

said that they had found out her secret. The grandmother took to bed, and she began to talk to them about what they should do. "Now, that I am in bed, I'm going to die." She told them all about what was going to happen in the future. "When you bury me, you must put a large fence around me, and bury me just right out there. Something will grow from right in the middle of my grave. This thing will grow up to be tall with a flower at the top and the lower part will turn out beautiful tassels. Inside of them will be kernels. It will bear two or three ears of corn with corn silks on them. You must leave the ears alone and take care of the plant. Put a fence around it. The ears will be dry. They will be very (not clear), and the shuck will be brown and crisp, and the shuck will be dark brown; that is when you gather it. This thing they call corn is mine. This corn will have its origin in me. You must take the kernels off the cob and plant them. Store them away till spring. When the spring comes, make spaced-out holes on ground and put two kernels on each hole. By doing this, you will increase your supply, and it is surprisingly subdued. When it sprouts, it will go through various stages of growth that you will have seen in this plant of mine. Then, it will bear corn that you can use, either to boil--corn's very good to eat all summer long while it is green; or in winter, you can use it to make meal." I will be the corn mother," said the old woman. That's what they said long ago. That's what the young men were taught to carry on. They thought about this very deeply as they were burying her out in the yard. After they buried her, they made the fence. And all that summer, the corn plant grew and bore corn as she had told them it would be. When the corn became dry, they