INDIAN FAIRY TALES

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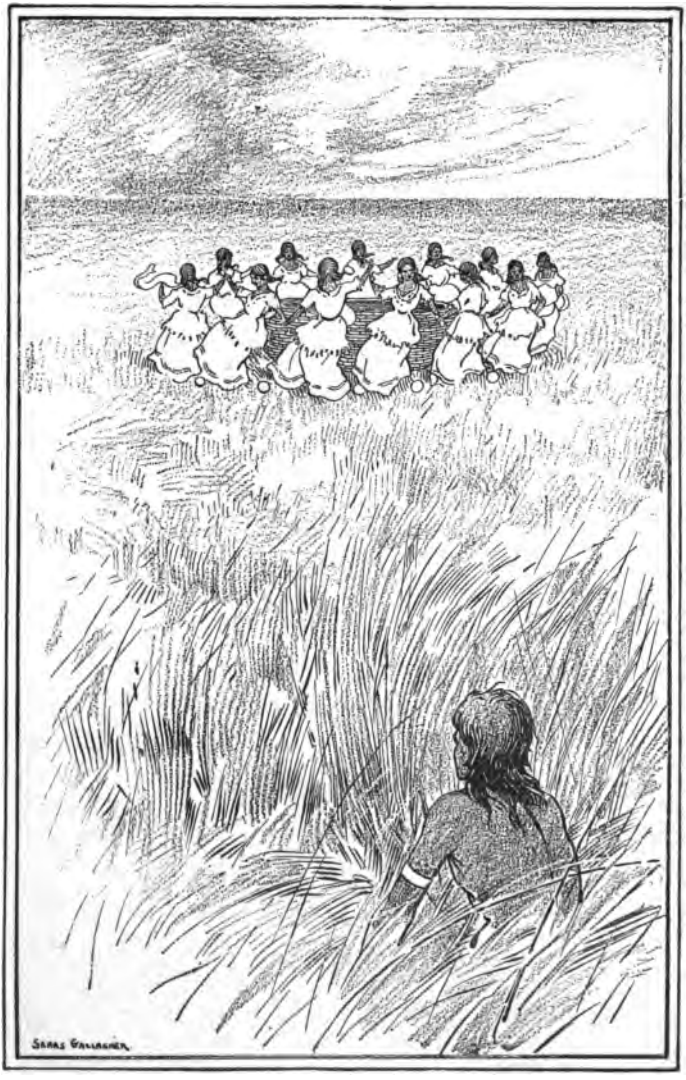

THE YOUNG HUNTER WATCHING THE DAUGHTERS OF THE STARS

Indian Fairy Tales

AS TOLD TO THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE WIGWAM

BY

MARY HAZELTON WADE

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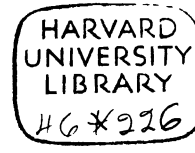

INDIAN FAIRY TALES

PREFACE

IN the long ago when the red men were the free and undisturbed occupants of this vast continent, one of their greatest pleasures was to repeat the wonder-stories dear to the hearts of their people. When they had gathered around the crackling logs in the long winter evenings, or had stretched themselves on the grass under the starry skies of summer nights, old and young would listen in silent delight to the tales of mythical heroes who, they fondly believed, once dwelt on this earth and were far stronger and wiser than mere mortals.

But these were not all. As the red children looked upward at the stars shining down upon them so brightly and lovingly; or as they turned their eyes upon the sparkling waters of the stream or lake; they fancied them alive with other and strange beings who had a charm and magic of their own. These, too, were woven into the tales to which they listened with eagerness and delight.

Over and over again they listened to the same tales; and never did they weary of the recital of the deeds of

the good giant Manabozho, Hiawatha with his magic canoe, or the good Glooskap who was ever ready to help the weak and deserving.

There were no books in which these stories were printed, but they were not needed. They were stamped on the minds of the red people from father to son and mother to daughter, who in turn handed them on to their own little ones.

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The Daughter of the Stars

ONCE upon a time as a young hunter was walking along over the prairie, he noticed a strange sight. It was a ring in the grass. It appeared as if steps had worn a path in the shape of a circle.

There was nothing strange in this alone, but the hunter saw that there was no path leading to the ring or from it. No men, therefore, could have made it; it was certainly a magic circle.

"I will stay here and watch," the young man said to himself. "I will discover if I can how this ring was made."

He lay down in the tall grass and prepared to wait patiently for what he might see. He did not have long to wait, for soon the sounds of sweet music were heard in the air above him. At the same time the watcher saw a tiny, tiny cloud far away in the sky overhead. It did not stay there, however, for it moved slowly downwards toward the earth.

As the hunter looked, he saw that it grew larger and larger till at last when it had drawn near the spot where

he lay hidden, he discovered that he was mistaken and that it was not a cloud at all. It was a basket-car and in it were twelve lovely maidens, the fairest and most beautiful his eyes had ever beheld.

And now the basket reached the ground, landing in the very center of the magic ring. The maidens sprang out and began to dance. Round and round the ring they moved and at each step they touched a shining ball with their feet.

The young hunter admired the maidens, but the youngest one of all won his heart completely. He sprang from his hiding place that he might take her in his arms, but the very moment he appeared the beautiful strangers took fright. They sprang into the light basket which had borne them to the earth and rose rapidly in the air till they were quite lost to sight.

The young man's heart was sad for he thought he should never again see the maidens. He went slowly home to his lodge and tried to fill his mind with his usual tasks.

Yet somehow the world had lost its joy. No longer did he care to hunt the wild creatures of the prairie. The stories of the old warriors around the evening fire were without their usual charm. The maidens of his tribe had no more interest for him. His mind turned again and again to the magic ring worn in the prairie

grass and the beautiful beings who had delighted to frolic within its bounds.

Even when the young hunter was asleep he seemed to hear the heavenly music and see the maidens who did not belong to this earth.

"I will go back to the ring in the grass," he said to himself. "It may be that they will come again. This time I will change my shape into that of an ugly opossum; then if they see me they will not be afraid, nor flee from my sight."

He kept his word. The next day he went to the prairie and hid in the long grass near the magic ring, but he no longer had the form of a young Indian brave. He looked for all the world like that ugly, stupid creature, the opossum.

Not long after he had settled himself in his hiding place, the sound of sweet music floated downward through the air, and the hunter saw what he had longed for so earnestly,— the basket-car bearing the twelve beautiful maidens. Downward it floated till it lighted on the very spot where it had rested before,—the center of the magic circle.

Again, as on that other day, the maidens sprang out and began their joyous dance. Then the seeming opossum crept out from the tall grass and moved slowly toward the dancers. As soon as they noticed him, the

music suddenly came to an end, the light feet stopped their gay tripping, and the frightened maidens sprang into the car which began to rise at once.

While it was still close to the earth, the hunter heard the oldest of the dancers tell her sisters that there was no cause for fear; the ugly creature they saw might have wished to show them how the people of the earth played the game they had been playing.

But the youngest maiden cried out, "No, no, it cannot be; let us rise at once."

These were the only words the listener could hear, as the basket moved swiftly upward and was soon lost to sight. The young man was almost hopeless. What form could he possibly take so that the heavenly maidens would have no fear of him?

As he stood thinking, his eyes fell upon the hollow trunk of a tree which stood near the magic ring. A family of field mice were running in and out of the trunk which seemed to be their home.

"Ah!" thought the hunter, "I will change myself into a mouse. Such a tiny creature as a mouse would hardly be noticed."

He moved the trunk still nearer the magic ring. Then he went home to his lodge to wait anxiously for the next day.

Soon after the sun's bright rays bade "good morn-

ing" to the earth, the hunter went back to the prairie and in the shape of a mouse took his place in the hollow trunk.

Very soon there was the sound of music; then the watcher, peeping anxiously out of his hole, saw the wished-for car float down to the earth.

Again his eyes feasted on the twelve beautiful maidens as they sprang from the car and began their graceful dance; but most of all he gazed at the youngest of the dancers, who enchanted him more than all the others. All at once one of the maidens noticed the old trunk.

"That was not there yesterday," she said to her sisters. "Look! What does it mean?"

But the others only laughed. They tripped lightly to the trunk and struck it. The mice came running out, and among them was the young hunter still in the form of these humble creatures.

The maidens ran here and there, chasing the mice and killing all of them except the young hunter. He was clever enough not only to escape being killed but also to manage so that the youngest of the maidens should follow him.

While she was chasing him about she caught up a stick from the ground and was on the point of striking him with it when he suddenly changed himself back into

his true shape. Then before she could escape he caught her in his arms. At last he had his prize!

When the other maidens saw what had happened, they fled in fright to their airy basket and quickly rose from the earth. Their sister looked longingly after them, but she was now a prisoner.

"I will make her happy," the hunter said. "My prize shall be made to love me and to forget her home in the stars."

He gently led the maiden to his lodge, where he treated her most tenderly. He told her stories of his life and of the wild creatures he hunted. He tried in every way to turn her thoughts from her sisters in the heavens and to make her love the life of the red man.

Her fear quickly passed away. She soon learned to love the young and handsome hunter and was quite willing to become his bride.

Many moons passed by and a beautiful child came to bless the young couple and to bring more love and brightness into the lodge. Yet the child's mother began to have a great longing to return to her home in the heavens. If only she might make a visit to her father, the star-chief, she felt that she would be satisfied.

She did not tell her husband of her wish; nay, she kept it hidden carefully in her heart that he might not have the slightest thought how she felt.

In the meantime she set to work to make a basket within the magic ring where she and her sisters used to dance. She worked only while her husband was away from the lodge on his long hunts.

When everything was completed she carried there all the dainties of this earth that she thought would be pleasing to her father. Then she went back to the lodge, took her little son in her arms, and hurried to the magic circle. Leaping into the basket she began to sing. Instantly the basket rose, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Before long, the daughter of the stars had reached her old home and friends.

Now it happened that her husband, although he was a long way off, heard his wife's song as she rose into the air in her magic basket. He hurried to the prairie as fast as he could go, but alas! he was too late. He called to his wife in pitiful tones and begged her to return to earth and make his lodge happy once more. But she did not stop in her course or give any heed to his words.

He was alone with his sorrow. He lay down on the prairie with his face to the ground. It seemed as though his heart would break. If only his child had been left to him, he might have borne the loss of his wife. But to lose both! It was too much.

At last he rose from the ground and went back to his

lodge. How bright it had seemed to him yesterday, how dark and lonely to-day.

Many moons passed by and still the hunter mourned. All this time the days were going merrily for his wife in her starry home. There was so much to enjoy that she might have forgotten the little lodge on earth and the handsome hunter, her husband, if it had not been for one thing. Her child kept saying, "Let me go to my dear father. Please take me where I can see his kind smile and hear his loving words."

At last the boy's grandfather, the star-chief, said:

"My daughter, it is but right that your son should see his father. Go back to earth and get your husband. Bring him with you to our home in the heavens; but bring also one of each kind of living creature that he kills while hunting."

His daughter did as her father commanded. The hunter was never far away from the magic ring, and when he once more heard his wife's voice as she floated down toward the earth, he hastened to the charmed spot and was there to greet her as the basket landed.

And now once more he held his dear ones in his strong arms as he told them how he had missed them and how lonely his life had been without their company.

"My father bids me invite you to return with us to our home above," his wife said to him. She also spoke of the star-chief's wish for the birds and beasts of the earth.

Her husband was only too glad to do what she asked. He went hunting day after day, striving to make a choice collection of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field to be found in all the country round.

He did not keep the whole body of each of these creatures, however. If it was a bird, he saved only the wing or a claw. Or, if his prey happened to be a four-footed creature, he preserved the tail or a single foot. These were quite encugh to show his wise father-in-law to what kind of creatures they belonged.

