held him fast.

Hearing, Laka thought, "There is a man in the rock!" And he said, "Who art thou, and how comest thou to be thus confined?"

Tama-i-Wao was overjoyed to hear the voice from the outer world. He said to himself, "He who speaks knows nothing of me." And he replied cunningly, "I am a poor old man, who yesterday, strolling the cliff above gathering mountain apples, stumbled into a deep crevice and the rock slid down upon me. I pray thee, release me and I will repay thee a thousandfold."

Asked Laka, "How can I release thee?"

The Sorcerer answered, "I can be freed in no way save by the rock-opening spell, but I know not how to obtain it."

Laka said to himself, "My father Ka-Haï knows magic. What if I could get from him the spell to release this poor old man?"

Aloud he said, "I care not for thy pearls, but it may be that I can aid thee for nothing." He climbed back up the vine, and hastening home, said to his father, "Amongst magic spells is there one that will open the rock?"

Ka-Haï replied, "Aye, there is such a one. I myself was its master many years ago, when thou wast a babe; but I passed the power over it to another, who is long since dead, so that the spell, without a master, is valueless."

Laka asked, "What were the words of the spell?" And Ka-Haï repeated them to him.

Next day the lad climbed down the vine again, and coming to the place where he had heard the voice, called out, "Old man! Art thou there?"

"Aye," cried Tama-i-Wo. "But tell me not thou hast found the spell!"

Answered Laka, "I have got the words from my father Ka-Haï, the ruler of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, who was once its master, but alas, he long ago passed its power to another, who alone could command it. And he is dead. So it cannot aid thee."

When he heard this the wily Sorcerer thought, "My fate has turned good to me!" Said he, "Nevertheless, tell me the syllables." And Laka repeated them.

Then instantly Tama-i-Wao shouted the words after him:

"Matiti matata!
Rock-base, be open!"

And — since he had become the spell's master long ago when Ka-Haï passed its power to him, though he knew not its magic syllables — now, when he pronounced them, the cliff yawned open and he came forth. And beholding him, with his eyes darting fire and the great claws fastened to his hands and feet, Laka, in his surprise, nearly let go his hold on the vine.

"Fool!" shrieked the Sorcerer. "Know that thou hast saved

from death Tama-i-Wao, the mortal enemy of thy father, who prisoned me here and stole my kingdom! Because of this for this time I spare thy miserable life. But say to Ka-Haï that I shall yet bake him alive in my earth-oven, and cast his charred bones and thine to the wild hogs!" And repeating a spell, he sprang into the air and flew down to the cliff's foot.

There he summoned his two brothers, who had been his Wind-Master and his Master of Sea-Monsters. The first declared, "My allegiance is now to Ka-Haï, and if I break it I fear for my life." The other, however, said, "I will cast off my allegiance to him and serve thee. Let us go to the southward, to the sea wherein the Pona-Turi congregate, and make cause with their Wizard Matuka, who hates Ka-Haï for his slaying of their folk. And my armies of sea-monsters, the whale, the devil fish, the giant clam, and the swordfish will follow me."

So Tama-i-Wao flew to the goblin's main stronghold, followed by the Wind-Master riding his whirlwind, and there the pair abode with the Pona-Turi Wizard, Matuka-the-Hairy, plotting how he might regain his lost rule.

As for the young Laka, he said to himself, "Alas! This is the fruit of my disobedience!" And he hastened to reascend the vine, and going to his father with hanging head, confessed his fault with tears.

Said Ka-Haï, "My son, weeping will not mend the damage. Thy disobedience has released our great enemy, whom, dead or alive, I had made harmless forever. Who knows what evil he may now accomplish?" And Laka left his presence sorrowful.

When three days had passed and Ka-Haï had said no further word to him, he went to his mother, Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky, and said, "I cannot longer bear my father's displeasure. I go to the Lower Islands, and thou shalt see me no more till I have redeemed myself."

She wept over him and besought him, but he put fire-sticks and his greenstone knife and ax in his girdle, with food and a calabash of water in a bag of tapa-cloth, and after three days reached the foot of the great vine.

As he stood on the sea-beach, wondering which way to turn his footsteps, an old shark thrust up its head from the water. Now his mother had taught him the tongue of the fishes (she having learned it in her childhood from her aunt, the old woman Waïtiri) and he greeted the shark, saying, "Love to thee, Uncle." It replied, "Love indeed. But who art thou, who, being human, speakest our tongue?"

