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I don't know--I don't know that far. It was all wrapped. It was just wrapped up. I don't know. I never did touch it. I had a respect for that. I used to even keep my kids from running in and out from there.

(Did your mother-in-law ever open it at any time?)

No. They not supposed to open them unless they were all together and somebody make a pledge. It took lot of things for them to open them. Never did see it opened. When she handled that thing we had to keep the kids quiet. It wasn't just so you could go over there and pick it up and all that. She used to pray before she touch it. Now when she's was going to bring it in she used to pray.

(When she made this prayer, who would she be praying to?)

Well, the same Man everybody prays to--up in heaven. She didn't pray to nothing else.

(I just wondered if maybe she prayed to the medicine bundle?)

No. She prayed to the Lord.

(What ever happened to her bag?)

I don't know when she died--when the old man died and then she died, and none of us couldn't handle it. We left it at the house and I don't know who got it. I don't know who it could have went to. But my understanding was that Henry Lincoln and Chase Harrington--and there was a colored man that used to stay around here. I guess they went after it and they sold it here in the drug store. Here in Canton. And just think--all three of them were gone. One had a stroke and one didn't know where he was at. He was just out of his head. And he just talk until he died. And this colored man, they had to take him to rest home. I guess he used to just scream and jump. See, that's what got them--because they bothered that medicine bag. And this Chase Harrington, he went to bed one night and he didn't ever get up again. He died in his sleep.

(This old lady that had it--what was her husband's name?)

Beaver.

(Do you know if that's still here at the drug store in Canton?)

No.. Them people that bought it is gone. I heard they open everything. I don't know. Never did care to find out about it, because I had no business in there. I didn't have anything to do with it. It wasn't mine and I didn't want to be bothered with it.

(You were mentioning that Little Raven had one too--what ever happened to his?)

Well, his son had it, and then he died and his wife had it. And then she died and her daughter had it. And now she died and I think one of his grandsons