At last when he could do no more, he told his wife he was ready to go with her on the visit to her father. The little family, laden with their presents, entered the basket-car and rose to the realms above.

How gladly they were greeted! What joy there was in the star-home of the hunter's wife! Soon after they arrived, her father held a great feast to which he invited all his people. It was like no other that had ever been heard of before.

When the guests had come together, the host invited each one to choose a present for himself out of the things the hunter had brought from earth.

Everyone made haste to select something. As soon as the choice was made, a strange change took place: those who had taken legs or wings at once became birds; while the ones who chose claws or tails were instantly changed into the forms of animals.

Now it happened that the emblem of the hunter's family was a white hawk; he, therefore, as well as his wife and son, chose feathers of that bird, and they were at once changed into hawks.

Spreading their wings, they flew downwards from the heavens, never stopping in their airy flight till they had reached the earth itself.

The Star and the Lily

SOMETIMES after the little red child has been paddling for hours over the blue surface of the lake, he becomes tired of the sport. Then, drawing in his paddle, he lies back in his canoe and feasts his mind on the beautiful legends his grandmother has told him. As the gentle breeze moves his boat here and there, he floats among clumps of lily-pads. He can just see the white blossoms reaching their heads above the water.

"Ah!" thinks the child, "these flowers are given to make us happy and fill us with love, for they bind us to the starry heavens."

Then with eyes half-shut he gazes upward at the blue sky above him and repeats to himself the legend of the Star and the Lily.

Once upon a time the whole world was beautiful. Flowers of all colors adorned the fields and filled the air with their sweet odors. Birds flew hither and thither without fear of harm, for human beings had never as yet lifted their hands against them. No white

man had sought the home of the Indian, who lived at peace with all of his race. The tomahawk and the scalping knife had not been thought of, for there was neither war nor bloodshed.

Even the beasts of the field came and went at the command of their master, man. No one suffered want or cold or hunger, and game was plentiful whenever it was needed.

In those happy times, when day ended and darkness fell upon the earth, the red men loved nothing better than to stretch themselves in the green fields and watch the stars come peeping forth, one by one, in the sky above them.

"They are the homes of those who lived good lives on earth," the watchers would say to each other, "and if we do right now, we too shall go to those beautiful abodes when it is our time to die."

So constantly did they watch the stars that they noticed at once when a new one appeared in the heavens to the south of them, much brighter, and its light seemed softer and more loving than any of the others. Then the red men saw that this star was different in still another way,— it was much nearer the earth than its celestial sisters. It seemed almost as though one could reach it if he climbed yonder mountain peak.

What was the meaning of the star? Was it the sign

of some great good coming to the red men? Or was it to prepare them for evil days that were drawing near? It was then that one of the old men reminded the people of a story of their fathers; when such a star appeared in the heavens it was the beginning of trouble.

A council of the wise men of the land must be called together. Perhaps they could decide as to the meaning of the star.

One moon passed by and the red men were still in doubt as to the meaning, when one of their young braves had a wonderful dream. A maiden most fair to look upon appeared before him. She was in the midst of a soft and beautiful light. She spoke, and her words were like music.

She told the young man that this land was once that of her father's. She loved its lakes and rivers, its green plains, its high mountains, its birds and flowers. Indeed she loved it so well that she had left her sisters in the heavens that she might dwell here. What shape could she take that she might make it her home? And where could she live in safety?

Then the young man awoke. He hastened to the council of wise men and told his dream.

"The beautiful maiden is none other than the star we have seen in the south," said one of the listeners, and all agreed with him.

"We must send messengers with words of greeting to the star," they all decided.

Five of the noblest and bravest of the young warriors were chosen. That very evening they went to the summit of the mountain south of their home, carrying with them a pipe of peace filled with sweet-smelling herbs. They offered it to their heavenly visitor and bade her welcome.

Then they turned their way homeward, while the star, with wings outspread, followed them on their way and watched lovingly over them and their people till morning light.

That very night the young brave who had dreamed of the beautiful star-maiden had a second dream in which she appeared to him again. Once more she asked him where and how she might live among the red men. The dreamer answered and spoke of different places, but not one of them seemed to suit the star-maiden. Then he told her to choose for herself, and she agreed to do so.

At first she sought the heart of the white rose that grows on the mountain side. But there she was quite hidden from sight and no one could enjoy her beauty. Then she sought a home in the broad fields of the prairie, but alas! she was not safe, for the heavy hoof of the buffalo might destroy her at any moment.

A third time she settled among the steep rocks far up in the mountains; but this home did not suit the star any better than the others, for here she was quite lonely and could have no pleasure with the little red children whom she loved most tenderly.

"I must be where they can see and enjoy me and where we may be happy together," said the star.

At last she thought of a place that suited her. It was the surface of the blue waters, where the red children could glide in their canoes with safety and where they could play with their beautiful friend and be happy in her company.

Not a moment was lost. The star sped downward and alighted upon the calm bosom of the lake. The very next day its waters were dotted with countless starry blossoms which rested quietly in their new home, but whose snow-white petals looked ever upward to the blue heavens above them.

In the early dawn the Eastern Star shown softly down upon the sister who had chosen to make her home on earth; while at the setting of the sun, the Star of the West gleamed brightly in the sky to give her greeting.

Year after year went by and still the children of the red men sped over the waters in their graceful canoes, happy with their friend and playfellow, the Star of the

South, who had left her heavenly home to dwell among them in the shape of the water lilies.

White Feather and the Six Giants

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who lived all alone with his grandfather in the deep woods. The child had no father nor mother, nor brother nor sister. Indeed his grandfather had told him that he had no other relation in the world except himself.

"They were all destroyed by six giants," the old man said. Then he went on to tell how his people had made a wager and set up their own children against those of the giants, and how they had lost them all.

When the child was old enough to walk about and amuse himself, he was given a tiny bow and arrows to play with. Not long afterwards he wandered about till he came to the edge of the woods. There he saw a rabbit running, but he did not know what it was. When he got home he told his grandfather about it and described the little creature as well as he could.

"It is good to eat," he was told. "If you send an arrow into its body, you will kill it."

The child went back to the place where he had seen

the rabbit and when it appeared he killed it. He proudly brought it home to his grandfather and asked him to boil it for dinner.

The old man praised the child for shooting the rabbit. Then he told him there were larger creatures in the forest, creatures which it was dangerous to hunt; there were deer and moose and many others that furnish rich food for man.

"What else is there in this world?" thought the boy when he grew older. He had never yet known any people besides his grandfather, and as he looked around the lonely forest he wondered if there were others like himself, and what they were doing.

One day he wandered away from the forest and out upon the edge of the prairie. There he saw a pile of ashes and the poles of a lodge still standing upon the ground. He went home and told his grandfather what he had seen.

"Did you set up those poles?" he asked. "And was it you who built a fire there?"

"No," answered the old man, "nor do I think you saw anything of the kind. You must have dreamed it."

After this the young man, who had become a very good hunter by this time, went out into the forest to see what he might find. When he was a long way from

WHITE FEATHER AND THE RABBIT

home, he heard a voice calling him, and these were the words:

"Come here! You shall yet wear the White Feather. You have not won it yet although you deserve it. Go home and lie down for a short sleep. You will have a dream and in the dream you will hear a voice telling you to get up and smoke. While you are still dreaming you will see before you a pipe, a smoking-sack, and a white feather. As soon as you wake from your nap, you must hunt till you find these three things. As soon as you have found them, take the feather and place it on your head. From the time that you do this, you will be a great hunter and warrior, able to do wonderful things.

"Now, that you may know I speak truly, I will tell you one thing more: whenever you smoke, the smoke will change at once into pigeons.

"Before I leave you I wish to tell you about your grandfather. He is not as good as he seems, and he is making use of you for his own selfish ends. Your relations have been wronged in the past, but you are old enough now to avenge that wrong.

"See! I place a vine beside you. You must offer to run a race with any enemy you shall meet. This vine is a magic vine and he will not be able to see it. While you are running you must throw it over his head.

It will tangle him about and thus you shall always be the winner of the race."

While the voice was speaking to him the young man turned to see who was its owner. There before him stood a strange being whose head seemed alive and like his own, but whose body from the shoulders down was of wood and fastened to the ground. More wonderful still, as the voice stopped speaking the face faded out of sight, as also did the whole figure of the strange being.

The young man went homeward and as soon as he had arrived there he lay down to nap, as he had been told to do. He was soon asleep and then in his sleep he heard a voice in the air above him. When he awoke he found the three gifts that had been promised. He picked up the white feather at once and fastened it on his head.

How surprised his grandfather was when he saw pigeons flying about the lodge as his grandson smoked, and he noticed for the first time the white feather on his forehead. The old man thought at once of what had been promised long ago for his tribe: that the day would come when a child should grow up and be a great man, doing brave and wonderful deeds. He should be known by the white feather he would wear.

"I shall lose my grandson now," thought the old

man sadly. "He bears the mark of the white feather and it will not be possible to keep him with me any longer."

The very next morning the young man, with his three magic gifts, left the lodge in the forest and went forth in search of the six giants who had wronged his people.

He traveled on and on till he reached the wood where the giants lived. It was no surprise to them when they saw him, for the news of his coming had been brought to them in some magic way. They hurried out to meet him and cried scornfully:

"Here comes the man with the white feather who thinks he can do such wonders."

Yet they did not wish to frighten him so he would fear to try his skill against theirs. So they said:

"You certainly have courage, and we want to see some of your brave deeds."

"Let us have a foot-race, then," said White Feather.

"We will be easy with him at first," thought the giants, so they chose the smallest one among them to run the race.

The two runners were to go towards the rising sun to a certain tree, and then back to the starting point; here was an iron war-club. The first one to reach it was to kill the other with it.

It was further agreed between the giants and White

Feather that if he won the first race, he should next try his skill with the second giant, and then the third, and so on, till each of the giants had had his turn.

Now was the time for the magic vine to help him, and it did not fail. He won the race and cut off the head of the first giant with the iron war-club.

On the morning of the second day the young man said he was ready for the second race. So the next larger giant prepared to run with him. White Feather was the winner, as he had been before, and the second giant was killed and beheaded just as the first had been.

Five mornings came and went, and each day a race was run with one of the giants and they all came to an end in the very same way.

When the sixth day arrived, only the last and largest giant was left alive. He said to White Feather:

"You have beaten and killed all of my brothers. Now, if you will give me their heads, you may have the start of me in the race we are to run together."

He spoke pleasantly, but in his heart he was planning how to get the better of the young man.

"No," said White Feather, "I will not agree to what you ask, for I wish to keep the heads as trophies of my victories over all of you."

The time drew near for the race and the young man started towards the giant's lodge. On his way there

he heard the same voice that had helped him before. Looking about him, he beheld the very same figure which had filled him with wonder.

"White Feather," said the voice, "the giant is planning to deceive you. Be very careful. Never in your life have you looked upon a woman. Before you reach the giant's lodge, you will meet one who is very, very beautiful. Do not notice her. If, however, you catch her eye, change yourself into an elk at once. Then turn away and begin to feed. Do not look upon the woman again."

White Feather thanked his strange helper and went on his way. Soon a beautiful woman appeared before him. He thought at once of the words of warning and instantly changed himself into an elk.

"Why did you take this form?" she sadly asked. "I have come a long way to meet you, for I heard of your brave deeds and wished to become your wife."

Now was the time that White Feather should have remembered the instructions which his unknown friend had given him and should have kept his eyes turned away; but as he listened he was filled with a great love for this beautiful creature and he forgot everything else. He changed himself back into a man and sat down beside the woman, that he might tell her of his love.

