

America's Fearsome Creatures

By Aoty

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1. The Abbagoochie

>The abbagoochie (pronounced abba-GOO-cheez) is a fierce little creature resembling a cross between an owl, a fox, and a deer. It is indigenous to Costa Rica, where people refer to it as a "dryland piranha" because it will eat anything, including creatures far larger than itself such as horses and cows. If cornered, an abbagoochie will consume itself "in a devilish whirlwind" rather than allow itself to be captured. They mate only once every 6 ½ years.

2. The Alkali Monster

>This gargantuan, mono-horned, foul smelling, reptilian beast is reputed to lurk in the depths of Nebraska's famed Alkali Lake, devouring all who come near it. Located in central Nebraska, Walgren Lake (formerly known as Alkali Lake) is an eroded volcanic outcropping that is reputed to be the nesting place of one of the most unusual lake monsters ever recorded and, if the legends are true, the habitat of the only aquatic monster ever reported in the state of Nebraska. Originally chronicled in Native American folklore, this creature has been described as a gargantuan alligator-like beast with some unique attributes. Eyewitnesses claim that the beast is approximately 40-feet long, with rough, grayish-brown skin and a horny outgrowth located between its eyes and nostrils.

3. The Altamaha-ha

>Local legend reports a 20-foot-long water serpent that dwarfs the size of alligators in the region. It lives where the Altamaha River dumps into the Atlantic Ocean, and thus a host of very real sea creatures have

been suggested as explanations for the beast. In addition to sightings, it has been the subject of many myths and lore during the time of its "discovery" by the local Tama Indian Tribe in the state of Georgia, which predates British-English colonization. The Altamaha-ha is described as having a sturgeon like body including the bony ridge on its top. Front flippers and no back limbs, swimming like a dolphin or porpoise and having the snout of a crocodile. The coloring is said to be gray with a whitish-yellow underbelly. So far, no physical evidence of the Altamaha-ha has been found. It is sometimes shown to be green, so it can camouflage.

4. Amhuluk

>The monster Amhuluk, whose home is the lake near forked mountain, Oregon, had but one passion-to catch and drown all things; and when you look into the lake you see that he even drowned the sky in it, and has made the trees stand upside down in the water. Wherever he set his feet the ground would soften. As three children were digging roots at the edge of the water he fell on them and impaled two of them in his horns, the eldest only contriving to escape. When this boy reached home his body was full of blotches, and the father suspected how it was, yet he went to the lake at once. The bodies of the children came out of the mud at his feet to meet him, yet went down again and emerged later across the water. They led him on in this way until he came to the place where they had drowned. A fog now began to steam up from the water, but through it he could see the little ones lifted on the monster's horns, and hear them cry, "We have changed our bodies." Five times they had came up and spoke to him, and five

times he raised a dismal cry and begged for them to return, but they could not. Next morning he saw them rise through the fog again, and building a camp, he stayed there and mourned for several days. For five days they showed themselves, but after that they went down and he saw and heard no more of them. Amhuluk had taken the children and they would live with him for ever after.

5. Angont

>Angont is a vicious, poisonous reptile who supposedly dwelled in desolate places such as caves, forests, lakes, and other depths in the world. If close enough to humans, the Angont could reach out its coils and thereby bring about a number of problems to local inhabitants, such as disasters and diseases. Due to Angont's abilities, medicine men sought this reptile out, hoping to gain cures via magical medicine. But its skin was so poisonous that nothing good came about from these searches. The Hurons believed in a monster spirit, the Angont, who wore a horn on his head that could pierce trees, rocks, and hills. A piece of this horn was an amulet of great value, for it insured good luck.

6. Apotamkin

>The monstrous Apotamkin is often misidentified as a "vampire" by non-Native Americans. But in actual Maliseet and Passamaquoddy legends, this creature has nothing to do with vampires-- the Apotamkin is a giant fanged sea serpent that lurks in the Passamaquoddy Bay and drags people, especially incautious children, into the water and eats them. Apotamkin is said to have long red hair, and in some stories was once a human woman who was transformed into a serpent.

7. The Argopelter

>Leading a vengeful existence, resenting the intrusion of the logger, the argopelter deals misery to the lumber jack from Maine to Oregon. Ill fares the man who attempts to pass a hollow tree in which one of these creatures has taken up its temporary abode. The unfortunate is usually found smashed or pinned by a dead branch and reported as having been killed by a falling limb. So unerring is the aim of the argopelter that despite diligent search I have been unable to locate more than one man who has been the target for one of their missiles and yet survived to describe the beast. This is Big Ole Kittleson, who, upon a certain occasion, when cruising timber on the upper St. Croix, was knocked down by a partly rotten limb thrown by an argopelter. This limb was so punky that it shattered on Ole's head, and he had time to observe the rascally beast before it bounded from the tree and whisked itself off through the woods.

>According to Ole, the animal has a slender, wiry body, the villainous face of an ape, and arms like muscular whiplashes, with which it can snap off dead branches and hurl them through the air like shells from a six-inch gun. It is supposed to feed upon hoot owls and woodpeckers, the scarcity of which will always prevent the argopelter from becoming numerous in any locality.

8. The Arkansas Snipe

>The Arkansas snipe has nothing to do with dodgy little snipe. The Arkansas snipe is a more terrifying creature, a mosquito, a large, ugly mosquito that devours horses, cows and hapless campers. One account tells a hunter was lost in Arkansas, so he tied the bridle of his horse at the foot of a tree and climbed a hill to get his bearings. When he returned, two Arkansas snipes had eaten his horse, chewed the saddle, and spat the horse's

horseshoes to see which of them would pick up the bridles. In another version, the gigantic mosquitoes kill a cow and clean their teeth with their horns. A story specialist named Daniel Stamps believed this story, according to "a friend of Daniel": "A northern cattle buyer came to town and sought Danial to find some cattle. So, the next morning, they both started walking through the swamp. Soon, they heard the cowbell that was ringing and they took that direction. When they came to a clearing, they saw a mosquito standing on a dead cow that blew its bell, shaking it infernally so that the rest of the herd would turn toward him. Apparently, these mosquitoes looked more like raccoons than mosquitoes, and their toenails were so long they could kick a cow into their belly and get their heart pierced."

9. The Augerino

>The augerino is one of the fearsome creatures that, they say, lived in the deserts of Colorado, and is sometimes called the augerine. He lived underground and liked to keep its deen as dry as ever it could be. As a result, it attacked all waterways and destroyed the dams that the local population built.

10. The Axehandle Hound

>like a dachshund in general appearance, with a hatchet-shaped head, a short handle-shaped body and short, stumpy legs. It prowled about the lumber camps at night looking for axe or peavy handles, this being the only kind of food it was known to touch. Whole cords of axe handles were eaten by these troublesome wild hounds

11. The Backus Monster

>People of Harry Gann's Town Perturbed by a Sea Serpent or—Something.

>H. L. Tonskemper, the popular Duluth traveling salesman, was in the city last night with a story from Backus for which he vouches that is something out of the ordinary in the line of stories. It concerns a monster, a son of a serpent or—something and it has the good people down that way in a state of mind that nearly borders on digcombobulation at present.

>Mr. Tonskemper is a careful man and does not claim to have seen the serpent, but he is very emphatic in the statement that there is something in it. Just what it is he is not prepared to state and it's the same way with the people at Backus. Any way its something. It is about the size of a horse and seems equally at home in the water of the lake or on the land. Several parties have seen it swimming in the lake while fishing. Its gen-eral mein is described as something terrible and all who have seen it have been too badly frightened to pay any particular attention to details. It might be a cross between a steamboat and grizzly bear or something equally bad, or it might be a white moose. Anyhow any number of people have seen the monster and hunting parties are out today to see what can be done about establishing its true identity.

>People down the Backus way are said to be very much excited and there seems to be little doubt but that there is some freak of nature roaming the woods and water in that vicinity. Developments will be awaited with interest.

12. The Balloon Fish

>Who has ever heard of a balloon fish? Not the little, puffing fellows that are so annoying to modest anglers fishing from a dock or small boat, but a huge monster that plows the seas far away from land, and one who is a worthy compeer of the great unknown and highly respected sea serpent.

>Captain Slocum, of the schooner Saladin, out from Jacmel, Hayti, while in latitude twenty-six degrees north, longitude seventy-five degrees west, descried to the eastward an object which at first he supposed to be the wreck of a small vessel. Altering his course, he ran down to the supposed wreck, a distance of about five miles. The following extract from the ship's logbook will explain the adventure :

>”7:30 a.m., June 4, at 6 a. m. the object was first... weather murky... and at 7 a. m. we came up to it. It proved to be a large and vicious looking sea monster, such as I had never seen or heard of at any time. The body appeared to be about forty feet long and the tail about sixty feet, with forked ends, each fork about four feet long. It had two feet, or fins, not unlike those of a sea serpent. The creature stood about twelve feet high out of the water, and was fully forty feet in breadth.”

13. The Bassigator

>Nothing is known about the genealogy or habits of this hybrid-looking predator, the bassigator. An encounter with him in nature would probably be brief and unpleasant.

Half aligator, half fish, measures about 22 feet in length and eyes the size of a beach

ball, in its natural habitat has to be a relentless and voracious predator.

14. The Bear Lake Monster

>The Bear Lake Monster is reported to resemble a brown serpent, but with legs about eighteen inches long on which it marauds along the shoreline. It has a large undulating body, with about 90 feet of exposed surface, of a light cream color, moving swiftly through the water, at a distance of three miles from the point of observation. Others reported seeing a monster-like animal which went faster than a locomotive and had a head variously described as being similar to that of a cow, otter, crocodile or a walrus. Its size was reported to be at least fifty feet long, and certainly not less than forty. Some sightings even spoke of a second member of the species and smaller monsters as well.

15. The Beazel

>More commonly known as the Fur-Bearing Trout, a native fish to the streams of Colorado, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Maine. They are the size of a salt water, but can grow much much larger depending on what they feed on. The size and consistency of their fur coats may also vary, sometimes being described as that of a beaver's, to that of a silver haired fox. The story of how they came to be is highly contested, ranging from being stranded after a race with a mango bat, a migration to feed on the wild game of the west, or the result of pollution of a snake oil salesman's hair growth tonic after the federal government came to collect tax.

16. The Bildad

>If you have ever paddled around Boundary Pond, in north- west Maine, at night you

have probably heard from out the black depths of a cove a spat like a paddle striking the water. It may have been a paddle, but the chances are ten to one that it was a billdad fishing. This animal occurs only on this one pond, in Hurricane Township. It is about the size of a beaver, but has long, kangaroo-like hind legs, short front legs, webbed feet, and a heavy, hawk-like bill. Its mode of fishing is to crouch on a grassy point overlooking the water, and when a trout rises for a bug, to leap with amazing swiftness just past the fish, bringing its heavy, flat tail down with a resounding smack over him. This stuns the fish, which is immediately picked up and eaten by the billdad. It has been reported that sixty yards is an average jump for an adult male.

>Up to three years ago the opinion was current among lumberjacks that the billdad was fine eating, but since the beasts are exceedingly shy and hard to catch no one was able to remember having tasted the meat. That fall one was killed on Boundary Pond and brought into the Great Northern Paper Company's camp on Hurricane Lake, where the cook made a most savory slumgullion of it. The first (and only) man to taste it was Bill Murphy, a tote-road swamper from Ambegegis. After the first mouthful his body stiffened, his eyes glazed, and his hands clutched the table edge. With a wild yell he rushed out of the cook-house, down to the lake, and leaped clear out fifty yards, coming down in a sitting posture—exactly like a billdad catching a fish. Of course, he sank like a stone. Since then not a lumberjack in Maine will touch billdad meat, not even with a pike pole.

17. The Biloxi Bay Devil Fish

>During the week the big power yacht Jeanne, owned by Commodore Thomas Sully, with John P. Sullivan, Phil Werlein

and Ned Rightor as guests, ran out to Horn island for a few days' fishing. They had all the sport they wanted with mackerel and bull redfish, and early one Sunday morning started for the eastward pass of Deer island and Biloxi bay.

>They had traveled possibly three or four miles from the island when, just ahead of the yacht they saw something on the surface of the sound which looked like a giant turtle. The course of the yacht was changed so as to overhaul this strange creature, and when the boat neared the fish the engines were slowed down and stopped.

>The yacht came up close to the fish, which proved to be the largest devil fish ever seen in that section. During last summer a number of these monsters, sometimes called the blanket fish, have been seen, but they were not longer than five or six feet.

>This monster measured in the neighborhood of 15 feet in length, and was fully seven or eight feet broad.

>When the nose of the fish was alongside the step of the yacht, its tail was just opposite the foremast, a distance of over 15 feet, but, to make the measurement reasonable, the sportsmen came to the conclusion that they would give the fish 15 feet as a fair measurement.

>Commodore Sully secured an improved Winchester and went on top of the pilot house to get a good shot. The fish was lying very near the surface, and did not seem to pay the slightest attention to the boat and its occupants. Two shots were fired in rapid succession, but they did not seem to bother the fish in the least.

>When the shots were fired the giant sank slowly and came up again a few feet further ahead. A dozen more shots were fired from the rifle, but no impression was made. Fully half an hour the yacht lay to while its occupants tried all kinds of means to wake up the monster of the sea.

>Werlein finally grabbed a long boat-hook and wanted to tie a line to the handle and harpoon the fish, but the others were not exactly certain as to the results of such an experiment, and would not listen to Werlein. Finally the yacht got under way again, and the devil fish, with a few lazy waves of its giant tentacles, dropped in behind and followed the boat for fully half a mile. Then it disappeared.

>A few weeks ago W. C. C. Claiborne and several other fishermen returned with a story about three devil fish seen at the island, but their story was taken with a large grain of salt. Claiborne has a reputation for story telling, but his tale is followed up now by this experience, and the sportsmen are wondering if a big yacht, with plenty of harpoons on board might not furnish a lot of lively sport to the sportsmen.

18. The Bird of Winnemucca

>Last Tuesday evening about seven o'clock, says the Winnemucca (Cal.) Register of August 9, the people in the lower town were startled by the sudden appearance of a huge monster we are at a loss to know whether to call fowl or beset, notwithstanding it had wings and could fly. It was certainly the biggest creature ever seen in this country with feathers. If a bird, it belongs to a giant species unknown to American ornithology.

Our attention was first attracted by hearing some one sing out, "Holy Mother, see that cow with wings."

>We stepped to the door just in time to see the monster alight with something of a crash on the roof of Mrs. Collier's dwelling house, where it remained for several minutes taking a quiet survey of the land and the astonished multitude who stood gazing at that unexpected visitor. It could not have weighed less than seventy or one hundred pounds, with a pair of ponderous wings, which when stretched out to the breeze, must have been fully twelve feet from tip to tip. Its color was that of a raven, with the exception that the tips of the wing and tail were white. An "old salt" who happened to get sight of the bird thinks he must be a renegade member of the condor family. He says he has frequently met with such "Critters" on the coast of South America.

19. The Black Dog

>It is a smaller creature, with the look of your average mountain dog, but entirely pitch black all over that inhabits the Hanging Hills in Connecticut. The dog is the harbinger of joy, sorrow, and death depending on the number of sightings. To see the dog once, is to bring joy and good luck to whomever its companion was. To see it twice is to bring bad luck and misfortune to that very same person. And a third time, the viewer will either die on the spot, or die very shortly afterwards.

20. The Black Newfoundland Dog

>Fog imperials the vessels as well as the dories. Most provincetown fisherman can

tell you the story of the Black Newfoundland Hound. Old "Cheeny" marshall, who was drowned on the banks when his dory capsized in April, told this story to me. Cheeny was just a boy, a "salt-passer" on one of the old hand-liners, when, so help him God, it happened.

>The vessel is well out to sea, off Newfoundland. She has not sighted a sail all day, when suddenly, out of a sea calm and smooth as an oil slick, up pops the great black dog. Cheeny lifts him over the rail and lets him lie, half dead, on deck. The dog has webbed feet.

>"Heave him overboard!" shouts one old-timer. "He's the devil!"

>But the lad pleads for him, keeps him, takes care of him, puts him in his own bunk. And finally comes the day when the "soup" settles thick over the Devil's Graveyard, in the Bay of Fundy. The helmsman is steering blindly. The dog, standing in the bow, suddenly barks a warning. The helmsman, Cheeny Marshall himself, puts her hard over. And the vessel veers in time to clear by inches the massive bows of a steamer looking out of the mist! It happened, Cheeny Marshall assured me over and over, so help me God!

21. The Black Hodag

>The Black Hodag was discovered by E. S. "Gene" Shepard, a former well known timber cruiser of Rhinelander, Wisconsin. It haunts were in the dense swamps of that region. According to its discoverer, this fearful beast fed on mud turtles, water snakes and muskrats, but it did not disdain human flesh. Mr. Shepard found a cave where one of this hodags lived. With the aid

of a few lumberjacks he blocked the entrance with large rocks. Through a small hole left in the barricade he inserted a long pole on the end of which he fastened a sponge soaked in chloroform. The hodag, thus rendered unconscious, was then prepared for it. It was exhibited at Oneida County fair. An admission fee was charged and a quite large sum of earned. Later Mr. Shepard captured a female hodag with her thirteen eggs. All of these hatched. He taught the young hodags a series of tricks, hoping to exhibit the animals for profit.

>This ferocious beat had horns on its head, large bulging eyes, terrible horns and claws. A line of sharp spikes ran down the ridge of its back and long tail. Colored photographs of it can be obtained at Rhinelander. The hodag never laid down. It slept leaning against the trunks of trees. It could only be captured by cutting deeply into the trunks of its favorite trees.

22. The Black Fox of Salmon River

>The Black Fox of Salmon river is said to be in possession magic powers, entrapping any who gaze upon its pelt to search after it all their life, but cursing all of their bullets and arrows to miss, passing right through its body, no matter how true the aim. The hunters that gave chase would come home days later, too exhausted to move, but none too exhausted to recount their grand adventure. Other times, hunters would say the one who pursued the darkling creature was never again seen on this mortal earth. Each mysterious disappearance, the Indians would attribute this to the whimsical, indifferent spirit dwelling within the magical fox.

23. The Boat Hound

>“Hey!” called Snowshoe Bill, the Big Woods guide, one morning. “The boat is gone. Did one of you fellows go fishing last night and forget to tie it up?”

>The tenderfoot flushed. He was always doing something wrong. “I’m the one that had it last,” he confessed, “and I forgot to tie it up. What do you suppose has happened to it?”

>“Well,” speculated the guide, “My private opinion is that the boat hound got it.”

>“The boat hound! Never heard of suchathing!”

>“Didn’t, huh? Well, he’s about the meanest customer I’ve ever run into. He sneaks along in the dark looking for boats that careless folks forget to tie and when he finds one, he swallows it right down. He has a great long body shaped like a boat, with big froglike feet, and four ears. With the front two he can hear everything in front of h’en, and with the back two he hears everything behind him. He has a big mouth like an aligator’s.”

>“Where does this queer creature keep himself during the day?” the tenderfoot inquired with a little grin.

>“He sleeps on the bottom of the lake in the daythne, but at night he’s wide wake, all right, looking for boats. Just you remember about him next time you take a boat out, young man.”

24. The Bone-Head Penguin

Dear little children, now we show the Spheniscus Demersus, bone-head penguin. It is always to be found on top of some high mountain. How it ever got up that high will always be one of life’s mysteries. It is closely related to the penholder and pen-wiper, but is no relation to the pig pen.

Nobody knows what it eats so we picture an arctic mosquito hovering over his dome. The penguin’s eggs are shaped like a brick, and have little anti-skid chains on them so they won’t roll down the mountain. The high altitude makes the penguin light-headed, and maybe that’s why he’s so carefree.

25. The Booger Dog

The Booger Dog is not what you might first think! The Ozark word Booger comes from the Scottish Bogle, originally from the Old English Bogge. It means Hobgoblin. The Ozark Booger Dog is a great headless spectral hound. The creature has appeared to hunting parties deep in the mountains and is often seen as a black omen associated with the devil. Great spectral dogs have long appeared in Old Europe. In England they were said to be the souls of the unbaptized, stalking the sere dark with no home in heaven or hell. Ancient German lore says great demon hounds are the consort of the winter witch goddess Berchta. She and her spectral pack hunt when the winds turn cold and fierce. So, on a cold night in the Ozarks, beneath a clouded sky, who knows what lurks beyond the campfire?

26. The Boont

>The Boont, a bear with deer’s antlers, similar to a Jackalope in how easily a specimen can be made by creative taxidermy. The Boont is notable as the symbol of Booneville, California, a small town in the mountains which, sometime in the late 19th century, began using a new and distinct language. The Boont is also the symbol of the Anderson Valley Brewing Company, a beer manufacturer located in Booneville.

27. The Brazilian Trench Digger

>A recent bit of news from South America has attracted unwonted attention on the part of zoologists to the highlands of Southern Brazil. There is reason to believe that a gigantic animal of subterranean habits, as yet unknown to naturalists, exists in the region where the great rivers Paragury and Parana take their rise. It is variously described, but all accounts represent it as a very large trench-digging creature not less than three feet in thickness. The inhabitants call it the Minhocao, and believe it to be an enormous scale-covered earth worm some fifty yards long, which ploughs up the ground after the fashion of a giant mole, overturning full-grown trees in its path.

>Stories of such an animal would be worthy of little attention if they came from a single unknown traveller. As it is, however, they are communicated to the scientific world by an accomplished German naturalist. Fritz Muller, long resident in Brazil, who was carefully collected and weighed the evidence as to the asserted existence of this underground monster. Native testimony certainly makes out a pretty strong probability that some such creature exists. Herr Muller has never seen the animal himself, but from his summary of the native accounts furnished to the Zoological Garden, a German journal of natural history, it appears to have been seen on at least three occasions. It is found only near rivers. To one observer, who saw it lying on the bank of a stream, it seemed "an animal of gigantic size, nearly one metre in thickness, not very long, and with a snout like a pig, but whether it had legs or not he could not tell."

Before he could procure assistance to attack it, the strange creature had buried itself in a trench of its own making. In another instance a Minhocao seems to have undermined and drawn off a large pool. A negro woman, who went thither for water, found that the water was all gone, but saw an animal in the vicinity, "as big as a house," moving rapidly away. This was in the Brazilian province of Parana, where some time afterward a young man had a still more remarkable adventure. He saw a pine tree fall suddenly and without any apparent cause. Hastening to the spot "he found the surrounding earth in movement, and an enormous worm-like-black animal in the middle of it, about twenty-five metres long and with two horns on its head."

>Apart from these views of the animal itself, there is proof of the existence of trench-like excavations in the South Brazilian highlands, the formation of which must be attributed to living creatures. Nature, the English scientific journal from which we have quoted the foregoing description, accepts the evidence as conclusive on this point. What, then, are the true characteristics of the animal? The width of the trenches leaves little doubt that it is large; a small beast would hardly make a gallery underground, twelve feet wide and over a half mile long, such as was discovered in the valley of the river Cachorros. It is also tolerably certain that the Minhocao likes to live in damp places. Beyond this, the evidence relating to the animal affords great scope to the imagination.

28. The Bright Old Inhabitants

>Indians of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas believe that the King Snake, or Snake God, lived in the gulf of Mexico. It slept in a cavern of pure crystal at the bottom, and its head, being shaped from solid emerald, lighted the ocean for several leagues when it arose near the surface. There were similar accounts among the Cherokee people, by the name of the "Bright Old Inhabitants" of the mountains, which grew to a mighty size, and drew to them every creature that looked upon them. Each wore a carbuncle of dazzling brightness.

29. The Bull of Durham

>...An enormous bull, painted on paneled sheet iron, decorated the front of the Durham factory building and the steam whistle, by means of a mechanical gadget, imitated the bellow of a bull. Each bellow, it was said, cost six dollars and could be clearly heard thirteen miles away. The bull was the masterpiece of J. Gilmer Kerner, eccentric and temperamental artist, whose sign-painting nom de plume was "Reuben Rink." Raging and triumphant, Reuben Rink's bull began to paw at the ground and emit flames from its nostrils. As its fame grew, and it began to appear on barns and signs all across the states and Europe, so did its life-like qualities. It would shake its head in the rain, and whip its tail from side to side. One night, it up and left its perch, letting an enormous iron bull on the loose of the countryside, but always returns before dawn.

30. The Cactus Cat

>How many people have heard of the cactus cat? Thousands of people spend their winters in the great Southwest—the land of desert and mountain, of fruitful valleys, of flat-topped mesas, of Pueblos, Navajos, and Apaches, of sunshine, and the ruins of ancient Cliff-dwellers. It is doubtful,

however, if one in a hundred of these people ever heard of a cactus cat, to say nothing of seeing one sporting about among the cholla and palo verde. Only the old-timers know of the beast and its queer habits.

>The cactus cat, as its name signifies, lives in the great cactus districts, and is particularly abundant between Prescott and Tucson. It has been reported, also, from the valley of the lower Yaqui, in Old Mexico, and the cholla-covered hills of Yucatan. The cactus cat has thorny hair, the thorns being especially long and rigid on its ears. Its tail is branched, and upon the forearms above its front feet are sharp, knifelike blades of bone. With these blades it slashes the base of giant cactus trees, causing the sap to exude. This is done systematically, many trees being slashed in the course of several nights as the cat makes a big circuit. By the time it is back to the place of beginning the sap of the first cactus has fermented into a kind of mescal, sweet and very intoxicating. This is greedily lapped up by the thirsty beast, which soon becomes fiddling drunk, and goes waltzing off in the moonlight, rasping its bony forearms across each other and screaming with delight.

31. Caldera Dick

>Caldera Dick was a monstrous old bull sperm whale. There were others big and tough and mean, but Caldera Dick was bigger, tougher, and meaner-- even smarter-- than any other whale that ever lived. The ocean for a circuit of several hundred miles about the caldera was his dooryard, though he didn't always stay at home. At times he'd get around Cape Horn into the Atlantic, or he'd turn up in the Japan Sea, or you might hear of ships running afoul of him almost anywhere that boats were lowered for whales. But mostly he ranged off Caldera. The difficulty was not in striking him and getting fast. He seemed to invite that. He'd

lie still and calm as you please while a boat was put on to him, but once the dart was made and the harpoon fairly settled his tough old hide, there was the devil to pay and no pitch hot. He seemed to have a fancy for collecting harpoons. Leastwise, he took all that came his way and never gave any back, until last of all, when he was finally bested, he was so stubbed with iron, it was a wonder he could float. And nobody ever thrust a lance into him, either, but the one that finished him. He was too smart for that. ("There were other such notoriously great and savage whales, whose reputations larged wherever whalers got together for a gam Mocha Dick, Galera Dick, and Moby Dick, all described as being heavily scared and pale. Whaler types would often insist that the creatures were worshiped by the primitives of South America's coasts and those of the Islanders of the Pacific and Japan.)

32. The Camelce

>The Camelce is a curious hybrid of the American elk and the Asiatic camel, created when camels imported by the U.S. government for use as pack animals in the Arizona desert got loose and mated with elks in the wild. The existence of this creature was first reported in an 1875 New York Herald article about the Newton-Jenney expedition to the Black Hills of South Dakota. Correspondent R.B. Davenport noted discovering a large skeleton that looked to him like the skeleton of a bull elk, but he was later corrected by the scout "California Joe" who identified the bones as those of a Camelce. Said California Joe (as quoted by Davenport): "Well, sir, I reckon that there must be the bones of one of them camelces I's'eerd so much about.

You see, a good many year ago the guv'ment decided to use camels for packin' supplies down in the deserts of Arizony. Some of the females escaped and, feelin' sorta lonely, they joined up with a elk herd. It wasn't long before they was matin' with the bull elks and the result was somethin' that was half-camel and half-elk. Dog-gonedest animal I ever seed ... "

33. The Camp Chipmunk

>Originally small animals, they ate tons of prune stones discarded from Paul Bunyan's camp cook shanty and grew so big and fierce that they killed all of the bears and catamounts in the neighborhood. Later Paul and his men shot some for tigers.

34. The Canadian Great Cats

>When they stood before him, the king said to Cornu, "Have you ever been closer to death than you are at this moment?" If you have and can prove it by a story, I will let one of your sons go free." "Yes," said Cornu, "I have been closer to death. Once I was milking cows when twelve great cats came, and one of them began to purr every loudly, and I asked him what he'd take for the purr, and he said one cow. I agreed, and then all the cats began to swallow whole all the cows, and I climbed to the top of a tree, but the tree began to buckle and bend, and the cats were about to devour me, when a man came and shot the cat." The king agreed that Cornu had proved his point and released one of the boys.

35. The Canandaigua Indian Serpent

>Indians living on the shore of Canandaigua Lake, New York, tamed a pretty spotted snake, and fed and petted it until it took a deer at a meal. It grew so large that it eventually encircled the camp and began to prey on its keepers. Vainly they tried to kill

the creature, until a small boy took an arrow of red willow, anointed it with the blood of a young woman, and shot it from a basswood bow at the creature's heart. It did not enter at once; it merely stuck to the scales. But presently it began to bore and twist its way into the serpent's body. The serpent rolled into the lake and made it foam in its agony. It swallowed water and vomited it up again, with men dead and alive, before it died.

36. The Celofay

>With these should appear the Celofay of Maine. This is a unique beastie, and it is only after much consideration and chiefly because he doesn't seem to be any too well vouched for that I have not accorded him a place among the "regulars." He is a sort of phantom wildcat equipped with ventriloquistic powers, and can easily project his fearsome squall clear across a section, right up beside you, in fact Or he can reverse the situation and toss his 'yowl into some distant cedar swamp while he stealthily stalks you with malicious intent. His name reveals his French-Canadian origin, being an obvious corruption of "C'est la fee."

