

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George  
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Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
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# **Philippine Folk-Tales**

Clara Kern Bayliss

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## PART I

Philippine Folk-Tales. [1]

By Clara Kern Bayliss.

### CHAPTER 1

The Monkey and the Turtle. [2]

One day a Monkey met a Turtle on the road, and asked, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to find something to eat, for I have had no food for three whole days," said the Turtle.

"I too am hungry," said the Monkey; "and since we are both hungry, let us go together and hunt food for our stomachs' sake."

They soon became good friends and chatted along the way, so that the time passed quickly. Before they had gone far, the Monkey saw a large bunch of yellow bananas on a tree at a distance.

"Oh, what a good sight that is!" cried he. "Don't you see the bananas hanging on that banana-tree? [pointing with his first finger toward the tree]. They are fine! I can taste them already."

But the Turtle was short-sighted and could not see them. By and by they came near the tree, and then he saw them. The two friends were very glad. The mere sight of the ripe, yellow fruit seemed to assuage their hunger.

But the Turtle could not climb the tree, so he agreed that the Monkey should go up alone and should throw some of the fruit down to him. The Monkey was up in a flash; and, seating himself comfortably, he began to eat the finest of the fruit, and forgot to drop any down to the Turtle waiting below. The Turtle called for some, but the Monkey pretended not to hear. He ate even the peel-

ings, and refused to drop a bit to his friend, who was patiently begging under the tree.

At last the Turtle became angry, very angry indeed: "so he thought he would revenge" (as my informant puts it). While the Monkey was having a good time, and filling his stomach, the Turtle gathered sharp, broken pieces of glass, and stuck them, one by one, all around the banana-tree. Then he hid himself under a cocoanut-shell not far away. This shell had a hole in the top to allow the air to enter. That was why the Turtle chose it for his hiding-place.

The Monkey could not eat all the bananas, for there were enough to last a good-sized family several days; "but he ate all what he can," and by and by came down the tree with great difficulty, for the glass was so sharp that it cut even the tough hand of the Monkey. He had a hard time, and his hands were cut in many places. The Turtle thought he had his revenge, and was not so angry as before.

But the Monkey was now very angry at the trick that had been played upon him, and began looking for the Turtle, intending to kill him. For some time he could not find his foe, and, being very tired, he sat down on the cocoanut-shell near by. His weariness increased his anger at the Turtle very much.

He sat on the shell for a long time, suffering from his wounds, and wondering where to find the Turtle,—his former friend, but now his enemy. Because of the disturbance of the shell, the Turtle inside could not help making a noise. This the Monkey heard; and he was surprised, for he could not determine whence the sound came. At last he lifted his stool, and there found his foe the Turtle.

"Ha! Here you are!" he cried. "Pray now, for it is the end of your life."

He picked up the Turtle by the neck and carried him near the riverbank, where he meant to kill him. He took a mortar and pestle, and built a big fire, intending to pound him to powder or burn him to death. When everything was ready, he told the Turtle to choose whether he should die in the fire or be "grounded" in the mortar. The Turtle begged for his life; but when he found it was in vain, he prayed to be thrown into the fire or ground in the mortar,—anything except be thrown into the water. On hearing this, the

Monkey picked the Turtle up in his bleeding fingers, and with all his might threw him into the middle of the stream.

Then the Turtle was very glad. He chuckled at his own wit, and laughed at the foolishness of the Monkey. He came up to the surface of the water and mocked at the Monkey, saying, "This is my home. The water is my home."

This made the Monkey so angry that he lost his self-possession entirely. He jumped into the middle of the river after the Turtle, and was drowned.

Since that day monkeys and turtles have been bitter enemies.

## CHAPTER 2

How the Farmer Deceived the Demon. [3]

Very many years ago, in a far-away land where the trees never changed their green leaves and where the birds always sang, there lived on an island a farmer with a large family. Though all alone on the island and knowing nothing of people in the outer world, they were always happy,—as happy as the laughing rills that rippled past their home. They had no great wealth, depending from year to year on the crops which the father raised. They needed no money, for they lacked nothing; and they never sold their produce, for no people were near to buy.

One day in the middle of the year, after the crops were well started, a loud, unusual roar was heard. Suddenly a stiff gale blew up from the southwest, and with it came clouds which quickly hid the entire sky. The day turned to night. The birds ceased to sing and went to their nests. The wild beasts ran to their caves. The family sought shelter in the house from a heavy downpour of rain which continued for many days and nights. So long did it last that they became very anxious about the condition of things around them.

On the eighth day the birds again began to sing, and the sun was, as usual, bright. The farmer arose early and went out to look at his fields, but, lo! his crop was all destroyed. He went back to the house and told the family that the water-god was angry and had washed away all that he had hoped to have for the coming year.