Little did the foolish fellow guess that she was none

other than the sixth giant, who had taken this form in order to cheat White Feather and destroy him.

In a little while the young man began to feel drowsy. The smiles and sweet words of the woman were working their magic on him. He laid his head upon her lap and was soon fast asleep.

When the giant was quite sure that White Feather was asleep, he took on his own shape once more. He quickly seized the feather from the young man's forehead and placed it on his own head. Then he struck the sleeper with his iron war-club and changed him into a dog.

Poor White Feather! There was nothing left for him now but to follow the giant and do his bidding without a word of complaint.

It happened that a long way off there was an Indian village where two sisters were living. These maidens had heard of the brave White Feather and each of them longed to win his love and become his wife. At the very time that the young man was changed into a dog they were fasting so as to get power to draw him to them.

The giant knew this, and as soon as he had put on the magic feather, he set out to make the maidens a visit. While he was still some distance away they saw the white feather moving on the forehead of the giant and

took it for a sign that their wishes were about to come true.

The elder of the two maidens had put her lodge into the best order and had decked it out gaily, that it might please the brave visitor whenever he should appear. But the younger sister had done nothing whatever.

As the giant and his dog drew near the elder sister went out to meet him. She welcomed him with her sweetest smiles and most loving words. He followed into her lodge and took her for his wife.

How different it was with the second maiden! She kindly noticed the poor little dog and led him to her lodge, where she fed him and prepared a good bed for his rest and comfort.

The next day the giant went forth to hunt. He felt sure that so long as he wore the white feather he would get whatever he wished. He went about over the prairie shouting to the wild animals to come up and get killed. He made such a noise, however, that he scared them all away. Not one creature did he get the whole long day, and when night came he went back to the lodge with nothing to show for all the hours he had spent hunting. No, not even the shouting did he bring back, for he was so tired that he left that also on the prairie behind him.

While he was away the dog also went hunting. He

trotted down to the river and carefully picked out a certain place. Then he crept into the water and picked up a stone. The stone changed into a beaver as soon as he touched it. He carried it home to the lodge and gave it to the maiden who had taken pity on him and treated him so kindly.

"Hm!" the giant said to himself when he heard of the prey the dog had brought home. "I will follow him and see how he does his hunting."

The next morning the dog started out and the giant followed him. When they came near the river, the giant hid behind a tree to see what would take place. The same thing happened as on the day before. The dog crept down the bank into the water and seized a stone, which at once changed into a beaver.

"I can do what the dog can do," thought the giant. "That is certainly an easy way to hunt."

When the dog had gone away, the big fellow crept out from his hiding place and went down over the bank to the river. He picked up a stone and to his great delight it changed at once into a beaver. He fastened it to his hunting belt and went home. When he reached the lodge he threw it down at the doorway in true Indian fashion. Then he went inside and bade his wife bring in his hunting belt.

She did as he told her, but when she appeared before

him he was astonished to see only a stone fastened to the belt instead of a beaver.

The dog very soon discovered that the giant had found out how his hunting was done. So when he went out the next day, he chose a different way. He traveled to a distant wood and looked about till he found a tree which had been badly burned. He broke off one of the charred limbs. Instantly it changed into a bear.

The giant was watching all the time and although he had got nothing from his beaver hunt he still thought he would gain a great deal by copying what the dog did.

He, too, went to the burned tree and broke off one of the charred limbs. It turned at once into a bear. He fastened it to his belt and carried it home; but when his wife went to bring in the prey she found only a stone, as she had the day before.

And so it went on. The dog went hunting again and again and never failed to bring pride to the maiden who treated him so kindly. The giant, on the other hand, copied everything the dog did, yet he never succeeded in what he undertook. His squaw became ashamed of the noisy, boasting fellow and at last she thought:

"I will go to my father and tell him about the husband who brings home only sticks and stones, while pretending they are bears and beavers."

Soon afterwards when the giant started out to hunt,

she left the lodge to seek her father. Then the dog, seeing that no one was around except his mistress and himself, went to her and made signs. He wished her to give him a sweat after the manner of the red men.

He had been so good to her that she was willing to please him. She set to work at once and made a tiny lodge,— it was just big enough for the dog to creep inside. Then she carried in hot stones and poured water on them. Clouds of steam began to rise and the dog could sweat himself to his heart's content.

It was no common sweat, however, for he was no common dog. Before long he had sweated all the dog away and was once more a man, and a very handsome one at that. Yet he could not speak, for the sweat had carried away all the voice he had.

In the meantime the elder sister had reached her father's lodge. She was so busy telling about her sister's taking a dog for a husband and sharing her lodge with him that she had no time to tell about her own troubles.

"Hm!" her father said to himself as he listened to her story, "It is no common dog; there is magic about all these things."

After thinking it all over, he sent a number of young men and women to bring his daughter and her dog to his lodge. When they arrived, they were much sur-

prised to find no dog at all, but in its place there was a handsome young man.

He was quite willing to go with the maiden to her father's lodge where the wisest men of the place gathered to see him. The giant was there too, you may be sure.

At the beginning of the council, the chief took his pipe and filled it. Then he passed it to each one of the men in turn who smoked and passed it on to the others. When it came to White Feather he handed it at once to the giant, who placed it in his mouth and puffed away with all his might while the feather on his forehead waved back and forth.

There was nothing wonderful to be seen, however. The young man now took it and made a sign to the others to put the magic feather on his head. This was no sooner done than the puffs of smoke coming from his pipe changed into great flocks of blue and white pigeons which flew in all directions over the heads of the astonished people.

At the same instant White Feather found his voice once more and was able to speak for himself. The company saw at once that the giant was no true magician and gladly listened to the story White Feather was able to tell them.

The old chief was quite a magician himself, and as

he listened he made up his mind to punish the giant well for his many wicked deeds. He changed him then and there into a dog and ordered that the creature be let loose in the middle of the village and that the boys of the place should put him to death with their clubs.

Thus the last and sixth giant met his death and there was nothing more to fear from him.

As soon as the giant had been killed, White Feather asked the chief to order all the young men to make arrows for four days. The order was given and the young men set to work.

White Feather himself was also busy. He took an old buffalo robe and cut it up into the thinnest of strips. He took these out on the prairie in the night time when no one could see him and sowed them in every direction.

At the end of the four days a great quantity of arrows had been made. Then White Feather invited the young men to go out on the prairie to hunt with him. They saw before them an immense herd of buffaloes, and it was an easy matter to kill as many as they wished.

Then they went back to the village with White Feather and held a great feast to celebrate his brave deeds with the giants. It was a joyous festival and everyone made merry, but like all good things it came to an end at last.

Then White Feather said to his squaw:

"Ask your father to let me take you to visit my grandfather."

When she had told the old chief of her husband's wish, he answered:

"A woman must follow her husband wherever he may choose to go."

White Feather now bade the old chief and his many friends good-bye. He placed the magic plume on his head, and taking his war-club in his hand, he started out into the world with his loving wife.

The Enchanted Youth

A LITTLE Indian boy was sitting outside his father's lodge in the evening light. The blue waters of the lake stretched almost at his feet. The sun sank slowly in the west like a ball of fire. The clouds began to take on various colors, soft and delicate pink, bright crimson, faint purple. Then the glory faded away and the stars peeped out, one by one, in the heavens above the boy's head. Some were very bright and seemed to send a loving, tender light down upon the earth. Others were so faint that the red child had to strain his eyes to see them.

"They are the homes of great spirits," he said to himself, "and these spirits have power over us people upon the earth. Most of them are good and wish only kindness; yet our wise men say that some of them are cruel and wicked."

The child shivered at the thought. Just then he chanced to look over towards the west where the evening star had just appeared in the heavens. It winked and blinked at the Indian boy as if it wished to say:

"Do not fear, little one. Bad spirits are not as powerful as good ones, and are sure to be overcome if we are only patient."

"Yes, that was the way with Osseo," the child said to himself. "He was good and brave and was happy at last."

Just then the boy's father stepped outside the lodge and the child begged him to repeat the story of Osseo, the son of the Evening Star. His father was always glad to please his little son when he could, so he began at once to tell the tale of the Enchanted Youth.

Osseo was a handsome young man whose father ruled over the star of the west,— or as the red men called it, the woman's star; for he had great power over all the women of the earth.

It happened that there was another star who was jealous of Osseo's father and of his greatness and power.

The bad spirit thought, "I will spite the Woman's Star by harming his son."

In the twinkling of an eye, he changed Osseo from a beautiful youth into a feeble old man.

Although Osseo's form was changed, his heart was as young and light as ever, and he soon fell in love with a beautiful maiden, Oweenee, who was one of ten sisters.

Oweenee had many lovers and it seemed strange to all her friends when she chose Osseo, a bent and feeble old man, for her husband. All her sisters married young and handsome men and they pitied Oweenee deeply. They said to each other:

"How fortunate it would be for our poor sister if Osseo should die. Then she could marry someone of her own age and not be bound any longer to an old husband."

It happened one day that they went with their husbands, together with Osseo and Oweenee, to a great feast of their people. As they journeyed along, they said many mean and cruel things about Osseo. They mocked him for being weak and old.

Oweenee, however, treated him most tenderly and helped him on his way.

When Osseo could hear the unkind words of the women no longer, he looked up toward the heavens and cried in a strange voice,

"Pity me, father!"

His wife's cruel sisters did not know what he was saying, but as they heard the sad cry they thought:

"It is too bad that Osseo does not fall and kill himself. Then our poor sister would be free."

Only a short time after Osseo cried out so pitifully, the party passed a hollow log which lay beside the

path. As Osseo reached it, he rushed into the hollow with a loud shout. For a moment he was lost to sight, then behold! he appeared at the opening in the other end of the log so changed that no one would have known him. For now he was a young and handsome man who moved with easy, graceful steps as he joined his wife. At that very moment, however, her form became that of an old woman, as weak and feeble as Osseo had been before.

How lovingly he sprang to her side! how tenderly he took her arm and guided her trembling steps! He had not forgotten how she had treated him when he was helpless.

He spoke to her in the gentlest manner, and even called her sweetheart, as a lover would.

At last the party reached the place where the feast was prepared. One by one they went into the lodge and took the places that were given them.

Everyone began to eat except Osseo, who seemed busy thinking. He looked often at his dear wife, whose face once so fair and beautiful was now so wrinkled and homely, and turned his eyes upward towards the heavens again and again.

It happened that this very feast was given in honor of the Evening Star, Osseo's father. Soon after it began, the guests heard sweet music in the air. It seemed

to them that it came from the songs of birds in the woods outside.

It was not so with Osseo, however, for he was wiser than they. This seeming music was the voice of his father speaking to him from the heavens, and in this music the son could hear his words plainly. He said to Osseo:

"My dear son, I have known all your troubles, and have pitied you most deeply. I come to you at last to bid you leave the wicked earth where bad spirits walk at night. It is they who have brought you trouble, but it is over at last. I ask you now to dwell with me in the Evening Star where you shall be young forever and your days shall be full of happiness."

Thus spoke the star. Many other things he promised his listening son.

Osseo was most glad to hear that he need not come alone; all who were dear to him were invited to the feast of the star. But he must at once eat of the food spread before him in the lodge; it was magic food. As soon as he had eaten, everything around him would be changed. The dishes would be no longer of wood, nor the kettles of clay; they would shine with the beauty of silver and wampum.

Besides all these things, the Evening Star promised that the women who were gathered at the feast should

be changed. They would become birds, as bright and beautiful as the light of the stars.