37. The Central American Whintosser

>In the spring of 1906 there appeared suddenly in the Coast Ranges of California an uncanny animal from the region of the Isthmus. It is not a large beast, but what it lacks in size it makes up in meanness of disposition. None of the lumberjacks who have met a whintosser on trail or tote road care to have the experience repeated. The Central American whin- tosser is always looking for trouble or making it. In fact the beast seems to be constructed for the purpose of passing through unusual

experiences. Its head is fastened to its body by a swivel neck ; so is its short, tampering tail ; and both can be spun around at the rate of a hundred revolutions a minute. The body is long and triangular, with three complete sets of legs ; this is a great convenience in an earthquake country, since the animal is not disturbed by any convulsions of the earth. If the floor suddenly becomes the ceiling it does not matter, for the whintosser is always there with the legs. Its hair is bristly, and all slants forward at a sharp angle. It has been found that a cat's nine lives are as nothing to the one possessed by a whintosser. This animal may be shot, clubbed, or strung on a pike pole without stopping the wriggling, whirling motions or the screams of rage. The only successful way of killing the beast is to poke it into a flume pipe so that all its feet strike the surface, when it Immediately starts to walk in three different directions at once and tears itself apart. John Gray, of Anadar, Trinity County, California, knows where a pair of whintosers live in some broken-up country along Mad River.

38. The Champlain Animal-Fish

>A monster animal-fish was seen in Lake Champlain opposite Charles L. Parrish's on Wednesday, November 23, by Lewis Wilkinson, the Port Franklin ferry man. Wilkinson states that the monster or supposed shark was from 25 to 80 feet in length and made great speed in the water, throwing water in all directions. The monster has several times been seen opposite Port Henry, also at other places, and in appearance has great strength. Sailors have been frightened of late at the sight of this monster following their vessels. As the creature appears to be able to exist partly out

of the water it may be a more dangerous prodigy than is generally supposed.

39. The Chaw-Green

Resembling a bear, the Chaw-Green has a long tail striped like a barber pole. It is known to steal tobacco and can be easily recognized as it chews and spits like a man.

40. The Club-tailed Gylptodont

>“In that particular, they ain’t a-tall like the club-tailed glyptodont,” said Red, “which is a very ferocious and vicious beast. I’ll tell you, Lanky, when you’re ridin’ around in the canyons and meet one of them fellers, you’d better not git into any disputes with him about your highway rights. Just gve him the whole road and don’t argue with him. And be careful you don’t hang around under the rim-rock when them critters is around.”

>“I take it they are animals,” said Lanky.

>”Yeah, I guess they belong to the kingdom of beasts.” replied Red. “Some people call them wang-doodles, but they ain’t real wang-doodles, bein’ a ways more bigger and more ferocious. They’re perty scarce now, but when we work the canyon tomorrow, I can show you places where they have been, Yes, sir, I can show the very spot where one of them fellars took off one of the very best friends I ever had in this world.”

>”Mountain Lions, I suppose”, said Lanky.

>”Some of them babies would make a mountain lion look like a kitten. Besides, they don’t belong to the feline species nohow, bein’ more like a kangaroo in build, and about sixteen hands high when on all fours, though most of the time they walk along on their hind legs and tail and keep their forepaws ready to biff anything that gits in their way. However, that ain’t their main method of combat, not the way they took off my dear friend Jack. The Glyptodont has got a big flat tail made out of

stuff like cow’s horn, except there ain’t no bone in it. This tail bein’ springy is great aid and help in more ways than one. He can jump along with it and clear the brush, and he can land on it when he wants to jump off a cliff, and he don’t feel no bad effects from the jar.”

41. The Columbia River Sand Squink

>The Columbia River Sand Squink is a fearsome creature from the stories of North American sheep hunters and shepherds. He lives in the mountains of Washington, and leaves only at night. It has the body of a coyote in the shape of a lynx. It has the curved and bushy tail of a squirrel and long ears like those of an American hare (known as jackrabbit). The sand squink goes down the river and eats anything you can find swimming in the water. However, the Columbia river sand squink loves to eat electric eels and consumes many throughout its life. When he is hungry, he feels very weak and hides from other creatures. When he has eaten, and feels himself in the fullness of his strength, he goes to the earth in search of larger prey than the fish he habitually eats. It will lurk solitary travelers appearing before them touching their ears with their tail. Having eaten a lot of electric eels, the alternating touch of their tail from ear to ear, throws a series of electrical sparks. This distracts the traveler who follows him and is never seen again, as well as badly burns, even killing the prey with electric shock, if the beast so desires. The Columbia river sand squink builds nests and lays bakelite eggs.

42. Come-at-a-Body

>Reported by Mr. B. B. Bickford of Gorham, the N. H. Not found outside the white mountains. A short, stubby, rather small animal, resembling a woodchuck but having very soft, velvety, kitten-like fur. Harmless, but surprising. Has the terrifying habit of suddenly rushing directly at you from the brush, then stopping only a few inches away and spitting like a cat. A strong mink like scent is thrown, and the Come-at-a-Body rushes away.

43. A Composite Monster

>She is not a pretty creature by any means. She has a head like a big bulldog and an extraordinarily thick and long neck measuring about twenty-six inches in circumference. Her body is like that of a huge rattlesnake, striped and spotted and tapering to a point at the tail. A colossal fin runs the entire length of the vertebrae, and a similar fin underneath runs along the stomach to the tail. She has great fangs like those of a tiger and heavy molar teeth. Behind the gills are inside fins, and but for these she would never be recognized as bearing any kinship to the fish family.

>If this sea serpent had not been captured the fishermen who first saw it would doubtless be classed with what is generally termed the grand army of sea serpent liars. When the news of its capture reaches all parts of the world it will doubtless cause something of a sensation, as scientists have fought and wrangled over what is called the sea serpent myth for many years. Yet on the books of the United States and British navies are many records furnished by captains of warships of sea serpents which had been seen. Furthermore, it is known, for

instance, that monsters exactly corresponding with the descriptions of the sea-serpent by people who claim to have seen it existed in, past ages. In the museum of Yale College are the skeletons of many of these creatures, dug out of rocks and from the beds of dried-up seas, where they had reposed for ages.

44. Commodore Preble's Monster

>The adventure of Commodore Preble, U. S. N., when he gave chase to a sea serpent took place in 1779. He was then a midshipman, and when the sea serpent was sighted from the deck of the sloop of war he was placed in command of a boat manned by twelve seamen and sent in pursuit. The monster is said to have been 100 feet long and possessed of a large head. Its motion was so rapid that it could not be overtaken, but it was observed by the officers and men for over an hour.

>Captain Little, U. S. N., swore that while in Penobscot Bay, in 1780, on board of a "public armed ship," he saw a sea serpent at sunrise one morning. He had a boat lowered, and took the tiller himself, but before he could get near enough for the marines to shoot, the animal sank out of sight.

>Abraham Cummings reported a sea serpent in Penobscot Bay in 1802, and another in 1808. In the same year the Rev. Mr. Maclean, a clergyman, of Eigg, sent a careful description of a sea serpent, with "a head somewhat broad," that swam "with his head above water for about half a mile." He described the creature as about eighty feet long.

>In 1817 Captain Tappan, of the schooner Laura, and his whole crew told of seeing a sea serpent off Gloucester. They said it looked like a string of buoys, with a head like a serpent and a long tongue that stuck out of its mouth like a harpoon. Its motion was more rapid than that of a whale.

45. The Cougar Fish

>This savage fish, armed with sharp claws, lived in the Big Onion River. It was the cause of the disappearance and death of many river divers, whom it clawed off the logs and beneath the water. Paul Bunyan offered a big reward for their capture and extermination, but the fish heard of it and stayed away. None were taken.

46. The Cuba

>The Cuba I suppose to be a peculiar to New England. The male is of the size of a large cat; has four long tusks sharp as a razor; he is very active in defending himself, and, if he has the first blow, will spoil a dog before he yields. His lady is peaceable and harmless, and depends for protection on her spouse, and, as he has more courage than prudence, always attends to moderate his temper. She sees danger, and he fears it not. She chatters at him while he is busy preparing for battle, and, if she thinks the danger is too great, she runs to him and clings about his neck, screaming her extreme distress; his wrath abates; and by her advice, they fly to their caves. In like manner, when he is chained and irritated into the greatest rage by an impertinent dog, his lady, who is never chained, will fly about his neck and kiss him, and in half a minute restore his calmness. He is very tender of his family, and never forsakes them till death dissolves their union. What further shows the magnanimity of this little animal, he never manifests the least anger toward his

lady, though they are impertinent to him. I more readily suppose the Cuba to be peculiar to New England, not only from my never having yet seen the creature described, but also on account of its perverse observance of carnival and neglect of careme.

47. Devil-Jack Diamond fish

>Even legendary naturalists like to have their fun. John James Audubon is best known today for his bird paintings and descriptions, but in his heyday, Audubon studied pretty much every animal he could find, and piles of field drawings accumulated in his Kentucky home. It was these drawings that would later serve as the vehicle for Audubon's best-known (and possibly only) practical joke.

>As Allison Meier explains for *Hyperallergic*, the hijinks began in 1818 when Audubon welcomed fellow naturalist Constantine Samuel Rafinesque into his home. Constantinople-born Rafinesque was an accomplished collector of specimens, a seasoned traveler, and an author.

>Rafinesque had a passion for discovering new species. He dug enthusiastically into Audubon's stacks of sketches and notes, exclaiming each time he encountered a species he'd never seen before.

>The travelling naturalist was staying with Audubon and his family for three weeks. At some point during that (possibly overlong) visit, Audubon decided to have a little fun at his guest's expense. He slipped a variety of new drawings into the stacks. They looked like all the others, but they illustrated a fish species that did not exist. The phony field notes described an "Ohio red-eye"

(*Aplocentrus calliops*), a “Flatnose Doublefin” (*Dinectus truncates*), and, most memorably, the “Devil-Jack Diamond fish” (*Litholepsis adamantinus*), which Audubon claimed was four to ten feet long and covered with bulletproof scales.

>Rafinesque fell for the scam species hook, line, and sinker. Not only did he take Audubon at his word, but he would even go on to reproduce the drawings and ludicrous descriptions in his own field journals, citing them as fact. Still, as a man of conscience, Rafinesque did note that he had never seen most of these fish with his own eyes.

>It’s not known if Rafinesque ever discovered that he’d been had. But the prank was not without consequences. Nine years later, Audubon published his landmark book *The Birds of America*, which featured life-size paintings of 435 species. But five of those species could not be confirmed. By this time, word of Audubon’s fictional fish had reached certain scholars, and they wondered if his “mystery birds” were yet more fabrications. Audubon insisted that they weren’t, but his prank had cost him some credibility. Let’s hope Audubon was a little nicer to house guests after that.

48. The Dewayo

>The dewayo or dwayyo is described as a bipedal mammal with characteristics similar to those of a wolf, but the posture and stature of a human being. Dewayo sightings occur mainly in West Middletown, Maryland, but sightings have also been reported in Wolfsville, Maryland. It seems that this creature is enemy of the snallygaster and these beings have had

violent encounters that go back to the first human settlements in the valley of Middletown.

49. The Dew Mink

>The dew mink is one of the fearsome creatures in the stories of American loggers. The creature was seen and described in *General History of Connecticut*, from its first settlement under George Fenwick, to its latest period of amity with Great Britain prior to the Revolution; Including a description of the country, and many curious and interesting anecdotes. It seems to be a species of mink that only feeds on the drops of dew.

50. The Ding-ball

>much to be dreaded is the ding-ball, a panther whose last tail-joint is ball shaped and bare of flesh. With this weapon it cracks its victim's skull. There is no record of a survival from the blow of a ding-ball. In older traditions it sang with the voice of a human, thus luring the incautious from their cabins to have their sconces broken in the dark. It is fond of human flesh, and will sing all night for a meal of Indians.

51. The Dingbat

>One of the fearsome creatures of the American loggers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. The dingbat is a small flying creature, possibly a bird, which had large wings and horns on its head. His little body was covered with feathers. The dingbat had the unique ability to eat bullets in the air, and all those shots that failed their target was because of dingbats.

52. The Double Rat

>I heard dat ole red nigger tell some lie 'bout a rat. He say he been back on Lykes's plantation in de ole field by de river. He say he was walkin' 'long 'tendin' to he business when he see sump'n crawl out from under a pile er straw. He say he stand up an' look at it wrong. He say at first sight it look like a rat totin' another rat on he back, but when he look good he see it be two rat, back to back, growed together. All two on 'em been full rat. Each on 'em had he own head an' he own leg an' he own tail.

>An' dat nigger say he make up he mind to guh and tray ketch 'em for the boss. He say he know ain' nobody see no sech rat as dat. An' he say when he make for him, dat rat start 'cross de field, an' him an' dat rat. He say he ain' never been so outdone. He say when he think he mighty nigh ketch him, lo an' behold! Dat rat lay down an' roll over an' de other rat start runnin'.

>An' he say day wey he quit.

53. The Dubuque Monster Reptile

>The Slimy Beast is a Rod and a Half Long and Big as a Barrel.

>Nicholas Premier, a farmer living near Sprecht's Ferry, in Wisconsin, some miles above Dubuque, tells a most wonderful snake story. He says a monster snake appeared in his pasture and killed two of his cows by winding itself around them. He saw one of his cows in the folds of the snake but was afraid to interfere and ran away. Returning later, he found the cow dead and a large hole in her flank. The same thing was repeated the next day. A party was organized to hunt the monster, but when they came upon it they were also frightened and allowed it to escape. One man claims he saw it swallowing a cow. Premier describes the snake as about twenty-five feet long and

three feet in circumference in the middle. The folds in the snake left deep creases in the animals killed. It is supposed the reptile escaped from some menagerie. Premier is well known and is believed, incredible as the story appears.

54. The Duck-Footed Dum Dum

>"Not much fish in the lake this summer," said the old guide sadly, as he rowed with his party across the sun-flecked water where the glistening fish were supposed to be waiting hungrily for some one to offer them bait.

>"What's the matter?" asked the "chap from the city," on his first trip into the Big Woods.

>"Those know-it-all game wardens scared the duck-footed dum-dum away, that's what. Ever see a dum-dum? Funny animal. Comes around every spring. He has two tails like bass-drum sticks and swings them like lightning, beating on the tight drum-like skin on his back."

>"Well, when the fish hear this they all flock near the shore in shallow water and lay their eggs. They wouldn't know it was spawning season if they didn't hear the dum-dum. Then after they lay their eggs they go away and the dum-dum keeps watch until all the little fish are hatched out."

>"So you see when those pesky game wardens come spying around and scare off the dum-dum, we don't get any fish." And the guide pulled glumly at his little black pipe.

55. The Dungavenhooter

>Formerly quite common from Maine to Michigan. Today only occasionally met with on the Upper Peninsula of the latter state. A marsh-dweller, dangerous to human beings. Shaped a good deal like an alligator, but curious as to equipment in that he has no mouth. The nostrils are abnormally large, the legs short and the tail thick and powerful. The only cry is a loud snort. Concealing itself with Satanic cunning behind a whiffle bush, the Dungavenhooter awaits the passing logger. On coming within reach of the dreadful tail, the victim is knocked senseless and then pounded steadily until he becomes entirely gaseous, whereat he is greedily inhaled through the wide nostrils. Rum-sodden prey is sought with especial eagerness.

56. The Fire-Starter Beast

>There was once a father and son out hunting in the woods, in want of fire to cook their catch. The boy looked up and saw what looked like fire in the tops of the trees. He climbed up to fetch it, when the 'THING' asks "What do you want with me?" "Pop said to come down and fetch you a slab of beef", answered the boy. "I'll come down after a while", answered the fire. It came down and they gave him the skin from their hunt, but it was not enough, then the man gave it more and more until there was no beef left. When he asked for more, the man said they had none more. "Well, then give me your little boy." The man said to the boy they would have to drive the creature off, and took off running, until darkness enveloped them. They came to a shack in the woods, asking for sanctuary from the lady there. But as they begged, from the woods came "Bum, bum, Sally Lum, tearing down trees and throwing them as I come", and she turned them away. They came upon a stone home, with a sturdy stone fence, but again came "Bum, bum, Sally Lum, tearing

down trees and throwing them as I come," and were turned away again. The woods now bright with flame behind them, they came upon a mighty plantation, with scores of negroes. But the master saw the brightness from behind them, and heard again "Bum, bum, Sally Lum, tearing down trees and throwing them as I come", and turned them away for fear of his cotton. Lastly, they came up to a rabbit, who said, "Do not fear, I will protect you." "How?" asked the boy. "Don't worry, jus' hide behind that tree there. I will protect you." "Have you seen a man and his son?" asked the beast, in a blinding glow. "Chicky-Licky-Chow-Chow-Chow," mocked the rabbit. Again the beast asked, and again the rabbit taunted, jumping on his head, dancing and singing. The beast tried to butt the rabbits brains out his head against a tree, the rabbit leaped, and the beat split his skull open.

57. The Fish-Fox

>"Snowshoe Bill had a visitor. He was a younger guide, with tanned skin, keen black eyes, and a flashing smile. The two of them smoked and looked over the ripples that danced in the sun.
>"Catching many fish?" asked the visitor.
>"Quite a few," answered Bill. Then he raised his voice loud enough for the nearby tenderfoot to hear. "By the Way, whatever became of that fish-fox your father had when you were a kid."
>"Poor old foxy!" replied the young guide sadly. "He grieved himself to death after dad died. He was a dandy, all right. Why, all father had to say, was 'Foxy, old fellow, we want fish for supper.' and away he would go to the lake and dive in. Then he'd make a noise like an angleworm and the fish would

follow him right out of the water onto the shore and up to the cabin. All dad had to do was to take a club and kill as many as he wanted and tell Foxy to take the rest back to the lake. Some fish we had then.”

>The young fellow took a sidelong glance at the open-mouthed listener. Then winked at Snowshoe Bill and said lazily, “Ho, hum. Those were the happy days.”

58. The Fish-Hound

>“In Siberia, Wisconsin, away from the beaten paths, on the edge of one of the most wonderful lakes, was a beautiful little cabin with a ginseng garden adjoining it. The lake was filled with fish of every description and the woods were filled with a variety of game; moose, elk, deer, fox and bear. There was a profusion of flowers and shrubbery, and the monarch of the forest, the great pine, sang with a soughing sound, all through the year. If the angels ever saw this scene of beauty, they might be tempted to leave their present place of habitation.

>Not wishing to boast, nature endowed me with a secret, which I shall carry to my grave. My slightest thought is powerful and hypnotic. (I can't explain it, nor can anyone else). I can take a bird, beast or fish of any species and bring about a different breed. I have proven this, as I have a wonderful pair of fish hounds at my cabin, under the care of a faithful Indian. These were bred from a water fowl, known as the hell diver, and crossed with a mink, producing this new breed known as the fish hound. In the first litter, there were five pups. One was killed by a wolf and two were drowned. The two which I now have, can, at the age of eight months, divine my thoughts.

>If I want a fish, all I have to do is to say, "Nero, get me a four pound bass." He at once dives into the water and swims among

the muskalonge, pickerel and pike until he spies a four pound bass. As my lake is full of fish, Nero is usually back within five minutes with the bass. In hunting animals, Nero and his mate have the same uncanny methods of capture. In appearance, the fish hound resembles the ordinary fox hound, from the tip of its nose to the end of the tail. One side of this fish hound is covered with feathers and the other side with the soft fur of the mink. Boys, if all goes well, this will be my last winter cutting down pine, as I intend to go into the raising of fish hounds. Good night"

59. The Flittericks

>The variety of flying squirrels which frequented the vicinity of lumber camps were very dangerous because of the great rapidity of their flight. It was impossible to dodge them. One struck an ox between the eyes with such force as to kill the animal.

60. The Flying Serpents

>Columbus (S. C.), May 31st—A remarkable story of a flying serpent comes from Darling county. The report is that on Sunday evening Miss Ida Davis and her two young sisters were taking a walk in the woods, when a huge serpent appeared above them, moving through the air with the speed of a slow-flying bird. It did not seem to be very high in the air, and moved without any visible effort. It appeared to be about fifteen feet long and ten inches thick.

>The girls stood spell-bound until the formidable looking object was out of sight. The flying serpent was seen by several other people in a different part of the county early in the afternoon of the same day, and they tell all sorts of stories about its appearance.

>At, the village of Grasslands ten miles to the southeast of where the aerial monster was seen by the Davis sisters, a panic was caused among the inhabitants by the approach of the creature. The steeple of the Methodist Church is crowned by a weathercock in the form of a gilded dove. The last rays of the sun caused this dove to glisten bright, and the eyes of the serpent were attracted by it. Descending in its flight, it soared to within a few feet of the dove, and circled around it as if moved either by curiosity or a desire for prey. Suddenly it appeared to discover the inanimate and inedible nature of the dove, and with a furious mash of its tail, knocked the weathercock from its fastenings and sent it to the ground below in a hundred pieces. Some of the fragments picked up are stained with blood, showing that the monster's tail came into contact with the stout iron rods by which the dove was held in place.

>Reverend Richard Medway, pastor of the church, vouches for the accuracy of the details here given. He was approaching the sacred edifice at the time, on his way to hold the evening service. His wife, who was on his arm, fainted at the sight of the monster hovering like an evil spirit over the church. Mr. Medway says there can be no doubt of the aphidian nature of the creature. His description of it agrees substantially with that given by the Davis girls.

61. The Funeral Mountain Terrashot

>This animal explains the origin of the name of the Funeral Range, California. The creature has a casket-like body, six to eight feet long, with a shell running the whole length of its back. Its four legs are long and

wobbly, causing the terrashot to sway uncertainly from side to side and forward and backward as it travels along.

>The strange beast was first reported by some Mormon emigrants, who observed a peculiar procession entering the desert from a certain mountain range, afterward named the Funeral Mountains. They also witnessed the tragic fate of the creatures. One of the Mormons, aroused by his curiosity, made an investigation which resulted in finding out about all that is known of the terrashot. It seems that the animal lives in the little meadows and parks in the higher portions of the range, where it gradually increases in numbers, until by a strange impulse it is seized by a desire to emigrate. They then form long processions and march down into the desert, with the evident intention of crossing to other ranges that can be seen in the distance, but none of them ever gets across. As they encounter the hot sands they rapidly distend with the heat, and one after another they blow up with resounding reports, leaving deep, grave-shaped holes in the sand.

62. The Gaasyendietha

>According to Seneca mythology, the Gaasyendietha is a meteor dragon that dwells in the deep areas of rivers and lakes of Canada, especially Lake Ontario. Not only did the Gaasyendietha spew fire, it could also cross the heavens on a trail of fire. The name Gaasyendietha was offered by native people to French explorer Jacques Cartier when he inquired about a creature briefly sighted by him and his crew in the St. Lawrence River. They described the creature as a blue giant finned snake that moved like a caterpillar. Some argue that Gaasyendietha is the product of meteors, while others claim that this is a meteor fire dragon.

63. The Galliwampus

>"What is it, Mustang?" asked Poky Rodgers, almost forgetting to smoke in his ecstasy. "What do it live on?"

>"It's a galliwampus, Poky," said Mustang. "It's the thing that hollers 'willi-walloo' up in ellow trees in the low grounds of nights. I don't know if it bites."

>"No, it ain't, Mustang," volunteered Long Collins. "Them galliwampuses has fins on their backs, and eighteen toes. This here is a hicklesnifter. It lives under the ground and eats cherries. Don't stand so close to it. It wipes out villages with one stroke of its prehensile tail."

64. The Gallywampus

>A great amphibious panther that swims like a giant mink. "In central Missouri there are tales of the great gallywampus, described as a kind of amphibious panther, which leaps into the water and swims like a colossal mink. One man told me that his grandfather's corn-patch near Jefferson City, Missouri, was ruined by a gally-wampus which 'come down the creek so fast he couldn't stop at the Big Bend, an' skidded right on down the valley through the cornfields.' I said nothing, but evidently looked a bit incredulous, for the old man hastened to explain. 'Of course it was high water, or maybe a big wind, that flattened the corn thataway. But Grandpap always said it was the gallywampus done it. The gally-wampus was kind of a joke, in them days.'

65. The Gazerium and Snyder

>From Maine comes news of two extinct creatures, the Gazerium and the Snyder. Both, according to Richard G. Kendall, a

specialist in unearthly zoology highly esteemed in that state, were found only along the Kennebec river, and were favorite delicacies of the Kennebec Indians and had but two legs forward and only one aft, and that it fed chiefly upon the Snyder, which were minute forms of marine life. The Snyder, in turn, fed upon the eggs of the Gazerium, so the two species gradually exterminated themselves. He adds: "The Kennebec usually cooked the Gazerium in deep fat. It tasted something like French-Fried potato, with just a hint of flavor of cocktail sauce imparted to it by its died of Snyder."

66. The Gazunk, or The Flute Bill

>When night steals over the Big Woods, the cry of a prowling bird sounds like a ghostly wail, and the crackling of a small twig resembles the sharp report of a revolver. The brush of a fluttering leap across his cheek brings the "greenhorn" to his feet with a startled cry.

>It is then, as they sit about the campfire, the old guides like to spin the yarns that have been handed down by generations of their predecessors.

>"What is that?" exclaims a tenderfoot hoarsely, as one of the many strange sounds of the night strikes his ear. "It sounds like some one whistling away off in the distance."

>"Why that," explains the twinkling-eyed old-timer, "must be the gazunk, or flute-bill bird. When the gazunk was a young bird, he went to sleep in a tree and a woodpecker, by mistake, drilled some holes in his long bill. Of course, it made him sore, until he found he could play on his bill like a flute, using his claws as stops. It almost tickled him to

death. So now he goes around playing like that all night. Listen! Just strain your ears a bit. Yep, sure enough, that's the gazunk.”

67. The Godaphro

>Sometimes it was described as a deer with rabbit ears and fangs while it has also been described as a kind of giant lizard. It swung from the trees with a powerful tail. It was once a part of a wild animal show in a circus. Many people paid to see it but the circus entertainers warned that it had escaped. People fled in fear and the entertainers were able to profit from all their takings. Another tells of a farmer who was able to breed the Godaphro with his sheep producing a pet that easily walked the hilly farms but was slow on flat road.

68. The Golden Bears

>According to the legend, the Golden Bear was a large golden *Ursus arctos*. Members of the *Ursus arctos* (brown bear) species can reach masses of 290–1,540 lb. The grizzly bear and the Kodiak bear are North American subspecies of the brown bear.

>A great Golden Bear was reported in the area of Turner, Kansas. According to John Gardiner in 1831, it was feared and admired by the local Indian population. The bear lived south of the river in the hills west of the Methodist Mission. According to legend, it was the largest bear that any of the natives had ever seen. It would raid the settlements of the area folks and feasted on the animals owned by the local population. Many of the Indians wanted to kill the bear for the pride of such a feat and the capture of its hide (the fur was most sought after). The Golden Bear

was seen several times by the ferry crew on the Old Grinter Ferry during the 1830s and 1840s. Both the Shawnee and the Wyandot gathered a hunting party, but were unsuccessful in tracking the bear down.

69. The Gollywog

A giant mudpuppy or waterdog. It is eight-to-10 feet long and destroys fishing tackle.

70. The Goofang

>This curious fish always swam backward instead of forward. This was to keep the water out its eyes. It was described as “about the size of a sunfish, only larger.”

71. The Goofus Bird

>One of the peculiar birds nesting near Paul Bunyan’s old time camp on the Big Onion River. It was the opposite of most other birds-it always flew backwards instead of forwards. His curious habit an old lumberjack explained: “It doesn’t give a darn where it’s going, its only wants to know where it’s been.” It also built its nest upside down.

72. The Giant Lobster

>This fish story is about a lobster, but it’s all right and its veracity is vouched for by Capt. Emery Gray, one of the most hardy and daring fishermen on the island of Vinalhaven, off the Maine coast. In fact, Capt. Gray is the hero of the story, or, at least, shares first honors with the lobster.

>One morning, so the tale runs, the doughty captain was strolling along the shore near the mouth of Indian creek with a clam hoe in his hands, when he caught sight of a lobster claw protruding from the sand. The unusual

side to this discovery was that the claw was about a hundred times larger than any whole crustacean the captain had ever encountered. Thinking it was but a lifeless relic of some species, belonging to ages ago, the captain gave the claw a sharp blow with the hoe. >It proved to belong to the very active present, however, and snapping its claw on the offending weapon. the lobster nearly wrenched it from Gray's hand. The timely appearance of another fisherman enabled the captain to dig up the giant beast from its hole in the sand. Securing the lobster with heavy fishline, the men dragged it home, where it immediately became the center of a group of astonished natives. The lobster was fastened to a pile supporting a dock, but the following morning there was a pile missing; also the lobster, which had been named Hercules because of its immense size. A search soon revealed the crustacean's whereabouts from the roily water caused by dragging the heavy pile, and he was recaptured after another fierce struggle in which the fishermen's boat was nearly wrecked by the beast's tremendous struggles. The animal died soon after being recaptured, however, not standing captivity well. A photographer secured the picture herewith presented, in which Capt. Gray is seen near by.

73. The Giddy Fish

>They were small and very elastic, like India rubber. They were caught through holes in the ice during the winter. The method pursued were caught through holes in the ice during the winter. The method pursued was to hit one on the head with a paddle. This fish would bounce up and

down. Taking the cue from him the other fish would bounce also. Presently all would bounce themselves out of the water onto the ice. There they were easily gathered up.