What were they to do? The supply in the house was getting low and it was too late to raise another crop. The father worried night and day, for he did not know how he could keep his children from starvation.

One day he made a long journey and came into a place that was strange to him. He had never before seen the like of it. But in the midst of a broad meadow he saw a tree with spreading branches like an elm, and as his legs and back were stiff from walking, he went over and sat down under it. Presently, looking up, he discovered that on the tree were large red fruits. He climbed up and brought some down, and after satisfying his hunger he fell asleep.

He had not slept long when he was awakened by a loud noise. The owner of the place was coming. He was fearful to look upon. His body was like that of a person, but he was of enormous size; and he had a long tail, and two horns growing out of his head. The farmer was frightened and did not know what to do. He stood motionless till the master came up and began to talk to him. Then he explained that he had come there in search of food to keep his family alive. The monster was delighted to hear this, for he saw that he had the man and the man's family in his power. He told the traveller that in return for a certain promise he would help him out of his troubles.

The demon, as he was called by some travellers to that land, showed the farmer a smooth, round stone, which, he said, gave its possessor the power of a magician. He offered to lend this to the farmer for five years, if at the expiration of that time the farmer and family would become his slaves. The farmer consented.

Then the demon was glad. He said to the farmer, "You must squeeze the stone when you wish to become invisible; and must put it in your mouth when you wish to return to human form."

The man tried the power of the magic stone. He squeezed it, and instantly became invisible to the demon; but he bade him farewell, and promised to meet him in the same place at the appointed time.

In this invisible form the man crossed the water that washed the shore of the island on which he lived. There he found a people who lived in communities. He wanted something to eat, so he went into

the shops; but he found that a restaurant owned by a Chinaman was the one to which most people of the city went. He put the stone in his mouth, thus appearing in visible form, and, entering the restaurant, ordered the best food he could find. He finished his meal quickly and went out. The waiter, perceiving that he did not pay, followed him. The man had no money; so he squeezed the stone and shot up into the air without being seen. The Chinaman, alarmed by the cry of the waiter, came out and ran in all directions, trying to find and catch the man. No one could find him; and the people thought he must indeed be a fast runner to escape so quickly, for they did not know of the gift of the demon.

Not far from that place he saw groups of men and women going in and out of a large building. It was a bank. The farmer went in to see what he could find. There he saw bags of money, gold and silver. He chuckled with joy at this opportunity. In order to use his hands freely, he put the stone in his mouth; but before he could fill all his pockets with money, he was discovered by the two guards, who began to pound him on the head. He struggled to save his life, and finally took the stone out of his mouth and squeezed it. Instantly he vanished from their sight; but he was vexed at the beating he had received, so he carried off all the gold they had in the bank. The people inside as well as outside the building became crazy. They ran about in all directions, not knowing why. Some called the firemen, thinking the bank was on fire; but nothing had happened, except that the farmer was gone and the two guards were "half dead frightened." They danced up and down the streets in great excitement, but could not utter a word.

Straight home went the farmer, not stopping by the way. His wife and children were awaiting him. He gave them the money, and told them all about the fortune which he had gotten from the man on their own island,—told all his secrets. Prosperous they became, and with the money which he had brought they purchased all they needed from the city just opposite them.

The time passed so pleasantly that the man was surprised to discover that his promise would be due in two more days. He made preparations to go back to the land of his master. Arrived there, he met the same monster under the same tree. The demon was dis-

pleased to see the old man alone, without the family which also had been promised. He told the man that he would shut him in a cave and then would go and capture those left at home.

But the farmer would not go to the cave. The demon tried to pull him into a deep hole. Both struggled; and at last the farmer squeezed the magic stone and disappeared. He took a green branch of the tree and beat the demon. The demon surrendered. He begged for mercy.

The farmer went home, and from that day thought no more of the demon. He knew that while he held the stone the monster would never come to trouble him. And the family lived on in peace and happiness, as they had done before the water-god became angry with them.

### CHAPTER 3

Benito, the Faithful Servant. [4]

On a time there lived in a village a poor man and his wife, who had a son named Benito. The one ambition of the lad from his earliest youth was that he might be a help to the family in their struggle for a living.

But the years went by, and he saw no opportunity until one day, as they sat at dinner, his father fell to talking about the young King who lived at a distance from the village, in a beautiful palace kept by a retinue of servants. The boy was glad to hear this, and asked his parents to let him become one of the servants of this great ruler. The mother protested, fearing that her son could not please his Royal Majesty; but the boy was so eager to try his fortune that at last he was permitted to do so.