"My name is Laka," he answered, "and I am the son of Ka-Hïa, ruler of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom."

As that the shark leaped a spear's length from the water in delight. "Then thou art the child of Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky," it exclaimed, "whom I carried to him on his island, and the babe I brought back with her on my back!"

"I am that same," said Laka. And he told the shark how through disobedience he had unwittingly released the old Sorcerer Tama-i-Wao from the rock.

It gnashed its sword-teeth at the tale. "For these many years," it said, "all in these seas have deemed him dead, till three days ago, when he descended here and fled with his Master of Sea-Monsters in a thunder-drumming whirlwind to the southward. Doubtless they have gone to join the Pona-Turi, who infest those waters. But what dost thou here in the lower country?"

"My deed weighs heavy on me," Laka answered. "I cannot live before my father's forehead till I have atoned for my fault by slaying Tama-i-Wao. Wilt thou carry me to some island where I may make my plan?"

"For the sake of thy mother, Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky," the shark answered, "I would carry thee across eight oceans and

back nine times. I know an island but two canoe-days' distance from the Pona-Turi Wizard's nest, whose folk these many years have warred unceasingly against the goblins and hate them beyond measure. Why should they not aid thee against the old Sorcerer and that cannibal horde?"

This seemed good to Laka, and the shark swam at speed with him on its back, four nights and four days, till they reached the island, whose people received him gladly, and as son of the ruler of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom, straightway made him their High-Chief. They built him a new grass-house and declared it sacred, so that no man's shadow might fall across it. They brought him a Chief's apparel — a red loincloth, an apron fringed with shells, a cloak of the fine sea-grass called kalu-kalu, a helmet decked with bird-of-paradise feathers, and for a necklace an ornament of mother-of-pearl on a cord of braided hair. They made him a feast, at which the drummers beat their drums and the musicians played their stringed instruments, and the people all bowed before him.

Whilst they feasted, he told them of his determination to go against the Sorcerer Tama-i-Wao and the Pona-Turi and utterly destroy them. And they cried with one voice. "Thou art our High-Chief. Lead us, and we will follow!"

Next day he went to the island's Wise-Woman — a crone ugly as a balloon fish, with skin as rough as a pumpkin leaf, so old that she held her chin betwixt her knees and her eyelids fell over her cheeks like clam shells — and greeted her, saying, "Grandmother, I have need of a war-canoe of forty paddles. Where shall I find the tree?"

She answered, "Sleep three nights in the tangled forest under a cloak of white dogskin. On the third day thou wilt come on a grove of tall trees. Choose the one that has leaves shaped like the new moon."

He did as she bade, and the third morning he found the grove. In it was a single acacia tree whose leaves were narrow aud curved like a sickle-moon, and toiling till sunset, he felled it with his stone ax and returned to his house to sleep. The next morning, however, when he went there, it was standing as before, with no cut in its bark or chip on the ground.

Wondering, he felled it a second time, and coming next day to find it standing with no mark of his labor, went again to the Wise-Woman and told her. Said she, "It is the Little-People who forbid thee."

"Who are they?" he asked, and she replied, "They are what we call the Menehuné. Hast thou none in the Upper-Outer-Kingdom?"

"No," he answered. "Tell me of them."

Said she, "They were the first folk to live in these Lower Islands, where our forefathers found them when they came hither in a time that is now forgotten. They were then, with their wives and children, as many as there are shrimps in the sea. They were called the Little-People because they were of small stature, even their Chiefs being no taller than a man's knee. For many generations they dwelt with our ancestors in their villages, till at last the owls — whom only amongst the birds they hated — made war upon them. The High-Chief of the owl tribe summoned the owls of all the islands of the sky-blue ocean, who flew hither in clouds that hid the sun, and there was a great battle. So many of the Menehuné were slain that their Chiefs gathered those who remained, and took them from these islands to find another land. They departed in a hundred canoes, each only the length of three spears, and whither they went no one knows."

"How, then," asked Laka, "can they now be here?"

"Because," the Wise-Woman told him, "some disobeyed

their Chiefs. They had married wives of the islanders and had children, or feared the long sea-journey. These stole away and hid in caves in the mountains and hollow logs in the marshes, and remained. But ever since then they had their descendants, from shame that the owls defeated them, have kept themselves invisible — for they know the last of the five great spells — so that only those of us who have Menehuné blood have power to see them."