74. The Gigantic Feathered Creature

>Elias Midkoff of Hamilton, Lincoln county, was in Charleston the other day and proposed to the State Historical and Antiquarian Society that if it would send him a taxidermist to Hamlin the society could secure a monster bird, of a kind never seen before by any one in West Virginia. The feathered monster is described by Mr. Midkoff, from measurements taken by himself and V. W. Adkins of Hamlin, who killed the bird at the mouth of Vannatters creek, with five bullets from his rifle, while hunting deer on Monday. The bird is 7 feet 4 inches from tip to tip, 4 feet from tip of bill to tip of tail, flat bill 4 inches long and 3 inches wide, somewhat similar to that of a duck; web feet, neck 19 inches long, and about 1½ inches through below the feathers; plumage dark brown, relieved on the wings and breast by light-blue shading. The bird when first seen was circling high in the air, but came down very quickly and alighted in the water, where Adkins got a good shot at it, crippling its wing. Adkins attempted to capture the strange fowl alive, but it was so vicious that he could not get near it without killing it, which required five bullets.

75. The Gilaopolis

>The Gilaopolis, which still roams along the more sequestered canyons of the upper Salt and Gila rivers, belongs to the same general family as the Gila monster, being a pinkish

salmon in color with a tasteful over-pattern worked out with black markings, but there is this great difference between the two, where the smaller lizard usually is not more than fifteen to eighteen inches in length, the Gilaopolis is often as large as a big calf.

>For most of the year it is gentle and inoffensive, but at the time of the spring round-up it is attacked by a high fever which nothing seems to allay so well as canned fruit juice. For this reason, when in a country frequented by these peculiar saurians, a chuck wagon is liable to be raided by one of them almost any night when, breaking open a fruit case with its powerful claws, it will melt the solder on the cans with its fever-laden breath and greedily drink the juice. If molested it will retire quietly, wholly cured for another year, but if interfered with, particularly by a meddling tenderfoot, it will fight with great ferocity.

>As an illustration of how harmless a Gilaopolis may be under normal conditions, it may be said that Dick Bowersox lariatied one once at his homestead in the Sierra Anchas and kept him with him for nearly a year, where he used to follow him about like a dog and even do simple chores like carrying in wood or bringing up the cows. The following spring, though, when its fever came up, there being no canned fruit handy, the big reptile broke into the cellar and imbibed three quarts of green paint and two gallons of home brew. Naturally "Heely," as they called the pet, acquired a beautiful jag. He chewed up a week's wash that was out on the line, half killed Dick's white faced bull, pushed his flivver over a cliff and then ran for the hills. Dick now uses a new recipe and

reverts to strong language every time he sees a lizard.

75. The Gillygaloo

>This hillside plover nested on the slopes of Bunyan's famous Pyramid Forty. Living in such a locality it laid its square eggs so that they could not roll down the steep incline. The lumberjacks hardboiled these eggs and used them as dice.

76. The Glass snake

>Another curious snake that used to interest youthful students of herpetology was the glass snake. As far as its habits were known, the glass snake seemed to exist for the sole purpose of affording fun for the boys, who, when they encountered one of them, hit it across the back with a stick, whereupon his snakeship broke into a thousand pieces, more or less, according to the mathematical proficiency of the boy, and his brittle anatomy new in all directions. Yet this singular proceeding, while it interested the youthful experimenters greatly, never discommoded the snake, or only temporarily, for as soon as left to itself the parts all united and the snake was whole as before. This invariably happened, but although boys have watched for hours to see the mysterious process the reptile never "got together" until they had departed. Glass snakes are not nearly so common now, nor are they so brittle as they used to be.

77. The Glawackus

>The Glawackus is a creature seen in Glastonbury, CT and Frizzelburg, MA and is in the traditions of lumberjacks. In the latter incident it is reported to have attacked

livestock. It is said to have a strong resemblance to a mix between a bear, panther, and lion. An eyewitness report states that "I was working as a young reporter on the Hartford Courant that year when World War II was in the wings. But we were preoccupied with the developing story about this Glastonbury creature that howled at night, slipped in and out of view and caused dogs, cats and small farm animals to disappear. As the sightings grew in number, so did the variety of descriptions. First it was a huge cat. Then some people reported what looked like a dog in back and a cat in front. Others saw it vice-versa. One man called to say he had seen a big animal in the pitch dark with eyes that glowed like embers.

78. The Gowrow

>Fred W. Allsopp, who edited the Gazette at the time, recounted the circumstances that led to Smithee's story. William Miller, a Little Rock businessman who had been traveling in the Ozarks of northwest Arkansas, told Smithee of a "horrible monster" known as the gowrow. Its name came from the noise it made during its nocturnal depredations. The creature had been slaughtering livestock and pets near Blanco (Searcy County) in Calf Creek Township. Miller formed a posse that tracked the gowrow to its lair, a cave littered with animal skeletons and even some human remains. As they waited to ambush the monster, they heard it emerge from a nearby lake, causing the earth to tremble as it made its way toward them. The gowrow perished after several volleys from the posse. Before its death, it ripped up several trees and tore off the leg of one of the posse members. An examination of the remains revealed a

creature twenty feet in length with two tusks, large webbed feet ending in claws, a row of short horns along its back, and a long thin tail with a blade on the end. Randolph's sources suggested that the gowrow was a species of creature rather than an individual monstrosity. The young hatched from soft-shelled eggs as large as beer kegs, and the mother carried newly hatched infants in a pouch. Randolph related a story about an encounter with a gowrow by a spelunker exploring Devil's Hole in Boone County. He also told of someone from Mena (Polk County) who claimed to have captured a gowrow by inducing the creature to eat so many dried apples that it swelled to a size that prevented its escaping into its burrow.

79. The Great Leech

>The spot where Valley river joins

Hiwassee, at Murphy, in North Carolina, is known among the Cherokees as Tlanusi'yī, "The Leech place," and this is the story they tell of it:

>Just above the junction is a deep hole in Valley river, and above it is a ledge of rock running across the stream, over which people used to go as on a bridge. On the south side the trail ascended a high bank, from which they could look down into the water. One day some men going along the trail saw a great red object, full as large as a house, lying on the rock ledge in the middle of the stream below them. As they stood wondering what it could be they saw it unroll--and then they knew it was alive--and stretch itself out along the rock until it looked like a great leech with red and white stripes along its body. It rolled up into a ball and again stretched out at full length, and at last crawled down the rock and was out of

sight in the deep water. The water began to boil and foam, and a great column of white spray was thrown high in the air and came down like a waterspout upon the very spot where the men had been standing, and would have swept them all into the water but that they saw it in time and ran from the place.

>More than one person was carried down in this way, and their friends would find the body afterwards lying upon the bank with the ears and nose eaten off, until at last the people were afraid to go across the ledge any more, on account of the great leech, or even to go along that part of the trail. But there was one young fellow who laughed at the whole story, and said that he was not afraid of anything in Valley river, as he would show them. So one day he painted his face and put on his finest buckskin and started off toward the river, while all the people followed at a distance to see what might happen. Down the trail he went and out upon the ledge of rock, singing in high spirits:

>I'll tie red leech skins

>On my legs for garters.

>But before he was half way across the water began to boil into white foam and a great wave rose and swept over the rock and carried him down, and he was never seen again.

>Just before the Removal, sixty years ago, two women went out upon the ledge to fish. Their friends warned them of the danger, but one woman who had her baby on her back said, "There are fish there and I'm going to have some; I'm tired of this fat meat." She laid the child down on the rock and was

preparing the line when the water suddenly rose and swept over the ledge, and would have carried off the child but that the mother ran in time to save it. The great leech is still there in the deep hole, because when people look down they see something alive moving about on the bottom, and although they can not distinguish its shape on account of the ripples on the water, yet they know it is the leech. Some say there is an underground waterway across to Nottely river, not far above the mouth, where the river bends over toward Murphy, and sometimes the leech goes over there and makes the water boil as it used to at the rock ledge. They call this spot on Nottely "The Leech place" also.

80. The Guerrero Serpent

>Dr. Watkins, the veteran missionary who has just returned from a four months' evangelical trip through the outlying states, tells a strange story of a wonderful snake which he killed in an old, abandoned shaft of a mine down in the State of Guerrero. >"My attention was attracted one day," says Mr Watkins, "by the horrified cries of an Indian miner who came running toward me, his face ghastly with fright and the perspiration dripping like rain drops from his brow. The man rushed up and cast himself at my feet where he lay trembling and gasping. As soon as he was able to get his breath he told me that he had been seized by a horrible monster which had suddenly sprung upon him from one of the hidden recesses of the mine, and that he had narrowly escaped being drawn down into its embrace.

>“My curiosity was aroused and proceeded to the mouth of the shaft with the man as soon as I could induce him to return. We looked down, but in the dense obscurity could see nothing. Drawing my revolver I bade the man go down into the shaft a way, assuring him that no harm would befall him, as I would follow close with my cocked revolver ready for use.

>“The miner did as I commanded and had gone down for a number of feet when suddenly from the dense blackness I saw a huge and indescribably hideous head with wide-open mouth shoot up. The jaws of the creature were wide open, showing its sharp-fanged teeth in its mouth looking large enough easily to take a man down at one gulp.

>“The miner screamed with terror and I feared he would lose his hold and fall, but he clung desperately to the ladder while I thrust the barrel of the revolver full into the creature’s mouth and fired. With a tremendous hiss it dropped its head and then we saw it was a huge serpent like unto nothing I had ever heard of before.

>As its struggling body came into my view I fired again, and the snake, slipping from the ledge on which it had stretched itself, fell with a squashy thud to the bottom of the shaft, where we could hear it thrashing about in struggles which momentarily grew weaker and finally ceased altogether. Then we went below, fastened a rope about the body of the reptile and hoisted it to the surface.

>“There was then unfolded before our eyes the most hideous creature man could ever dream of. Its head was like the huge stone

head of a frightfully carved Chinese dragon. Its body about the middle was as large as a man’s thigh, and its length was so great that I dare not say how many feet it measured. I very much regretted being unable to preserve the skin and bring it back for the study of scientists, but I was compelled to leave it behind.“

81. The Gumberoo

>In the foggy region along the Pacific Coast from Grays Harbor to Humboldt Bay there ranges a kind of creature that has caused much annoyance in the lumber woods. This is the gumberoo, which, luckily, is so rare that only once in a great while is one seen. It is believed to remain in hiding most of the time in the base of enormous, burned-out cedar trees, from where it sallies forth occasionally on frightful marauding expeditions. During these periods of activity the beast is always hungry and devours anything it can find that looks like food. A whole horse may be eaten at one sitting, distending the gumberoo out of all proportions, but failing to appease its hunger or cause it the slightest discomfort.

>The specimens seen are reported to have been coal black, but that may have been due to their being smirched with the charred wood. In size the beast corresponds closely to a black bear, for which it might be mistaken only for the fact that the gumberoo is almost hairless. To be sure, it has prominent eyebrows and some long, bristly hairs on its chin, but the body is smooth, tough, and shiny and bears not even a wrinkle. The animal is a tireless traveler when looking for food, but is not swift in its movements or annoyed in the slightest degree by the presence of enemies. The latter characteristic is easily accounted for by the fact that no other animal within its range has ever found a successful method of

attacking a gumeroo or a vulnerable spot in one's anatomy. Whatever strikes the beast bounds off with the same force. Its elastic hide hurls back with equal ease the charging elk and the wrathful hornet. A rock or peavey thrown at the creature bounds back at whoever threw it, and a bullet shot against its hide is sure to strike the hunter between the eyes.

>It is believed that the scarcity of gumeroos is due to their combustible character and the prevalence of forest fires. The animal burns like celluloid, with explosive force. Frequently during and after a forest fire in the heavy cedar near Coos Bay woodmen have insisted that they heard loud reports quite unlike the sound of falling trees, and detected the smell of burning rubber in the air.

82. The Gwinter

>“They’re vicious brutes,” agreed Joe, “but they ain’t got nothing on the gwinter.”

>“I never heard of the Gwinter,” said Lanky, “and what sort of beat is he, then?”

>“Well, he’s a grass-eatin’ quadruped,” and Joe,” something like a cross between a buffalo and a mountain-goat, only he’s a lot more ferocious. The peculiar thing about the gwinter is his legs. Instead of havin’ four legs of equal length like a critter ought to have, or two short legs in the front and two long ones in the back, these brutes have two long legs on one side and two short ones on the uphill side. This is mighty convenient for ‘em, since they don’t live on level ground nohow. Some of ‘em has their right legs long, some of ‘em has their right legs short, dependin’ on which way they graze around the mountains. This Chisos and the Davis and the Guadalupe mountains used to be full of ‘em. Up there, critters was thicker than the buffalo or the antelope on the plains, but they’re gittin’ mighty scarce now. Still, they took off many a cow-hand in the early days,

and sometimes yet a tenderfoot gits in the way of one of ‘em and don’t come back to chuck wagon at night.

>“If one of them critters ever starts towards you, Lanky, don’t for any-thing let him know you’re scared. If you try to run, he’ll git you shore. Jest stand there and look him right in the eye like you was glad to see him. He’ll be comin’ right toward you with his head down like a bat shot out of a cannon. Jist let the Gwinter alone till he gits two steps to you, then take a couple steps down the hill. Ten to one he’ll be so mad about it that he’ll try to foller you, anyway, and when he gits his short legs down the hill, he’s a goner. Just step back and watch that critter roll down the hill and break his fool neck. That’s why they’re so scarce, cowpolk learned that trick.”

83. The Gyascutus

>Also called the stone-eating Gyascutus.

The sordid beat has been described as “about the size of a white-tailed deer. Has ears like a rabbit and teeth like a mountain lion. It has telescopic legs which enable it to easily graze on hills. It has a long tail which wraps around rocks when its legs feel to telescope together. It feeds on rocks and lichens, the rocks enabling it to digest the tough leathery lichens. It is never seen except after the case of a snake-bite.”

84. The Haakapainiži

>Haakapainiži, the Grasshopper as he is known to the Kawaiisu, is an unpleasant ogre from Southern California, although he lives on a rock in a Nevadan lake. His counterpart in Chemehuevi folklore is Aatakapitsi, and their tales are parallel. Haakapainiži takes several forms, but the best known is that of a giant grasshopper walking on two canes, with a basket on his

back. His legs are armed with viciously sharp spikes. His legs are long enough to allow him to walk the 20 miles between Inyokern and Onyx in one step. He also appears as a giant, a harmless-looking old man, and a swarm of grasshoppers. Haakapainiži sings as he walks, hiding his evil intentions. Children are Haakapainiži's prey, and he stuffs them in his basket for devouring later. As such he is correctly classified as a bogey, and parents will quell children with warnings of "Haakapainiži is coming!"

85. The Hangdown

>Its latin name is unknown. This utterly foolish animal lives in big woods "where it hangs down from the limbs of trees, either with its fore or hind paws, either head down or head on, either way making no difference to digestion. It climbs along the bottom of a limb after the manner of a sloth. Its skin brings a high price. It is more easily hunted at night when a tub must be placed over it. It is then killed with an axe."

86. The Hansen Monster of Puget Sound

>Norwegian Boatman's Extraordinary Adventure With a Marine Monster on Puget Sound—It Was 150 Feet Long and Had the Head of a Serpent.

>The much discussed question as to whether the sea serpent is a reality or not is as much of a problem today as it ever was. Scientists as a whole confidently state that no such monster does or can exist. On the other hand, every now and then persons of more or less credibility report personal sight of such creatures, and in the main their descriptions agree. The San Francisco Examiner prints an interesting contribution

to the discussion from the pen of Peter Hansen, a Norwegian boatman on Puget sound. Hansen is an old sailor of more than average intelligence, and his reliability is vouched for by his neighbors at Quartermaster, Wash. Here is his story:
>On Feb. 24 I was in my boat towing a small raft of cedar logs from the opposite shore to my ranch. The bay, or rather strait, is about three miles wide here, and I was within half a mile of the west shore, upon which stands my cabin. The raft I had in tow contained six newly cut logs. Upon the middle of the raft I had built a small platform of cedar shakes, and on this platform were my tools—a double bitted chopping ax, a broadax and a loaded double barreled shotgun. My Newfoundland dog was with me in the boat, standing high up in the bow, barking at the ducks and gulls.
>Carl had just finished a prolonged fit of barking at the ducks when he suddenly fetched such an unusual growl of anger that I looked around to see what the matter could be. The sight that met my gaze paralyzed me, and the oars dropped from my hands. On my port quarter, about three-fourths of a mile distant, there loomed the swaying head and neck of some monster unlike anything I had ever seen or dreamed of in all my life, and I have been a seaman for more than 40 years and visited every part of the navigable globe.
>When first seen, the creature was making straight across the bay, with his head 10 feet in the air; but, as it seems, having heard Carl's defiant and piercing cries, he changed his course and swam directly toward us with fearful velocity, the mighty throes of his

extended body emitting a sound not unlike that caused by the pounding of a sidewheel steamer's paddles.

>My first impulse was to reach my trusty shotgun, cartridge belt and hatchet. I plunged into the sea and swam for the raft, about 20 yards astern, calling to my dog to follow me. But I miscalculated the speed of the great snake, for while yet several yards from the raft I heard a howl of agony from my brave Carl. Looking over my shoulder, I instinctively fetched a shriek of horror and despair.

>While I had been swimming 15 yards the snake had glided more than half a mile and pounced upon Carl. The dog weighed between 75 and 80 pounds, and his green eyed captor was holding him in his mouth 20 feet in the air. I do not know how I reached the raft, but in less time than it takes to record it I had seized the gun and sent a heavy charge of buckshot into the creature's belly about where it emerged from the water. A visible tremor passed through his body, his head fell, and bringing Carl down with frightful velocity the poor dog was hurled against the side of the boat with a force that killed him instantly.

>It now appeared that my shot had not only wounded the reptile, but it had angered him to rather a dangerous and alarming degree. Instantly his head was again on high, deafening hissings came from his throat, and the waters for a hundred feet seaward were churned into foam by the horrid writhings of his body.

>Again I raised my gun and discharged the other barrel. If my first shot had angered him, my second shot worked him into a

frenzy that knew no bounds. Throwing back his great hooded head in true serpentine style, he began to strike at the boat. At one time, fastening his jaws upon the starboard gunwale, he wrenched off a piece of solid timber 5 feet long and 2 inches thick as easily apparently as a man would bite into the thin end of a shingle. Throwing his body into a series of great, vertical coils 8 feet in diameter, he completely encircled the boat, and with one constriction crushed it into a shapeless mass.

>After crushing the boat the serpent did not immediately uncoil himself, but lay some minutes with the fragments still in his embrace, while his ever restless tail whipped the surface of the sea.

>Curiously enough, in one of its gyrations the end of the tail fell upon my raft, and with what must have been superhuman agility I seized my broadax and with one blow cut off five feet of the wiggling end. I was esteeming this a most valuable prize, but before I could secure it the slimy mass wriggled into the water and was lost.

>From this time the great reptile evidently began to weaken from the loss of blood, which was pouring in streams from his head and the wound given him by the broadax. Slowly regaining his normal position in the water, the creature withdrew toward the open sea and was soon out of sight.

>When I first saw him swimming squarely abreast of me, I should judge that from the elevated head to where the sea was lashed by the end of his tail the distance was 150 feet. The great flattened head was hooded like that of an East India cobra, and from the tip of the nose to the insertion of the neck

would have measured perhaps 8 feet. The head was fully 2½ feet wide, but appeared to be deficient in vertical depth. The eyes were set just forward of the hooded appendage and were as large as the eyes of an ox. There were no indications of a dorsal fin or rudimental feet, as have been attributed by some former observers to the so called sea serpent.

87. The Hibou blanc

>where the French Canucks are employed at chopping, you must look to see them all quit work if a white owl flies from any tree they are felling; and they must not look back nor speak to it, for it is a ghost and will trouble them unless they leave that part of the wood for fully thirty days.

88. The Hidebehind

>A very dangerous animal which undoubtedly accounted for many missing lumberjacks. It was always hiding behind something, generally a tree trunk. Whichever way a man turned it was always behind him. From this position it sprang upon its human prey, dragged or carried the body into its lair and there feasted on it in solid comfort. Because of its elusive habits no satisfactory description of it has ever been obtained. Early accounts describe hidebehinds as large, powerful animals, despite the fact that no one was able to see them.

89. Hill's Sea Serpent

>While passing through the Rice hotel last night a Post reporter observed a portly oh gentleman laughing heartily at something he had read in a newspaper. He pointed out the article to a friend. It was an account of a sea serpent which railroad king J. J. Hill is

alleged to have seen while on a pleasure trip in Northern waters.

>“I'll bet old Jim had a bully good time,” said the gentleman. “The serpent was 225 feet long, so the account states. That ain't so long, after all. I've seen a few myself. But the darndest yarn I ever heard of is recorded as a fact by S. Baring-Gould, a fact which was well authenticated and which comes down to us unvarnished and unimpaired. Remember, it as a fact.

>Once upon a time, after a violent tempest, which broke down the dykes in Holland and flooded the lowlands, some girls in town of Edam in West Freisland, going in a boat, to milk their cows and rescue their poultry, observed a mermaid in shallow water and embarrassed in the mud. They took it out of the water, placed it in the boat and brought it to the town, where they dressed it in female attire and taught it, by dint of coaxing, to spin and assist in household work. It fed with them and took part in all their pleasures, but could never be taught to speak.

>It was afterwards brought to Harlem, where it lived peaceably for several years, though still showing a strong inclination for water, it was instructed in its duty to God and made reverences before a crucifix. With such a well authenticated story story as that we can not be surprised at Hill's serpent.

90. The Hodag

>This animal has been variously described by woodsmen from Wisconsin and Minnesota. Opinions differ greatly as to the appearance of the beast, some claiming it to be covered with horns and spines and having a maniacal disposition. The description

which seems most authentic and from which the sketch of the animal has been made is as follows: size about that of a rhinoceros and somewhat resembling that animal in general makeup. The creature is slow in motion, deliberate, and, unlike the rhinoceros, very intelligent. Its hairless body is mottled, striped, and checked in a striking manner, suggestive of the origin of the patterns upon Mackinaw clothing, now used in the lumber woods. On the hodag's nose, instead of a horn there is a large spade-shaped bony growth, with peculiar phalanges, extending up in front of the eye, so that he can see only straight up. This probably accounts for the deliberate disposition of the animal, which wanders through the spruce woods looking for suitable food. About the only living creature which the hodag can catch is the porcupine; indeed, it would appear that the porcupine is its natural food. Upon sighting one rolled up in the branches of a spruce the hodag begins to blink his eyes, lick his chops, and spade around the roots and over goes the tree, knocking the breath out of the porcupine in its fall. The hodag then straddles the fallen tree, front feet crush the helpless porcupine, and then deliberately swallows him head first.

>In the autumn the hodag strips the bark off a number of spruce or pine trees and covers himself all over with pitch. He then searches out a patch of hardwood timber where dead leaves lie thick on the ground. Here he rolls about until completely encased in a thick, warm mantle of leaves, in which condition he spends the winter.

91. Hoopajubas

>The Sea Serpent variant of hoopsnake, often sought after by fisherman for their delicate meat. "Hoopajubas? Oh, they live like the golden trout in the deepest and coldest part of a lake. How to catch them? Well, you get hold of a water-auger. You

row to the deepest springhole and bore a hole in the water with it. Then you row ashore, hide in the bushes and make a noise like a mudworm. The hoopajuba comes out of the hole, grabs his tail in his mouth, and starts rolling over the water towards you like a hoop. You stick out an arm, run it through his hoop, and you have him! That's the way to catch a hoopajuba."

92. Hoop Snakes

>A very poisonous reptile. It could put its tail in its mouth and roll with lightning-like rapidity after its prey. The only way to avoid it was to quickly jump through its hoop as it approached. This so confused the large serpent that it rolled by and could not get back. If you should not manage to leap through the hoop snake's hoop, the last defense left save a scrap is to run as fast as you can and hope to find a fence to leap over. The hoop snake will have to uncoil to get through the fence, thereby slowing it down. Its sting was in its tail. A hoop snake once stung a peavy handle. This swelled to such a great size that Paul Bunyan cut one thousand cords of wood out of it.

93. The Hoot Pecker

>The hoot pecker (which could literally be translated as "howling woodpecker" or "howling whistle") is a species of bird from the tales of the American loggers, who live in Michigan. These birds are a complete combination of North American tawn (*strix varia*) and woodpecker. He works all day and night and, therefore, never sleeps. It is said to be extremely useful as it cleans forests of insects and other pests.

94. The Horn Snake

>It was in one of Uncle Davy Lane's tall tales, where he "...cum right up plum upon

one uv the curioucest snakes I uver seen in all my borned days.” He finds the serpent on a cliffside when out deer hunting, describing it as “...at full length, ten foot long, its tail strait out, right up the presserpis, head as big as a sasser, right toards me, eyes red as forked lightnin’, lickin’ his forked tounge...” “...when I seen the stinger in his tail, six inches long and sharp as a needle, stickin’ out like a cock’s spur, I thought I’d drapped in my tracks.” His account says the snake is so fast that, after jumping “forty foot down the mounting” and escaping to a tree, the snake impaled its stinger on the side opposite of where he hid, just as he rounded the bend. He tells of the noise it makes, saying “Of all the hissin’ and blowin’ that uver you hearn sense you seen day-light, it tuck the lead. Ef there’d a bin forty-nine forges all a-blowin’ at once, it couldn’t abeat it.” The snake then spewed bile at Uncle Davy Lane. “...(it) spread its mouf and grinned at me orful, puked and spit quarts an’ quarts of green pisen at me, an’ made the ar stink with his nasty breath.” When he tried to shoot the snake, “he kep’ sich a movin’ about and sich a plutteration that I (Lane) couldn’t git a bead at his head, for I know’d it warn’t wuth while to shoot him any whar else.”

95. The Hugag

>The hugag is a huge animal of the Lake States. Its range includes western Wisconsin, northern Minnesota, and a territory extending indefinitely northward in the Canadian wilds toward Hudson Bay. In size the hugag may be compared to the moose, and in form it somewhat resembles that animal. Very noticeable, however, are its jointless legs, which compel the animal to remain on its feet, and its long upper lip, which prevents it from grazing. If it tried that method of feeding it would simply tramp its upper lip into the dirt. Its head and

neck are leathery and hairless ; its strangely corrugated ears flop downward; its four-toed feet, long bushy tail, shaggy coat and general make-up give the beast an unmistakably prehistoric appearance. The hugag has a perfect mania for traveling, and few hunters who have taken up its trail ever came up with the beast or back to camp. It is reported to keep going all day long, browsing on twigs, flopping its lip around trees, and stripping bark as occasion offers, and at night, since it cannot lie down, it leans against a tree, bracing its hind legs and marking time with its front ones. The most successful hugag hunters have adopted the practice of notching trees so that they are almost ready to fall, and when the hugag leans up against one both the tree and the animal come down. In its helpless condition it is then easily dispatched. The last one killed, so far as known, was on Turtle River, in northern Minnesota, where a young one, weighing 1,800 pounds, was found stuck in the mud. It was knocked in the head by Mike Flynn, of Cass Lake.

96. The Humility

>The humility is so called because it speaks the word humility, and seldom mounts high in the air. Its legs are long enough to enable it to outrun a dog for a little way; its wings long and narrow; body maigre and of the size of a blackbird; plumage variegated with white, black, blue, and red. It lives on tadpoles, spawn, and worms; has an eye more piercing than the falcon, and the swiftness of an eagle; hence it can never be shot, for it sees the sparks of fire even before it enkindles the powder, and by the extreme rapidity of its flight, it can get out in an instant. It is never known to light upon a tree, but is always seen upon the ground or wing. These birds appear in New england in summer only; what becomes of them

afterwards is not discovered. They are caught in snares, but can never be tamed.

97. The Hyampom Hog Bear

>Ranging from mouth of the Columbia River southward to the Klamath, woodsmen report the existence of a bear known as the Hyampom hog bear. This is a small, sharp-nosed, curly-haired variety of the black and brown bear of the Coast Ranges, but must not be confused with the Peaked-heel cinnamon.

>To appreciate the importance of this animal one must remember that hog ranches are common in northwestern California. The Country there is peculiarly adapted to hog raising, and the industry would be attractive and highly profitable were it not for the existence of the hog bear. The mountain slopes are covered with scrubby and creeping oaks, which bear prodigious crops of sweet and very nutritious acorns. These naturally ripen earliest upon the lower slopes, where the young hogs begin to feed. As the acorns higher up the slopes begin to ripen, the hogs ascend the mountain, each week finding them a few hundred feet higher and many pounds fatter. About Christmas time the last of the acorns are reached on the upper slopes, and the hogs have by that time become so fat that their legs scarcely reach the ground, and the slightest jar is all that the hog bear gets in his destructive work. He "mooches" along the base of the mountain before the rancher has time to rustle his pork, and finding hogs so plentiful and so helplessly fat he takes just one bite out of the back of each, leaving the porker squealing with agony and the rancher swearing with rage.

98. The Ice Worm

>The ice dealers all over the country are threatened with ruin. The gaunt form of the

wolf is at their door, and it is only at question of time how long they will be able to hold out against the ravages of a new-discovered insect which eats ice with as much facility and enjoyment as a boy does candy. This is startling on its face, and at once accounts for the high prices householders have been paying this summer for the congealed article, although it was a well-known fact that a rather fair crop was gathered last winter. The ice men have had a knowledge of the presence of this new enemy among them since April, 1878, when a steamer of the Red Star line happened to strike an iceberg in mid-ocean, and some of these newfangled worms or ice chewers, clung to it and were carried to this country, where they have rapidly multiplied.