The next day his mother prepared food for him to eat on the journey, and he started for the palace. The journey was tiresome; and when he reached the palace he had difficulty in obtaining an audience with the King. But when he succeeded and made known his wish, the monarch detected a charming personality hidden within the ragged clothes, and, believing the lad would make a willing servant, he accepted him.

The servants of his Majesty had many duties. Theirs was not a life of ease, but of hard work. The very next day the King called Benito, and said, "I want you to bring me a certain beautiful princess who lives in a land across the sea; and if you fail to do it, you will be punished."

Benito did not know how he was to do it; but he asked no questions, and unhesitatingly answered, "I will, my lord."

That same day he provided himself with everything he needed for the journey and set off. He travelled a long distance until he came to the heart of a thick forest, where he saw a large bird which said to him, "Oh, my friend! please take away these strings that are wrapped all about me. If you will, I will help you whenever you call upon me."

Benito released the bird and asked it its name. It replied, "Sparrow-hawk," and flew away. Benito continued his journey until he came to the seashore. There he could see no way of getting across, and, remembering what the King had said if he failed, he stood looking out over the sea, feeling very sad. The huge King of the Fishes saw him, and swam toward him. "Why are you so sad?" asked the Fish.

"I wish to cross the sea to find the beautiful Princess," replied the youth.

"Get on my back and I will take you across," said the King of the Fishes.

Benito rode on the back of the Fish and crossed the sea. As soon as he reached the other side, a fairy in the form of a woman appeared to him, and became a great aid to him in his adventure. She knew exactly what he wanted; so she told him that the Princess was shut up in a castle guarded by giants, and that he would have to fight the giants before he could reach her. For this purpose she gave him a magic sword, which would kill on the instant anything it touched.

Benito now felt sure he could take the Princess from her cruel guardsmen. He went to the castle, and there he saw many giants round about it. When the giants saw him coming, they went out to

meet him, thinking to take him captive. They were so sure that they could easily do it, that they went forth unarmed. As they came near, he touched the foremost ones with his sword, and one after another they fell down dead. The other giants, seeing so many of their number slain, became terrified, and fled, leaving the castle unguarded.

The young man went to the Princess and told her that his master had sent him to bring her to his palace. The young Princess was only too glad to leave the land of the giants, where she had been held captive. So the two set out together for the King's palace.

When they came to the sea they rode across it on the back of the same fish that had carried Benito. They went through the forest, and at last came to the palace. Here they were received with the greatest rejoicings.

After a short time the King asked the Princess to become his wife. "I will, O King!" she replied, "if you will get the ring I lost in the sea as I was crossing it."

The monarch called Benito, and ordered him to find the ring which had been lost on their journey from the land of the giants.

Obedient to his master, Benito started, and travelled on and on till he came to the shore of the sea. There he stood, gazing sadly out over the waters, not knowing how he was to search for what lay at the bottom of the deep ocean.

Again the King of the Fishes came to him, asking the cause of his sadness. Benito replied, "The Princess lost her ring while we were crossing the sea, and I have been sent to find it."

The King-Fish summoned all the fishes to come to him. When they had assembled, he noticed that one was missing. He commanded the others to search for this one, and bring it to him. They found it under a stone, and it said, "I am so full! I have eaten so much that I cannot swim." So the larger ones took it by the tail and dragged it to their King.

"Why did you not come when summoned?" asked the King-Fish. "I was so full I could not swim," replied the Fish.

The King-Fish, suspecting that it had swallowed the ring, ordered it to be cut in two. The others cut it open, and, behold I there was

the lost ornament. Benito thanked the King of the Fishes, took the ring, and brought it to the monarch.

When the great ruler got the ring, he said to the Princess, "Now that I have your ring, will you become my wife?"

"I will be your wife," replied the Princess, "if you will find the earring I lost in the forest as I was journeying with Benito."

Instantly Benito was called, and was ordered to find the lost jewel. He was very weary from his former journey; but, mindful of his duty, he started for the forest, reaching it before the day was over. He searched for the earring faithfully, following the road which he and the Princess had taken; but all in vain. He was much discouraged, and sat down under a tree to rest. To his surprise a mouse of monstrous size appeared before him. It was the King of the Mice.

"Why are you so sad?" asked the Mouse.

"I am searching for an earring which the Princess lost as we passed through the forest, but am unable to find it."

"I will find it for you," said the King-Mouse.

Benito's face brightened at hearing this. The King-Mouse called all his followers, and all but one little mouse responded. Then the King of the Mice ordered some of his subjects to find the absent one. They found him in a small hole among the bamboo-trees. He said he could not go because he was so satisfied (sated). So the others pulled him along to their master; and he, finding that there was something hard within the little mouse, ordered him to be cut open. It was done; and there was the very earring for which the tired servant was looking. Benito took it, thanked the King of the Mice, and brought the earring to his own King.