As the Evening Star finished speaking, the guests felt the lodge shake from end to end. At the same time it rose in the air so rapidly that no one had a chance to jump out and remain upon the earth. As it floated higher and higher, Osseo began to look around him. The words of the Evening Star had indeed come true, for everything was changed. The dishes were now scarlet shells; the poles that held up the lodge were no longer of rough wood,— they were of shining silver. The walls were as gorgeous as the wings of the most beautiful insects.

Osseo's friends were also changed. They had become birds of bright plumage and flitted about with happy songs. Yes, all were changed but one; Oweenee, his sweetheart, his dear wife, was still a bent and wrinkled old woman.

How could Osseo be happy if Oweenee could not share the joy of the others? He cried aloud, making the same strange, pitiful sound he had uttered on the way to the feast. His father must have heard the cry, for it had hardly been uttered before Oweenee was changed into her old self, only more lovely than ever. At the same time she found herself with Osseo outside his father's lodge in the Evening Star.

His father bade them enter, for he had much to say. When they had done so he told for the first time why Osseo had met with so much trouble on earth. He said:

"My dear son, there is another star, less powerful than myself, who did this harm to you in order to spite me. Be careful that you never let his light shine upon you or you may again fall under his power. That light that seems so beautiful to the ignorant is the arrow that entered your hearts and changed you into old and feeble creatures."

Both Osseo and Oweenee were quite content to live in the Evening Star and had no wish to return to earth. Time passed by and a little son was born to them. As soon as the child was old enough to run about, his father gave him a bow and arrows and taught him how to use them.

He did not need to go far from the lodge to gain skill, for there was the cage of birds hanging near his own door. Although the child did not know it, the prisoners inside were the cruel aunts and their husbands who had made Osseo so unhappy on earth and had been placed there by the order of the Evening Star.

The boy had hardly learned his first lesson in shooting before his arrow sped straight to one of the birds in the cage. The bird fell lifeless, as the boy thought,

but, as he went to take it, it suddenly changed into a lovely young woman, no other than a sister of Oweenee.

The arrow that the boy had shot was fastened in her breast and from the place where it had entered her body drops of blood fell to the ground.

Never before had such a thing happened in the beautiful Evening Star. Up to this time war and bloodshed were not known and no creature ever met with harm. After this it was not possible for the child or his parents to live there. The charm was broken.

He suddenly began to fall down through the soft and fleecy clouds; down, down, through the clear, cool air. And he did not stop till he found himself on a beautiful island. The waters of a calm blue lake surrounded him on every side.

He was not left long alone, for many birds came flying about his head. They were his uncles and aunts who had been shut up so long in his home in the Evening Star. These were not to be his only companions, however, for soon the boy saw a beautiful silver lodge come floating downwards through the air. Its walls were tinted in all the colors of the rainbow. It came to rest at last on the very top of the highest hill on the island.

Then to his joy, the boy saw his father and mother step forth from the silver lodge.

A great change now took place, for the shapes of all were transformed in the twinkling of a star. They became their old selves,— the same, yet not the same, — for they were now so tiny that they were not men and women, as long ago, but beautiful, graceful fairies, with the true fairy nature. Never more should they be sick or in want; neither should they grow old in all the years to come. Their hearts would be filled with joy, and they would sing and dance whenever they pleased.

Even to this day that happy band of fairies gathers on the mountain top on the bright, warm nights of summer, and they dance gaily in honor of the Evening Star. Fishermen, resting in their boats near the shore, have heard their songs and have even seen the silver lodge glistening in the moonlight.

The Snail and the Beaver

THERE was once a snail that lived on the banks of a great river in the west. For a long time the little creature had no care or worry; food was plentiful on every hand and he could be as idle and happy as he pleased.

A day came, however, when trouble began for the snail. The waters of the river began to rise. They filled the river bed completely and still they kept on rising until the banks were quite out of sight. The waves swept over to right and left so the land on either side was covered for a wide distance.

The poor little snail clung with all his might to an old log which lay on the bank, but the rising water swept it along and it was carried far away from the place where it had been lying. The snail did not know from moment to moment what would happen next. Yet still he kept a tight hold on the log as it was tossed about by the waves.

At last the waters began to go down and the little castaway found himself stuck fast in the deep mud of the river bank. He was quite helpless; the hot

sunshine beat down upon his back; he was weak for want of food and drink. It seemed to him that he must soon die.

All at once he began to feel very different. How strong he was now! He thought, "How foolish I have been to think of giving up. Indeed everything will soon be all right."

At the same time his shell burst and his head rose higher and higher above the mud and slime of the river bank. Next, legs and feet stretched from his body to the ground and arms began to grow from out his sides.

Ah! how differently he breathed now. He was a snail no longer, but a strong and handsome man. At first he could not think,— it was all so wonderful, so very, very wonderful. He could not even remember what he had been, nor whence he had come. Then his old life came slowly back to his mind and he said, "I will seek the place where I used to live."

He was a man, to be sure, but he was quite naked and still suffering for food.

As he walked along looking for his old home, he passed birds and wild animals. They would have furnished him many good meals, but he did not know how to take them.

At last he became so weak that he could not go any

farther. He lay down and gave himself up to die, but he soon heard his name called:

"Wasbashas! Wasbashas!" said the voice.

He opened his eyes and looked upwards. There, seated upon an animal white as the snow, sat a wonderful being. His eyes were as stars and a great light like that of the sun was about his head.

"It is the Great Spirit," said Wasbashas, as he bent low before the wonderful sight. He dared not lift his eyes.

Again the voice spoke to him, asking why he was afraid. Wasbashas answered, saying:

"I am weak and faint and tremble at the sight of Him who changed me from a helpless little snail in the river-mud into what I am at this moment."

Then the Great Spirit, in love and pity for Wasbashas, bade the man watch him as he held a bow and arrow in his hands. Placing the arrow upon the string he sent it whizzing through the air. Behold! It went straight into the heart of a bird and it fell lifeless to the ground. A moment afterwards a deer came in sight and it was treated in the same way.

Thus the Great Spirit showed Wasbashas how to get food, but he did not stop here. He taught the man to dress the deer and prepare its skin for clothing. He imparted the wonderful secret of fire, which would

make Wasbashas the master of all the animal world and make it possible for him to cook his food and get warmth when he was cold or wet.

Last of all the Great Spirit placed a string of wampum around the man's neck, saying, "This wampum is the badge of your greatness over all other creatures."

With these words he rose into the air and vanished from sight, and Wasbashas was left alone.

After eating some food he went on his way along the shore, seeking for his old home. After he had gone a long distance, he became tired and sat down on the bank to rest and think over all the wonderful things that had been told him.

As he sat there a large beaver came up out of the water and asked who he was that he dared enter the kingdom of the beavers. Wasbashas answered:

"I am now a man, although I was once but a little snail on the shore. But who are you?" The beaver replied:

"I am king over all of my kind. They follow me wherever I lead them through my kingdom of this river. We are busy creatures and have much to do."

Wasbashas was not in the least afraid of the beaver and his proud words. He held up his bow and arrows; then he pointed to his chain of wampum as he said:

"These are the gifts of the Great Spirit. He has

WASBASHAS AND THE BEAVER

made me ruler over all other creatures of the earth. I am master of the birds in the air, the beasts in the field, and the fish in the water. Come, let us divide this kingdom of yours; you shall have half and I half."

After the beaver had seen the man's weapons and the chain of wampum, and after he had learned of the powers given to Wasbashas by the Great Spirit, he saw that the man who stood before him was much greater than he had supposed. His voice was no longer proud as he answered:

"Come with me to my home, where I will entertain you as well as I can. I see quite plainly that we are brothers."

Wasbashas was well pleased with the invitation and started off with the beaver. Before long they came to a beautiful little village. The beaver stopped before one of the houses and led his visitor inside. How neat and well-kept it was! Wasbashas admired the cone-shaped roof and the floor covered with pine mats.

The beaver's wife and daughter were there, all ready to receive company. They hastened to peel fresh willow and poplar bark for a feast; for this was the daintiest kind of food they knew. The man did not care very much for such a dinner, but he enjoyed himself very well, nevertheless.

The beaver's daughter was so fair to look upon and

attended so carefully to the words of her father that she won Wasbashas' heart completely. It was no wonder he had but little thought for the feast she spread before him.

He was so happy in the beaver's home that he had no wish to go away and lead a lonely life. If only the beaver's daughter could go with him, he felt that he would be satisfied. After a while he gained courage to ask her father to give her to him in marriage. His host was pleased with the idea, and not long afterwards there was a grand wedding, to which all the beavers in the country round about were invited.

The wonders did not stop here, for it pleased the Great Spirit to change the young bride into a woman fair to look upon and a fitting wife for the noble and handsome Wasbashas.

And thus it was that from this couple, who were once a humble little snail and a faithful beaver, that men came into the world and were the masters of all other creatures.

Master Rabbit

IN the long ago Master Rabbit lived alone with his grandmother. It was winter and the ponds and rivers were frozen over, while the fields were covered with a thick coat of snow. Many a time Master Rabbit had hard work to get enough food even for his small family.

One day he was traveling through the forest when he came to a lonely wigwam on the bank of a river. It was the home of the Otter.

"Come in and be welcome," said the Otter when he saw Master Rabbit in the doorway. Then he turned to his housekeeper and bade her get ready to cook the dinner.

With these words he took down some hooks and left the wigwam to catch fish for the meal. In a moment he was sliding down an icy path that led straight into the water.

Down he went into the water and out of sight. But he soon appeared with a number of eels. The housekeeper took them and put them over the fire to cook.

It was no long time before the Otter was able to give his visitor a good meal.

"Dear me!" thought the Rabbit, "What a cheap and easy way the Otter has of getting food. And he only an Otter, too! I believe I will follow his example."

He was so sure that he could do as well as the Otter that he invited his host to dine with him three days afterwards.

The very next day he told his grandmother to pack up the wigwam and carry it down to the shore of the lake. As soon as this had been done, he set to work and made a coast of ice leading down to the shore. He wanted to do just what the Otter had done.

The visitor arrived in due time and then Master Rabbit turned to his grandmother, saying,

"Get ready to cook the dinner."

"But what shall I cook?" she asked.

"Never mind, I will look after that," was the Rabbit's answer, as he took a stick on which to string the eels. Then he left the wigwam and began to slide down the ice-coast he had made.

It was not like the easy, graceful manner of the Otter, for Master Rabbit went from one side to the other, jerking and bumping, till at last he landed in the icy water.

How cold it felt! And how helpless he was, for he could not swim the least bit in the world. He choked for breath and came near being drowned.

"What is the matter with the Rabbit?" cried the Otter, who stood watching him.

The old grandmother, quite as much astonished as the guest, answered, "It must be that he has seen someone do something, and he is trying to do it, too."

"Ugh!" cried the Otter. "Here, Master Rabbit, don't stay there any longer. Come out of the water, and I'll get the fish."

The poor Rabbit saw it was of no use. He was choking already and in great danger of drowning. He struggled up on to the bank and made his way to the wigwam, looking very much ashamed.

The Otter, with stick in hand, slid easily down the ice-road and a few minutes afterwards appeared before his host with a nice string of eels.

Throwing them down before the Rabbit, he left the wigwam in disgust; he would not even stay to share the dinner.

The Rabbit felt pretty much ashamed, as you have already heard. But nevertheless he was never willing to give up trying new things. One day not long afterwards he had another adventure in which he behaved very much as he had with the Otter.

He was walking through the woods when he came to a wigwam in which there were several young maidens, each of whom had a bright red headdress, for they were woodpeckers. He was very polite and pleasant in his manner, so he was soon invited to join them at dinner.