>A well-known scientist, Dr. Otto Hechelmeyer, says that these worms were clasified by scientific men under the name—the worms, not the men—of *nematosis eocena*. When a worm with such a name as this gets after a block of ice, there is no hope for it, of course. Prof Pintori, of the Smithsonian institution, has been looking into the history of this terrible worm, and he has discovered that it is the caterpillar of an insect which he calls the *vespa eocena*, but which he allows plain, unlearned people to call the ice wasp. It seems that these ice worms abound up in the Arctic regions, where they are busily engaged in clearing a passage to the north pole, and the professor thinks that in the course of from two hundred and thirty to two hundred and fifty years more they will have so thoroughly gnawed away the ice in that region that a trip to the pole will

become simply a pleasant summer excursion. The formation of icebergs has hitherto been something of a puzzle to most people who could not understand why these great frozen monsters should break away from their native moorings and go cruising around the ocean until they get down south and are thawed out of existence. But Prof. Pintori and Dr. Hechelmeyer make this so plain as mud. The deadly nematoris eocena sets his jaws at work upon the Arctic glaciers and cuts off these big icebergs just as readily as a butcher cuts off the head of a hog. The destroyer's work does not end here. He follows the fated iceberg and, bit by bit, gnaws off the bottom of it until it becomes top-heavy and lurches over; then he whittles down the top until it rights itself again, and so systematically and relentlessly pursues this course that the poor, harassed berge eventually succumbs to the appetite of the gorged monster, and entirely disappears within its capacious maw.

>The nematoxis eocena, or ice fiend, is a peculiar worm, about six inches in length. It is almost transparent and can conceal itself in a block of ice readily. Careless housemaids are apt not to notice its presence when cleaning the morning lump preparatory to placing it in the cooler or refrigerator. It is through the ravages of these worms that the ice melts so quickly, and persons are apt to ascribe it to a defective manufacture of the ice-chest or to careless wrapping of the frigid lump.

>Several of these ice wasps have been secured at the house of one of the largest companies in this city, and they were sent to Dr. W. S. Ruschenberger, of the Academy

of Natural Sciences, with a request that he furnish a statement of their habits and suggest a method for getting rid of them. Their bite is said to be poisonous, and when in the transition state from worm to insect they are to be feared. Unless some means are taken to rid the country of these terrible nuisances, the ice crop may go short this season, or be totally destroyed next winter. >Prof. Pintori suggests a plan to get rid of these pests. He says the wasps do not get in their work until after the ice crop is harvested and stored away, and they cannot stand the smell of burning charcoal. He therefore recommends that, after an ice house has been filled, it be surrounded by a ring of charcoal fires, which must be kept continuously burning until the next crop of ice is ready to be harvested.

99. The Jimplicute

>If one were to look up the topic of jimplicutes today, all that would be found are intriguing but inaccurate descriptions of "ghostly dinosaurs" that sneak up behind unsuspecting travelers and suck their blood. These Ozark legends are believed to have been concocted by ex-confederates for reasons of racial prejudice - that is, to manipulate by fear and intimidation the behavior of uneducated former slaves - but this modern dismissal is ignorant of a more profound and less discriminating reality. The inspiration for such watered down folklore emanated from the deepest, most unsettled parts of the high hills. It therefore was based on actual but formerly unrecorded experience, and real jimplicutes would

readily devour anyone regardless of color or creed.

>Jimplicutes are not dinosaurs, ghostly or otherwise, but they are reptilian after a sort. They do not suck blood but rather swallow their prey whole whenever possible. They are at once more impressive and more terrible to behold than the obscure legends they have generated. If one can see them at all, they are nearly indistinguishable from their forested habitat. Their scales, loose and irregular, resemble leaves, and their underlying skin is like tree bark in both toughness and texture. Were it thicker, a jimplicute's hide would be nigh impenetrable. So adapted are jimplicutes to their environment that their scales change color with the seasons, and their teeth are reminiscent of long thorns. Upon seeing a jimplicute, one might reasonably, albeit mistakenly, assume that it had arisen spontaneously from earth and twig, the vile offspring of nature itself.

>Jimplicutes are beautiful owing to their resemblance to fair forest and ugly due to that variation of form which is regarded as comely in tree and vine but misshapen in higher animals. It is only when one is forced to recognize them as distinctly animal that they become so repugnant to the eye. Aside from a general anatomy which includes a head and long neck, four legs, and a tail, there is little in the way of symmetry or grace to their general architecture. Their legs do not match lest such uniformity should make them stand out against the inconsistency of their natural background, and their right and left sides complement each other but poorly. Assorted bumps and

protuberances add further to this uneven distortion of bodily shape.

>Quite literally, jimplicutes stink. Their vulgar ruminations produce an aroma which at a distance blends with the smell of rotting logs and damp humus, but at close quarters, they exhale the withering odor of mold and ruinous decay. As foul as their breath may be, however, their breathing can be one of the most deceptively soothing sounds ever to fall on human ears. Loud as the most forceful tempest when angered, jimplicutes breathe inaudibly above the slightest breeze when stalking or at rest. They mimic the rustling of leaves in the wind, and many a victim has been overcome by drowsiness prior to the onset of an attack.

>There is no duplicity to the nature of jimplicutes, no contradiction of good mixed with bad. They are the physical manifestation of unabashed evil, drawing strength from the imperfections of their human victims and killing more for pleasure than survival. Theirs is a world of stone, wood, and moistened soil, of lying in wait and devouring all that comes within striking distance. Like alligators or venomous snakes, they can be blindingly quick, but in spite of their size and prowess, they are possessed of certain physical limitations.

>They are cold-blooded and as such can move rapidly over only limited distances. Just as importantly, they must hibernate. Were it not for the annual respite of winter, their presence in Jacob's part of the Ozarks might have compelled many a stout heart to seek lodging in more hospitable regions. Most significantly of all, jimplicutes can be killed, but not by the rifles and shotguns

available to the hillfolk of Jacob's day. The bullets of these guns lacked sufficient explosive power on impact and simply left holes too small to do any good when it came to killing such large, tough-skinned predators. Even a direct hit to a vital organ would bleed too slowly. This was why Jacob hunted with his harpoon...

100. The Joint Snake

>The Joint Snake was reported all along the southern states of the United States. Supposedly, the snake can break itself (or be cut) into pieces and will reassemble itself. It is said that if a piece of the snake is taken and the pocket knife used to cut the snake is set down in the place of the snake's piece, the knife will join up with the whole of the snake.

101. The Jonah

>A tradition among the poor whites of the South runs to the effect that the sea-monster that swallowed Jonah—not a whale, because the throat of that animal is hardly large enough to admit a herring—crossed the Atlantic and brought up at the Carolinas. His passenger was supplied with tobacco and beguiled the tedium of the voyage by smoking a pipe. The monster, being unused to that sort of thing, suffered as all beginners in nicotine poisoning do, and expelled the unhappy man with emphasis. On being safely landed, Jonah attached himself to one of the tribes that peopled the barrens, and left a white progeny which antedated Columbus's arrival by several centuries. God pitied the helplessness of these ignorant and uncourageous whites and led them to Looking-Glass Mountain, North Carolina, where He caused corn and game to be created, and while this race endured it lived in plenty.

102. The Kangaroo cat

>Did you ever hear of a kangaroo cat?
>As you'll see from the picture, it's really a cat. It has fur like a cat, it purs like a cat, and it can catch mice and rats. But it sits up on its hind legs like a kangaroo, has a long stout tail and jumps like a kangaroo. Its nose is long, almost like that of a shepherd dog. A man who lives in Oak Park bought a kangaroo cat when it was a kitten, and at the age of six weeks it could jump easily to the top of a high board fence. They are rather rare in this country, and if you have one of them you may consider yourself fortunate

103. The Kickle Snifter

>Also known as a hickle snifter, the kickle snifter is about the size of a person's thumb. They live in the beards just as some species of lice do. They are seldom seen because they are very shy. They are often heard after an old man has eaten. Because the beard hairs tickle them, they laugh out loud.

104. The King Buzzard

>My pa tell me dat 'way back in slavery time, 'way back in Af'ica, dere been a nigger, an' he been a big nigger. He been de chief er he tribe, an' when dem white folks was ketchin' niggers for slavery, dat ole nigger nuse to entice 'em into trap. He'd git 'em on boat wey dem white folks could ketch 'em an' chain 'em. White folks nused to gee him money an' all kind er little thing, an' he'd betray 'em. An' one time atter he betray thousands into bondage, an' de white folks say dey ain' guh come to dat coast no mo, dat was dey last trip, so dey knocked out dat nigger down an' put chain on him an' brung him to dis country. An' when he

dead, dere were no place in heaven for him an' he were not desired in hell. An' de Great Master decide dat he were lower dan all other mens or beasts; he punishment were to wander for eternal time over de face er de earth. Dat as he had kilt de sperrits of mens an' womens as well as dere bodies, he must wander on an' on. Dat his sperrit should always travel in de form of a great buzzard, an' dat carrion must be he food.

>An' sometimes he appears to mens, but he doom is settled; an' in he ain' would er hurt Tad, kaze one er he punishment is dat he evil beak an' claw shall never tech no livin' thing. An' dey say he are known to all de sperrit world as de King Buzzard, an' dat forever he must travel alone.

105. The Kingdoodle

>The kingdoodle is another big reptile, doubtless related to the gowrow, the jimpticute and the high-behind. One of my old neighbors in McDonald County, Missouri, told his children that the kingdoodle looks like an ordinary mountain boomer, except for its great size. The mountain boomer or collared lizard seldom attains a length of more than ten inches, while the kingdoodle is 'longer'n a wellrope, an' fourteen hands high.' It is strong enough to tear down fences and pull up saplings, but is not bloodthirsty. Near Jane, Missouri, my wife and I stopped to look at a small building which had fallen off its stone foundation and rolled into a ditch. Probably a high wind was responsible, but a little boy who lived nearby didn't think so. 'I reckon the old kingdoodle must have throwed it down, in the night,' he said soberly.

106. The Lava Bears

>When lava bears were first encountered in the early 20th century it was speculated that they might be a unique species, possibly a dwarf grizzly. The diminutive bears resembled black bears in many ways, but were much smaller with wooly fur that was light brown in color, similar to grizzly bears. Specimens taken by hunters were a little larger than a badger. They were approximately 17 inches (43 cm) to 30 inches (76 cm) long and between 12 inches (30 cm) and 18 inches (46 cm) high. The bears weighed between 23 pounds (10 kg) and 35 pounds (16 kg). Gray hair on their muzzles along with well-worn claws and teeth indicated that some of the specimens were adult bears.

>One of the first lava bear specimens taken in the wild was mounted and sent to United States Bureau of Biological Survey in Washington, District of Columbia. Eventually, scientist determined that lava bears were American black bears, stunted by malnutrition caused by the austere environment where the animals lived and foraged

107. Leprocauns

>During the early days of Upper Canada, before it became the Providence of Ontario, there were brought into a logging camp on the Madawaska River several young leprocauns from the north of Ireland. This animal was even then rare and has since become extinct in its native land. It is said that during the last famine hungry Irishmen killed and ate the few remaining specimens of this queer beast.

>On its native bogs the leprocaun was a harmless creature, celebrated for its

playfulness and laughable antics. It would hop across the bogs, turn somersaults, and leap over hillocks with wondrous agility. A favorite trick was to bore into a pile of drying peat and then, with a sudden spring, send the clods of peat high in the air till the commotion looked like a young cyclone. These antics were all right enough in Ireland, but when the animal was brought to Canada its disposition changed at once. The pets on the Madawaska escape into nearby tamarack swamps, increasing and spreading until an occasional one was seen on the upper Ottawa and even over in northern Michigan. Sneaking through the tamarack and cedar, or leaping across the muskegs after whatever appealed to it as food, the leprocaun became a creature to be feared and avoided. Teamsters toting supplies across swamp roads have been attacked by the animal, which would bound clear over the load, snapping its teeth at the driver and reaching for him with its villainous claws. Hasty flight to thick timber, leaving the team to its fate, was the only choice of the driver, who thanked his stars that in running through tangled tamarack even the leprocaun is no match for a frightened man.

108. The Leviathan Sea Creature

>The mail seamer Angola arrived at Liverpool Thursday with the biggest sea serpent story yet told. Either the one hundred or more officers, passengers and crew are a company of awful liars, or his majesty, the sea serpent, mysteriously missing this season from the American coast, has emigrated to West Africa. This is the story of the witnesses signed by everybody on board.

>While the vessel was steaming between Bay Beach and Lagos, a long, moving mass was discerned about a mile from shore.

There were no fins or flappers to be seen, but the leviathan was proceeding along at the rate of five or six miles an hour by an undulating, wriggling motion. It was traveling in an opposite direction to that in which the steamer was going, and it was kept in sight for more than ten minutes. It was estimated that its length would be about 200 feet. The water at the time was as smooth as a mill pond, so that an unobstructed view of the monster could be had. At one time it raised its enormous head and looked in the direction of the ship, showing two tremendous green eyes. It was broad daylight at the time, and when first seen the creature was within easy distance, being readily discerned by the naked eye, and the glasses which were used only confirmed the opinion that it was a sea serpent.

109. The Log Gar

>These big fish had a snout so well armed with large saw teeth that they could saw right through a log to get at a juicy lumberjack. Once in the water they made mince meat of him.

110. The Lucive

>The name of lucive derives from loup cervier (wolf cervero), a species of wolf and deer cross. Popularly, loup cervier, is the name that was called the lynx.

111. The Lufurlang

>A curious animal with dark blue stripe running down the length of its back. Its brushy tail was in the middle of its back. Its legs were triple jointed and it could run equally fast in any direction. It attacked its prey with provocation and its bite was

certain death. “It bites but once a year, so if one met one that had already bitten someone, you had not fear for instant death.”

112. Madrone Monkeys

>Now, Madrone monkeys are not indigenous to the south coast. Where you find them historically, is in the vast rain forests, that is, the jungles of the Amazon river basin, where they have flourished for eons, subsisting on the nutrient rich outer bark of the Madrone tree, until as of late – where you read so much in the paper, and see on TV, about the heavy clear cutting – the deforestation – of those wonderful jungles, to the point that there is a real potential to lose this species to extinction through loss of habitat.

>Now, you don’t see the monkeys because they’re nocturnal. In other words, all their work is done at night. But you certainly see the evidence of their participation in this ecosystem as we travel up and down the river.

>...Look at the surface of the water. Do you see that foam line? Have you noticed how these foam lines develop from time to time along the river? Well, this again indicates the presence of Madrone monkeys. See, Madrone monkeys are a highly developed system of primates. And as is almost always the case, in upper level primates, they will identify for themselves – each group, each community – a dominant male. And it’s kind of interesting how the Madrone monkeys do this. In fact, they have studied this, behavioral scientists have, back at Cornell University, in hopes of unlocking

some of the mysteries of our own political systems.

>It seems then, that each evening, those mature males vying for dominance, will stand on a branch overhanging the river, and tinkle out into the river. Now, the monkey which can tinkle farthest into the river, becomes by consensus then, the dominant male until supplanted by a contender.

>Now, not all the foam is from the monkeys of course. Some of it’s just fish sweat. These salmon and steelhead working so hard to get up river on their annual migrations – often times their sweat will collect on top and mix with what the monkeys have done.

113. The Malacca Salamander

>He is Clearly Seen—Fifty Feet Long and Barred in Black and Yellow.

>In the Straits of Malacca, the sea monster so repeatedly seen, and so repeatedly declared to be mythical, appears at last to have been carefully observed by competent witnesses. The creature was seen by the passengers and crew of the ship Nestor, on her voyage to Shanghai, and on her arrival at Shanghai the master of the ship (Mr. John Keiller Webster) and the surgeon (Mr. James Anderson) made a statutory declaration of what they had seen before a magistrate, as a mode, we suppose, of formally attesting that they spoke in good faith.

>The creature (which resembled a huge salamander, only that instead of being about six or eight inches long, these dimensions must be multiplied by at least 73 or 100, the body being from 45 feet to 50 feet in length, the head 12 feet, and the tail, it is said, no

less than 150 feet), was first seen at 10:30 on the 11th of September, fifteen miles northwest of the North Sand Light-house, in the Straits of Malacca. The weather was fine, the sea smooth and the air perfectly clear. The Chinese on deck were terribly alarmed, and set up a howl. The whole watch and three saloon passengers saw the creature clearly, and observed its movements.

>It traveled for a lung time about us fast as the steamer, appearing to paddle itself by the help of “an undulatory motion of its tail in a vertical plane,” The body and tail wore marked as those of the salamander are marked—with alternate bands, black and pale yellow in color. ”The head was immediately connected with the body, without tiny indication of a neck.” Both witnesses state positively that the only resemblance was to some creature of the frog or newt kind, while one of them (the surgeon) says that the longer he observed it the more he was struck with its resemblance to a gigantic salamander. Its back was oval in form. No eyes or fins were seen, and it did not blow or spout water in the manner of a whale. The great part of its head its never seen, being beneath the surface. Probably the creature is of a race which survives from that very different world in which creatures of gigantic size seem to have been so much commoner than now. There appears to no manner of reason for doubting the very express evidence so succinctly and soberly given.

114. The Milamo

>The Milamo was a huge crane that was reportedly so large that it would eat snakes the size of a car’s tire. It was also known to live on a diet of giant worms that lived in giant wormholes. One story told a Milamo that had difficulty trying to catch and eat giant worms. When it pinched one in its beak and pulled back, the worm would hold on tight in its hole and its body would stretch like an elastic band. The bird pulled some more and when the worm was really thin it let go and flew out of its hole like an arrow from a bow and it hit the Milamo bird in the eye. The Milamo loosened its grip in its shock of being hit and the worm dove back into its hole as faster than when it come out.

115. The Milk Snake

>If a cow goes dry, it’s because a Milk Snake had sucked it. One contributor testified that, “a milk snake was seen sucking a cow down in Pennsylvania, while the cow was in its stall. This is, I believe, not a superstition.” They are of great length, with large, gummy teeth that cows tolerate, and can hold a gallon of milk within their body. If one is in want of nutrients while in the wilderness, he should catch one and cut it open immediately, drinking its reserves.

116.. The Mi-ni-wa-tu

>The Mi-ni-wa-tu, or “sea monster”, is known from the folklore of the Tetons, and may be found in the Missouri River. A mi-ni-wa-tu is an amphibious creature with a body like that of a buffalo, and covered with red hair. It has a single horn in its forehead, and a single eye. Its back is notched like a

saw or gear. The mi-ni-wa-tu may be safely seen at night when it swims powerfully up the river, churning the water and glowing like fire; in the spring, it breaks up river ice. Seeing a mi-ni-wa-tu during the day causes confusion and loss of sight. Madness sets in; after a day of convulsions, the unfortunate victim dies.

117. The Mississippi Monster

>The monster seen in the Mississippi river above Memphis a few months ago by the captain and crew of a towboat reappeared the other day near island ninety-five. This time the frightful creature was seen by some of the crew of a produce boat. The monster's body was shaped like a snake's, his tail forked like a fish's and his bill formed like a pelican's. His bill was about six feet long and a flowing black mane stood out from his head, which was erected eight feet above the water, as he swam majestically down the stream. One twist of his forked tail knocked off the steering oar of the produce boat and sent the crew in terror to the hold. The ill starred craft now lies moored at Vicksburg, deserted by all the crew but one man, the others believing that the monster is lying in wait for this particular boat to sink it out of sight.

118. The Monster Boar of Georgia

>Tales of gigantic wild boars remain a big thing in those parts of the South where wild pigs still roam free. Georgia had the maybe-made-up tale of Hogzilla, which weighed in at just over 1,000 lbs. Not to be outdone, an 11-year-old boy in Alabama is reported to have killed a 1,051-lb. beast

with a pistol. Oh, and the pig itself may have started out as a farm pig before being sold to a game preserve.

119. The Monster Mosquito

>They have some pretty big mosquitoes in New Jersey and on Long Island, but if report of ancestry is true, they have degenerated in size and voracity; for the grandfather of all mosquitoes used to live in the neighborhood of Fort Onondaga, New York, and sallying out whenever he was hungry, would eat an Indian or two and pick his teeth with their ribs. The red men had no arms that could prevail against it, but the Holder of Heavens, hearing their cry for aid, came down and attacked the insect. Finding that it had met its match, the mosquito had flown away so rapidly that its assailants could hardly keep it in sight. It flew around the great lake, then turned eastward again. It sought help vainly of the witches that brooded in the sink-holes, or Green Lakes near Janesville, New York, and had reached the salt lake of Onondaga when its pursuer came up and killed it, the creature piling the sand into hills in its dying struggle.

>As its blood poured upon the earth it became small mosquitoes, that gathered about the holder of the Heavens and stung him so sorely that he half repented the service he had done to men. The tuscaroras say that this was one of two monsters that stood on opposite banks of the seneca river and slew all men that passed. Hiawatha killed the other one. On their reservation is a stone marked by the form of the Sky Holder, that shows where he rested during the chase, while his tracks were until lately seen south of Syracuse, alternating with footprints of the mosquito, which were shaped like those a bird, and twenty inches long. At Brighton, New York, where these marks appeared,

they were reverentially renewed by the Indians for many years

120. Moskitos

>The naturalist in Paul Bunyan's camp classified these as birds. When Paul was logging the Chippewa River region the mosquitos were particularly troublesome. They were so big that they could straddle the stream and pick the passing lumberjacks off the log drive. Sometimes a logging crew would find one of this position, quickly tie his legs to convenient trees and use him for a bridge across the river. Paul imported from Texas a drove of fighting bumblebees to combat the mosquitoes. They fought for a while, then made peace and intermarried. The result of this crossing made the situation worse than ever before for the loggers. The offspring had stingers on both ends.

121. Old Al, the River King

>On certain late afternoons, say the negro roustabouts, when the sun is sinking towards the horizon, and the water becomes a mysterious purple, there will rise up before a steamboat a glistening alligator of a vastness beyond description, carrying in one of its scaly paws a great pipe of tobacco, and bearing on his enormous head a shiny golden crown. For a moment this bizarre creature will remain before the vessel, surveying the river and the sandbars and the cypress swamps beyond, then will flap his tail lazily, and disappears beneath the surface, to sink back into the mud of the bottom from which he arose. And the roustabouts aboard the steamboat will shudder, and touch their good luck charms, or if the churchly Negroes, will breath a prayer; for they have seen Old Al, the River King. At another time, in the cotton season, when the negroes have been toiling without ceasing as the vessel moves from plantation to plantation, picking up at each landing a

new mountain of cotton bales, the chance traveler will see a negro furtively drop some tobacco over the railing into the yellow water. The Negro is not wasting his tobacco; this is a ritual of sacrifice, to induce Old Al, the monarch, to smoke the kingly pipe he is always carrying. For when Old Al smokes his pipe there comes a thick fog as the fumes rise through the water; the boat can no longer travel, and the roustabout may rest.

122. Old Joe, The Legendary Catfish

>The old-time fishermen who lived near the falls of the Brazos, tell many yarns about "Old Joe", a legendary catfish whose home is in the Sumpter Hole, a deep and dangerous whirlpool just below the falls. He is the oldest, biggest, and the most dreadful catfish that ever lived in the river. No man has ever seen him, but in the silence of the night, many folk have heard his thunderous splash, and in the morning they see undisputed evidences of his work.

>The locals' favorite fishing tackle is the throw line, a long, strong line with a weight and two or three hooks fastened to one end, and the other tied to the top of a small willow pole stuck upright into the ground, with a small bell fastened on the top so that it will ring when a fish is caught. The fishermen baits his hooks and throws them far out into the river. Then he waits patiently for the fish to bite. Some-times the bell rings loudly and the fisherman runs only to find his line, pole, bell, and all gone. Whereupon he mumbles to himself, "Old Joe done gone and got my line."

>Often when a party is out late at night on the river, something strikes the boat with a great. They'll see boat sized spin sticking out of the water with fist sized scales swimming away. After the frightened fishermen right it, with much effort, they shout "Old Joe is after us! Old Joe is after us!"

>In a dangerous place like this where many inexperienced people come to fish, there are many accidents. So whenever anyone is drowned, the fishermen all remind each other solemnly, “Old Joe done got ernother man.”

123. The Old Fire Dragaman

>Old Fire Dragaman is about the wickedest and biggest giant that ever roamed these hills. Some people believe he dug right up from the center of the earth bringing fire and brimstone with him. Nothin’ or nobody could stop him, and no one would live in the places where he hung out. He was famous for takin’ people’s money and daughters. A giant lizard, he roars fires and eats everything to kip that inner fire burning. Nothing much can pierce his scaly hide, and his teeth could cut through iron.

124. Old Spider Legs

>Old Spider Legs, also known as Eight-legged Horse, was a strange creature that was sighted in America during the 19th century by a lumberjack. As he traveled through the forest, he heard a sound of fast and numerous gallops. He then had a clear vision of a horse that had eight legs placed like the legs of a spider. The man mounted his horse and chased the beast, but could not keep up and lost sight of it. Many have heard it since, but no one has seen it again.

125. The Oomph

>Down by the old logging road Mrs. Partridge was sitting on her nest. At the approach of danger she scuttled off the nest and hid in the underbrush. The intruders counted fourteen pretty eggs.

>“There's a raspberry ratch a little further down,” remarked the guide, “and I think there's another nest near it. Want to take a look?”

>The tenderfoot followed him eagerly.

There was the nest, sure enough, but all the eggs were gone—only a few shells left. The guide shook his head sadly. “It's the oomph's work,” he explained. “He's a hard-looking animal, the worst enemy the birds have in nesting season. There's a big bounty on the oomph, but he's sly and hard to get.”

>“In case you see an animal about as big as a dog, but looking like a cross between a big lizard and a toad with long claws and with sharp spines all along his back and big spots all over him, get him quick. He's an oomph. He goes around hunting birds' nests, and when he finds one he makes a noise deep down in his throat that sounds like ‘oomph, oomph.’ That's how the old boy gets his name.”

126. The Ozark Great Cats

>In many parts of the ozark country one hears of the enormous wildcats; there are men who swear they have killed cats five feet high, weighing 200 pounds! A bobcat shot by Del Taylor, near Galena, Missouri, in January, 1945, was the biggest I ever saw in the Ozarks. But it was very thin and probably weighed less than forty pound.

>Marvel cave, near Notch, Missouri, was regarded with superstitious awe by man of the old-timers, who used to warn tourists away from the place. A schoolteacher in Walnut Grove, Missouri, declared that one subterranean room was literally full of the bones of panthers and great bobcats. All of

these animals for miles around, according to the old story, made their way into the cavern before they died, to leave their bodies with those ancestors in the "cat room." It is true that the bones of panthers and wildcats, along with those deer, elk, bears, and other animals, have been found in Marvel Cave.

>Many of the old settlers believe that panthers (or painters) and wildcats have a great appetite for human infants and will go to almost any length to obtain one. It is said that they locate babies by smelling the mother's milk as the babe gets fed. Wayman Hogue tells several stories of panthers devouring babies. At Hogue's own home, in Van Buren county, Arkansas, a painter fought their dog to a standstill and came down the chimney after a five-day-old infant. The beast was driven off Hogue's mother, who tore open a straw mattress and threw the straw on the fire, producing a great blaze through which the painter could not descend.

127. The Painters

>There is nothing imaginary about the painters that once lived in the Appalachians and the Ozarks. In fact, a lot of folks tell me that they are still around. (See "Notes") However, the folklore associated with the super-natural powers of the mountain panther has more to do with imagination than fact. The average native of Appalachia can tell a "painter story," usually about their great-great-great grandmother, who, when pursued through the woods by a painter, distracted the beast by throwing articles of clothing behind her. There is a good one about a little woman named "Granny Pop"

over in the Big Bend section of Haywood County that did that. Usually the shivering woman arrives home "devoid of linen," or ends up neck-deep in a mountain pool where she is rescued by her husband/father who shoots the painter. Mountain folk in western North Carolina often tell stories that have been "passed down in the family" about how their triple great-grandmothers had saved their families from a painters. Drawn to the house by the smell of a newly butchered hog (or a new-born child), the painter would attack the cabin door and scream. The resourceful woman would either pull her spinning wheel close to the door and begin to spin or she would play a fiddle or other stringed instrument. The sound would disconcert the painter, who would remain in a state of confusion until the husband or a neighbor arrived and killed the "charmed beast."

>Wilbur Zeigler and Ben Grosscup relate a frightening personal encounter with mountain painters in an abandoned cabin alleged to be "hanted" by local hunters. The narrator of this story awakes in the night to the sound of terrifying screams, thumps and crashes. In the light of a dying fire, the author watches shadows move, and tries to create a rational explanation for the gore-splattered floor. Eventually, he learns that several painters were in the cabin with him. While devouring a fresh kill, the painters are frightened by a snow-slide which strikes the cabin, cascades down the chimney and extinguishes the fire. Bolting for the door, the painters (and a badly frightened companion) brush against the author and escape. Shortly after this

experience, four painters are found living in the rock cliffs above the cabin and are killed.

>All of these stories, whether true or not, sound factual. It seems conceivable that a hungry mountain panther would behave in this matter. However, many tales describe painters as gigantic creatures with preternatural intelligence and senses; they can "smell the flesh of a new-born baby," or the milk of a nursing mother. Driven to a frenzy by these smells, the painters descend chimneys and murder entire families. In some tales, they walk upright. Where is the line between fantasy and fact?. Probably somewhere around the point where the painter stands erect and begins knocking on doors with its paw.

