

a ghost, he was a horse; and since he didn't have the brains man had he was catachable. They put their heads together and cornered him. And now it was Joe duty to teach him he was a horse and nothing else.

Man's Fate

I couldn't sleep that night. Joe laying there 'side me snoring like an alligator. Once there I hit him and told him to turn over. I didn't care how long he had been out on the prairie. But can a log turn over by itself? I laid there wide awake, worrying about that horse and listening to him. The next day I made 'tend I was sick and I asked them to let me go to town and see the doctor. Joe wanted to drive me there, but, ~~in~~ no, I wanted to go by myself. In Deritter I went to Molly Bear and asked her where the hoodoo woman lived. I didn't believe in hoodoo--I don't know what I believed in then--but since nobody else would listen to me I wanted to know if my dream about the horse meant anything. The hoodoo was a big mulatto woman from New Orleans. She claimed she had left New Orleans because she was a rival of Marie Laveau. Marie Laveau was the queen then, you know, and nobody rivalled Marie Laveau. Now that I think of it Deritter was pretty far from New Orleans--clear cross the State; I wonder why she went so far to get away from Marie Laveau. She could have gone