When the monarch received it, he immediately restored it to its owner and asked, "Will you now become my wife?"

"Oh, dear King!" responded the Princess, "I have only one more thing to ask of you; and if you will grant it, I will be your wife forever."

The King, pleased with his former successes, said, "Tell me what it is, and it shall be granted."

"If you will get some water from heaven," said the Princess, "and some water from the nether-world, I will become your wife. That is my last wish."

The King called Benito, and commanded him to get water from these two places. "I will, my King," said Benito; and he took some provisions and started. He came to the forest; but there he became confused, for he did not know in which direction to go to reach either of the places. Suddenly he recalled the promise of the bird he had helped the first time he entered the wood. He called the bird, and it soon appeared. He told it what he wanted, and it said, "I will get it for you."

He made two cups of bamboo, and tied one to each of the bird's legs. They were very light, and did not hinder the bearer at all. Away the bird flew, going very fast. Before the day was ended, it came back with each cup full of water, and told Benito that the one tied to its right leg contained water from heaven, and the one tied to its left leg contained water from the nether-world.

Benito untied the cups, taking great care of them. He was about to leave, when the bird asked him to tarry long enough to bury it, as the places to which it had been were so far away that it was weary unto death.

Benito did not like to bury the bird, but he soon saw that it really was dying, so he waited; and when it was dead, he buried it, feeling very sorry over the loss of so helpful a friend.

He went back to the palace and delivered the two kinds of water to his master. The Princess then asked the King to cut her in two and pour the water from heaven upon her. The King was not willing to do it, so she did it herself, asking the King to pour the water. This he did, and, lo! the Princess turned into the most beautiful woman that ever the sun shone on.

Then the King was desirous of becoming handsome; so he asked the Princess to pour the other cup of water over him after he cut himself. He cut himself, and she poured over his body the water from the nether-world; but from him there arose a spirit more ugly and ill-favored than imagination could picture. Fortunately, it soon vanished from sight.

The Princess then turned to Benito, and said, "You have been faithful in your duties to your master, kind to me in restoring the jewels I lost, and brave in delivering me from the cruel giants. You are the man I choose for my husband."

Benito could not refuse so lovely a lady. They were married amid great festivities, and became the king and queen of that broad and fertile land.

Benito gave his parents one of the finest portions of his kingdom, and furnished them with everything they could desire. From that time on they were all very happy, — so happy that the story of their bliss has come down through the centuries to us.

## PART II

### Visayan Folk-Tales.

#### Introduction.

These stories are intended to bring before the American public a few of the tales related by Visayan parents to their children, or by the public story-teller in the market, as the people gather to buy the material for the evening meal. It was only toward the close of a three years' stay in the Islands, in one province, and in neighboring places, and after a fair acquaintance with Spanish and a little knowledge of the native dialect had enabled us to obtain a closer insight into the home life of our pupils than would otherwise have been possible, that we ventured upon the collection of these tales, hoping that they might prove of interest to people at home. Many of the stories were written by our boys and girls as part of their work in English composition. Others were prepared by the native teachers, some of whom had been well educated by the Spaniards and had already learned to write very fair English. Indeed, a few were able, at about the time that these stories were written, to pass the civil service examination for appointment as insular teachers. The articles on the superstitious beliefs of the people were prepared by

one of these teachers, so that they might be as nearly correct as possible.

As might be expected, the stories are often very crude and simple, presenting no difficult situations nor intricate plots. Sometimes they resemble well-known tales from other lands, although great care has been taken to collect only those from original sources.

The tales here presented were collected during the spring of 1904, in the island of Panay, belonging to the Visayan group of the Philippine Islands, and were obtained in our own class rooms, from native teachers and pupils. Mr. Maxfield was stationed at Iloilo, and Mr. Millington at Mandurraio, places five miles apart. We daily came in contact with about one thousand pupils. The tales were gathered in both places, and were found to be substantially alike, the differences being only in petty details. After collecting one version, we endeavored to ascertain whether the same narrative was current among natives in other localities of the island. We were surprised to discover that they seemed to be known wherever we became acquainted with the people and had obtained their confidence sufficiently to induce them to talk freely. There were often variations, but the framework was always the same. If any stories were obtained from native teachers who knew Spanish, we have always verified them by getting children or natives from other places, who knew no Spanish, to relate them, in order to assure ourselves that the narrative could not be a mere translation of a Spanish tale.

We who have collected these stories can claim little credit for any more than the mere arrangement of them, as, so far as possible, even the wording of the original manuscripts has been retained. Doubtless, much of the interest we have felt in the work is due to our personal acquaintance with the writers who put on paper for us these simple tales, yet we hope that they will not be wholly unattractive to those for whose sake they have been collected.

February, 1906.