128. Piasa

>The Piasa is a Native American dragon depicted in one of two murals painted by Native Americans on bluffs (cliffsides) above the Mississippi River. In 1673 Father Jacques Marquette saw the painting on the limestone bluff and stated this "While Skirting some rocks, which by Their height and length inspired awe, We saw upon one of them two painted monsters which at first made Us afraid, and upon Which the boldest savages dare not Long rest their eyes. They are as large As a calf; they have Horns on their heads Like those of a deer, a horrible look, red eyes, a beard Like a tiger's, a face somewhat like a man's, a body Covered with scales, and so Long A tail that it winds all around the Body, passing above the head and going back between the legs, ending in a Fish's tail. Green, red, and black are the

three Colors composing the Picture.

Moreover, these 2 monsters are so well painted that we cannot believe that any savage is their author; for good painters in France would find it difficult to reach that place Conveniently to paint them. Here is approximately The shape of these monsters, As we have faithfully Copied It."

129. The Phillyloo Bird

>It had a long beak like a stork and long legs. It had no feathers to spare. It flew upside down the better to keep warm and avoid rheumatism in its long limbs. It laid Grade D eggs.

130. The Pinnacle Grouse

>This bird has only one wing. This enabled it to fly in only one direction about the top of conical hill. The color of its plumage changed with the seasons and with the condition of the observers.

131. The Poopampareno

>A man who was a great hunter got to thinking that he could do without the faithful dogs that had always helped him. He left a bowl of milk out for the hounds, but they were too upset about being left behind to go near it. When they did, they found it turned to blood. Now, the hunter was walking boldly through the woods when suddenly he found himself face to face with a Poopampareno! There was only one place it could be hurt, and that was right under its chin. Anywhere else and the bullet would bounce off its skin like a rubber ball. He dropped his gun and ran up a tree.

>He didn't stop climbing until he reached the tip-top. When he looked down, his blood ran cold. The Pooppampareno's lips were drawn back from his terrible saw teeth and he was grinning at the hunter like this, and began to saw with his teeth. Through the bark he sawed, and into the wood. Then the hunter called to his dogs as loud as he could: >"Here, Sambo! And Ringo! Your master's almost gone! And a poo-pam and a poo, and a poo-pam and a poo!"

>The voice echoed across the woods, and the hounds heard their master's call clearly. They came bolting, reaching just in time as the tree fell, and took the Poopmapareno by the neck, slaying the beast.

132. The Powder Snake

>The powder snake was a giant serpent living deep in the swamplands, praying on any and all that come near, cutting off the village from any near by folk. It was named such because it would spray its victims in a black poisonous powder that would kill them quickly and painfully. When the snake was sleeping in the marshland, a young boy searching for grass for his cattle to eat chanced upon the slumber beast. Using his grass cutting machete, he cut the beast's head off, with the body writhing and flailing and spewing the powder every which way, slaying the monster, but polluting the marsh for some time.

133. The Prudence Ilse Sea-Beast

>Charles Smith, watchman for the Narragansett Bay Oyster company at Prudence island and Thomas Harty, a fisherman, tell a strange tale of a weird sea

monster that is borne out by a score of reputable citizens, who say they have seen the beast. The monster first made its appearance here about a week ago. Wednesday Smith and Harty spied it close to shore in shallow water. The creature is as big as an ox, is built like a kangaroo with-out legs, has a fluked tail, a long neck, and a small head, with two horns. Smith emptied his rifle at the beast, but the bullets rattled off the hide. Then he and Harty chased it and managed to fasten it with a noose about the neck to a piling weighing a ton. The monster dragged the piling into the water as though it were a feather and swam off.

134. The Purington Lake Monster

>Wright Marks and Plummer Purington went down to Airwood Lake last Monday night hunting ducks and had an adventure which they will long remember. The fact that both of them had their heads shaved a short time ago is all that saved their hair from turning gray. They had found a good place to lie down in the grass on the west side of the lake and were waiting for the ducks to come and be killed, when they were suddenly startled by a roaring and hissing and a terrific splashing of water. >They started to their feet and the sight that met their gaze almost froze the blood in their veins. There, not a hundred feet away, wallowing about in the lake, was a ferocious looking monster about fifteen feet long with a horrible looking alligator-like head covered with scales and the jaws armed with long, curved tusks. The body was also covered with huge scales of a dirty yellow

color. The creature had four legs and two long arms terminating in cruel looking claws that looked as though they were sharpened up for business.

>As the boys leaped from their place of concealment the monster spied them and immediately disappeared in the water only to appear in a few minutes close to the shore. Two guns were immediately leveled and fired at the monster but he did not pause a second.

>Emitting terrible blood-curdling roars he made for the boys and they were obliged to turn and fly for their lives. After a chase of half a mile the monster gave up and returned to the lake while the boys made the best of their way home. There is talk of organizing a party to thoroughly search the lake for the monster and capture him if possible.

Airwood Lake is about seven miles southwest of Kensal and is quite a popular resort for picnic parties during the summer.

135. The Rhinelapus

>A rare tripod, the three massive appendages of the Rhinelapus, each ending in a three-clawed foot, form an arch-like tripod. This trio provides great stability, and enables the creature to scuttle in any direction like a titanic spider. Its lizard-like head is slung low, beneath its body, allowing it to feed close to the ground. Its one, massive horn, jutting over two feet from the neck above its skull, is a frightening weapon. More frightening is its rear end, thrust skyward in most gaits, a sphincter of unknown power and intent.

>It was originally reported to be yellow, but this specimen has transmogrified into a

uniform highway-sign-green. No one has ever lived to report a battle between a Rhinelapus and a Hodag -- the monster that lives woods around an nearby town.

136. The Roperite

>In the foothills of the Sierras, where the Digger pine grows, dwells one of the most peculiarly specialized animals to be found anywhere on the American continent. No one knows its life-history, even approximately, and many a discussion has been based upon the question as to whether the beast is born, hatched from eggs, or comes into existence spontaneously from some mountain cavern. The Digger Indians say that roperites are the spirits of early Spanish ranchers, and blood-curdling are the tales they tell of hapless creatures pursued by the beast, snared with its marvelous rope-like beak, and dragged to death through thorny chaparral. No man or animal can hope to outrun it. It steps upon road-runners or kicks them out of the way, and no obstacle appears sufficient to stop its progress or even slacken its speed, as it seemingly half flies, half bounds across the rugged country which it inhabits. Its leathery skin is impervious to thorn and its flipper-legs uninjured by the sharpest rocks. According to A. B. Patterson, of Hot Springs, California, who saw the last roperite authentically reported, the animal has a large set of rattles on its tail, which it vibrates when in pursuit of game, thus producing a whirling sound like that of giant rattler. The effect of this upon an animal closely pursued may be imagined.

Lumbermen operating in the region between

Pitt River and the southern end of the Sierras are urgently requesting to make every effort to secure a living specimen of the roperite.

137. The Rubberado

>Rubberado is one of the fearsome creatures from the folklore of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American lumbermen from Wisconsin and Minnesota. The rubberado is a species of porcupine whose flesh and thorns are extremely elastic, making a skilful use of these corporal characteristics, so that it could rebound by the earth, moving by her. If a rubberado was cooked, its meat became inedible. Bullets bounce right off of them. It's also advised not to serve the meat on its own as it will simply bounce around inside your mouth. Instead you need to prepare it in a stew. But be warned. Rubberado flesh imparts its resiliency to whomever consumes it. You'll find yourself bouncing around and laughing for a couple of days before the effect wears off.

138. The Rumtifuself

>A very ferocious animal of large size and strength. When at rest it wraps its thing body about the trunk of a tree, a clever stratagem for securing its prey. A lumberjack mistakes it for a fur robe, approaches it and is thereafter missing. In luring a victim within its reach, this animal employs one of the oldest strategic devices known—that of playing on the cupidity of its prey. Being a rather slow-gaited beast, it has to resort to some form of low cunning. The Rumtifusel is large, strong, and ferocious. The pelt is fine, long, and thick with a rich color like a

mink. The body is oddly flattened—somewhat the way old Hank McGinnis looked after he'd rolled off the porch roof following the annual firemen's dinner, and sort of spread himself out so fiat we just slid him edgeways between a couple of shed doors for a coffin. This shape makes it possible for the Rumtifusel to drape himself closely over a stump, or about the butt of a tree standing near a tote-road, in such adroit fashion that he may be mistaken for a fine-fired fabric or coat that was mistakenly discarded. Naturally, the passer-by, comes over to have a closer look. With a lightning-fast flick of its blanket-like body the Rumtifusel completely envelops its victim. The numerous minute, sucking pores lining the inner ventral surface are promptly brought into action, and in no time at all the bones are sucked clean.

139. The Santer

>One of the few marauding varmints reported below the Mason and Dixon line. Common in western North Carolina. Rarely dangerous to mankind, but a frequent predator on livestock. His body is long, covered with reddish long hair, his head is large, round, and bald. His legs and feet are long, and his eyes are small with a mean look. His tail is almost as long as his body, and has eight hard knots in it. Looks like a string of beads. He can swing this flail with plenty of power and skill—enough to knock out a cow or a hog with one slap. And obviously this tail can be effectively used in combat. But he can travel so fast he seldom has to put up a scrap. Lives mostly in wooded swamps in the neighborhood of

small villages where cattle and hogs are kept. A remarkably fast animal, but rarely seen. Its cry is a piercing, baby-like wail. Dogs will seldom run one. A calf known to have been killed by one of these varmints near Statesville, showed eight distinct bruises, seven on the body and one on the broken foreleg. The hair about each bruise was severely singed.

140. "The Serpent"

>About twenty-five feet long, with a tail which tapers until within about five feet of the end, where it broadens out to look much like a whale. Its head is approximately four feet long and triangular in shape. Its mouth is very long and was armed with two rows of triangular white teeth as sharp as those of a shark, but in shape more like those of a sperm whale. Its body is covered with a horny substance which is as much like the carapace of a terrapin which is brown in color and of a greenish tinge. Its eyes are round like those of a fish.

141. The Seven Headed Dragon

>Another tale displays many of the Juan Oso stories' motifs, and although it was collected down in the state of Chihuahua, it demonstrates the spread and variety of the story from the borderlands. It is the tale of Catorce, a man who ate fourteen of everything-indeed, he lived his life by fourteens. He was a terrific worker, but one of his meals would wipe out his employer's provisions-and livestock as well. His prowess earned him fame, until a king sent for him to kill a seven-headed dragon-serpent that was destroying cattle

and people in the kingdom. Catorce wasn't interested in the prize the hand of the king's daughter, since food was his only interest. But Catorce went to the sierra, killed the vile dragon by cutting off its seven heads; then removed the twin fangs of each head and pocketed the, skinned the dragon and stretched it over some trees to make a shelter. When someone else claimed the reward, bringing in the seven heads that Catorce had left behind, Catorce went to the fiesta, and asked if the serpent heads had fangs-and produced them when the time came. He didn't want to marry a princess who came up only to his knee, but had to obey the king. "So Catorce married. He killed other serpents and dragons and had to marry other princesses, and he had his rations every fourteen days as long as he lived."

142. The Side-hill winder

>More odd than this animal is the side-hill winder, a rabbit-like creature so called because he winds about the steep hills in only one direction; and in order that his back may be kept level, the down-hill legs are longer than the uphill pair. He is seldom caught; but the way to kill him is to head him off with dogs when he is corkscrewing up a mountain. As the winder turns, his long legs come up on the uphill side and tip him over, an easy prey. His fat is the cure for diseases caused by will-am-alone, but to eat its flesh is to die a hard and sudden death.

143. The Skeeteroo

>Kwasin, the old Indian, stalked into the camp to see his friend, the guide. The

tenderfoot was introduced to the red-skinned visitor.

>“By the way,” remarked the guide to the tenderfoot, “do you see those big scars on Kwasin's arms and neck? That's the work of the billed mosquito. Tell us about it, Kwasin.” The Indian grunted, but remained silent.

>“Long time since I've see any skeeteroos,” continued the old guide, “but years ago this country used to be full of 'em. They grew as big as chickens and had a bill 'bout six or eight inches long and as hard as steel. They kept 'em sharper 'n needles, with two little two-handed grindstones they had rigged up on the banks of the creek. Tell hint about the time a whole flock tackled you, Kwasin.”

>“No, you tell um,” requested the Indian gravely.

>“Well, one time when Kwasin was coming down Fish Creek in his canoe a flock of 'em come at him so he hurried to the banks of the stream, hauled his canoe out: turned it over, and got under it. The skeeteroos lit all over the canoe and pierced it full of holes with their sharp bills. Kwasin, to save himself, took a rock and clinched their bills underneath, until, all of a sudden, the skeeteros flew away with his canoe! Isn't that so, Kwasin”

>The Indian grunted solemnly

144. The Sliver Cat

>This fierce denizen of the pineries was a huge cat with tasseled ears. Its fiery red eyes were in vertical instead of horizontal eye slits. It had a very long tail with a ball-shaped knob at its end. The lower side of this knob was bare and hard, on its upper

side were sharp spikes. The big cat would sit on a limb waiting for a victim. When one passed beneath it would knock him down with the hard side then pick him up with the spikes. Paul Bunyan's crews suffered continual losses from depredations of these big cats.

145. The Silurian Salamander

>A snake haunts Wolf Pond, Pennsylvania, that is an alleged relic of the Silurian age. It was last seen in September, 1887, when it unrolled thirty feet of itself before the eyes of an alarmed spectator—again a fisherman. The beholder struck him with a pole, and in revenge the serpent capsized his boat; but he forbore to eat his enemy, and, diving to the bottom, disappeared. The creature had a black body, about twelve inches thick, ringed with dingy-yellow bands, and a mottled-green head, long and pointed, like a pike's.

146. The Snallygaster

>The snallygaster is a mythical beast resembling a dragon that inhabits the Blue Ridge Mountains near Braddock Heights, Maryland. This area was colonized by German immigrants around 1730. The earliest stories describe that community being terrorized by a monster called Schneller Geist, which in German means "quick spirit." The first incarnations of this creature mixed the bird characteristics of a mermaid with the nightmare characteristics of a demon, ghouls or vampire. The snallygaster was described as a half-reptilian, half-bird, with a metal beak lined with sharp teeth, and from time to time

were given tentacles similar to those of an octopus. He silently jumps from the sky to catch and take away his victims. Early reports claim that this monster sucked the blood of its victims. The seven-pointed stars, which supposedly kept the snallygaster at bay, can still be seen painted in the local stables. It has been suggested the legend was resurrected in the nineteenth century to scare the freed slaves.

>News stories throughout February and March 1909 describe encounters between local residents and a beast with "huge wings, a good pointed bill, claws like steel hooks, and an eye in the center of the forehead." It was said that he emitted Squeaks "like a locomotive whistle." A lot of publicity surrounded this series of appearances, with a Smithsonian Institution offering reward for its capture. President Theodore Roosevelt allegedly considered postponing a safari in Africa to personally hunt the beast.

147. The Snake Monster

>A FARMER living near Eldora, in Iowa, had three large valuable farm horses recently destroyed by a monster snake. When discovered they were literally crushed into a jelly. The farmer's name is given as Gabriel Stout, and a neighbor of his, S. Carlin, lost a fine two-year-old colt that was killed by the same snake. The whole neighborhood have turned out in search of the monster, but all that they have been able to discover so far is a portion of his snakeship's last year's skin, eleven feet in length, which is supposed to be only about a third of its entire length.

Another farmer writes from the neighborhood of the monster's whereabouts

that two calves and several head of young stock are mysteriously missing, and the opinion is general that they have been killed and eaten by the big snake. There appears to be some truth in the story. The eleven feet portion of the skin of last year that was found during a hunt for the reptile is now on exhibition at the Court House at Eldora, and R. H. McBride has organized a body of men to prosecute the hunt until the monster is taken.

148. The Snawfus

>It is a white deer with huge horns that lives in the tops of the trees, jumping from branch to branch like a monkey. When he does this he shouts "Halley-loo! Halley-loo! " In the autumn of the snawfus there exhales a blue smoke from his mouth, which slides up, towards the sky, forming clouds of blue haze.

149. The Snoligoster

>In the cypress swamps of the South, and particularly in the region about Lake Okechobee, Florida, woodmen tell of a strange and dangerous animal known as the snoligoster. This creature is of enormous proportions and is credited with a voracious appetite. Worst of all, its appetite is only appeased by the eating of human beings. In form the snoligoster resembles a huge crocodile, but it is covered with long, glossy fur and has no legs or fins, except one long spike on its back. A person wonders how an animal can manage to travel through the water and mud of the swamp region where it lives, but nature has provided it with a means for driving itself along. On the end of

its tail are three bony plates much resembling the propeller on a steamboat. These revolve at a terrific rate, driving the animal like a torpedo boat through mud. They serve other purposes as well, for when a snoligoster catches an unfortunate pickaninny, or even a fullgrown negro, which it delights to feed, it tosses the victim up and backward so as to impale him upon the spike fin, where several may be carried until sufficient for a meal have been collected. The snoligoster's tail is then driven into the mud and revolved until a hole is scooped out and the victims scraped off the spike and tossed in, whereupon the snoligoster beats them into batter with its rapidly revolving propeller and inhales them.

150. The Snow Snake

>These reptiles came from over Siberia by frozen Bering Strait during the very cold year of the two winters. Being pure white in color they were always more plentiful during the winter time. They were very poisonous and savage. Tanglefoot oil was the only remedy for their bite.

151. The Snow Wasset

>On the most northern logging camps of Canada we hear of the snow wasset. This is surely an animal of the Boreal Zone. It is a migratory animal, wintering in the lumbering region between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay and spending its summers far north in Labrador and the Barren Grounds. Unlike most wild creatures of the North, the wasset is said to hibernate during only the warmest weather, when its hair

turns green and it curls up in a cranberry marsh. During the summer it has rudimentary legs, which enable it to creep slowly around and remain in the shade.

>After the first snowstorm the wasset sheds its legs and starts south, dipping about in the snow. It soon attains remarkable skill in this method of travel, which enables it to surprise skulking varmints of many kinds. Later in the winter, when food becomes scarce and more difficult to obtain, even wolves are snowdrifts. According to woodsmen, the tragedies of the far North are more numerous beneath the crusted snow than above it. There is no telling how many creatures are pulled down and eaten by the wasset, for this animal has a voracious appetite, comparable only to that of the wolverine, but since it is four times as big and forty times as active as the wolverine it must eat correspondingly more.

>The only specimen of this beast ever examined by white men was an imperfect one on James Bay, where a party of surveyors found an Indian in a peculiar canoe, which, upon examination, was shown to be made from one wasset hide greatly stretched. There being no leg holes in the white winter pelt, it is peculiarly adapted to the making of shapely one-man canoes, which are said to be used also as sleds by the Indians. A whole battery of dead-falls are believed to be used in trapping a wasset, since it is impossible to tell in what direction the animal's body may extend. The trigger is set so that a dozen logs fall in from all sides toward the bait, pinning the animal under the snow wherever he may be.

152. The Shoofly

>Shoo flies are large aquatic flies native to a shallow warm lake fourteen miles northeast of Mud Lake in Washoe County, Nevada. They were discovered and appropriately named by prospectors. A shoo fly is black in color, four inches long and with an abdomen three inches in circumference. The transparent wings resemble those of a horsefly and produce a ten-inch wingspan. Shoo fly larvae are deep green in color, six inches long and four inches wide, and feed on rushes; after roasting they look like sweet potatoes and have a vegetable taste, making them prized food commodities. Swarms of shoo flies buzz over the waters of the lake and under it. The flies can go underwater and produce an air bubble that forms around their heads. With this organic scuba gear, the flies can stay underwater indefinitely.

153. The Splinter Cat

>A widely distributed and frightfully destructive animal is the splinter cat. It is found from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and eastward to the Atlantic Ocean, but in the Rocky Mountains has been reported from only a few localities. Apparently the splinter cat inhabits that part of the country in which wild bees and raccoons abound. These are its natural food, and the animal puts in every dark and stormy night shattering trees in search of coons or honey. It doesn't use any judgement in selecting coon trees or bee trees, but just smashes one tree after another until a hollow one containing food is found. The method used by this animal in its destructive work is simple but effective. It climbs one tree, and from the uppermost

branches bounds down and across toward the tree it wishes to destroy. Striking squarely with its hard face, the splinter cat passes right on, leaving the tree broken and shattered as though struck by lightning or snapped off by the wind. Appalling destruction has been wrought by this animal in the Gulf States, where its work in the shape of a wrecked forest is often ascribed to windstorms.

154. The Split Dog

>Well, I saw him fall apart and I ran and slapped him back together. I had jerked off my shirt, so I wrapped him up in that right quick and ran to the house. Set him in a box and poured turpentine all over the shirt. I kept him near the stove. Set him out in the sun part of the time. Oh, I could see him still breathin' a little, and I hoped I wouldn't lose him. And after about three weeks I could see him tryin' to wiggle now and then. Let him stay bandaged another three weeks, and then one morning I heard him bark. So I started unwrappin' him and in a few minutes out he jumped, spry as ever.

>But, don't you know, in my excitement, blame if I hadn't put him together wrong-way-to. He had two legs up and two legs down! Anyway, turns out he was twice as good a rabbit dog after that. He'd run on two legs till he got tired, and then flip it over and just keep right on.

>Aa Lord! That little dog could run goin' and comin', and bark at both ends!

155. The Squasholiger

>Across the lake was a neat little cabin where an "old-timer" lived all the year

round. He raised quite a crop of vegetables, which he sold to campers.

>The old guide took the tenderfoot over with him on a vegetable buying trip. "We'd like a couple of those fine squashes of yours, I've noticed lately they're coming along great," remarked the guide.

>The wrinkled old woodsman shook his head. "Sorry, but they're gone those were the squasholiger variety, you know."

>"Oh, sure," nodded the guide, "That's the walling kind ain't it?"

>"Yep. They grow just like any other squash on vines, only heaps larger. And as they ripen their eyes and legs come out and their month opens, and just before they're ready to walk, a piece of the vine turns into a tail, and —presto! Off they go!"

>"Don't you ever get them?" asked the tenderfoot.

>Nope. You see their green color helps them hide in the underbrush. But I don't understand losing them, because they stay around the place and live on bugs and insects, so you see they're considerable help. They're a rare variety, though. Isn't often I raise any of 'em."

156. The Squidgicum-Squee

>Like the Wunk of the same area, the Squidgicum-Squee is very shy, not wanting to ever be seen. When it hears or sees someone or something approaching, it takes a deep breath and swallows itself.

157. The Squonk

>The range of the squonk is very limited. Few people outside of Pennsylvania have ever heard of the quaint beast, which is said

to be fairly common in the hemlock forests of that State. The squonk is of a very retiring disposition, generally traveling about at twilight and dusk. Because of its misfitting skin, which is covered with warts and moles, it is always unhappy ; in fact it is said, by people who are best able to judge, to be the most morbid of beast. Hunters who are good at tracking are able to follow a squonk by its tear-stained trail, for the animal weeps constantly. When cornered and escape seems impossible, or when surprised and frightened, it may even dissolve itself in tears. Squonk hunters are most successful on frosty moonlight nights, when tears are shed slowly and the animal dislikes moving about ; it may then be heard weeping under the boughs of dark hemlock trees. Mr. J. P. Wentling, formerly of Pennsylvania, but now at St. Anthony Park, Minnesota, had a disappointing experience with a squonk near Mont Alto. He made a clever capture by mimicking the squonk and inducing it to hop into a sack, in which he was carrying it home, when suddenly the burden lightened and the weeping ceased. Wentling unslung the sack and looked in. There was nothing but tears and bubbles.

158. The Stone County Monster

An upright standing tan-colored panther with a long tail and enormous teeth.

159. The Stone Spirit Dragon

>Spirit Canon, a rocky gorge that extends for three miles along the Big Sioux River, Iowa, was hewn through the stone by a spirit that took the form of a dragon. Such were its

size and ferocity that the Indians avoid the place, lest they fall victim to its ire.

160. The Sturgeon

>Michael Pauw, brave fisherman of Paterson, New Jersey, hero of the fight with the biggest snapping turtle in Dover Slank, wearer of a scar on his seat of honor as memento of the conflict member of the Kersey Reds-he whose presence of mind was shown in holding out a chip of St. Nicholas' staff when he met the nine witches of the rocks capering in the mists of Passaic Falls-gave battle from a boat to a monster that had ascended to the cataract. One of the Kersey Reds, leaning out too far, fell astride of the horny beast, and was carried at express speed, roaring with fright, until unhorsed by a projecting rock, up which he scrambled to safety. Falling to work with bayonets and staves, the company despatched the creature and dragged it to shore. One of the Dutchman, who was quite a traveler, having been as far from home as Albany, said that the thing was what the Van Rensselaers cut up for beef, and believed that they called it a sturgeon.

161. The Swamp Auger

>This boy, often mistaken for an old snag, is found in fresh-water lakes. He carries a swivelled proboscis especially adapted to boring three-inch holes in the bottoms of boats, and will do so unless stopped. But his work can be easily halted either by tickling his snout or by sprinkling it with cayenne pepper. Either procedure will make the Auger sneeze violently, which he hugely enjoys, and he will then hold his expectant

nose tight in the hole until the boat can be beached.

162. The Swan Valley Monster

>The Swan Valley Monster made its appearance on August 22, 1868, in the otherwise tranquil locale of Swan Valley, Idaho. Its presence was witnessed and reacted to by an unnamed old-timer crossing the river at Olds Ferry. The first thing he saw of the monster was an elephant's trunk rising from below the surface and spouting water. This was followed by a snake-like head the size of a washtub, with a single horn that kept moving up and down, and long black whiskers on both sides of the face. It had ten-inch-long fangs and a red forked tongue that spewed green poison. When it hauled its massive body onto the shore, the old-timer noted that it must have been twenty feet long, and it stank to high heaven. A pair of wing-like fins – or fin-like wings – came out of the sides of its neck. Its forward half was like a snake, the thickness of a calf, greenish-yellow with red and black spots; this in turn led into a fish-like section with hand-sized rainbow scales shining in the sun; finally, the tail was a drab, scaly gray like a lizard tail. Shiny black barbed spines, like those of a porcupine, lined its back from head to tail. Finally, it had twelve stubby legs that were easily missed at first glance; the first pair under the fins had hoofs, followed by two pairs of legs with razor-sharp claws, then a pair of hoofed feet, a pair of clawed feet, and another pair of hoofed feet near the tail. Of course, the old-timer's first reaction to the abomination slithering up the bank was to fire a slug into

its eye. The monster reared up, hissing, bellowing, and spurting poison over its surroundings. Everything its poison had touched, whether trees or grass or other living beings, withered and died. As the monster was too large to be carried off by one man, the old-timer returned to town to fetch a wagon and six strapping lads to help him, as well as a tarp to protect them from the poison. They could smell the odoriferous creature a hundred yards away.

163. The Sysladobosis Monster

>Sysladobosis Lake, in Maine, has a snake with a head like a dog's, but it is hardly worth mentioning because it is only eight feet long-hardly longer than the name of the lake. More enterprise is shown across the border, for Skiff Lake, New Brunswick, has a similar snake thirty feet long.

164. The Tahoe

>The horrid lake monster of Lake Tahoe. All this did not occupy much time, and I began to wonder what was up. My dog kept looking up the canyon and was evidently alarmed, and I began to feel shaky myself. All at once the dog set up a howl and started for home, eight miles away, running as fast as dog could run, and going under the cabin staid there two days and nights and no amount of coaxing could get him to come out sooner, and never after would the dog go in the direction of the lake. I began to feel that some unknown danger was near, and looking about me, saw a spruce tree with very thick limbs, standing near a very large pine. I climbed un about sixty feet from the ground and began to look up the canyon. I

had not long to wait. I heard a sound as if the dead limbs of trees, willows and alders that grew in the canyon were being broken and crushed. Soon the monster appeared, slowly making his way in the direction where I was hidden in the tree-top, and passed on to the lake within fifty feet of where I was, and as his snakeship got by, and I partly recovered from my fright, I began to look him over and to estimate his immense size. After his head had passed my tree about seventy feet, he halted and reared his head in the air fifty feet or more, and I was thankful that the large pine hid me from his sight, and I dared to breathe again as he lowered his head to the ground and moved on.

>His monstrous head was about fourteen feet wide, and the large eyes seemed to be about eight inches in diameter, and shining jet black, and seemed to project more than half this size from the head. The neck was about ten feet, and the body in the largest portion must have been twenty feet in diameter. I had a chance to measure his length, for when he halted his tail reached a fallen tree, and I afterward measured the distance from the tree, where I was hidden to the fallen tree and it measured 510 feet, and as seventy or eighty feet had passed me, it made his length about 600 feet. The skin was black on the back, turning to a reddish yellow on the side and belly, and must have been very hard and tough, as small trees two and three inches in diameter were crushed and broken without any effect on his tough hide. Even bowlders of 500 or 600 pounds weight lying on the surface of the ground were pushed out of the way. His snakeship

slowly made his way to the lake, glided in and swam toward the foot.

>This serpent has been seen by several of the old settlers at the lake since that time, but it was generally agreed that it would be useless to tell the world the story, knowing that it would not be believed. I will give a few names of the early settlers that have seen his snakeship at different times since I first saw him. William Pomin, now living in San Francisco; John McKinney, Ben McCoy and Bill McMasters, all at that time living on Sugar Pine Point; Homer Burton, now living in Sacramento; Captain Howland of the old steamer Governor Blaisdell, Tony and Burk, fishermen living near Friday's station; Rube Saxton, now at the lake, and several others could be named.