One of the pretty maidens took a wooden dish and climbed up the trunk of a tree near by. So gracefully and quickly did she move that it seemed as though she really ran up the side of the tree. Every little while she stopped and tapped upon the bark, for she was searching for the tiny insects that look so much like rice. When she had gathered enough for the dinner, she came down with her dish full and they were quickly cooked for the company.

Such a dinner as it was, so tender and so delicate!

"Ah!" thought Master Rabbit as he sat eating, "how easy it was to get this nice food. I believe I could do it as well as these woodpecker girls."

So then and there he invited all the maidens to come to his house the next day but one.

"I will have a good dinner for you," he promised as he bade them good-bye.

When the time came for the feast the guests arrived at Master Rabbit's wigwam. Then, to show how smart he could be, he took the head off the spear with which

he caught eels and fastened it on his nose for a beak. He was now all ready for gathering rice, as he thought.

He went to a tree and began to climb it; but how different it was from the easy way of the woodpecker girls! He kept slipping and hurting himself, for it was not work to which he was used. His head was soon scratched and bleeding from the sharp spear-point and he felt sore and unhappy.

The pretty woodpecker girls watched him in wonder and laughed at his clumsy movements.

"What is he trying to do?" they asked the old grandmother.

"Oh, he must have seen someone do something and he is trying to do the same thing," was the answer.

At this one of the woodpecker girls laughed heartily and she called out to Master Rabbit:

"Come down; give me the dish and I will take your place."

As soon as Master Rabbit handed it to her she ran up the tree and was soon back with a very feast of a dinner.

But that was not the end of it, by any means, for Master Rabbit was teased by the pretty woodpecker maidens for many a long day after.

Even now he had not learned the lesson of letting other peoples' trades alone. He was still foolish enough

to believe that he could do anything that he saw others doing. One day soon afterwards he had another adventure, very much like the ones with the Otter and the woodpecker girls.

He was making a call on Mooin, the Bear, and while there he was filled with wonder at the manner in which Mr. Bear got a dinner for his hungry family. This was the way:

Mooin put a big pot over the fire. Then he cut a thin slice off his own foot and put in the pot to boil. Lo! that tiny bit of meat grew and grew larger and larger till there was not only enough in the pot to make a dinner for the whole Bear family but there was also a large piece for Master Rabbit to take home to his people.

"Hm!" mused the Rabbit, "the wampum of our family tells us that a rabbit can do everything that a bear can do, and more, too. I'll try this thing myself."

So in all confidence he turned to Mooin and said:

"Come to my wigwam the day after to-morrow and share my dinner with me."

When the time came the Bear appeared in Master Rabbit's wigwam and the host, turning to his grandmother, said,

"Put the pot over the fire to boil."

Then sharpening his knife, he tried to cut bits of flesh from the soles of his feet. They were so thin and small, however, that it was hard work to get any; and besides, poor Rabbit hurt himself very much.

Mooin began to growl. "What is the Rabbit trying to do?" he said to the old grandmother.

"I don't know," she answered, "but I think he is trying to do what he has seen someone else do."

"Look here! give me that knife," cried the Bear when he heard this.

As soon as he had taken it he began to cut bits from the soles of his own feet, which were thick and tough. Then he went on to get the dinner in the same way he had done two days before. But the Rabbit, whose tender little feet were aching sadly, could not enjoy it. Indeed, they were so sore that it was many a long day before he was able to run and scamper in the woods in his old gay and happy way. By this time, however, he had learned his lesson and was never as foolish again.

The Magic Moccasins

IN the long ago a young girl was living all alone with her little brother. He was called the Wearer of the Ball, for he always carried a magic ball upon his back. There were no other wigwams in all the country round and year after year passed by without these two young people having any company except themselves.

"I wonder if there are no other people in the world," the boy thought. As he grew older he longed more and more to travel and learn for himself. When at last he had become a young man, he went to his sister and asked her:

"Are there no other people in the world but ourselves?"

"Yes," was the answer. "A long, long way from here there is a village where many people are living together."

"Make me some moccasins," her brother instantly replied: "I am old enough now to seek a companion."

As soon as his moccasins were ready, the young man

got his war club and started off on his travels. He had walked many miles over the lonely country when he came to a little wigwam. In it there was an old woman sitting by the fireside. As he stood in the doorway, she looked up and bade him enter. She said:

"My grandchild, I think you must be one of those who are searching for the distant village. One after another has met with a sad fate. Now, unless your guardian spirit is more powerful to help you than theirs have been, you too will meet with such a fate as came to them. Be sure to carry with you the magic bones used in the medicine dance. Otherwise, you are sure to fail."

The old woman did not stop here; she went on to give other advice to the young man. She said:

"In that village which you are seeking, you will notice a large lodge in the very center. It is the home of the chief who has two daughters. Close by the doorway stands a large tree without any bark upon its trunk. A tiny lodge hangs from the tree and in it live the two wicked daughters. It is they who have caused the death of the many visitors to the village. Your own brothers were among those who met death at their hands."

The old woman added very solemnly, "My grandson, be careful to follow my advice."

She now handed him the magic bones that were to save his life, and told him just what he must do after he left her lodge. The Wearer of the Ball put the bones in his bosom and bade the old woman good-bye.

He went bravely on his lonesome journey till he came at last to the village he was seeking. He soon spied the lodge of the chief and the tree without bark standing by the doorway. Yes, and there, too, was the lodge of the wicked daughters hanging in the tree as far from the ground as the height of a man.

He went straight to the tree and, reaching up, tried to get hold of the lodge. Strange to say, as often as he sought to reach it the tree began to tremble and grow taller and the lodge rose far above him.

The young man saw that he alone was powerless; so he called upon his guardian spirit for aid. At the same time, he wished that he might be changed into a squirrel.

Instantly his wish was granted. He sprang into the tree and began to climb with all his speed. Even now, hurry as he would, the lodge kept ever beyond his reach and he was not able to touch it.

"Ah!" thought the young man, "I have not yet used the bones the old woman gave me."

He took one of them from his bosom and thrust it into the trunk of the tree. Then he repeated the cere-

mony he had been taught to use with the bones and began once more to climb. Yet still the lodge kept beyond his grasp. Whenever he got tired and out of breath, he would stop and repeat the ceremony, sticking another bone in the tree. Yet the help he looked for was not given him.

By the time the last bone was used, the young man found that he had climbed so high that he had quite lost sight of the earth. He had almost lost hope, yet he determined to try once more. On and on he climbed, yet ever as he went the tree shook and the lodge rose above him.

Ah! the roof of heaven itself was reached at last, and it was not possible for tree or lodge to rise higher.

With a brave heart the Wearer of the Ball sprang toward the doorway and entered the lodge. Yes, there were the two daughters of the chief, even as the old woman had said.

"I am Azhahee," the girl on the left told the young man, and her sister who was sitting at his right said that her name was Negahnahee.

Soon after the young man began talking with them he discovered a queer thing, — whenever he spoke to Azhahee the tree trembled and sank downward, but as soon as he talked with the other sister it began to rise again.

"Ah ha!" thought the Wearer of the Ball, "I see plainly that it is wisest for me to converse with Azhahee. That is the only way by which I may hope to reach the earth again."

Doing this, he found that it was not long before he was back in the place from which he had started. The very moment this happened, he took his war club in hand and told the two wicked sisters that he would now revenge the death of his brothers. As he finished speaking, he struck them with his war club and they fell dead at his feet.

There was nothing more to keep him in the lodge, so he left the tree and entered the village. There he learned that the two wicked sisters had a brother who lived with his father, the chief.

This brother was as bad as his two sisters, and had always shared in the spoils gained by their wicked deeds. There was no doubt that when he learned their fate, he would seek to revenge himself on the Wearer of the Ball.

"I must go away at once, if I would be safe," said the young man to himself.

He left the place none too soon. That very evening the chief went to the tree to visit his daughters and discovered what had happened. He made haste to tell the news to his son, who started off at once in search

of the Wearer of the Ball, for he was quite sure that he alone had done the deed.

"Do not taste food till you have had your revenge," were the chief's parting words. "If you do not heed this warning, your power will be gone and you will surely fail."

Now this wicked brother of the two wicked sisters was very fond of eating and his father's words were not at all pleasing to him. He said nothing, however, although he made several ugly faces at the thought of going without food.

It was not long before he came upon the track of the Wearer of the Ball, who had taken care to provide himself with a number of magic arrows. As soon as he saw his enemy drawing near, he climbed into a very tall tree and shot his arrows at the wicked fellow. Sad to say, they did no harm, for the enemy kept coming nearer and nearer. When he saw that he could not stop him in any way, he knew it was of no use to remain in the tree any longer. He climbed down and hastened on at full speed.

Closer and closer upon him came the wicked brother. There was no chance of escape. Quick as thought the Wearer of the Ball changed himself into the skeleton of a dead moose whose flesh was entirely gone from the bones. He placed close by a pair of the magic mocca-

sins his sister had made for him. He spoke to them, saying:

"Go to the ends of the earth."

The moccasins started off, leaving their tracks behind them on the ground.

Soon after this, the wicked brother reached the bones of the moose, but the track did not end there, so he kept on his way, following the track of the moccasins; and he did not stop till he had reached the end of the earth itself. There, indeed, to his disappointment, he found, not the Wearer of the Ball, but a pair of moccasins, for which he did not care the least little bit.

"Hm!" he said to himself as he thought of the skeleton of the moose which he had carelessly passed by. "I will be more careful after this, I believe that old skeleton was none other than the Wearer of the Ball."

He started back on the track he had followed, but when he came to the place where the skeleton had lain there was not a trace of it to be found.

How hungry he was by this time! Yet his father had told him that he must not so much as taste food till he had had revenge for his sisters' blood. There was no time to sit down and think of his empty stomach, so he started off again on his search.

When the Wearer of the Ball saw his enemy drawing

near, he changed his shape into that of an old man with two daughters, living in a large lodge in the midst of a lovely garden. Everything around him was so beautiful and attractive that he knew that it would be hard for any traveler to pass by without stopping and entering the garden.

He sat in the lodge making himself seem too old to move about and his two daughters brought him food and tended him like a baby.

When the wicked brother of the two wicked sisters drew near, he was feeling very hungry indeed and longing for food with all his might. Yet still he was trying to keep the thought in his mind:

"I will not eat; no, I will not, till I have avenged my sisters' blood."

When he saw the garden, it looked very beautiful and tempting; very tempting indeed.

At their father's command, the fairy daughters invited him to enter. Quite willing, he allowed them to lead him into the lodge, where they set to work to spread a feast before his hungry eyes. They boiled corn and prepared other dainty dishes. How sweet was the odor of all this tempting food! No, he could not resist the invitation to enjoy the feast, and he began eating with a will.

By the time he had satisfied his appetite, he became

very sleepy and in a few minutes he lost all knowledge of the old man and the two fairy daughters.

The seeming old man was carefully watching. The moment that he saw his enemy was fast asleep, he caused the garden and the fairy daughters to disappear and changed himself back into his natural shape. Then, taking the magic ball which he had always carried on his back, it became a war club with which he struck the wicked brother of the two wicked sisters a heavy blow, sending him where he could never return.

As the Wearer of the Ball turned around after striking the blow, he found himself standing in the midst of a crowd of people in a large village. A beautiful lodge was close by, and in its doorway stood his sister.

The young man went into the lodge and hung up his war club and the magic moccasins, which had returned to him. Then he prepared to rest and smoke his pipe, while the people looked at him with admiring eyes.

There was one among them, however, who was envious of the Wearer of the Ball. This man was once a chief, but he had been beaten in battle so many times that the people would not keep him in this high position. Now he spent his time telling of the wonderful deeds he meant to do in the days to come.

The name of this boaster was Koko, the Owl. When he heard of the brave deeds of the newcomer, he proud-

ly said that he was going to do something wonderful himself.