Laka asked her, "Of what appearance are they?"

Said she, "They have red skin, bushy eyebrows, and foreheads covered with hair, and their men have long beards that trail after them on the ground. Yet for all their smallness they are exceedingly strong, loving bouts of boxing and wrestling, and delighting on moonlight nights to race down the stony mountainside on bamboo sleds, or to throw stones from the cliffs into the sea and dive after them." She told him also how they lived on squash and arrowroot and pudding made of fern fronds and angleworms, which they ate out of carved bowls and raw — since they feared fire and thought it a kind of poisonous red flower. How they wove nets of morning-glory vine and with them caught great sharks, whose carcasses they threw on the rocks for the crabs to eat. How they loved to spin tops and fly kites. How they had their Wizards and story-tellers and chanters, and musicians who played on the nose-flute and on trumpets made of rolled leaves, to make music for their Chiefs.

And said she, "Thou must gain the permission of the Little-People, or thou wilt never have thy tree. I will counsel thee to cut it down once more, and at nightfall hide thyself in a thicket near by and watch. Take with thee a gift and hang it on a bush, and if they are pleased with it, perchance thou wilt win thy wish."

Accordingly Laka the next day felled the acacia tree a third

time, and at sunset hung his hair necklace with its mother-of-pearl ornament on a bush, and concealed himself. And when the moon rose he heard a far off humming, *mm-mm-mm,* like a thousand bees, and the trampling of many small feet, and into the grove came a troop of the Menehuné men.

LAKA CONCEALED HIMSELF FROM THE MENEHUNÉ.

They were only as tall as his knee, thick-set and broad-chested, with faces the color of red earth and long beards, and they came skipping and dancing and playing on nose-flutes and little drums. At the sight of the prostrate tree, one of them shouted angrily, "Again our tree has been cut!" And forming a circle about it, they cried with one voice, "Tree trunk, stand! Chips, fly back! Bark, close!" When instantly the trunk rose and leaped upon the stump, the chips flew to place, the bark grew together, and the tree stood green and strong as it had ever been.

Presently one saw the mother-of-pearl ornament sparkling on the bush, and said he, "He who cut our tree is after all of a good heart, for he has left a gift for us." And they flocked near to admire it. At length another plucked a leaf, and letting

the shadow of the ornament fall upon it, with a bamboo knife he cut the shadow out and put it in his girdle, saying, "This we shall all own in common."

Seeing them then about to depart, Laka came from the thicket and greeted them. "Aloha, Little-People!" said he. "Love to you. But why do you leave my gift behind?"

At the sound of his voice all would have fled, but the question stayed them. "Indeed," one answered, "we have taken its shadow, and we thank thee for it. To us Menehuné the shadow is of more value than the thing itself, which may become worn or broken, whilst the shadow remains always as it now is."

