

to come out and shoot that bird." The new man came out and blew his whistle. As the huge bird flew down low the man shot at it but missed. Once again he shot at the eagle and missed. He missed the eagle three times. Everybody became silent, mumbling to themselves. They were very dissappointed and said, "That is not the rabbit's son." The younger daughter was proud of her new brother-in-law and tried to tease him but her older sister got jealous and had words with her. The little sister felt sorry for herself and left the village that day. As she was going through the timber she saw some clothes on the dry creek bank. When she looked up she saw a man in the tree. She asked him why he was up there. He explained what had happened to him. The young woman said, "I am going to try to chop the tree down. You must lie still. I'll try to make it fall slowly." As she chopped the tree she spoke to it saying, "Fall easy tree." It did fall slow and easy. The young woman said, "Just be still, I'll try to get you off this tree." After she got him off, the limb he got the old monkey's clothes and told her how the monkey had taken his clothing, bow and arrow, and whistle which made of bamboo. (This whistle has since been called a monkey whistle.) The young woman said, "I have found you, let us go home to my village. When they arrived the village people met them. The town crier came to them and asked what had happened. He went through the village telling how the young woman had left from home and had returned with a man she had found for herself. They were married and her father put on a wedding feast. Early the next morning someone said, "There's another big eagle coming this way to the camp. We would like for that young man that was married yesterday to the chief's daughter to come out and shoot the bird. The young man heard the eagle coming and told his wife to get his bow and arrows and whistle from the old man for him. When he was dressed in his own clothes he went outside, blew his whistle and the eagle flew down low over the village. The rabbit's son shot the big bird with one shot and killed it. The town crier went through the village saying, "This young man is the rabbit's son for sure. The other man is a fake." The rabbit's son returned the old monkey's clothes to him. The