"The Wearer of the Ball," he declared, "has not half done his work. I will finish it up and show him how it ought to be done."

He went to work at once to get ready. The first thing he did was to get the very ball which had helped its owner to do his brave deeds. He placed it on his back, believing that it would give him great power; but it had lost its charm as soon as he took it into his hands. Then he crept in the darkness of the night into the lodge where the Wearer of the Ball was sleeping and stole the magic moccasins. He also tried to carry off the war club, but it was so heavy he could not even lift it. Yet he was twice as large as the owner!

"Never mind," thought Koko, "any other will do."

So he went to an old chief, from whom he managed to borrow one. Then, with a great shout, he kicked up his heels and set out upon his journey.

He traveled for a whole day and at nightfall reached a small lodge. Inside he found an old woman sitting by the fireside,— the very same, indeed, who had given help to the Wearer of the Ball when he first started on his travels.

"Hm!" thought Koko, "she is the one whom I hoped to meet."

The old woman looked up at Koko and asked him whom he was seeking.

"The two wicked sisters who kill travelers and then steal all that belongs to them," was the answer.

"What! the two women who dwelt in a flying lodge?"

"Yes, they are the very ones," Koko replied, "and I am going to kill them." With these words the Owl gave a fierce and terrible look and lifted up his borrowed war club.

"Oh, but the Wearer of the Ball killed them yesterday," said the old woman.

Koko admitted that he had already heard something about such a deed, "but then," he added, "the wicked brother is still alive. I can kill him, at any rate."

"He is dead, too," the old woman replied.

When he heard this, Koko looked very sad and seemed ready to weep. He asked pitifully if there was no one left in the world for him to kill.

"Yes, there is the father," was the answer. "He would like to meet you, I know."

Koko said at once that he would seek the chief. But first he asked the old woman if she had any bones in the house; they would help him if he had to climb the magic tree.

The old woman replied that she had a plenty, and

thereupon gave Koko some fish bones which he carefully placed in his bosom. The foolish fellow believed they were the very ones that had already given help to the Wearer of the Ball.

After thanking her for her kindness, Koko got up and with war club in hand started for the door.

"Do you know what dangers you may meet with? And do you not think you need some advice?" asked the old woman.

Her words only set the vain Koko to scornful laughing, and without stopping any longer he went away. He was careful, however, to step the right foot out of the door first, for he believed this would bring him good luck without fail.

He traveled as fast as his legs would carry him till he came in sight of the magic lodge of the wicked father of the two wicked daughters. When he had come quite near, he stopped running and crept along as though he feared someone might see him. But no one seemed to be looking.

As soon as he reached the tree, he climbed up the side of the trunk. How easy it had seemed to reach the lodge! Yet, as he climbed, it rose ever above him, so he never got any nearer to it than he was at the beginning.

What should he do next? Seeing that he could do

nothing by himself, he called upon his guardian spirits to aid him and change him into a squirrel. Yet no squirrel shape took the place of the big, heavy Koko.

"Make me into an opossum," he now begged, but no change took place. Then he asked to become a bear, a wolf, or a gopher,— any creature, indeed, that could climb. Yet, somehow or other, the guardian spirits paid no heed to Koko's prayers.

"Well, I have the bones, at any rate," he thought.

He took one of them from his bosom and tried to thrust it into the tree; but there was no magic about it, so it only snapped in his hand and he fell to the ground with the door of the lodge after him.

The wicked father of the two wicked daughters, hearing the noise, appeared in the doorway to see what was the matter.

"Who is there?" he shouted.,

"The Wearer of the Ball," was the answer, for Koko thought that this name alone was enough to fill the chief with terror.

"Ah ha! It is, is it? I will come down at once," replied the wicked father of the two wicked daughters.

When Koko saw that the chief meant what he said and was not frightened in the least, he started away on the run, for it was his turn now to be afraid.

The chief came after Koko in hot haste and was fast

gaining upon him, so he climbed a tree and began shooting off arrows. But they were common arrows and had no magic power, so they did not do the slightest harm. Seeing this, he was obliged to jump down and hurry along as fast as he could.

Not long after this, he passed by the skeleton of the moose. He wished very much that he could change himself into it, but his guardian spirits had not helped him before so there was little hope they would do so now. On he ran. On, and still on. But the wicked father of the two wicked daughters was close upon him and he did not dare to stop.

Ah! He had still the magic moccasins. He would not send them to the end of the earth. Oh no, he had a better plan than that. He hastily slipped them on his feet with the command, "Go."

They obeyed him, to be sure; but much to his surprise and sorrow they carried him, not away from his enemy, but straight towards him. Koko cried out:

"The other way! Go the other way!"

But they did not turn, and in a moment he had run into the wicked father, who by this time was very angry.

"Here, what do you mean?" exclaimed the chief, dealing quick blows on Koko's ribs.

"Really, I couldn't help it; indeed I couldn't," was the mournful answer.

The wicked father of the two wicked daughters, more angry than ever, kept on with his blows, and no one knows when he would have grown tired had not the magic moccasins carried Koko away and out of his reach. The old man called after him:

"Stop, you coward; Shame upon you, to run away."

"Indeed I'm not! indeed —" But the moccasins did not give him a chance to say more, and before long he was out of sight.

"Well, any way, I'll get home soon at this rate," thought Koko.

But the moccasins seemed to know what was in his mind, for they made a sudden jump and poor Koko found himself lying upon his back. The moccasins left him there while they ran on till they reached their rightful owner, the Wearer of the Ball.

The poor, boastful Koko stayed several days where he had fallen. Then some hunters came passing by.

"How did you succeed with the wicked father?" they asked.

"Oh, I destroyed both him and his magic lodge," was the proud answer.

With these words he ran off into the woods and has never been heard of since.

Hiawatha

ON the shores of the Tioto there once lived a little child. No one knew whence he came. He was beautiful to look upon and wise beyond his years.

"He is the son of the Great Spirit," the red men said to each other, and they looked with wonder and delight upon the child.

As he grew up he taught the people many things. He always urged them to be peaceful among themselves and not to quarrel over small matters. He carried happiness wherever he went.

He taught the red men what they had never known before,— to raise corn and beans, to make proper nets for fishing, and weapons with which to hunt. He even helped them conquer the monsters found in the country in those days.

So great was he in council and so powerful in time of war that the people said, "Let us call him Hiawatha, or the Wise Man."

Sometimes as they sat talking about Hiawatha's good deeds, they would turn their eyes toward the blue

waters of the lake to see if by any chance he was gliding by in his canoe. It was a magic canoe; not like any other the red men had ever looked upon, for although there were no paddles it moved in whatever direction its owner wished, so quickly, and at the same time so softly, that none knew when it might appear in sight.

For many years peace and happiness dwelt among the tribes where Hiawatha was living. Then a danger, like a great thunder cloud, suddenly overwhelmed the people. Fierce bands of warriors came down from the north and brought woe and destruction to them. Men, women, and helpless children, were surprised and killed.

"What shall we do?" cried the people in great fright, and they turned for help to the wise man, Hiawatha.

"Send messengers into the east, the west, and the south," he told them. "Direct the people to gather on the shore of the lake for a council,— larger than was ever held before."

All the tribes were summoned, and soon there was a great company at the place Hiawatha had chosen.

"He will save us from our enemies in some wonderful manner," the warriors said. "There is none so great and wise as Hiawatha. Surely, he will tell us how to overcome this great danger."

They watched and waited, but Hiawatha did not ap-

HIAWATHA AND HIS DAUGHTER

pear among them. Three days passed by and the people became so impatient that messengers were sent to the lodge of the wise man to beg him attend the council.

All this while he had been fasting and praying that light might be given him in this time of darkness.

"I will come," he promised the messengers. He stepped into his magic canoe, his beautiful daughter took her place with him, and together they glided through the waters of the lake to the place where the council was met.

How happy were the people when they saw their wise helper drawing near. Shout after shout of greeting rang through the air.

But look! As Hiawatha and his daughter landed and began to climb the steep bank, a spot like a dark cloud appeared in the sky over their heads. Faster and faster it moved and every moment the frightened people saw it growing larger and larger.

Hiawatha noticed it too. It was circling round and round above him, yet ever towards him. And now it took on the shape of a monstrous bird, with wide outspread wings. What did it mean? The Great Spirit must have sent it, so he would not turn aside or try to avoid it in any way although the rest of the vast company fled in all directions.

Down swept the great bird. Alighting on the daugh-

ter of Hiawatha, it crushed her to the earth and completely covered her with its huge body.

Hiawatha looked on silently, but his dark face was wrung with suffering. Yes, he had felt that evil must follow if he came to the council, and his fear had come true.

The monstrous bird lay motionless on the ground. Its fall had killed it.

The frightened people saw that there was no more danger and the warriors, one by one, drew near. Each one plucked a single feather from the snow-white plumage of the dead bird. Henceforth he would wear it when on the warpath.

And now, for the first time, Hiawatha saw that there was no trace left of his beautiful daughter; her body had vanished. He stood apart from the others; suffering, yet silent.

The people waited patiently for a sign from their wise leader. At last, drawing himself together, but still silent, he turned away and led them to the council.

During the whole of one day he listened to the leading men of the tribes as they spoke of different plans by which they might conquer their enemies. The second day came and Hiawatha rose to speak. He said:

"Friends and brothers. You have come from far and near to meet together at this council to plan for the

good and safety of all. How shall it be done? Surely single tribes who quarrel with each other can do little to master the great bands from the north. It is only by joining together as brothers that we can hope to succeed. If we do this, we can drive away the enemy.

"Listen to me, tribe by tribe. You, the Mohawks, who are sitting under the shadow of the great tree whose branches spread far and wide, and whose roots sink deep into the earth, you shall be the first nation, because you are warlike and mighty.

"You, the Oneidas, who recline your bodies against the everlasting stone that cannot be moved, you shall be the second nation because you always give wise counsel.

"You, the Onondagas, who dwell at the foot of the great hills, you shall be the third nation because you are gifted in speech.

"You, the Senecas, who live in the dark forest and whose home is all over the land, you shall be the fourth nation because of your great cunning in hunting.

"And you, the Cayugas, who live in the open country and are very wise, you shall be the fifth nation because you understand better the art of raising corn and beans and making lodges.

"Join together, ye Five Nations, and have one common interest. Then no enemy shall overcome you.

"You who are a fishing people may place yourselves

under our care, and we will defend you. And you who come from the south and the west may do the same, and we will protect you. We wish to be the friends of all.

"Brothers! If we join together in this great band, the Great Spirit will smile upon us and we shall be free and happy. If we remain as we are, we may expect him to frown upon us. We may perish in the storm of war and our names will be no longer remembered by good men nor be repeated in the songs.

"Brothers, these are the words of Hiawatha. I have spoken. I am done."

On the next day Hiawatha's plan was talked over in the council and it was decided by everyone that it would be wise to follow it. Then he rose once more and spoke wise words of counsel to the people. At the end he bade them all farewell, as his work was done and there was no longer any need of his stay among them.

When his speech was ended he went down to the shore of the lake and stepped into his magic canoe. As he seated himself, there was the sound of sweet music in the air around him. Then, as his loving people stood watching, he was borne from their sight and wafted to the Isles of the Blessed, the Land of the Hereafter.

Lox, the Mischief Maker

IT was in the long ago when men were both men and animals. It was then that Lox, the Mischief Maker and the King of the Wolves, was busy making trouble wherever he went.

One cold night he came prowling about the wigwam where Mrs. Bear and another old woman kept house together. Both lay peacefully sleeping before the fire by which they had stretched themselves with their feet towards each other.