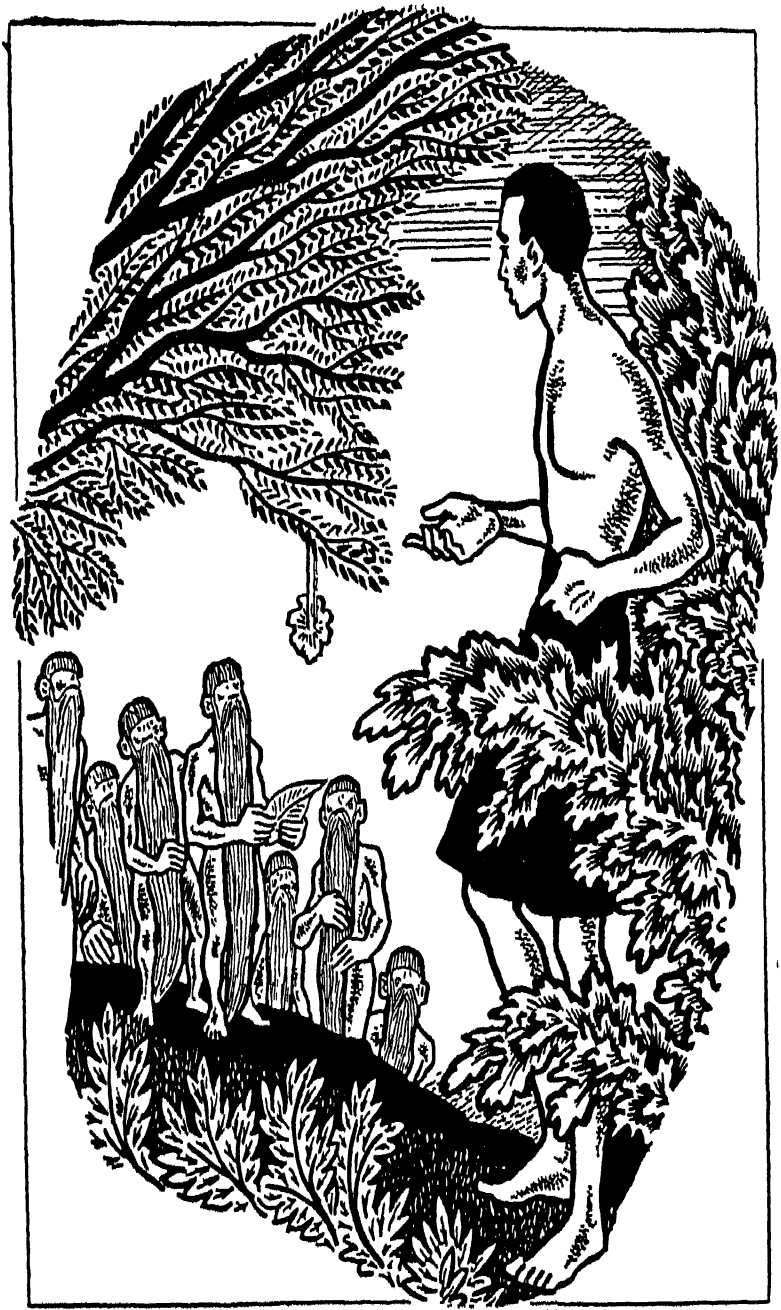
Asked Laka, "Why may I not have the tree?"

The Menehuné replied, "No tree may be felled here without the permission of our High-Chief. We will carry thy wish to him. Come hither tomorrow night, and thou shalt have his word." So saying, they all turned, and running as swiftly as the wind, vanished in the forest.

Next morning, when Laka told the Wise-Woman what had occurred, she said, "Thou art so far fortunate. Go tonight, but if they offer thee food eat no morsel of it, and if they entertain thee with music or dancing, beware to laugh."

At sunset he went to the grove, and sat down to wait under the acacia tree, and again he heard the far *mm-mm-mm* and the trampling of feet, and the Little-People came running to the place. This time instead of drums they carried knives made of lava-rock, saw-fish blades, clubs set with shark's teeth or sharp mussel shells, and the rib-bones of whales, and leading them was their High-Chief, wearing a cloak of undressed flax covered with dog's tails and a headdress of pigeons' feathers.

When greetings had been exchanged, all seated themselves, and the Chief bade food be set before them, and bowls of raw



"WHY MAY I NOT HAVE THE TREE?"

whale's flesh were brought. But remembering the Wise-Woman's warning, Laka said, "I have sworn to eat no meat until the war-canoe for which I need this tree is built." Then the Chief commanded a dance, and some ten of them danced a furious dance, with strange leapings and tumblings, at which Laka must have laughed, but recalling the words of the Wise-Woman he remained as grave as a stone. At length the dance ended, and the Chief said, "Hadst thou eaten of the whale flesh or laughed at the dancing, thou wouldst never have left this place alive! As to thy war-canoe, for what is it intended?"

Laka replied, "To go against the Sorcerer Tama-i-Wao and the cannibal Pona-Turi who haunt this sea."

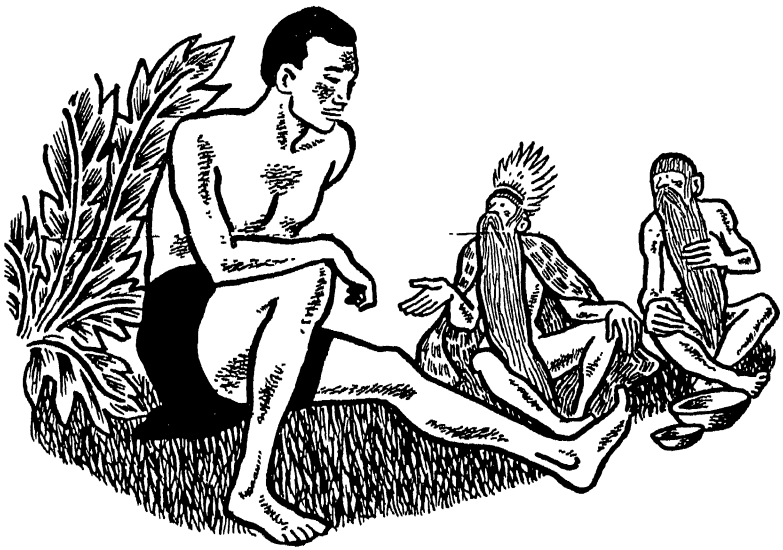
"Well do they deserve death," said the Chief. "Yet we Menehuné aid only those of our blood. Who art thou, that we should assist thee?"