>I know many will doubt this story, but sooner or later his snakeship will be seen by so many that all doubt will be removed. I was induced to write this description by reading an article in THE CALL of last Sunday, stating that there was a living mastodon in Alaska and that it had been seen by the natives. Believing that I have seen a more wonderful sight and, as in time my story is sure to be verified, venture to give this to the public.

165. Tailypo

>Tailypo is a frightening ravenous cat-like creature of North American folklore, particularly in Appalachia. The Tailypo is usually described as being the size of a dog, with yellow or red eyes, pointed ears and a long tail. In some versions of the folktale, it has tufted ears like a bobcat. It is covered in black or dark brown fur to camouflage its

nocturnal activities. Its claws are its main weapon. The Tailypo can speak like a man, and demands the return of its tail (the actual phrase varies between versions, but is always repeated, usually three times): "Taily-po, Taily-po...who has my Taily-po..."

166. The Teakettler

>A small animal which obtains its name from the noise which it made, resembling that of a boiling teakettle. Clouds of vapor issued from its nostrils. It would often retreat backwards, enveloping himself and his surroundings in a thick fog. The hot steam it bellows can also be used as a weapon, scalding those that come after it. But few woodsmen have ever seen one.

167. The Teelget

>As one of the Anaye, the "Alien Gods" of Navajo folklore, Teelget was born from a human woman who resorted to unnatural and evil practices. In this case, his "father" was an antler. The creature born was round, hairy, and headless, and was cast away in horror; it was this creature that grew into the monster known as Teelget. The origin of Teelget's name is not known with certainty, but the "tê" makes reference to his horns. He is like an enormous, headless elk or antelope, rounded in shape, hairy like a gopher, with antlers he uses as deadly weapons. Coyote was his spy, and between him and the other Anaye they laid waste to the land, slaughtering many.

168. The Terrible Blue Racer

>The blue racer was an ophidian calculated to cause the hair of the small boy to stand on end like the quills of the fretful porcupine. Nothing could exceed the fiendish malignity of this snake, whose powers of locomotion were incredibly swift and whose appetite for boy was forever on edge. And it was only by relieving himself of all impediments, such as the bucket containing his small store of berries or his fishing tackle and can of bait, that a boy was able to avoid capture. It was the current belief that when the blue racer came up with his prey he swiftly infolded the unlucky wight in his deadly coils, crushed the life out of him and then devoured him at his leisure. So far as history goes and the mortuary records show no boy was ever cut off in the bloom of his youth by a blue racer, but disasters of this kind were only avoided by the remarkable fleetness of foot displayed on such occasions.

>His terror gave him supernatural strength and added wings to his feet, and the blue racer was incontinently left in the shade. The blue racer, according to a cloud of youthful witnesses who have testified thereto, was a snake ranging from 11 to 16 feet long, the average length being about 15 feet. Its aspect was threatening in the extreme, and its eyes gleamed with a baleful and hungry light. As it reared its ugly head four or five feet above the surface in search of the trembling youngsters his underside was seen to be of a bright blue color, and from this fact and his swift movements he received his apt and distinguishing name. Blue racers are as scarce as hens' teeth now.

169. The Three-tailed Banalorous

>This creature, the banalorous three-tailed, is half bird, half mammal. While its front is covered with feathers, its back was covered with fur. It has the legs of a cow or a buffalo and a horned head in the shape of a corkscrew. This being has three tails: one is flat and uses it as a seat, another is prickly with a pointed end and uses it as a weapon, and the other is a peacock tail used to ward off flies

170. The Timmerdoodle

>The timmerdoodle is a small mammal that was said to have lived in the United States of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The timmerdoodle bounds towards unfortunate souls that wander into its hunting grounds, and bites then with his fierce jaws, not letting go until he hears thunder. Once a man named Sam McSneed was bitten by a timmerdoodle; Two months passed before a storm struck in the vicinity and the beast released him.

171. The Tonnage Rat

>The tonnage rat is one of the creatures of the old tales of American loggers. It lives in the mountains and leaves during the rocky landslides. After a rocky detachment, gather the rocks and place them back in their location. The female lays large square eggs.

172. The Tote-road Shagamaw

>From Rangeley Lakes to Allegash and across in New Brunswick loggers tell of an animal which puzzled many a man, even those who were not strangers in the woods. Frequently the report is circulated that the tracks of a bear have been seen near camp,

but a little later this is denied and moose tracks are reported instead. Heated arguments among the men, sometimes resulting in fist fights, are likely to follow. It is rightly considered an insult to a woodsman to accuse him of not being able to distinguish the track of either of these animals. To only a few of the old timber cruisers and rivermen is the explanation of these changing tracks is known. Gus Demo, of Oldtown, Maine, who has hunted and trapped and logged in Maine woods for 40 years, once came upon what he recognized as the tracks of a moose. After following it for about 80 rods it changed to moose tracks. It was soon observed by Mr. Demo that these changes took place precisely every quarter mile, and that these whatever made these tracks followed a tote road or a blazed line through the woods. Coming within sight of the animal, Gus saw a 20-foot-tall creature with the fore-legs of a bear, and the hind legs that of a moose. He observed it marching carefully with its long legs, stepping precisely at a yard a step, then stopping on a pivot, and switching to from its fore to its hind legs. He concluded that Tote-Road Shagamaw must have been originally a very imitative creature, developing to fool hunters. He reasoned that the Shagamaw can only count to 440; therefore it must invert itself every quarter a mile

173. The Tree-frog

>The tree-frog cannot be called an insect, a reptile, or one of the winged host; he has four legs, the two foremost sit, with claws as sharp as those of a squirrel; the hind legs

five inches long, and folding by three joints. His body is about as big as the first joint of a man's thumb. Under his throat is a wind bag, which assist him in singing the word I-sa-ac all the night. When it rains, and is very dark, he sings the loudest. His voice is not so pleasing as that of a nightingale; but this would be a venial imperfection, if he would but keep silence on Saturdays nights, and not forever prefer I-sa-ac to Abraham and Jacob. He has more elasticity than any other creature in known existence. By this means that he can leap over 6 yards up a tree, and can hop successfully from tree to tree. It is by its singing that the Americans have acquired the name of little Isaac.

174. The Tree Octopus

>You will find the Pacific Northwest Tree Octopus high in the trees of Washington State's Olympic National Forest. They spend their early lives in the water of Puget Sound, but as they mature they move upwards, adopting an arboreal existence. They use their eight arms to swing from branch to branch, as well as to grab small prey such as insects and frogs. During their mating season they return to the water, but soon after resume their life in the forest. The tree octopus population is under great pressure from the encroachments of the modern world: logging, roads, pollution, and overhunting by trappers eager to sell the octopuses as ornamental decorations for hats.

175. The Treesqueak

>Like the argopelter, the treesqueak is a master of arboreal camouflage. As one

might guess from the name, these shy creatures are heard but not seen. Their preferred nesting areas and singing spots are where the branches of two trees cross, and they are particularly vocal when the wind is blowing. Owing to the difficulty of catching a treesqueak, it was a logical object for the 'snipe hunts' that credulous green loggers were sent on - competing with the snipe itself, which varies widely (variously reported as feathered, furred, or both, on two, three, or four legs) but is universally uncatchable and rarely resembles the shorebird of the same name.

176. The Tripodero

>The Tripodero lives in areas of dense brush and undergrowth, hunting for birds and other small animals that are its main source of food. When it sees some prey, the tripodero slowly extends its legs, just as the legs of a photographer's tripod can be extended, thereby raising its body above the brush. When it has a clear line of sight, the tripodero then shoots a mud pellet (a supply of which it stores in its left cheek) out of its blowgun-like snout. It rarely misses. Once the prey is stunned, the tripodero can consume it at its leisure. The tripodero is usually reported as having two legs, rather like a bird, and a kangaroo-like tail that it uses to balance itself while aiming. However, four-legged varieties of the Tripodero have also been seen. These lack the long tail. When its legs are not extended, the Tripodero can move quite rapidly through the brush.

177. The Underground Panther

>A hunter was in the woods one day in winter when suddenly he saw a panther coming toward him and at once prepared to defend himself. The panther continued to approach, and the hunter was just about to shoot when the animal spoke, and at once it seemed to the man as if there was no difference between them, and they were both of the same nature. The panther asked him where he was going, and the man said that he was looking for a deer. "Well," said the panther, "we are getting ready for a Green-corn dance, and there are seven of us out after a buck, so we may as well hunt together."

>The hunter agreed and they went on together. They started up one deer and another, but the panther made no sign, and said only "Those are too small; we want something better." So the hunter did not shoot, and they went on. They started up another deer, a larger one, and the panther sprang upon it and tore its throat, and finally killed it after a hard struggle. The hunter got out his knife to skin it, but the panther said the skin was too much torn to be used and they must try again. They started up another large deer, and this the panther killed without trouble, and then, wrapping his tail around it, threw it across his back. "Now, come to our townhouse," he said to the hunter.

>The panther led the way, carrying the captured deer upon his back, up a little stream branch until they came to the head spring, when it seemed as if a door opened in the side of the hill and they went in. Now the hunter found himself in front of a large townhouse, with the finest detsänûñ'li he had

ever seen, and the trees around were green, and the air was warm, as in summer. There was a great company there getting ready for the dance, and they were all panthers, but somehow it all seemed natural to the hunter. After a while the others who had been out came in with the deer they had taken, and the dance began. The hunter danced several rounds, and then said it was growing late and he must be getting home. So the panthers opened the door and he went out, and at once found himself alone in the woods again, and it was winter and very cold, with snow on the ground and on all the trees. When he reached the settlement he found a party just starting out to search for him. They asked him where he had been so long, and he told them the story, and then he found that he had been in the panther townhouse several days instead of only a very short time, as he had thought.

>He died within seven days after his return, because he had already begun to take on the panther nature, and so could not live again with men. If he had stayed with the panthers he would have lived.

178. The Upland Trout

>These very adroit fish built their nests in the trees and were very difficult to take. They flew well but never entered the water. They were fine panfish. Tenderfeet were sent out into the woods to catch them.

178. The Wapaloosie

>In the damp forests of the Pacific coast and eastward as far as the St. Joe River, in north Idaho, ranges a quaint little beast, known among loggers as the wapaloosie. It is about

the size of a sausage dog, but is not even distantly related to the canine family. The wapaloosie, according to lumberjacks, lives upon shelf fungus or conchs exclusively, and he is able to get them with ease, no matter if they are growing on the tip top of a hundred-foot dead tree. It is a pleasure for one of these animals to climb, for he has feet and toes like those of a woodpecker, and he humps himself along like a measuring worm. Even his tail is spiked at the tip and aids him as he mounts the lofty firs in quest of food.

>One of the most peculiar features of the animal was discovered only recently. A lumberjack in one of the camps on the Humptulips River, Washington, shot a wapaloosie, and upon examining its velvety coat decided that it would make an attractive and serviceable pair of mittens, which he proceeded to make. The hide was tanned thoroughly and the mittens made with care, fur side out, and as the lumber jack went to work he exhibited them with pride. Imagine his surprise upon talking hold of an ax to find that the mittens immediately worked their way up and off the handle. It was the same with whatever he took hold of, and, finding that he could not use the mittens, they were left in a skid road, and were last seen working their way over logs and litter across the slashing.

179. The Wamp

>“How's the deer hunting this year?” asked the new arrival at camp importantly, as he leaned on his shiny new gun and looked proudly down at his well pressed, unspotted hunting suit.

>The old guide looked him over slowly before he drawled, "Pretty good. Pretty good. And I've seen the tracks of a wamp around here lately, too, and that means more deer than ever. Yes. sir!"

>"The wamp?" asked the newcomer politely.

>"Every deer hunter knows about the Wamp," replied the guide witheringly, "He's about the size of a coon, with a gray body, shaped like a salt sack and a hollow tail with a salt shaker on the end of it."

>"A salt shatter?" repeated the tenderfoot doubtfully.

>"Sure. Don't you know how crazy deer are about salt. Well, the wamp goes around shaking salt at the roots of trees every few miles, and the deer lick it up and run to tell their friends about it."

>The hunter looked at the guide thoughtfully, but the old woodsman, with solemn face, was looking out across the bronzed woods, as though at any minute one of his weird animals might come slinking in between the tall trees, or peer at them from behind a flaming bush.

180. The Wampahoofus

>A Vermont variation of the sidehill winder is known as the Wampahoofus. It was reported that farmers crossbreed them with their cows so they could graze easily on mountain sides.

181. The Wampus Cat

>It smells awful, like skunk spray and wet dog. It has glowing yellow eyes and fangs. It kills animals, kidnaps kids and terrifies all it meets. Creepiest of all, it's half-cat,

half-woman. This terrifying creature is the Wampus Cat. Generally on the prowl in northeastern Tennessee, the creature has also been spotted in eastern Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia and, intriguingly, at the University of Tennessee-Knoxville. Some claim it lives in Knoxville's fetid sewers. Despite innumerable reported sightings, no photos of the creature exist. There are several stories about how the Wampus Cat came to be. Here are two. One says a Cherokee wife hid beneath the skin of a mountain lion to spy on her husband and his buddies while they were hunting. They discovered her and, as punishment, the tribe's medicine man said she had to wear the lion's skin forevermore, turning her into a cat-woman. Anguished, she roams around bemoaning her fate. Another tale says a Cherokee warrior went on the hunt for a beast that was terrorizing his tribe. When he tracked it down, it looked him straight in the eye, causing the warrior to go insane. The warrior's wife wasn't happy about this, so she hid under the skin of a mountain lion and stalked the beast to exact revenge. When she found it, the beast took one look at her and fled, petrified. To this day, the woman's spirit still wanders the area, dressed as a mountain lion.

182. The Whapperknocker

>The Whapperknocker is somewhat larger than a weasel, and of beautiful brown colour. He lives in the woods on worms and birds; is so wild that no one can tame him, and, as he never quits his harbour in the day-time, is only to be taken by traps at night. Of the skins of these animals-- which

are covered with an exceedingly fine fur--are made muffs, at the price of thirty or forty guineas apiece; so that it is not without reason the ladies pride themselves on the possession of this small appurtenance of female habiliment.

183. The Whangdoodle

>A whangdoodle is a fantastic creature of indefinite and indeterminate nature, appearing in certain popular phrases or songs, whose figure would be further popularized through children's literature. It seems that the origin of these beings is American, situating it around the year 1856, being popularized by appearing in a parody sermon attributed to William P. Brannan that read "Where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for her first-born," published in "The Harp of a Thousand Strings: Or, Laughter for a Lifetime"(1858). Whangdoodle was an earlier term used to designate something fantastic or imaginary or to designate a thing whose correct name is unknown.

184. The Whippoorwill

>The Whippoorwill has so named itself by its nocturnal songs. It is also called the Pope, by reason of its darting with great swiftness from the clouds to the ground and bawling out Pope, which alarms young people and the fanatics very much, especially as they know it to be an ominous bird. However, it has hitherto proved friendly, always giving travelers and others notice of approaching storm by saluting them every minute by Pope! Pope! It flies only a little before sunset, unless for this purpose of giving

notice of a storm. It never deceives the people with false news,. If the tempest is to continue long, the augurs appear in flocks, and nothing can be heard but Pope! pope! The Whippoorwill is about the size of a cuckoo, has a short beak, long and narrow wings, a large head, and mouth enormous, yet not a bird of prey. Under its throat is a pocket, which it fills with air at pleasure, whereby it sounds forth the fatal word Pope in the day, and Whip-her-I-will in the night. The superstitious inhabitants would have exorcised this harmless bird long ago, as an emissary from Rome and an enemy to the American Vine, had they not found out that it frequents New England only in the summer, and prefers the wilderness to a palace. Nevertheless, many cannot but believe it a spy from some foreign court, an agent of the antichrist, a lover of persecution, and an enemy of the Protestants, because it sings of whipping and the Pope, which they think portends misery and a change of religion

185. The Whiffenpoof

>A tasty fish, found only in perfectly round lakes. Hence quite rare. To catch him, row to the exact center of the lake, using the hogyoke to determine position, and bore a square hole in the water. Bait the edge of this hole with a bit of cheese, preferably Brie, Stilton, Liederkrantz, or best of all; Limburger. The Whiffenpoof will quickly scent the bait and come for it. When he emerges, spit tobacco-juice in his eye. This will make him so swell with rage that he won't be able to withdraw into the hole, and you can easily net him.

186. The Whiffle-Pooffle

>"But they ain't near as shy as the whiffle-pooffle. Why, them things so bashful they don't feel comfortable unless they're hid in the bottom of a bottomless lake," says Joe.

>"Are they a fish?" asked Lanky.

>"Not exactly a fish," explained Joe, "a sort of cross, I reckon, between an eel and a gila monster."

>"Are there any ariund here?" asked Lanky.

>"Well, maybe," replied Joe; "maybe a few. Still I doubt it. You see right around here the lakes go dry sometimes in the dry season, and the whiffle-pooffle wants water, and plenty of it, mucha agua. Still there may be a few. They have teeth that'll tear through buffalo hide like it were nothing at all, and crawl up on shore when one of them fellars gets too close to the waterin' hole. Thing is, they won't ever strike unless they're certain that there ain't nobody else around

187. The Whimpering

>The whinging or whimpering is a miserable beggar who sobs so pathetically that once he knocked down a whole population of wolves who died of pure grief upon hearing it.

188. The Whing-Whang

>Whing-whang is a very peculiar creature, a separate case among fearsome creatures from the folklore of American loggers. It goes unnoticed during the day and lives near the beach. For most of the time he lives his life without being seen or heard. However, on those nights when the moon turns orange,

the whing-whang leaves his resting place and devotes himself to writing his name in the sand again and again. As the night lights up and the sun begins to rise, whing-whang erases everything he has written and then quickly disappears.

189. The Whirling Whimpus

>Occasionally it happens that inexperienced hunters and others wandering in the woods disappear completely. Guides are unable to locate them, and all kinds of theories are offered to explain the disappearances.

>From the hardwood forests of the Cumberland Mountains, Tennessee, comes the rumor of an animal called the whirling whimpus, the existence of which may throw some light upon the fate of those who fail to come back to camp. According to woodsmen who have been "looking" timber in eastern Tennessee, the whimpus is a blood-thirsty creature of no mean proportions. It has a gorilla-shaped head and body and enormous front feet. Its unique method of obtaining food is to station itself upon a trail, generally at a bend in the trail, where it stands on its diminutive hind legs and whirls. The speed is increased until the animal is invisible, and the motion produces a strange droning sound, seeming to come from trees overhead. Any creature coming along the trail and not recognizing the sound is almost certain to walk into the danger zone and become instantly deposited in the form of syrup or varnish upon the huge paws of the whimpus.

190. Whirligig Fish

>Related to the Goddy Fish. They always swam in circles. They were taken in the winter months through holes in the ice like their relatives. The loggers smeared the edges of the holes with ham or bacon rind. Smelling this fish would swim around the rims of the holes, faster and faster, until they whirled themselves out on the Ice. Thousands were thus taken.

191. The Whistling Whoo-Hoo

A huge wildcat with supernatural intelligence and a talent for making beguiling sounds. Some species can whistle, and lure hapless hunters and woodsmen to their doom by whistling at them from "dark cedar thickets." Lumberjacks often explain the disappearance of a fellow worker by saying, "I guess the Whistler got him." In addition to whistling, some wampus cats give calls - usually "Hoo-Hoo" or "Whoo-Hoo." The combination is supposedly irresistible, something like the siren call in Greek mythology. The folklore of other regions have some fascinating near-kin of the "Whistling Wampus."

192. The White Deer of Onota

>Beside quiet Onota, in the Berkshire Hills, dwelt a band of Indians, and while they lived here a white deer often came to drink. So rare was the appearance of an animal like this that its visits were held as good omens, and no hunter of the tribe ever tried to slay it. A prophet of the race had said, "So long as the white doe drinks at Onota, famine shall not blight the Indian's harvest, nor pestilence come nigh his lodge, nor foeman lay waste his country." And this prophecy

held true. That summer when the deer came with a fawn as white and graceful as herself, it was a year of great abundance. On the outbreak of the French and Indian War a young officer named Montalbert was despatched to the Berkshire country to persuade the Housatonic Indians to declare hostility to the English, and it was as a guest in the village of Onota that he heard of the white deer. Sundry adventurers had made valuable friendships by returning to the French capital with riches and curiosities from the New World. Even Indians had been abducted as gifts for royalty, and this young ambassador resolved that when he returned to his own country the skin of the white deer should be one of the trophies that would win him a smile from Louis.

>He offered a price for it—a price that would have bought all their possessions and miles of the country roundabout, but their deer was sacred, and their refusal to sacrifice it was couched in such indignant terms that he wisely said no more about it in the general hearing. There was in the village a drunken fellow, named Wondo, who had come to that pass when he would almost have sold his soul for liquor, and him the officer led away and plied with rum until he promised to bring the white doe to him. The pretty beast was so familiar with men that she suffered Wondo to catch her and lead her to Montalbert. Making sure that none was near, the officer plunged his sword into her side and the innocent creature fell. The snowy skin, now splashed with red, was quickly stripped off, concealed among the effects in Montalbert's outfit, and he set out for Canada; but he had not been many days

on his road before Wondo, in an access of misery and repentance, confessed to his share of the crime that had been done and was slain on the moment.

>With the death of the deer came an end to good fortune. Wars, blights, emigration followed, and in a few years not a wigwam was left standing beside Onota.

>There is a pendant to this legend, incident to the survival of the deer's white fawn. An English hunter, visiting the lake with dog and gun, was surprised to see on its southern bank a white doe. The animal bent to drink and at the same moment the hunter put his gun to his shoulder. Suddenly a howl was heard, so loud, so long, that the woods echoed it, and the deer, taking alarm, fled like the wind. The howl came from the dog, and, as that animal usually showed sagacity in the presence of game, the hunter was seized with a fear that its form was occupied, for the time, by a hag who lived alone in the "north woods," and who was reputed to have appeared in many shapes—for this was not so long after witch times that their influence was forgotten.

>Drawing his ramrod, the man gave his dog such a beating that the poor creature had something worth howling for, because it might be the witch that he was thrashing. Then running to the shanty of the suspected woman he flung open her door and demanded to see her back, for, if she had really changed her shape, every blow that he had given to the dog would have been scored on her skin. When he had made his meaning clear, the crone laid hold on the implement that served her for horse at night, and with the wooden end of it rained blows

on him so rapidly that, if the dog had had half the meanness in his nature that some people have, the spectacle would have warmed his heart, for it was a prompt and severe revenge for his sufferings. And to the last the hunter could not decide whether the beating that he received was prompted by indignation or vengeance.

193. The White River Monster

>Some believe the White river monster may have affected the Civil War. The river was used for transportation, and the monster was supposedly responsible for overturning a boat. Several accounts have been recorded, describing it "as wide as a car and three cars long," and having "the skin of an elephant, four or five feet wide by twelve feet long, with the face of a catfish, . . . lolling on the surface of the water," and "It looked as if the thing was peeling all over, but it was a smooth type of skin or flesh," said one, and it made strange noises that sounded like a combination of a "cow's moo and a horse's neigh." Other accounts of the White River Monster described three-toed tracks, 14 inches in length.

194. The Will-am-alone

>The Will-am-alone is a quick little animal, like a squirrel, that rolls in its fingers in poison-lichens into balls and drops them into the ears and on the eyelids of sleeping men in the camp, causing them to have strange dreams and headaches and to see unusual objects in the snow. It is the hardest drinkers in the camp who are said to be most easily and most often affected by the poison. Can

be fatal when mixed with those liquors made in prohibition states

195. The Windigo

>But the worst of all is the windigo, that ranges from Labrador to Moosehead Lake, preferring the least populous and thickest wooded districts. A Canadian Indian known as Sole-o'-your-foot is the only man who ever saw one and lived-- for merely to look upon the windigo is doom, and to cross his track is deadly peril. There is no need to cross the track, for it is plain enough. His footprints are twenty-four inches long, and in the middle of each impress is a red spot, showing where his blood oozed through the hole in his mocassin; for the windigo, dark and huge and shadowy as he seems, has yet a human shape and many human attributes. That belief in this monster is so genuine that lumbermen have secured a monopoly of certain jobs by scaring competitors out of the neighborhood through simple device of tramping past their camp in fur covered snow shoes and dropping a bead of beef blood in each footprint. The stealthy stride of the monster makes every lumberman's blood run cold as the Androscoggin under its ice roof, and its voice is like the moaning of the pines.

196. The Windyo

>The windyo is a mysterious creature that appears in the humorous and strange histories of the American northwest, in the lumberlands. The windyo is said to have large feet but other than that there is no other description of the animal. This dark

creature makes a moan like the sound of the wind.

197. The Wunk

>Most of us have been outdoors at night and seen a dim shape with bright glowing eyes. Sometimes this turns out to be a cat, skunk, or raccoon - but if it turns and disappears before you can make out details, what you've seen is, indubitably, a wunk. Unlike many Fearsome Critters, the wunk is common in populated areas and even ventures into cities from time to time. Its method of eluding predators is similar to that of the wombat of Australia, which quickly digs a burrow with its powerful claws and plugs the entrance with its armored backside. The wunk does the wombat one better - not content to leave any part of itself exposed, it reaches back and pulls the hole in after it, leaving no trace. (As if this were not enough, rumor has it that the wunk could change its shape if it wished, even to the point of passing for a human - but it never does.)

1. The Arctic Giants

>Some papers are exploiting photographs of a race of giants said to have been discovered by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who has just returned from an exploring expedition to the south polar regions. The existence of such a race has always been denied by scientists, but Dr. Cook, it is said, has not only seen and talked with them, but brings back photographs to prove beyond argument that the biggest race of human beings in the world is to be found in the frozen south. The monstrous forms of both the men and women are clad in furs. The men arm themselves with bows and arrows and wooden clubs. Their strength and endurance are remarkable. The men can outrun any horse on a long stretch. They can cover 50 miles in a few hours. To see a company of these wild men crossing a plain is like watching a herd of antelope skim over the ground. Only their upright position, with their scanty goats' skins flying in the wind and the flourish of their clubs and bows and arrows, shows that they are men instead of belonging to the lower animals. Dr. Cook is going to write a full scientific account of these people.

2. Big Black and the Her-girls

>Big Black was a Greenville nigger a-rousing on the Tennessee Belle, but he got tired of the river and went on one of them ships that goes out of New Orleans to the sea. The weather kept getting hotter and hotter. And the mate seen him looking at the water and said, "Don't you go in ther swimming, Big Black." He didn't tell him why, though, and one day, when it was

terrible hot, Big Black jumped into the ocean. And in a minute, a lot of them Her-girls, that's half women, half fish, grabbed him and pulled him down to the bottom. They sit him up on a big rock, and then they all yelled at him: "Greenville Nigger, do you like fish?"

>Big Black was awful scared, and he didn't know what to answer. But he'd been getting too much catfish at Greenville, so he says mighty quiet: "If it's something to eat you wants to give me, if you'll please 'scuse me, I'd mighty like some pork chops or a nice chicken wing. I jest hate fish." And then all them Her-girls clapped their hands. "If you'd a-said you like fish, we'd a-throwed you to the sharks," they told him. "You're the prettiest man we sure ever seen. We're going to make you our king." And they swum in a big gold throne. He was their king for a mighty long time. Twice a year he used to back to Greenville, and give his mammy and pappy all the gold money they could carry and the finest pearls in the sea. But once he walked in the house, and there was a can of canned salmon laying on the table. He never come back no more.

3. The Burrokeet and Sou-Marie

>The Burrokeet, or Burroquite, borokit, borokite, bourriquite, is a "donkey-man" character traditionally portrayed in Trinidad and Tobago Carnival. The name derives from the Spanish word burroquito, the character's costume being constructed so as to give the illusion of a dancer riding a small burro or donkey. This masquerade was brought to Trinidad by Venezuelan settlers.

>The burrokeet costume is a well-decorated donkey's head made from coloured paper and attached to a bamboo frame. The masquerader enters through a hole at the back of the "donkey"'s neck and carries the reins in his hands, with the animal's body fitted around his hips, thereby creating the illusion of being the donkey's rider. The donkey's body is covered in a long satin skirt and has a sisal rope tail, sometimes decorated with flowers. The bit and bridle are made of coloured cord. The "rider" wears a satin shirt and a large matador straw hat and dances in a way that mimics the antics of a donkey, making it caper and bow. A dance called Burriquite with origins in Venezuela is also performed.