"Aha!" said Mr. Lox when his bright eyes peered in upon them, "now I can have some sport."

He ran out into the darkness and hunted about until he found a young sapling. He cut this down and, bringing it into the wigwam, stuck one end of it into the fireplace. There he held it till one end of it was a burning coal.

"Good, good!" thought Mr. Lox, and he touched it to the soles of Mrs. Bear's feet. She woke up with a start and cried out to the other old woman:

"Look out! you are burning me."

"Indeed I'm not," was the angry answer.

Lox waited patiently until both of them had become quiet and dropped off to sleep again. Then he took his pole, and after once more heating the end in the fire, he touched it to the soles of Mrs. Bear's friend.

She did not wake up at once, but began to dream. She thought she was walking on the hot sands of the seashore in the warmest summer weather. The dream changed and enemies were roasting her to death over a fire. And then she woke up and began scolding Mrs. Bear with a right good will. As though that good old woman would burn her friend's feet!

Of course they were quarreling in a minute and blaming each other for what Lox the Mischief Maker had done himself. How he chuckled as he listened! He stood by shaking with laughter till he fairly burst. Now that is the very truth and no mistake. He did indeed burst and fell dead on the ground outside the wigwam.

The next morning when the old women got up and went to the door there lay the dead Mischief Maker right before their eyes.

"We will have him for our breakfast," they cried in delight.

They went to work at once and took off his skin. Then they hung the pot over the fire and filled it with

water. When it began to boil, they dropped Mr. Lox into the water and sat down to wait till their breakfast should be cooked.

Strange to say, the boiling water was the very thing Lox needed to give him new life. In another minute he was as lively as a cricket and ready for more mischief.

With one leap he was out of the kettle and on the floor. Then, merrily running out of the wigwam as though nothing had happened, he hunted about for the skin of which the old women had robbed him. Ah! there it was, hanging on a bush to dry. He seized it and, putting it on, was his old self once more.

But you haven't yet heard all he had done. As he leaped out of the pot, he gave it such a kick that the water splashed out and scattered the ashes of the fire right and left, and as they hissed and sputtered they flew into the eyes of poor Mrs. Bear and made her quite blind.

Of course, she could not go hunting or fishing any more. She had to stay at home and trust to her friend to bring her food. But a queer friend the other old woman showed herself. Indeed, she ought never to have been called such. She was so mean that she kept all the nice bits for herself and gave Mrs. Bear only the scraps.

One day when she was alone at home Mrs. Bear sat thinking. Poor soul, she had little to do but think now-a-days. But as she thought, something she had heard long ago came into her mind. It was this: people who had been made blind sometimes had their eyes shut in such a way that they could be cut open.

She ran to get a knife and began to work. At first she cut very, very carefully. How glad she was as she soon found that she could see the daylight once more. But that was not enough; so she kept on cutting till she could see as well as she ever did in her life.

Then she looked overhead and there was a store of tender venison, and fish, and maple sugar, which had been hung there for dinner. She did not touch the things but sat down to wait for the old woman to come back.

She did not have long to wait, but when her companion returned she did not say a single word about getting back the sight of her eyes. She watched carefully, however, when the dinner was taken up. All the dainty bits were put into one platter, while the bones and scraps were put into another. She knew what that meant and when the second platter was placed before her and she was told to eat, she cried out:

"Well, I do say you have taken pretty good care of yourself."

How frightened the other was! She saw at once that Mrs. Bear had recovered her sight. She thought:

"Dear me! I'm not as strong as Mrs. Bear and I don't know what she will do with me."

So she answered as quickly as possible, "Why! I've given you the wrong dish by mistake. You see, I always mean to give you the best because you are blind."

Mrs. Bear was not deceived in the least. She knew now that the other old woman was no friend at all. After that she kept her eyes open in two ways instead of one.

Lox, the Mischief Maker and the Three Fires

NOW you shall hear of the three fires given Lox, the Mischief Maker, by his relations, the wolves.

It was in the long ago and Lox was traveling over a wide and lonely plain. The wintry wind swept past him in great gusts, and a storm of rain and hail came beating down upon him, harder, and ever harder.

Yet Lox kept on his way, for it was his nature never to give up, no matter how great the danger or the hardship might be. He was wet, and cold, and tired, when he heard afar off a long, sad howl. It was a welcome sound to the weary Lox, who said to himself:

"My friends the wolves are near at hand. I shall soon have pleasant company."

It was even as he said. In a few moments a pack of wolves came leaping and dancing about him. They rolled over and over and bit each other in delight at meeting Lox, for they admired him greatly. Was he not always the first to fight? And did he not keep on

when anyone else would have given in long before? They were truly proud of being related to him.

When the barks of greeting had become less noisy, the chief wolf said to Lox:

"Friend, you had better spend the night with us in our camp. This place is lonely and a gentleman like you might meet with bad company who would do you harm if given the opportunity."

Lox thanked the chief for the invitation and said he would accept it. The wolves then gave him the best of their dried meat for his supper and offered him the warmest place beside the fire to sleep. He took all their kindness as though it were a favor to them to do so. Then he smoked the chief's pipe and made ready for his night's sleep.

When he had settled himself, the chief turned to a young wolf who had a heavy, bushy tail and said:

"Watch our guest well and keep him well covered, for the night is bitter cold."

When Lox felt the wolf's bushy tail laid over him, he thought it was a fur blanket; and, as he was a warm creature himself and hard to chill, he threw off the cover again and again. This pleased the rest of the company, and they thought, "How proud we are of having with us such a brave fellow who has no fear of the cold."

LOX, THE MISCHIEF MAKER USING THE FIRE CHARM

Morning came and they all had breakfast. Then the wolf-chief said to his guest:

"Uncle, you have three hard days before you will get to the end of your journey. I will help you all I can. The nights will be very cold and you may suffer, so let me give you a charm by which you can make three fires, one for each of the nights. This charm will be good for those three nights only."

The chief went on to explain the charm. Lox must gather sticks of dry wood and fix them as boys would in building play wigwams. When he had set them up, he must jump over them. They would begin to smoke at once and fire would leap forth.

"This," said the wolf-chief, "is an old, old secret among our tribe, and you are the first one outside of ourselves to hear of it."

Then the wolf-people bade Lox good-bye and he went on his way. He had not traveled far before he thought:

"I wonder if the charm is really good for anything. I will try it and see."

He gathered some sticks and placed them as he had been told to do. Then he jumped over the pile, and lo! a fire leaped forth even as the chief had promised. The heat was very pleasant and the traveler sat down for a while to enjoy it. Then he got up and went on his way.

The day was cold and dreary and he soon began to

think of the pleasant heat he had left behind. The three cold nights were still before him, yet they were not in his foolish mind when he said to himself:

"I will make another fire and enjoy myself by its side."

It was no sooner said than done. For the second time the sticks were gathered and set up and the jump was made. Once more Lox made himself merry by the firelight and did not worry, although it was still the morning of the first day, and only one fire remained. After a comfortable rest, he started off once more.

The sun had not yet told that noon was at hand when this fellow, who was so wise in making mischief, showed that he was foolish in other ways, for he said:

"I will use the charm again. Suppose it is only the first day! By the way the clouds look, I believe the wind will change and the weather will get warmer. Yes, I am quite safe in making another fire."

He set to work and used the charm for the third and last time. Yet the first night was not come!

As the daylight faded away and the sun set, the cold became very great. By the time Lox reached the first camping ground, it was very, very cold. He was not afraid, however. He said to himself:

"If I could make a fire once, let alone three times, I can certainly make it again in the same way."

So he went to work with a brave heart to gather sticks and set them up as he had before. Then he jumped over them, as he had been directed, but this time no fire leaped forth. Indeed, there was not even a sign of smoke.

How surprised the Mischief Maker was then! He thought,

"If I jump long enough, the fire *must* come."

So he jumped again and again; ten, twenty, thirty times. At last a tiny bit of smoke began to rise. When Lox saw it, he had new hope. He began to jump harder and harder, but, alas! not even the tiniest bit of fire appeared.

At last, quite worn out, he fainted and dropped to the ground. As he lay there, the cold made its way deeper and deeper into his body until he was quite dead.

For a while at least, the Mischief Maker made no more trouble in the world for men or beasts. Afterwards, in some strange way, he must have come to life again, for he has been seen many times since then, and done many a piece of mischief, too.

Boy-Man

THERE was once a little boy who lived with his sister on the shore of a beautiful lake. This boy was not like other children,— he did not grow as they did, but remained as tiny a fellow as in his baby days.

The child's body, however, was no match for his spirit. He was a very giant in courage and he liked nothing better than to act the master of the lodge.

One winter day he said to his sister, "Make me a ball; I wish to go out on the ice and have some sport."

The girl did as she was asked, but as she gave it to him she warned him to take care of himself. "Don't go too far out on the ice," she begged.

Boy-man only laughed and started off in great glee, throwing his ball far ahead of him and running after it with the speed of the wind.

By and by he noticed some large spots on the ice ahead. When he drew nearer he found that these spots were four large men who were spearing fish. Strange

to say, they looked so much alike that it was hard to tell one from another.

As Boy-man came close to them, one looked up and noticed the little fellow for the first time.

"Look!" he cried to the others, "see what a tiny creature that is."

His three brothers looked up at the same moment. They were so exactly alike that Boy-man said to himself, "Four in one; how hard it must be to choose their own hunting shirts!"

When they had done looking at Boy-man, the men turned once more to their fishing and paid no more attention to the little fellow.

"Hm!" thought he, not at all pleased. "They think because I am so tiny that I am not worth notice. I think I will teach them a little lesson."

The men had covered their heads in order to watch for the fish, so they did not see Boy-man as he crept close beside them and seized a large trout they had just caught. Then, holding it by its gills, he ran away over the ice. Feeling the jar from his footsteps, they looked up.

Boy-man was so small that at first they thought the fish was running away by itself. But when they got up, they could just see the little fellow's head above the fish he was carrying.

Boy-man ran home as fast as he could. He left the trout by the door and went inside, telling his sister to go out and bring in the fish. She was much surprised and cried out:

"Where did you get it? I hope you did not steal it."

Boy-man replied that it came from their lake and that he found it on the ice. Surely all the fish in its waters belonged to him.

"But *how* did you get it?" urged his sister.

"Never mind; get it ready for our dinner," was the reply.

Finding he would say nothing more, his sister did as she was bidden and the big fish was soon cooked. How sweet it tasted! It was no wonder the girl forgot everything else but the delicious dinner, and she asked her brother no more questions.

The very next morning he took his ball and started for the lake once more. He had great sport as he went. Sometimes he would hurl the ball far ahead of him; again, he would toss it high into the air above his head; and then he would throw it behind him and run back to get it, as though he did not care which way he went, so long as he was moving swiftly.

How fast he did run, to be sure! No one could have kept up with him, no matter how hard he might try.

Pretty soon Boy-man reached the lake. There were the four men fishing just as they had been the day before. "Now for more sport!" he thought. He took his ball and tossed it so far that it dropped into the hole in the ice around which the men were fishing. Then he called out:

"Please get my ball and give it to me."

"Indeed we will not," they answered with an ugly laugh. At the same time they took their spears and pushed the ball under the ice. When Boy-man saw what they had done, he cried out:

"Very well. Now look out!"

In a moment he had rushed upon the men and pushed every one of them into the water. At the same time the ball bounded out upon the ice. Boy-man picked it up and, tossing it ahead of him, ran gaily homeward. He moved so fast that he reached it ahead of the ball. There he stayed quietly and rested for the remainder of the day without saying anything about what had happened.

In the meantime the four men managed to get out of the water, but they were icy cold and wet and very angry.