He replied, "I am Laka, son of Ka-Haï, ruler of the Upper-Outer-Kingdom."

At that the Chief said to the most aged of his men, who had a white beard of three spears' length, "Recite the names in the line of this Laka." And the old Menehuné began to repeat the names of Laka's father, Ka-Haï, and his wife Daughter-of-the-Beautiful-Sky, and of his grandfather Hema and his wife Ulu, and of his great-grandfather and his wife Waïtiri — but when he had gone thus far, the Chief said, "It is enough. The husband of Waïtiri was descended from one of us. Thou, Laka, hast Menehuné blood, and the blood-tie compels us. Thou shalt have thy tree. As for thy war-canoe, we will build it tomorrow night betwixt sunset and sunrise."

And with the words all the Little-People vanished.

Next day, by the Wise-Woman's instruction, every dog was muzzled so that they could not bark, the cocks and hens were put into hollow calabashes so that would not crow and cluck,



"THOU, LAKA, HAST MENEHUNÉ BLOOD"

and even the wild birds were driven far from the grove. For Menehuné, whilst they work, like no noise save their own. And the men of the village spent the whole afternoon netting shrimps, for in return for their labor each of the Little-People must be given a shrimp baked in taro leaves to eat when it is finished.

Laka went alone to the forest after the moon had risen, and the grove was filled with the sound of their tools, though the Little-People themselves remained invisible. The axes rose and fell, the chips flew in every direction, and whilst they hummed, *mm-mm-mm,* the canoe took shape, long and deep and graceful, with benches for forty paddlers, and a mast as tall as six men standing on one another's shoulders.

When it was done the Chief ordered a drum beaten, and the Little-People showed themselves, a hundred of them, and the villagers brought the baked shrimp, with gourds of awa-wine, and they feasted. Then, an hour before the sun rose, they

dragged the canoe from the grove to the beach, and ran away into the forest.

Laka named the canoe Built-in-a-Night, and when it was painted with red-ochre and shark's oil, and polished till it shone like the moonlight, provisioned and fitted with cordage twisted of coconut husk and grass-cloth sails, and with spears and war-clubs, he chose out forty of the island's strongest warriors as paddlers.

When they were about to start a man came forward and said, "Take me also." Laka asked him, "What art thou?" He answered, "I am a paddle-mender. There is no break of a paddle that I cannot mend." So Laka bade him come with them.

Another came, saying, "I also will be of use." "What art thou?" Laka asked. "I am a bailer. I hollow all kinds of gourds to bail in heavy seas." And Laka bade him bring his gourds and join them.

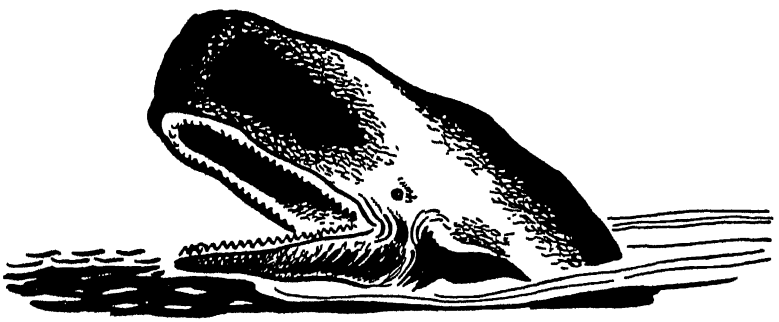
A third one came, saying, "What of me? Thou wilt need me, too." And to Laka's question he replied, "I am a sail-stitcher. I can make square ropes and flat ropes as well as round ropes, and no rent in a sail is beyond my skill." And Laka said, "Come with us."