>The burrokeet masquerade, associated with the South American mainland and Venezuelan Spaniards, has become linked with the "Sou-Marie" character that derives from East Indian culture brought to Trinidad by indentured labourers. The Sou-Marie (or Sumari / Soomaree) mas, performed to tassa drum music and today only seen rarely in the rural areas, features what is called the harrichand dance: "The costume consists of an ornately decorated bamboo frame in the shape of a horse with a hole in the 'horse's' back. The masquerader enters this hole and is attached to the frame by a series of straps. He holds the reins of 'the horse' and dances. He moves the 'horse' forward and backward to give the illusion of riding on horseback. Drums and singing in Hindi usually accompany the dancing." In the Tamil Nadu (Madras) state of South India, this dance is known as "Poikkal Kuthirai Aattam"

4. Catskill Witch

>Out in Dutch lands, the Katzberg mountains had the Indian name of "Mountains of the Sky." In one tradition of the red men these hills were bones of a monster that fed on human beings until the Great Spirit turned it into stone as it was floundering toward the ocean to bathe. These peaks were the home of an Indian witch, who adjusted the weather for the Hudson Valley. It was she who let out the day and night in alternation, holding back the one when the other was at large, for fear of conflict. She was often seen perched on Round Top and North Mountain, spinning clouds and flinging them to the winds. Woe betide the valley residents if they showed irreverence, for then the clouds were black and heavy, and through them she poured floods of rain and launched the lightnings, causing disastrous freshets in the streams and blasting the wigwams of the mockers. In a frolic humor she would take the form of a bear or deer and lead the Indian hunters, exposing them to tire and peril, and vanishing or assuming some terrible shape when they had overtaken her. Sometimes she would lead them to the cloves and would leap into the air with a mocking "Ho, ho!" just as they stopped with a shudder at the brink of an abyss. Garden Rock was a spot where she was often found, and at its foot a lake once spread. This was held in such awe that an Indian would never wittingly pursue his quarry there; but once a hunter lost his way and emerged from the forest at the edge of the pond. Seeing a number of gourds in crotches of the trees he took one, but fearing the spirit he turned to leave so quickly that

he stumbled and it fell. As it broke, a spring welled from it in such volume that the unhappy man was gulfed in its waters, swept to the edge of Kaaterskill clove and dashed on the rocks two hundred and sixty feet below. Nor did the water ever cease to run, and in these times the stream born of the witch's revenge is known as Catskill Creek.

5. The Crab-Claw Zoarites

>The valley of Zoar, in western New York, is so surrounded by hills that its discoverers—a religious people, who gave it a name from the Scripture said, “This is Zoar; it is impregnable. From her we will never go.” And truly, for lack of roads, they found it so hard to get out, having got in, that they did not leave it. Among the early settlers here were people of a family named Wright, whose house became sort of an inn for the infrequent traveler, inasmuch as they were not troubled with piety, and had no scruples against the selling of drink and the playing of cards at late hours. A peddler passed through the valley on his way to Buffalo and stopped at the Wright house for lodging, but before he went to bed he incautiously showed a number of golden trinkets from his pack and drew a considerable quantity of money out of his pocket when he paid the fee for his lodging. Hardly had he fallen asleep before his greedy hosts were in the room, searching for his money. Their lack of caution caused him to awake, and as he found them rifling his pockets and his pack he sprang up and showed fight.

>A blow sent him to the bottom of the stairs, where his attempt to escape was intercepted, and the family closed around him and bound

his arms and legs. They showed him the money they had taken and asked where he had concealed the rest. He vowed that it was all he had. They insisted that he had more, and seizing a knife from the table the elder Wright slashed off one of his toes “to make him confess.” No result came from this, and six toes were cut off,—three from each foot; then, in disgust, the unhappy peddler was knocked on the head and flung through a trap-door into a shallow cellar. Presently he arose and tried to draw himself out, but with hatchet and knife they chopped away his fingers and he fell back. Even the women shared in this work, and leaned forward to gaze into the cellar to see if he might yet be dead. While listening, they heard the man invoke the curse of heaven on them: he asked that they should wear the mark of crime even to the fourth generation, by coming into the world wretched, deformed, and mutilated as he. And so it was so. The next child born in that house was a miserable creature, with round, hoof-like feet, with only two long toes, and hands that tapered from the wrist into a single long finger. And in time there were a tribe of people so deformed in the valley: The “crab-clawed Zoarites” they were called.

6. Detroit Werewolves

>Long were the shores of Detroit vexed by the Snake God of Belle Isle and his children, the witches, for the latter sold enchantments and were the terror of good people. Jacques Morand, the coureur de bois, was in love with Genevieve Parent, but she disliked him and wished only to serve the church.

Courting having proved of no avail, he

resolved on force when she had decided to enter a convent, and he went to one of the witches, who served as devil's agent, to sell his soul. The witch accepted the slight commodity and paid for it with a grant of power to change from a man's form to that of a were-wolf, or loup garou, that he might the easier bear away his victim.

Incautiously, he followed her to Grosse Pointe, where an image of the Virgin had been set up, and as Genevieve dropped at the feet of the statue to implore aid, the wolf, as he leaped to her side, was suddenly turned to stone.

>Harder was the fate of another maiden, Archange Simonet, for she was seized by a were-wolf at this place and hurried away while dancing at her own wedding. The bridegroom devoted his life to the search for her, and finally lost his reason, but he prosecuted the hunt so vengefully and shrewdly that he always found assistance. One of the neighbors cut off the wolf's tail with a silver bullet, the appendage being for many years preserved by the Indians. The lover finally came upon the creature and chased it to the shore, where its footprint is still seen in one of the bowlders, but it leaped into the water and disappeared. In his crazy fancy the lover declared that it had jumped down the throat of a catfish, and that is why the French Canadians have a prejudice against catfish as an article of diet.

7. De Witch-'ooman an' de Spinnin'-Wheel

>One time dey wuz a man whar rid up at night ter a cabin in de eedge o' de swamp. He wuz dat hongry an' ti'd dat he say ter

hisself: "Ef I kin git a hunk o' co'n-ponne and slice o' bakin', I doan kur what I pays!" On dat here come a yaller-'ooman spankin' out'n de cabin. She wuz spry on her foot ez a catbird, an' her eyes wuz sof' an' shiny. She ax de man fer ter light an' come in de cabin, an' git some supper. An' Lawd! How he mouf do water when he cotch a glimpsst er de skillet on de coals! He luk it so well dat he stay; an' he sot eroun' in dat cabin ontwel he git so fat dat de grease fa'r run out'n he jaws when he look up at de sun. De yaller-'ooman she spen' her time cookin' fer him, an' waitin' on him wi' so much oberly, dat at las' de man, he up and marry dat yaller-'ooman.

>At fus' dey git erlong tollable well, but a'ter erwhile he gin ter notice sump'n curus 'bout dat yaller-'ooman. She ain' never in de cabin when he wake up in de night time! So, he mek up his min' fer ter spy on her. He lay down one night on de fo' pos' bed in de cornder, 'ten luk he sleep. De yaller-'ooman watch him out'n de een o' her eye, an' when she hear him gin a sno', she jump up an' pat a juba in de middle of de flo'. Den she reach down a big gridi'on fum de wall, an' rake out some coals, an' haul de big spinnin'-wheel close ter de ha'th. Den, she got herself down on dat gridi'on, an' soon ez it wuz red hot she 'gin to spin her skin off'n her body on de spinnin'-wheel. "Tu'n an' spin, come off skin, tu'n an' spin, come off skin." An' fo' de Lawd, de skin come off'n dat witch-'ooman's body, berginning at de top o' her head, ez slick es de shush come off de ear o' corn. An' when it wuz fa'r off, dan she wuz a gret big yaller cat. Den, she tuk her skin an' chuck it onder de bed. "Lay

dar, skin," she say, "wi dat fool nigger sno'in in de bed, ontowel I come back. I gwine ter ha' some fum, I is."

>Wi' dat she jump out'n de winder an' lope off. Soon ez she wuz gone de man, he jump out'n bed an' tuk out skin an' fill it plum full o' salt an' peppa', un' th'ow it back onder de bed. Den he crope out an' watch throw' dey key-hole ontwel de witch-'ooman come home. She laugh whilse she wuz rakin' out de skin fum onder de bed, an' shakin' herse'f inter it. But when she feel de salt an' peppa', she laugh on de yther side her mouf. She moan an' groan so you kin hear her a mile! But she ain' able ter git out'n dat skin, an' de man watch her thoo de key-hole twel she fall down an' die on de flo'.

8. The Fay

>The wood-tick's drum convokes the elves at the noon of night on Cro' Nest top, and, clambering out of their flower-cup beds and hammocks of cobweb, they fly to the meeting, not to freak about the grass or banquet at the mushroom table, but to hear sentence passed on the fay who, forgetting his vestal vow, has loved an earthly maid. From his throne under a canopy of tulip petals, borne on pillars of shell, the king commands silence, and with severe eye but softened voice he tells the culprit that while he has scorned the royal decree he has saved himself from the extreme penalty, of imprisonment in walnut shells and cobweb dungeons, by loving a maid who is gentle and pure. So it shall be enough if he will go down to the Hudson and seize a drop from the bow of mist that a sturgeon leaves when he makes his leap; and after, to kindle his

darkened flame-wood lamp at a meteor spark. The fairy bows, and without a word slowly descends the rocky steep, for his wing is soiled and has lost its power; but once at the river, he tugs amain at a mussel shell till he has it afloat; then, leaping in, he paddles out with a strong grass blade till he comes to the spot where the sturgeon swims, though the watersprites plague him and toss his boat, and the fish and the leeches bunt and drag; but, suddenly, the sturgeon shoots from the water, and ere the arch of mist that he tracks through the air has vanished, the sprite has caught a drop of the spray in a tiny blossom, and in this he washes clean his wings.

>The water-goblins torment him no longer. They push his boat to the shore, where, alighting, he kisses his hand, then, even as a bubble, he flies back to the mountain top, dons his acorn helmet, his corselet of bee-hide, his shield of lady-bug shell, and grasping his lance, tipped with wasp sting, he bestrides his fire-fly steed and off he goes like a flash. The world spreads out and then grows small, but he flies straight on. The ice-ghosts leer from the topmost clouds, and the mists surge round, but he shakes his lance and pipes his call, and at last he comes to the Milky Way, where the sky-sylphs lead him to their queen, who lies couched in a palace ceiled with stars, its dome held up by northern lights and the curtains made of the morning's flush. Her mantle is twilight purple, tied with threads of gold from the eastern dawn, and her face is as fair as the silver moon.

>She begs the fay to stay with her and taste forever the joys of heaven, but the knightly

elf keeps down the beating of his heart, for he remembers a face on earth that is fairer than hers, and he begs to go. With a sigh she fits him a car of cloud, with the fire-fly steed chained on behind, and he hurries away to the northern sky whence the meteor comes, with roar and whirl, and as it passes it bursts to flame. He lights his lamp at a glowing spark, then wheels away to the fairy-land. His king and his brothers hail him stoutly, with song and shout, and feast and dance, and the revel is kept till the eastern sky has a ruddy streak. Then the cock crows shrill and the fays are gone

9. The Florida Pigman

>The pigman is a half man half pig who lives in the Florida everglades, who hunts and kills and hog or pig that gets brought to the area. Reports say even more salacious acts are committed on the poor creatures. Some stories say the creature carries an axe, some say that he tears them apart with his hands and tusks. However, it is consistent that it is cited as the reason why there are no pigs in the everglades. How true this statement is, will never be known.

10. The Giants of the Cordilleras

>They Guard Fabulous Treasures of Gold and Silver in their Mountains.
>In western Patagonia, among the Cordilleras mountains, dwell the giants of whom so many big stories have been told. As a matter of fact these Arancanians, as they are called, are rarely under six feet in height and sometimes reach eight feet, seven foot men being not infrequent, says the Philadelphia Press. Though mildly disposed,

they admit no strangers to their territory, and by stubborn resistance they have compelled Chili to let them alone. Fabulous treasures of gold and silver are believed to be stored away in their mountains, but prospectors who have ventured thither have always been driven away. They commonly adorn themselves with rich and heavy ornaments of these precious metals. The greater part of Patagonia belongs now to the Argentine Republic, Chili holding by treaty the strip along the Pacific coast, which continues its shoe-string-like territory for nearly half the length of South America.

>Most of the country is a desert waste, cold of climate and contrasting strongly with the richly productive pampas or plains of the southern Argentine. These pampas are remarkable for the strange illusions which beset the eye of the traveler who journeys over them. On any bright day a distant thistle field is as like as not to be transformed seemingly into a forest, while a few clumps of grass will take on the appearance of a troop of horsemen. Mirages are constantly in view, frequently offering a delusive prospect of water, by which men are often deceived but their horses never.

11. Gnomes of Catskill

>Behind the New Grand Hotel, in Catskill, is an amphitheatre of mountain that is held to be the place which the Mohicans spoke when they told of people who worked in metals and had bushy beards and eye like pigs. From the smoke of their forges in autumn, came the haze of Indian summer; and when the moon is full, it was their custom to assemble at the precipice above

the hollow and dance and caper until the night was nigh worn away. They had liquor that had the effect of shortening bodies and swelling heads of all who drank it, and when Hudson and his crew visited the mountains, they held a carouse in his honor and invited him to drink their liquor. The crew went away, shrunken and distorted by the magic distillation, and thus it was that Rip van Winkle found them on the eve of his famous sleep.

12. The Great Bear Swamp

Frankenstein's Monster

>The thinly populated district known as the Great Bear Swamp, twelve miles west of New Brunswick, has a well-developed sensation on hand, which promises to make things interesting for the farmers. It appears that a misshapen monster, half human and half animal, has been devouring sheep, carrying off pigs and rending young cattle in the neighborhood.

>There are less than half a dozen people who have seen the monster, and each described him differently. One Thompson, who lost several head of sheep, believes the strange visitant to be a cross between a kangaroo and a panther. William Simpson, who had a pig taken out of a pen at the rear of his farm, found the half-munched bones of the porker lying in the woods next day. Near the bones were huge tracks in the soft soil, indicating that the wonderful beast had been the thief. Farmer Peter Dolan claims to have seen the strange animal that startled the farmers in that section one year ago, and believes it to be the same beast on a return trip. Many of the neighbors have barricaded

the doors of their houses, and now look their stock in the barns after nightfall.

>Gunning parties have searched in vain for the lair of the monster, whose tracks were plainly visible in the snow of yesterday and Sunday. The trail led to the soft swamp land and could not be followed. At a meeting of some of the bravest farmers yesterday it was decided to form a gunning party of fifty on Thanksgiving Day and surround the Great Bear Swamp to hunt the monster to his death.

13. The Hairy Kentucky Monster

>Over in Washington county, near the line of Mercer, reigns a being which, man or beast, mystifies all the neighborhood. For months the housewives have missed their chickens, eggs, milk, meat from meathouses and half grown pigs and young lambs. At first all efforts and schemes to catch the guilty one proved of no avail. Joseph Ewalt arose one morning before day and went to the springhouse, a hundred yards distant from his dwelling. His wife and son, becoming alarmed at his continued absence, went in search of him and found him at the door of the springhouse in a faint. They restored him to consciousness, and he told them he had seen a man beast, and that he ran out of the springhouse as he opened the door; that he had great, long white hair hanging down from his head and face that was as coarse as a horse's mane. His legs were covered with hair, and the only article of clothing he wore was a piece of sheepskin over the lower portion of his body, reaching nearly to his knees. When it became noised around that Ewalt had seen a man beast,

sober headed men began to set a plan to catch the monster in the neighborhood, near the mouth of Deep creek, is a cave of considerable proportions, and the natural conclusion was that there would be the place to find their game.

>Early Sunday morning Eph Boston and his sons, Tom and James, saw the object of their watch walking in a half gallop, half run for their barn. Notwithstanding the men were armed, they were badly frightened, and after they saw the object enter the barn all three were afraid to enter to try to capture the terrible looking creature. They kept hid and were not seen by the monster, standing in a half erect position nearly 6 ½ feet. His feet were like the paws of a bear or brute, with long claws. His hands also were like those of a feline more than a human. Before the men could come to some action or get over their fright the creature came out of the barn in the same half gallop run gait and made for the creek. By this time the men started in safe pursuit. Tom Boston foolishly shot at it, and the creature half turned and glanced at them, increasing his gait, but never dropping the three large chickens he held in his claws. The Bostons managed to keep in sight of the creature for only a half mile or so, they vowing he ran swifter than a horse. Just as they got to the top of a hill about 500 yards off they were rewarded by seeing the brute man turn, with a wild, scared look, glance around and enter the cave.

>The men went to the mouth of the cave, but would not enter. They saw feathers, bones, etc., scattered around the entrance. They returned home and reported what they had seen, and Tuesday they, with a half

dozen other men, went to the cave and made a partial survey, proceeding in several hundred yards. They saw fresh indications of habitation by bones, feathers, pieces of calf and sheep skin being strewn around. The passages grew smaller and dwindled, and no one of the party would enter alone, though one, Joe Smith, went in 80 or 40 feet, when the most unearthly yell the men ever heard greeted them. They were good, stout men, but they cowed before that yell and beat a hasty retreat to the main passage of the cavern, but after consultation they agreed it would not do to kill or be killed, and they gave up their search for another time.—Louisville Courier Journal.

14. The Hairy Man

>The Hairy man is a dominant, hairy conjurer with cloven hooves and a sack of which to carry those who fall to his machinations. He is physically imposing, with a deep and hardy voice to complement it, often bearing a wicked smile on his notably ugly countenance. His eyes burn like fire and spit drools all over his big teeth. He has the ability to change physical forms, his own or others, but seemingly not of those he tries to claim, although his conjuring is among the greatest of all, so he may have powers beyond this. He is drawn towards those with magic ancestry, like that of a witch or an Indian medicine man. He is unable to climb trees thanks to his hooves, which may be used to escape him temporarily, and has a hate for hound-dogs, running scared if any come near. He will continue to come after his mark until he's killed, unless you manage to outsmart the

hairy man three times, which afterwards he can never bother you again. Many times in the story, he tried to entice his victim with promise of tutelage of conjuring.

15. The “Hairy Toe”

>Once there was a woman went out to pick beans, and she found a Hairy Toe. She took the Hairy Toe home with her, and that night, when she went to bed, the wind began to moan and groan. Away off in the distance she seemed to hear a voice crying, “Who’s got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe? Who’s got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?”

>The wind rose and began to screech around the house, and the woman covered her head with quilts. The voice seemed to come nearer: “Who’s got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?”

>The woman scrooched down, ‘way down under the covers, and ‘bout that time the wind ‘peared to hit the house, swoosh, and the old house creaked and cracked like somethin’ was tryin’ to get in. The voice had come nearer almost at the door now, and it said, “Who’s got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe? Who’s got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe?”

>The woman scrooched further down under the covers and pulled them tight around her head. The wind growled around the house like some big animal, and r-r-um-m-bled over the chimbley. All at once she heard the door cr-r-a-ack open and Somethin’ slipped in and began to creep over the floor. The floor would cre-e-eak, cre-e-eak at every step that Thing took toward her bed. The woman could almost feel it bending over her bed. Then in an awful voice it said, “Who’s got my Hair-r-ry To-o-oe? You’ve got it!”

16. Kuku, the Giant

>The Kuku or Gougou is a kind of man-eating giant, usually (but not always) described as female. Gougou is so huge that she carries the people she catches in a bag over her shoulder the way human hunters carry rabbits. The Mi'kmaq name Kuku may derive from their word for "earthquake," kiwkw, since she is so large her footsteps shake the earth. According to some legends, Gougou is a sea monster covered in scales who preys mostly on people paddling canoes or walking along the beach. In other legends, Gougou lives in the mountains and is often mistaken for a boulder until it is too late.

17. The Maryland Goatman

>According to urban legend, the Goatman is an axe-wielding half-animal, half-man creature that was once a scientist who worked in the Beltsville Agricultural Research Center. The tale holds that he was experimenting on goats until one experiment backfired, and he was mutated, becoming goat-like himself. He then began attacking cars with an axe, roaming the back roads of Beltsville, Maryland. A variation of the legend tells of the Goatman as an old hermit who lives in the woods, seen walking alone at night along Fletchertown Road. One variation of the story has it that the Goatman was the result of a (very early) DNA experiment conducted by a scientist named Stephen Fletcher, though other variations suggest a more supernatural origin involving the Devil

18. The Michigan Dogman

>The Michigan Dogman is a folkloric creature allegedly first reported in 1887 in Wexford County, Michigan. The creature is described as a seven-foot tall, blue-eyed, or amber-eyed bipedal canine-like animal with the torso of a man and a fearsome howl that sounds like a human scream. According to legends, the Michigan Dogman appears in a ten-year cycle. Sightings have been reported in several locations throughout Michigan, primarily in the northwestern quadrant of the Lower Peninsula. In 1987, the legend of the Michigan Dogman gained popularity when disc jockey Steve Cook at WTCM-FM recorded a song about the creature and its reported sightings.

19. Molly Pitcher

>Moll Pitcher, a successful sorcerer and fortune-teller of old Lynn, has figured in obsolete poems, plays, and romances. She lived in a cottage at the foot of High Rock, where she was consulted, not merely by people of respectability, but by those who had knavish schemes to prosecute and who wanted to learn in advance the outcome of their designs. Many a ship was deserted at the hour of sailing because she boded evil of the voyage. She was of medium height, big-headed, tangle-haired, long-nosed, and had a searching black eye. The sticks that she carried were cut from a hazel that hung athwart a brook where an unwedded mother had drowned her child. A girl who went to her for news of her lover lost her reason when the witch, moved by a malignant impulse, described his death in a fiercely dramatic manner. One day the missing ship came bowling into port, and the shock of joy

that the girl experienced when the sailor clasped her in his arms restored her erring senses. When Moll Pitcher died she was attended by the little daughter of the woman she had so afflicted.

20. Nain Rouge

>In 1701, legendary founder of Detroit Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac met a fortune-teller, who warned him to beware of the Nain Rouge (known to the English speakers as "The Demon of the Strait"), a red dwarf, born of the Stone God, that had appeared to Cadillac in a dream. She warned him that the the little red imp is the embodiment of his ambition, anger, pride, envy. The Nain Rouge is the harbinger of doom. If Cadillac chose to settle near the straits between Michigan and Ontario, the fortuneteller said, it might pay off one day, but it would be a long uphill slog fraught with setbacks.

>Despite this sound counsel, when Cadillac first saw the fiend in person, the Nain taunted him mercilessly, drawing a switch wrapping the Frenchman, until Cadillac chased the evil creature. The fortune turned out to be true and Cadillac died penniless after he left Detroit for France. The city he founded, however, fared better, endured and prospered, against the fiendish efforts of the Nain Rouge.

>The Red Dwarf was seen during Pontiac's Rebellion following the French and Indian War. The united tribes had attacked a number of settlements, and laid siege to Fort Detroit. The British had attempted to end the siege with a sneak attack on Pontiac's encampment, but their plan was betrayed to

the rebel leader. Pontiac defeated the British in the Battle of Blood Run, which took place at a creek two miles north of the fort.

Several survivors of the battle claimed to have seen the Red Dwarf running along the shores of the lake shortly before the battle began.

>The imp was spotted once again in 1805, racing through the streets of Detroit just before the city burned to the ground. And during the War of 1812, when the forces of British General Brock began bombarding the American forces within Fort Detroit, General Hull acceded to a demand for unconditional surrender after he saw the Red Dwarf leering at him through the fog.

21. The Needle Men and the Black Bottle Men

>”No, sir!” declared Mamie Smith emphatically, her eyes huge and white on her fat black face. “I sure don’t go out much at this time of year. You takes a chance just walkin’ on the streets. Them Needle Mens is everywhere. They always comes round in the fall, and they’s round to about March. You see, them Needle Mens is medical students from the Charity Hospital tryin’ to get your body to work on. That’s ‘cause stiffs is very scarce at this time of the year. But them mens ain’t workin’ on my body. No sir! If they ever sticks their needles in your arm you is jest a plain goner. All they gotta do is jest brush by you, and there you is; you is been stuck. ‘Course I believes it!”

>Hundreds of New Orleans Negroes believe it. Fear of the Needle Men, which dates back to early days, could possibly be traced to voodooism. Then epileptics were thought to

have had a spell cast upon them. Sometimes such an individual would die in the streets during an attack, and when this occurred Negroes were certain the Needle Men had been at work. Mamie believes in protecting herself from these corpse-hunting “students”

>”Sure, I carries my gun,” she said. “I always got it with me. I don’t fool around! Any of them Needles Mens come after me they gonna be makin’ stiffs of theirselves. Oh, yes, I goes to church. I been on the board ‘leven years now. I jest been ‘pointed head of the toilet committee. My duties is to show the new members where the toilets is.”

>It was reported that these “fiends” slunk about the darkest streets, sprang from behind the trees or from vacant lots overgrown with weeds, jabbed women with their needles and fled. Cruel skeptics insinuated the “victims” were suffering from a combination of imagination and prohibition gin.

>Similar to the Needle Men, at least in intent, are the Black Bottle Men. The Black Bottle is reputed to be a potent dose administered to the innocent and unknowing on entry to the Charity Hospital. Instant death is certain to follow, the body is then rendered up to the students for carving. Possible explanation is doses of cascara administered at the hospital, which in its pure state is black.

22. Old Ferro

>Ye know Eph’ Tucker, that used to live on the Hashion. Well he wuz allis counted a mighty and truthful man and he used to tell me a sight o’ tales about witches. He said when he lived down in Ashe there wuz a

man named Ferro who shore could bewitch people. Eph said he wuz a talkin' with Ferro one day and Ferro told him there wuz a man lived clost him that had done him some mean tricks and he wuz a goin' to make that man see some trouble that night. "Ax him in the mornin'," Ferro says, "and he'll tell ye that he's seed a heap o' trouble last night."

>Well, Eph met the man next day and shore 'nough he told Eph he hadn't slep' a bit the night afore. Eph axed him what wuz the matter and he went on to tell about seen' a big thing like a bear a walkin' the jist over his bed all night; the man said he tried to shoot the thing but his gun wouldn't shoot, and he had to set there and watch that ole bear, or whatever it wuz, all night a walking on the jist backards and forrids right over his bed. Well, after that Eph sayd he knowed ole Ferro shore wuz a witch and decided he'd like to be a witch too, so's he could aggrivate people that he didn't like. One day, he says to Ferro says he, "I want to learn to bewitch people like you can."

>Ferro kindly agreed to show him how to be a witch. He says, "You come with me out in the road." They went out'n the wagon road and Ferro tuck a stick and made a ring in the dirt. "Now you git in that ring," says Ferro. Eph he got in the ring. "Now squat down," says Ferro. Eph squatted down. "Now," says Ferro, "put one hand under right foot and t'other hand on to o' year head." Well Eph did what he's'toll. "Now, you say after me," says Ferro, "'Devil take me, ring and all'." And about that time the ground begin to sink right underneath him. Eph says he felt hissself a goin' right down an' down. He shore wuz skeered by this time and give up a

jump right out o' the ring and run from that place as hard as he could. He didn't turn his head to look back. After that Eph said he never tied to be a witch anymore.

23. Old Mammy Redd

>"Old Mammy Redd, of Marblehead, Sweet milk could turn to mould in churn."

>Being a witch, and a notorious one, she could likewise curdle the milk as it came from the cow, and afterward transform it into blue wool. She had the evil eye, and, if she willed, her glance or touch could blight like palsy. It only needed that she should wish a bloody cleaver to be found in a cradle to cause the little occupant to die, while the whole town ascribed to her the annoyances of daily housework and business. Her unpleasant celebrity led to her death at the hands of her fellow-citizens who had been "worrited" by no end of queer happenings: ships had appeared just before they were wrecked and had vanished while people looked at them; men were seen walking on the water after they had been comfortably buried; the wind was heard to name the sailors doomed never to return; footsteps and voices were heard in the streets before the great were to die; one man was chased by a corpse in its coffin; another was pursued by the devil in a carriage drawn by four white horses; a young woman who had just received a present of some fine fish from her lover was amazed to see him melt into the air, and was heart-broken when she learned next morning that he had died at sea. So far away as Amesbury the devil's power was shown by the appearance of a man who walked the roads carrying his head under his

arm, and by the freak of a windmill that the miller always used to shut up at sundown but that started by itself at midnight. Evidently it was high time to be rid of Mammy Redd.

24. The Old Man of the Sea

>“Old Man of the Sea,” long famed, or something extremely like him, has been discovered. A hileous marine monster fish, but with almost a human head, has been captured by the crew of the barque Duque d'Aotsa off the Brazilian coast. The creature's head has a well-defined nose, ears and gaping month. Its general appearance being that of an old man. One spike projects from the monster's forehead. It is probable that early mariners, who told wild tales of having seen mermaids, mermen and demons when in tropic seas, had in reality seen some such rare creature of the ocean depths.

25. Old Meg

>Margaret Wesson, "old Meg," lived in Gloucester until she came to her death by a shot fired at the siege of Louisburg, five hundred miles away, in 1745. Two soldiers of Gloucester, while before the walls of the French town, were annoyed by a crow, that flew over and around them, cawing harshly and disregarding stones and shot, until it occurred to them that the bird could be no other than old Meg in another form, and, as silver bullets are an esteemed antidote for the evils of witchcraft, they cut two silver buttons from their uniforms and fired them at the crow. At the first shot its leg was broken; at the second, it fell dead. On returning to Gloucester they learned that old

Meg had fallen and broken her leg at the moment when the crow was fired on, and that she died quickly after. An examination of her body was made, and the identical buttons were extracted from her flesh that had been shot into the crow at Louisburg.

26. Old Tush

>Old Tush is a monstrous character from the old Jack Tales, stories revolving a young boy hero besting various powerful foes. The tale of Jack and Old Tush follows in the Saxon tradition of Beowulf, with a monster making a raid a feast, then the hero descending into another world to slay the him. He is covered entirely in greasy hair, with black beady eyes, and two long tusks. He is physically imposing, with a hunched back and long limber arms, described as being “old and slobbery”. Old Tush made his home in a “cave-of-a-place” at the edge of the briars and corn fields, being long and very deep, only having one small hole as its entrance. In the story, his cave is “...like another world down there.” Down there, there was a pretty girl bearing a sword, a wishbone, and fresh clothes to jack, which he took, slaying Old Tush by cutting off his head, and using the wishbone to wish them to the surface.