Last of all the aged magician of the village, Nanoa, came from his house, and said he, "Without me thou wilt never find success." Now Nanoa was used to sit all day on the beach flying kites — for it was with them that he made his magic — and Laka, since he was old and wizened and humpbacked, told him, "Nay, it is warriors we need, not kite-fliers, and we have no room for thee." And Nanoa went back to his house. So they set sail, no one looking back lest it bring evil luck, over the rolling blue plain of ocean, with all who remained behind praying them good fortune.

Next day they came to a huge calabash floating in the sea,

and as a calabash is lucky, Laka said, "Take it aboard." As they did so a voice spoke from within it, saying, "Thou dost well to take me!" And recognizing the voice as that of Nanoa, he bade them throw it back into the water again. The second day there was a calm, so that the paddlers fell to work, and when once more they met a great calabash floating in their path, Laka said, "Perchance after all it may bring us luck," and bade them take it in. And lo, it opened in two halves, and Nanoa was inside it. Said he to Laka, "The Pona-Turi Wizard has no more magic than I. Thou wilt see that I can do more than fly my kites."

Now Tama-i-Wao had made the flying fish his spies throughout the seas, and when these reported to him the coming of the war-canoe, he bade his Master of Sea-Monsters dispatch the King of the whales to attack it with his whale army. So that on the rim of the Southern Sea the lookout of Laka's canoe cried out, "This is a death-day for us!" And they beheld the whales — so great in number that one could not reckon them — approaching, led by the gigantic Whale-King himself.



IT WAS THE WHALE-KING HIMSELF.

He came at the canoe with open mouth, one jaw above it and the other below its keel. But Nanoa, seizing a spear, pronounced

a charm by which it became ten times its length and thickness, and set it upright on the monster's tongue, whereby, when his jaw closed it pierced his head, so that his brain ran out through his blowhole and straightway he died. And seeing his dead bulk floating on the surface, all his army fled in panic.

Next Tama-i-Wao bade the Master of Sea-Monsters send his devil-fish army, and Eké, the Octopus-King, set out at its head. Again the lookout of Laka's canoe, a quarter of the way across the Southern Sea, cried, "Here is our death-place!" and they saw the enormous King of the devil-fishes leading his forces.

Eké's tentacles gripped the coral on the sea-bottom below, and above lashed the sky, and his cruel eyes were round and white as the daytime moon. Nanoa entered his calabash and bade them throw it into the path of the monster, who wound his feelers about it and swallowed it. But in his stomach Nanoa came from his gourd and cut and slashed with his greenstone knife, so that Eké vomited forth the Wizard and his calabash, with a flood of jet-black blood, and sank to the sea-bottom dead. And seeing, his army fled to hide itself in the deepest sea-caverns.

At Tama-i-Wao's bidding the Master of Sea-Monsters next dispatched his swordfish horde, led by Aku their King, and again at sight of them cleaving the sea-surface, the canoes' look-out, halfway across the Southern Sea, cried out, "Who will choose our death-names for us?"

But Nanoa bade the steersman lay the canoe broadside, and the blade of the Swordfish-King pierced it through both sides. Whilst he threshed the water, trying to shake it off, Laka and his men severed his blade with their stone axes and the magician dived beneath him and stabbed him. Till Aku's blood reddened the sea, and he turned on his back and floated dead. And seeing, his thousands fled in all directions.

Last Tama-i-Wao commanded the Master of Sea-Monsters

to summon his clams, and Paüa their King, a monster clam as big as a Royal fishpond, led their millions in long leaps across the sea-bottom to the conflict, And when Laka's men beheld the King rising to the surface with his shell clashing together, they cried out, "Death is but a span before our foreheads!"

Nanoa, however, again entered his calabash and bade them throw it overboard, and the Clam-King sucked it into his curved shell and sank with it. But on the sea-bottom Nanoa came forth, and laid about him so furiously with his knife that the giant clam yawned open in agony, and Nanoa leaped out and darted to the surface, whilst the clam army feeling their King's death pangs, dug themselves deep into the sand of the sea-bottom in fear of their lives.

When the magician regained the canoe, Laka said to him, "O Nanoa, thou hast saved us all, and thou canst fly as many kites as thou wilt for all of me!"

Now when Tama-i-Wao and the Pona-Turi Wizard, Matuka-the-Hairy, learned that the four armies of the whales, the devil-fish, the swordfish and the clams, had been defeated, they were afraid, and the old Sorcerer ground his teeth in rage to think that he had not slain Laka on the great vine, when he had had him in his power. Matuka summoned the Pona-Turi host, bidding them attack the canoe by night (since by day, the sunlight being fatal to them, they must remain on the sea-bottom), promising them the flesh of Laka and his forty-four men to feast upon; but they, remembering how Laka's father, Ha-Kaï, had slain a thousand of them, feared to do so, and remained in the deepest depths of the ocean. As for Tama-i-Wao's Wind-Master, overcome with terror, he fled back to the Upper-Outer-Kingdom and fell on his face before Ka-Haï, praying pardon for his desertion.

Thus Ka-Haï learned of Laka's whereabouts, and rejoiced

at his warrior soul and daring. Said he to the Wind-Master, "Return instantly to my son in the Southern Sea. Bear him my love and forgiveness, and making submission to him, carry out his orders. Otherwise thou shalt be baked to death in the Royal oven!" And the Wind-Master, trembling, called his whirlwind to carry him to Laka, in his war-canoe, and bowing before him, gave him his father's message.

Said Laka, "Call us up a strong gale, which shall waft us to the island of the Pona-Turi Wizard." The Wind-Master did so, and on its wings the canoe sped to the island, where the Pona-Turi Wizard awaited the attack within his stockade. This was built of great trees lashed together with hempen cables, and had double-gates set with shark's teeth. In the center Tama-i-Wao sat repeating his spells and calling on all his magic.

THE PONA-TURI WIZARD AWAITED THE ATTACK.

When the canoe reached the strand Nanoa said to Laka, "I alone know the secret of Matuka's strength. He possesses it only when the cold wind from the south does not blow. When it blows his power wanes, and it is only then that he can be overcome."

Laka said, "But it is not now the season of the cold wind."

Nanoa replied, "The Wind-Master can command it. Bid him summon it."

Laka did so, and at the Wind-Master's order straightway the warm breeze died, and in the cold gale that took its place, he led his warriors against the stronghold. They fell upon the stockade with their stone axes, slashing through the cables that bound the great trees together, whilst Matuka-the-Hairy, feeling the wind sapping his strength, began to shiver with terror. In vain Tama-i-Wao recited his spells — at last the double-gate crashed down.

Now Laka had had a great fire built beside the gate, and had heated huge stones therein till they were red hot, and he shouted, "Ho, Matuka! Come out! We have prepared warm food for thee!" But when the Goblin-Wizard showed himself, swaying in the gateway, the stoutest of them shrank. He was like a monstrous bag, with eyes like a giant cuttlefish's, and his body was covered with spearlike spines of hair. As he roared at them, they seized the red-hot stones with wooden tongs and hurled them into his wide shark's mouth, where they burst and tore his vast body to pieces.

As for Tama-i-Wao, he would have flown into the air, but Nanoa recited a spell that dashed him to the ground. He repeated the rock-opening spell and the lava-rock opened beneath him, but when he leaped into the chasm, before it could close behind him the water of the sea rushed in and he drowned like a rat in a well.

Laka bade his men make forty-four puppets of seaweed, with coconuts for heads, and swing them with ropes from the stockade, after which he bade the Wind-Master cry abroad over the sea that Tama-i-Wao and their Wizard Matuka had slain him and his men, and now called the Pona-Turi to feast that night

upon their flesh. So when dark fell, the goblins came whooping from the water, men and women, in a number that could not be counted, and threw themselves on the puppets to devour them; and Laka and his warriors, who had lain hidden in the stockade, fell upon them with their weapons and there was such a slaughter as these Lower Islands had never known. And from that time none of the cannibal-folk have been seen.

When they had burned the stockade, with the bodies of the slain Pona-Turi, Laka and his men sailed back in the war-canoe to their island, where there was great rejoicing. And afterward he returned to his father's Upper-Outer-Kingdom, where he lived in happiness, and in time ruled after him.

This is the story of Laka, my little brothers and sisters. Now it is finished. The string of ku-kui nuts has burned out. It is the time to sleep.

And if you dream, let it not be of the goblins, but of the Little-People, the Menehuné, who built his war-canoe for him. In memory of them all his life he wore his necklace with the mother-of-pearl ornament, which never after that cast a shadow.