Partridge Witch

>Two brothers, hunted at the head of the Penobscot until their snow-shoes and moccasins gave out, and cried, "Would that there was a woman to help us!" The younger brother went to the lodge that evening earlier than the elder, in order to prepare the supper, and great was his surprise on entering the wigwam to find the floor swept,

a fire built, a pot boiling, and their clothing mended. Returning to the wood he watched the place from a covert until he saw a graceful girl enter the lodge and take up the tasks of housekeeping. When he entered she was confused, but he treated her with respect, and allowed her to have her own way so far as possible, so that they became warm friends, sporting together like children when the work of the day was over. But one evening she said, "Your brother is coming. I fear him. Farewell." And she slipped into the wood. When the young man told his elder brother what had happened there—the elder having been detained for a few days in the pursuit of a deer—he declared that he would wish the woman to come back, and presently she returned, bringing a toboggan-load of garments and arms. The luck of the hunters improved, and they remained happily together until spring, when it was time to return with their furs. They set off down the Penobscot in their canoe and rowed merrily along, but as they neared the home village the girl became uneasy, and presently "threw out her soul"—became clairvoyant—and said, "Let me land here. I find that your father would not like me, so do not speak to him about me." But the elder brother told of her when they reached home, whereon the father exclaimed, "I had feared this. That woman is a sister of the goblins. She wishes to destroy men."

>At this the elder brother was afraid, lest she should cast a spell on him, and rowing up the river for a distance he came upon her as she was bathing and shot at her. The arrow seemed to strike, for there was a flutter of feathers and the woman flew away as a

partridge. But the younger did not forget the good she had done and sought her in the wood, where for many days they played together as of old.

>"I do not blame your father: it is an affair of old, this hate he bears me," she said. "He will choose a wife for you soon, but do not marry her, else all will come to an end for you." The man could not wed the witch, and he might not disobey his father, in spite of this adjuration; so when the old man said to him, "I have a wife for you, my son," he answered, "It is well." They brought the bride to the village, and for four days the wedding-dance was held, with a feast that lasted four days more. Then said the young man, "Now comes the end," and lying down on a bear-skin he sighed a few times and his spirit ascended to the Ghosts' road—the milky way. The father shook his head, for he knew that this was the witch's work, and, liking the place no longer, he went away and the tribe was scattered.

27. The Popelick Monster

>Numerous urban legends exist about the creature's origins and the methods it employs to claim its victims. According to some accounts, the creature uses either hypnosis or voice mimicry to lure trespassers onto the trestle to meet their death before an oncoming train. Other stories claim the monster jumps down from the trestle onto the roofs of cars passing beneath it. Yet other legends tell that it attacks its victims with a blood-stained axe and that the very sight of the creature is so unsettling that those who see it while

walking across the high trestle are driven to leap off.

>Other legends hold that the monster is a human-goat hybrid, and that it was a circus freak who vowed revenge after being mistreated. In one version, it is said the monster escaped after a train derailed on the trestle. Another version commonly told by locals of the area claims that the monster is really the twisted reincarnated form of a farmer who sacrificed goats in exchange for Satanic powers.

>The legends have turned the area into a site for legend tripping. There have been a number of deaths and accidents at the trestle since its construction, despite the presence of an 8-foot (2.4 m) fence to keep thrill-seekers out.

>There is a common misconception among amateur paranormal investigators that the trestle is abandoned and no longer used; in reality, the bridge carries a major rail artery into Louisville. Heavy freight trains cross the bridge several times daily, so it is easy for someone to get caught atop it while an oncoming train barrels down on them. Norfolk Southern Railway urged citizens not climb the trestle, saying if caught they would be arrested.

28. The Ramapo Salamander

>”A curious tale of the rosicrucians runs to the effect that more than two centuries ago a band of German colonists entered the Ramapo valley and put up houses made of stone, like those they had left in the Hartz Mountains, and when the Indians saw how they made knives and other wonderful things out of metal, which they extracted

from the rocks by fire, they believed them to be manitous and went away, not wishing to resist their possession of the land. There was treasure here, for High Tor, or Torn Mountain, had been the home of Amasis, youngest of the magi who had followed the star of Bethlehem. He had found his way, through Asia and Alaska, to this country, had taken to wife a native woman, by whom he had a child, and here on the summit’s had built a temple. Having refuse the sunworship, when the Indians demanded he take their faith, he was set upon, and would have been killed had not an earthquake torn the ground at his feet, opening a new channel for the Hudson and precipitating into it every one but the magus and his daughter. To him had been revealed in magic vision the secrets of wealth in the rocks.”

>The Leader in the German colony, one Hugo, was a man of noble origin, who sired two children: a son of his name, and a girl, -Mary. Though it had been the custom in that land to let out the forge fires once in seven years, Hugo opposed that practice in the forge he had built as needless. But his men murmured and talked of the salamander, large and terrible, that once in seven years attains its growth in unquenched flames and does terrible mischief. On the day when that period was ended the master entered his works and saw the men gazing into the furnace at a pale form that seemed made from flame, that was nodding and turning in the fire, occasionally darting its tongue at them or allowing its tail to fall out and lie along the stone floor. As he came to the door he, too, was transfixed, and the fire,

seemed burning his vitals, until he felt water on his face, and saw that his wife stood behind him and was casting holy water into the furnace, speaking an incantation as she did so. At the moment a storm arose, and a rain that put out the fire; but as the last glow faded the lady fell dead.

>When her children were consecrated, seven years later, those who stood outside of the church during the ceremony saw a terrible flash, and the nurse turned from the babes in her fright. The child was gone. Twice seven years had passed and the daughter remained unspotted from the world, for, on the night that her father had led her to the top of high tor mountain and shown her what Amasis had seen, earth spirits in their caves heaping jewels and offering them to Hugo if he would speak the word that binds the free to the earth forces and bars his future for a thousand years- it was his daughter's prayer that him to his senses and made the scene below grow dim, though the baleful light of the salamander clinging to the rock down below, sending a jet of fire to the sky.

>Many nights that fire was seen on height and Hugo was missing from his home, but for lack of a pure soul to stand as interpreter he failed to read the words that burned in the triangle on the salamander's back, and returned in rage and jealousy. A knightly man had late appeared in the settlement, and between him and Mary a tender feeling had arisen, that was unexpressed until after rescuing her from the attack of a panther, allowing her to fall into his arms. She would've likely declared love that moment, but he placed her gently and regretfully from him and said, "When you slept I came for

you and put a crown of gems on your head: that was because I was the power of the earth spirit. Then I had power only over fire, that either consumes or hardens stone; but your grace has given me water and life to me. Behold! Wear these, for thou art worthy." And touching the tears that had fallen from her eyes, they turned into lilies in his hands, and he put them in Mary's brow.

>"Shall we meet again?" asked the girl.

>"I do not know," said he. "I tread the darkness of the universe alone, and I peril my redemption by yielding to this love of earth. Thou art redeemed already, but I must make my way back to God through obedience tested in trial. Know that I am one of those that left heaven for love of man. We were of that subtle element which is flame, burning and glowing with love, and when they mother came to me with power of purity to cast me out of the furnace, I had lost my shape of fire and took that of a human, a child. I have been often with thee, and rushing to annihilation, because I could not withstand the ordeal of the senses. Had, I yielded, or loved another, I would have regained my place among the spirits of the earth. I was led away by want of power, such as I have in my grasp, and forgot the mission to the suffering. I became a wanderer over the earth until I reached this land, the land that you call new. Here was to be my last trial and here I am to pass the gate of fire."

>As he spoke voices arose from the settlement

>"They are coming," said he. The stout form of Hugo was in advance. With a fierce oath

he sprang on the young man. "He has ruined my household," he cried. "Fling him into the furnace!" The young man stood waiting, but his brow was serene. He was seized and in a few moments, disappeared into the mouth of the burning pit. But looking up, Mary saw a shape clothed in silvery light, and drifted upward from the darkness. A peace came to her that endured until the end.

29. Razor-shins

>An unpleasant person is the Razor-shins, a deathless red man who works for such as are kind to him, but mutilates that larger number of the ignorant who neglect to pay tribute. Keep Razor-shins supplied with firewater, -a jug every full moon,- and he will now and then feel a tree for you with his sharp shin-bones, if nobody is around, or will clear up a bit of road. But fail in this, and you must be prepared to give up your scalp, which he can slice from your head with a single kick, or he will clip off your ears and leave cuts on you that will look like saber strokes. When a green hand arrives in a lumbercamp it is his duty to slake the thirst of razor-shins. He puts a jug of virulent Bangor whiskey at the door. The best proof that the Indian gets it is shown in the odor of breathed alcohol that pervades the premises all night and the emptiness of the jug in the morning.

30. The Rougarou

>Rougarou represents a variant pronunciation and spelling of the original French loup-garou. According to Barry Jean Ancelet, an academic expert on Cajun folklore and professor at the University of

Louisiana at Lafayette in America, the tale of the rougarou is a common legend across French Louisiana. Both words are used interchangeably in southern Louisiana. Some people call the monster rougarou; others refer to it as the loup-garou.

>The rougarou legend has been spread for many generations, either directly from French settlers to Louisiana or via the French Canadian immigrants centuries ago. >In the Cajun legends, the creature is said to prowl the swamps around Acadiana and Greater New Orleans, and possibly the fields or forests of the regions. The rougarou most often is described as a creature with a human body and the head of a wolf or dog, similar to the werewolf legend.

>Often the story-telling has been used to inspire fear and obedience. One such example is stories that have been told by elders to persuade Cajun children to behave. According to another variation, the wolf-like beast will hunt down and kill Catholics who do not follow the rules of Lent. This coincides with the French Catholic loup-garou stories, according to which the method for turning into a werewolf is to break Lent seven years in a row.

>A common blood sucking legend says that the rougarou is under the spell for 101 days. After that time, the curse is transferred from person to person when the rougarou draws another human's blood. During that day the creature returns to human form. Although acting sickly, the human refrains from telling others of the situation for fear of being killed.

>Other stories range from the rougarou as a rabbit to the rougarou being derived from

witchcraft. In the latter claim, only a witch can make a rougarou—either by turning into a wolf herself, or by cursing others with lycanthropy

31. The Salem Alchemist

>In 1720 there lived in a turreted house at North and Essex Streets, in Salem, a silent, dark-visaged man,—a reputed chemist. He gathered simples in the fields, and parcels and bottles came and went between him and learned doctors in Boston; but report went around that it was not drugs alone that he worked with, nor medicines for passing ailments that he distilled. The watchman, drowsily pacing the streets in the small hours, saw his shadow move athwart the furnace glare in his tower, and other shadows seemed at the moment to flit about it—shadows that could be thrown by no tangible form, yet that had a grotesque likeness to the human kind. A clink of hammers and a hiss of steam were sometimes heard, and his neighbors devoutly hoped that if he secured the secret of the philosopher's stone or the universal solvent, it would be honestly come by.

>But it was neither gold nor the perilous strong water that he wanted. It was life: the elixir that would dispel the chill and decrepitude of age, that would bring back the youthful sparkle to the eye and set the pulses bounding. He explored the surrounding wilderness day after day; the juices of its trees and plants he compounded, night after night, long without avail. Not until after a thousand failures did he conceive that he had secured the ingredients but they were many, they were perishable,

they must be distilled within five days, for fermentation and decay would set in if he delayed longer. Gathering the herbs and piling his floor with fuel, he began his work, alone; the furnace glowed, the retorts bubbled, and through their long throats trickled drops—golden, ruddy, brown, and crystal—that would be combined into that precious draught.

>And none too soon, for under the strain of anxiety he seemed to be aging fast. He took no sleep, except while sitting upright in his chair, for, should he yield entirely to nature's appeal, his fire would die and his work be spoiled. With heavy eyes and aching head he watched his furnace and listened to the constant drip, drip of the precious liquor. It was the fourth day. He had knelt to stir his fire to more active burning. Its brightness made him blink, its warmth was grateful, and he reclined before it, with elbow on the floor and head resting on his hand. How cheerily the logs hummed and crackled, yet how drowsily—how slow the hours were—how dull the watch! Lower, lower sank the head, and heavier grew the eyes. At last he lay full length on the floor, and the long sleep of exhaustion had begun.

>He was awakened by the sound of a bell. "The church bell!" he cried, starting up. "And people going through the streets to meeting. How is this? The sun is in the east! My God! I have been asleep! The furnace is cold. The elixir!" He hastily blended the essences that he had made, though one or two ingredients were still lacking, and drank them off. "Faugh!" he exclaimed. "Still unfinished—perhaps spoiled. I must begin again." Taking his hat and coat he uttered a

weary sigh and was about to open the door when his cheek blanched with pain, sight seemed to leave him, the cry for help that rose to his lips was stifled in a groan of anguish, a groping gesture brought a shelf of retorts and bottles to the floor, and he fell writhing among their fragments. The elixir of life, unfinished, was an elixir of death.

32. The Salt Witch

>A pillar of snowy salt once stood on the Nebraska plain, about forty miles above the point where the Saline flows into the Platte, and white men used to hear of it as the Salt Witch. An Indian tribe was for a long time quartered at the junction of the rivers, its chief a man of blood and muscle in whom his people gloried, but so fierce, withal, that nobody made a companion of him except his wife, who alone could check his tigerish rages.

>In sooth, he loved her so well that on her death he became a recluse and shut himself within his lodge, refusing to see anybody. This mood endured with him so long that mutterings were heard in the tribe and there was talk of choosing another chief. Some of this talk he must have heard, for one morning he emerged in war-dress, and without a word to anyone strode across the plain to westward. On returning a full month later he was more communicative and had something unusual to relate. He also proved his prowess by brandishing a belt of fresh scalps before the eyes of his warriors, and he had also brought a lump of salt.

>He told them that after travelling far over the prairie he had thrown himself on the earth to sleep, when he was aroused by a

wailing sound close by. In the light of a new moon he saw a hideous old woman brandishing a tomahawk over the head of a younger one, who was kneeling, begging for mercy, and trying to shake off the grip from her throat. The sight of the women, forty miles from the village, so surprised the chief that he ran toward them. The younger woman made a desperate effort to free herself, but in vain, as it seemed, for the hag wound her left hand in her hair while with the other she raised the axe and was about to strike.

>At that moment the chief gained a view of the face of the younger woman-it was that of his dead wife. With a snarl of wrath he leaped upon the hag and buried his own hatchet in her brain, but before he could catch his wife in his arms the earth had opened and both women disappeared, but a pillar of salt stood where he had seen this thing. For years the Indians maintained that the column was under the custody of the Salt Witch, and when they went there to gather salt they would beat the ground with clubs, believing that each blow fell upon her person and kept her from working other evil.

33. The Serpent Queen

>Hutton Lake, Wyoming, is the home of the Serpent Queen, whose breathing may be seen in the bubbles that well up in the centre. She is constantly watching for her lover, but takes all men who come in her way to her grotto beneath the water, when she finds that they are not the one she has expected, and there they become her slaves. To lure victims into the lake she sets there a decoy of a beautiful red swan, and should a

hunter kill this bird he will become possessed of divine power. Should he see "the woman," as the serpent queen is called, he will never live to tell of it, unless he has seen her from a hiding place near the shore—for so surely as he is noticed by this Diana of the Depths, so surely will her spies, the land snakes, sting him to death. In appearance she is a lovely girl in all but her face, and that is shaped like the head of a monster snake. Her name is never spoken by the Indians, for fear that it will cost them their lives.

34. The Stone Throwing Devils

>There is an odd recurrence among American legends of tales relating to assaults of people or their houses by imps of darkness. The shadowy leaguers of Gloucester, Massachusetts, kept the garrison of that place in a state of fright until they were expelled from the neighborhood by a silver bullet and a chaplain's prayers. Witchcraft was sometimes manifested in Salem by the hurling of missiles from unseen hands. The "stone-throwing devil" of Portsmouth is the subject of a tradition more than two centuries of age, but, as the stone-thrower appears rather as an avenger than as a gratuitously malignant spirit, he is ill treated in having the name of devil applied to him. In this New Hampshire port lived a widow who had a cabin and a bit of land of her own. George Walton, a neighbor, wanted her land, for its situation pleased him, and as the old woman had neither money nor influential friends he charged her with witchcraft, and, whether by legal

chicanery or mere force is not recorded, he got his hands upon her property.

>The charge of witchcraft was not pressed, because the man had obtained what he wanted, but the poor, houseless creature laid a ban on the place and told the thief that he would never have pleasure nor profit out of it. Walton laughed at her, bade her go her way, and moved his family into the widow's house. It was Sunday night, and the family had gone to bed, when at ten o'clock there came a fierce shock of stones against the roof and doors. All were awake in a moment. A first thought was that Indians were making an assault, but when the occupants peered cautiously into the moonlight the fields were seen to be deserted. Yet, even as they looked, a gate was lifted from its hinges and thrown through the air.

>Walton ventured out, but a volley of stones, seemingly from a hundred hands, was delivered at his head, and he ran back to shelter. Doors and windows were barred and shuttered, but it made no difference. Stones, too hot to hold a hand upon, were hurled through glass and down the chimney, objects in the rooms themselves were picked up and flung at Walton, candles were blown out, a hand without a body tapped at the window, locks and bars and keys were bent as if by hammer-blows, a cheese-press was smashed against the wall and the cheese spoiled, hay-stacks in the field were broken up and the hay tossed into branches of trees. For a long time Walton could not go out at night without being assailed with stones. Bell, book, candle, and witch-broth availed

nothing, and it was many a day before peace came to the Walton household.

>In 1802 an epidemic of assault went through the Berkshire Hills. The performance began in a tailor's shop in Salisbury, Connecticut, at eleven of the clock on the night of November 2, when a stick and lumps of stone, charcoal, and mortar were flung through a window. The moon was up, but nothing could be seen, and the bombardment was continued until after daylight. After doing some damage here the assailants went to the house of Ezekiel Landon and rapped away there for a week. Persons were struck by the missiles, and quantities of glass were destroyed. Nothing could be seen coming toward the windows until the glass broke, and it was seldom that anything passed far into a room. No matter how hard it was thrown, it dropped softly and surely on the sill, inside, as if a hand had put it there. Windows were broken on both sides of buildings at the same time, and many sticks and stones came through the same holes in the panes, as if aimed carefully by a gunner.

>Forty-seven years ago, in the township of St. Mary's, Illinois, two lads named Groves and a companion named Kirk were pelted with snowballs while on their way home from a barn where they had been to care for the stock for the night. The evening had shut in dark, and the accuracy of the thrower's aim was the more remarkable because it was hardly possible to see more than a rod away. The snowballs were packed so tightly that they did not break on striking, though they were thrown with force, and Kirk was considerably bruised by them. Mr. Groves

went out with a lantern, but its rays lit up a field of untrodden snow, and there was no sound except that made by the wind as it whistled past the barn and fences. Toward dawn another inspection was made, and in the dim light the snowballs were seen rising from the middle of a field that had not a footprint on it, and flying toward the spectators like bullets. They ran into the field and laid about them with pitchforks, but nothing came of that, and not until the sun arose was the pelting stopped. Young Kirk, who was badly hurt, died within a year.

>The men of Sharon, Connecticut, having wheedled their town-site from the Indians in 1754, were plagued thereafter by whoops and whistlings and the throwing of stones. Men were seen in the starlight and were fired upon, but without effect, and the disturbances were not ended until the Indians had received a sum of money.

>Without presuming to doubt the veracity of tradition in these matters, an incident from the writer's boyhood in New England may be instanced. The house of an unpopular gentleman was assailed—not in the ostentatious manner just described, yet in a way that gave him a good deal of trouble. Dead cats appeared mysteriously in his neighborhood; weird noises arose under his windows; he tried to pick up letters from his doorstep that became mere chalk-marks at his touch, so that he took up only splinters under his nails. One night, as a seance was about beginning in his yard, he emerged from a clump of bushes, flew in the direction of the disturbance, laid violent hands on the writer's collar, and bumped his

nose on a paving-stone. Then the manifestations were discontinued, for several nights, for repairs.

35. Soucouyant

>The soucouyant is a shape-shifting Caribbean folklore character who appears as a reclusive old woman by day. By night, she strips off her wrinkled skin and puts it in a mortar. In her true form, as a fireball she flies across the dark sky in search of a victim. The soucouyant can enter the home of her victim through any sized hole like cracks, crevices and keyholes. Soucouyants suck people's blood from their arms, legs and soft parts while they sleep leaving blue-black marks on the body in the morning. If the soucouyant draws too much blood, it is believed that the victim will either die and become a soucouyant or perish entirely, leaving her killer to assume her skin. The soucouyant practices black magic. Soucouyants trade their victims' blood for evil powers with Bazil, the demon who resides in the silk cotton tree. To expose a soucouyant, one should heap rice around the house or at the village cross roads as the creature will be obligated to gather every grain, grain by grain (a herculean task to do before dawn) so that she can be caught in the act. To destroy her, coarse salt must be placed in the mortar containing her skin so she perishes, unable to put the skin back on. Belief in soucouyants is still preserved to an extent in some Caribbean islands, including Dominica, St. Lucia, Haiti, Suriname and Trinidad. The skin of the soucouyant is

considered valuable, and is used when practicing black magic.

36. Uncle Kaler, the Windjammer

>one of these earlier characters, who's story borders on the marvelous, was an old man, called "Uncle Kaler," who lived on London Hill. Uncle Kaler had Finnish blood in his veins and was reputed to be a "wizard." By his magical art, Uncle Kaler could make amulets that would bring good luck to a sailor, love philters for despairing swains and forlorn damsels, and efficacious potions to cure the cattle that were bewitched. This weird enchanter could also make good weather or bad weather to order, although he sometimes overdid the matter, as the following tradition shows.

>Uncle Kaler lived in an old house just below the millbrook, and the road from Cobbossee to hook ran close by his door. One warm misty evening in May, Uncle Kaler heard some horses speeding up the hill and stopping at his door. He opened it, and a man's voice came in from the darkness: "Is this Mr. Kaler?"

>"It is, at your service"

>"Well, my name is _____, and this lady with me is Miss _____ of Pownalboro. We are on our way to Hallowell to be married. Her relatives don't like the match and are after us hot foot. Listen!"

>away down the river could be heard the long-drawn bay of hounds. "You hear, old man! Now our horses are about used up, and if something isn't done they'll overtake us; then there will be murder. You have the reputation of being a windjammer and a wizard. Here are a hundred spanish milled

dollars for the worst weather you have got, and if it does the business, another hundred when I come back.”

>The old man made no reply, but went to a chest and taking out a small leather bag gave it to the stranger, saying, “Go back a little on the road, cut the bag open, squeeze out its contents, throw the bag away, then come back and resume your journey.”

>The man did as he was told, and returning in a short time said: “If you have played us false, something will happen to you.”

>“Rest easy,” said Uncle Kaler. “Hark!” and away in the southwest heard a low rumbling of distant thunder. It increased and deepened momentarily till it seemed as if a cyclone was tearing through the forest.

>“What was that?” asked the stranger.

>“A cloud-burst in the hills. It will be a sharp hound who follows your track in five minutes. Go in peace, and good luck go with you, from a man who can give good luck.”

>Away they dashed through the gathering storm and darkness, speeding to happiness, or the contrary, as the case may be with married people. Under the roaring thunder, and nearly deafened by the roar and crash of the raging torrent he had conjured, the old man went into the house saying to himself: “I am afraid I made that bagful too strong, but I don’t know as I am sorry, for it would never do to have the young people caught.”

>The next morning the day broke clear and beautiful; but where, the day before, a peaceful little brook had flowed through a green pasture, and the little mill had clattered merrily grinding the few grists the neighbors brought, there was now a fearful gorge gullied down to the bedrock and

choked up with uprooted trees and brush; the mill was gone and the big boulder that formed part of its foundation had been swept away far out into the river, and now forms that impediment to navigation known as mill rock. If anyone will take notice at low tide they will see quite a large point stretching out into the river from the mouth of the brook; it is the debris of the cloudburst.

37. The Water-Devils

>Crater Lake, Oregon, was a haunt of water-devils who dragged down into it and drowned all who ventured near. Its discoverers saw it in the work of the Great Spirit, but could not guess its meaning. All but one of these Klamaths stole away after they had looked into its circular basin and sheer walls. He fancied that if it was a home of gods they might have some message for men, so camping on the brink of the lofty cliffs he waited. In his sleep a vision came to him, and he heard voices, but could neither make out appearances nor distinguish a word. Every night this dream was repeated. He finally went down to the lake to bathe, and instantly found his strength increased and saw that the people of his dreams were the genii of the waters—whether good or bad he could not guess. One day he caught fish for food. A thousand water-devils came to the surface, on the instant, and seized him. They carried him to a rock on the north-side of the lake, that stands two thousand feet above the water, and from that they dashed him down, gathering the remains of his shattered body below and devouring them. Since that taste they have been eager for men’s blood.

38. The Wisconsin Goatman

>The countryside surrounding Holy Hill has more than it's fair share of anomalous activity. In 2006, a large bearlike animal with canine characteristics dragged a dead deer from the back of a county contractor's pick up truck. The authorities recorded the encounter as a "yeti sighting" and started a minor media frenzy, attracting Bigfoot Hunters from as far away as California. Following the Bigfoot clamor, numerous eyewitnesses came forward with sightings of various strange animals ranging in description from the infamous Bigfoot, to odd bear/wolf hybrid creatures.

>Also nearby is Hogsback Road, an area that local teenagers claim is haunted by an even stranger cryptid, Goatman. Goatman is exactly what he sounds like, a strange humanoid with caprine characteristics. To my eye, this creature, while almost assuredly not a human/goat hybrid, could put someone in mind of the legendary creature, particularly with those very unsettling legs which seem to have backwards bending knees.

>Stories about Goatman have been told around Washington County campfires and in parked cars since about the late-1960s. While the creature seems to be mostly urban legend, creatures with a blend of human and goat attributes have been reported sporadically across the United States, with the oldest I'm aware of occurring in 1830s Minnesota.

>When I told Mindy that it reminded me of Goatman, she'd never heard of the creature.

When she asked me what Goatman was, I was hard pressed to answer her.

>She continued with her description:

>"It's elbow was set low on the arm. Legs seemed to bend back at the knee like a dog's. Muscles very defined. Thighs especially. I couldn't make out the hands because of the way it was running. I couldn't see the feet as I couldn't see past the car hood.

>"Instantly I knew this was something incredible. We were shocked and confused trying to figure out what the heck we just witnessed. We don't live far from that rural area so we are pretty much freaked out to venture outside when it's pitch black. It's something we'll never forget. It was a monumental moment. The vision of this thing is etched in our lives.

>"I really want to know what that was. It was tangible. Not our imagination. I wish I'd seen the face but it braced itself and tucked its head down. I wish I would have hit it. Not to cause harm, [but just so people won't think I'm crazy]."

>Those who have seen the drawing so far have remarked that it looks extraterrestrial to them, likely because of that large head that resembles the classic "grey alien" description given by alleged UFO abductees.

>I've pondered the drawing all weekend, and the only rational explanation I can think of isn't rational at all. It looks vaguely like a tailless kangaroo or wallaby, but just how did one of those make it's way to Southeastern Wisconsin? One can't solve a mystery by introducing a second, equally puzzling mystery.

>Interestingly enough, I talked with a man two weeks ago following a Downtown West Bend Ghost Walk who described a creature similar to one Mindy saw outside of his house in Southern Kewaskum. A few winters ago he heard gunshots outside. He peered out his window, expecting to see coyotes running down the snowmobile path near his home. He instead saw a 4-foot tall, grey-brown creature with a horselike head running extremely fast down the snowmobile trail before it dashed away into the woods. The only major difference separating the thing he saw from the one sketched above was that it was covered in shaggy fur.

39. The Witch of New Haven

>As a citizen of New Haven was riding home—this was at the time of the goings on at Salem—he saw shapes of women near his horse's head, whispering earnestly together and keeping time with the trot of his animal without effort of their own. "In the name of God, tell me who you are," cried the traveller, and at the name of God they vanished. Next day the man's orchard was shaken by viewless hands and the fruit thrown down. Hogs ran about the neighborhood on their hind legs; children cried that somebody was sticking pins into them; one man would roll across the floor as if pushed, and he had to be watched lest he should go into the fire; when housewives made their bread they found it as full of hair as food in a city boarding-house; when they made soft soap it ran from the kettle and over the floor like lava; stones fell down chimneys and smashed crockery. One of the

farmers cut off an ear from a pig that was walking on its hind legs, and an eccentric old body of the neighborhood appeared presently with one of her ears in a muffle, thus satisfying that community that she had caused the troubles. When a woman was making potash it began to leap about, and a rifle was fired into the pot, causing a sudden calm. In the morning the witch was found dead on her floor. Yet killing only made her worse, for she moved to a deserted house near her own, and there kept a mad revel every night; fiddles were heard, lights flashed, stones were thrown, and yells gave people at a distance a series of cold shivers; but the populace tried the effect of tearing down the house, and quiet was brought to the town.

40. Wizard Dimond

>John, or Edward, Dimond, grandfather of Moll Pitcher, was a benevolent wizard. When vessels were trying to enter the port of Marblehead in a heavy gale or at night, their crews were startled to hear a trumpet voice pealing from the skies, plainly audible above the howling and hissing of any tempest, telling them how to lay their course so as to reach smooth water. This was the voice of Dimond, speaking from his station, miles away in the village cemetery. He always repaired to this place in troublous weather and shouted orders to the ships that were made visible to him by mystic power as he strode to and fro among the graves. When thieves came to him for advice he charmed them and made them take back their plunder or caused them to tramp helplessly about the streets bearing heavy burdens

An Aoty production

Dedicated to a certain writing group full of special people who are very important to me, and at least one homosexual who goes by Noided