"It is of no use to run after him," they said, "but we will yet punish him as he deserves."

Early the next morning they got ready to seek Boy-

man in his own home. Their old mother begged them to think no more of revenge. She said:

"That little boy is certainly a manito, or he could not do such wonderful things."

Her sons did not listen to this good advice, but with such a terribly warcry as nearly frightened all of the birds of that neighborhood out of their feathers, they went in search of Boy-man.

When they were still a long way off he heard them coming, but he was not the least bit troubled. By and by his sister caught the sound of snow-shoes moving over the snow. She went to the door and there in the distance she saw the four big men coming toward the lodge. She was terribly frightened for her brother had told her he had made someone very angry the day before.

"Oh!" she cried, running to her brother. "That man is coming, but he has made himself into four."

"Never mind! Get me something to eat," was the cool answer.

"What! Can you eat now?" she asked in wonder.

His only answer was to tell her to do as he had asked her to and be quick.

She set the food before her brother and he began to eat. By this time the four brothers had reached the door. Just as they were about to lift the curtain, Boy-

man turned his dish over. Instantly the doorway was blocked by a big stone.

The men outside, more angry than ever, began to pound and hammer with all their might. After a while they managed to make a small hole through the stone. Then one of the brothers, putting his face to the hole, rolled his eye round in a fearful way as though he exepected to scare Boy-man by doing so.

But the little fellow went on with his meal in the coolest way, only stopping to send an arrow from his bow to the door. It entered the man's head and he fell back quite dead.

"Number one," remarked Boy-man quietly, and he paid no further heed to what he had done.

And now a second face appeared in the opening and a second arrow flew from Boy-man's bow. The head disappeared and the man fell as his brother had fallen. The tiny master of the lodge cried out, "Number two," and went on eating.

He treated the remaining two brothers in the same way. Then he told his sister to go outside and look about. As soon as she had done so, she hurried back, saying:

"Why, there are four of them!"

"Yes, and there will always be that number," he replied.

With these words, he himself went out and lifted the bodies from the ground. He gave a push to each, placing the first one with his face toward the East, the second toward the North, the third toward the West, and the fourth toward the South, and sent them flying in all directions.

The rest of the winter passed away quietly for Boy-man and his sister. But when spring came and the bright sun shone down upon the fresh green earth, the little fellow told his sister to make him some new arrows. She did as he told her, and fashioned them in the most careful way possible. She gave them to her brother, saying:

"Do not shoot into the lake, I pray you."

But Boy-man paid no heed to her words; he only turned toward the water and shot one of his arrows. Then he waded into the lake deeper and deeper. As his sister watched him, she cried out in great fright:

"Come back! O do come back!"

He did not answer her, but cried out:

"You of the red fins! Come and swallow me!"

Close beside Boy-man a great fish instantly appeared and swallowed him.

The poor sister standing on the shore was terribly frightened; but even as her brother was disappearing down the monster's throat he called out to her:

"Me-zush-ke-zin-ance!"

What could Boy-man mean by this? His sister did not understand.

"I wonder if it is an old moccasin that he wants?" she said to herself.

She hurried back to the lodge and got the moccasin. Tying it to a string fastened to a tree on the shore, she threw it into the water. The monster fish saw it.

"What is that?" he asked.

"It is a great dainty. Taste it," Boy-man answered.

The big fish did not question the strange command but hastened to obey. As soon as he had fairly swallowed it, Boy-man, who was laughing softly, seized the string and pulled himself ashore.

The sister was very much surprised to see the fish coming nearer and nearer, till at last he landed clear up on the beach. She was still more astonished when the monster seemed to speak, saying:

"Hurry up and let me out of this horrid place."

But no! It was the voice of her own brother. The girl was used to doing whatever he told her, so she at once took a knife and cut open the side of the fish. Out through this queer door stepped Boy-man.

"Cut up the fish and dry it," he ordered. "We shall have enough to eat for the whole spring."

wonderful," thought his

"My brother is certainly wonderful," thought his sister after this thing had happened.

One evening they were sitting together in the lodge in the darkness when the girl said to her brother:

"It seems strange to me that you who have so much power cannot do more than Ko-ko, who gets all his light from the moon. It shines or not, as it pleases."

"Do you not think that is enough?" asked Boy-man.

"Yes," was the answer, "if it did not stay in the clouds, but would come into the lodge when we wish."

"You shall see that we have a light," declared her brother.

He stretched himself on a mat by the doorway and began to sing a chant to the fireflies. They heard his voice and hastened to obey his call. First, one by one, then in great swarms, they came flying into the lodge till it was ablaze with their soft and beautiful light.

Boy-man and his sister looked at each other with trust and love in their faces. From that time they lived together in the little lodge in great happiness, and never did a doubt of the other enter the mind of either one.

Glooskap and the Whale

WHEN Glooskap the Great first appeared in this world he came into the country of the Children of Light. It was the land that lies along the shores of the mighty ocean nearest to the sunrise. In those days there were no Indians except the wild men far to the westward.

First of all, Glooskap made the dwarfs, the little men who make their homes in the rocks. Then he made man, whose place is first in all the earth. This is the way it was done:

Taking his strong bow he shot arrows at the ash tree. Behold! the bark of the ash tree opened in many places and men came forth into the world,— red men, who henceforth should be the masters of all creatures.

Next came the animals. At first, Glooskap made them much larger than they are now. Then he thought:

"I will test them to see if I have given them their right size; then I will put them in their proper places, that they may serve men as they should."

He put this question to each one in turn: "What would you do if you should meet an Indian?"

When he put this question to the great moose whom he had made as tall as the clouds, the moose answered: "I would tear down the trees on him."

Glooskap saw that he had made a mistake, so he changed the moose to one so small that the red men could hunt and kill him.

Now it happened that he had made the squirrel as large as a wolf. He went to the squirrel and repeated the question he had asked of the moose: "What would you do if you should meet an Indian?"

The squirrel at once made answer: "I would scratch down trees on him."

"Ah ha!" thought Glooskap, "you also must be changed, for you are too strong." So he made the squirrel much smaller, even as small as we see him to-day.

The next animal Glooskap met was the great white bear, and he immediately asked him the same question he had put to the others.

"I would eat him," the bear answered greedily.

"Then go away to the land of ice and snow," ordered Glooskap; for in the far north there were then no Indians, and therefore the bear could harm none.

One after another the different creatures were asked

the same question and each in turn made answer. According to the replies they made, they were changed in size and given their proper places to live. And the good Glooskap always thought of the red man, seeking to do what was best for him.

"I must have helpers among the animals," said Glooskap. "The loon shall be my dog and do my bidding."

The loon, however, did not serve his master as faithfully as he should, for he was often away when most needed. So Glooskap said:

"I have not chosen well. Instead of the loon I will take two wolves."

A white wolf and a black one were chosen, and ever afterwards they were the close attendants of the great magician. Wherever he was, they were sure to be seen.

Now Glooskap dwelt in a lonely place, an island, but he chose two persons to bear him company. One was an old woman who kept house for him. He always spoke of her as Noo gu mee, which means "my grandmother." His other companion was a young fellow named Marten, whom he spoke of as his brother.

Glooskap was very fond of Marten and gave him many magic powers, so the youth could change his shape whenever he pleased. Sometimes he appeared as a baby; and again as a boy, or a man. Indeed, Glooskap

was so fond of Marten that he sometimes allowed the young man to wear his magic belt, which gave him wondrous strength and the power to do great deeds.

Marten had a magic dish made of birch bark which he used to eat from. If at any time Glooskap was away from his younger brother and came across this dish he had only to look at it to know what had happened to Noogumee or Marten while he had been away from them.

The great Glooskap loved men most dearly and although his home was in a lonely place yet he made journeys far and wide and was at the same time ever near his people when they had need of him.

In course of time many Indians were living on the island where Glooskap had his home. They were not like the red men we know to-day, for they not only bore the names of animals but were like them in their natures.

These Indians, instead of loving Glooskap for his goodness to them, became jealous of his power, although even then they had no idea of its greatness. So they thought of a plan by which the good magician might be destroyed, as they thought.

When Glooskap was away from home they seized his grandmother and Marten and put them in a canoe which was drawn up on the shore. Then they pushed

it into the water and paddled away, thinking, "Now Glooskap will be left quite alone on the island and he will die."

Soon after this Glooskap returned to the empty lodge, and he lost no time in following the tracks of his enemies to the shore. Looking off over the water, he could see the canoe bearing Noogumee and Marten away and with them was a very wicked magician, Win-pe.

"Send back my dogs," Glooskap cried to his grandmother, for she was still so near that she could hear his voice.

She at once took a small wooden platter that she had carried with her and set it in the water; then she placed the two dogs upon it. It began to float towards the shore, where Glooskap stood ready to receive it.

As for the wicked Winpe, he carried his prisoners a long way from their home. Glooskap did not hasten after his enemies. He stayed on the island seven long years Then, taking his dogs with him, he went down to the water's edge and sang the magic song that charmed the whales and made them do his bidding.

He had not sung long before a whale heard his voice and made her way toward the shore. When she had come close enough, Glooskap put one foot on her back. She began to sink beneath the waves because she was not large enough to bear the giant's great weight.

"She is too small, and I must try my magic song again," said Glooskap.

So he sang once more and this time a very large whale heard his voice and came to obey him. He leaped upon her back and she bore him rapidly away from the island.

The whale moved easily along with her heavy burden, but she was afraid of getting into shallow water for fear the tide would leave her stranded. She kept asking,

"Are we near land? Are we near land?"

And Glooskap, out of sport, ever replied to the question, "No," although every moment they were coming closer and closer to the shore.

After a while the water was so shallow that the whale could see the shells on the bed of the ocean and the shore curved like a bow-string, yet when she fearfully repeated the question, "Are we near land?" she received the same answer, "No."

At last the whale could even hear the clams singing in their homes of mud; and this was the manner of the song:

"Throw the giant, O whale;
Throw him from your back and drown him."

"What are the clams saying? I do not understand their words," said the whale, as she listened to the song. Glooskap answered:

"They tell you to hurry,
To hurry, to hurry him along
Over the water; away as fast as you can."

After this the whale moved faster than ever until all at once she found herself high and dry upon the shore.

How unhappy the creature felt now! She was sure that she could never get back into the beautiful, free water. But Glooskap sang this song to her:

"Have no fear, Noogumee,
You shall not suffer.
You shall swim in the sea once more."

"O for a pipe and some tobacco," said the whale, who was greatly cheered by the giant's words.

Glooskap kindly gave her a short pipe, some tobacco, and a light. Then, taking his magic bow in his hand, he gave a little push to the whale's head.

Away she bounded into deep water, contented and happy, and smoking as she went. As she moved out of his sight, Glooskap stood watching on the shore until even the little cloud of smoke could be seen no more.

Glooskap and the Witch Maidens

THE great Glooskap had several adventures before he found Noogumee and Marten.

The wicked Winpe placed many dangers in his way to prevent his following his friends. He stationed horrible monsters along the road. All these monsters were none other than a certain witch called the Evil Pitcher. She could at will change her form into that of a man or a woman; or, stranger still, she could be many people at once.

After a while Glooskap arrived at the camp where Winpe had stopped with his prisoners. Here he found the dish of birch bark from which Martin had eaten his food. Glooskap had only to look at this dish to know what had happened to Noogumee and Marten. He learned also about the monsters guarding the road and who were watching to destroy him when he came that way.

Nevertheless, he kept on without fear, for he had not only the power to conquer his most dangerous enemies,

but he even knew beforehand what to expect from them. It was impossible to take him by surprise.

Now you shall hear of what happened when he reached a narrow pass between the hills. Two fierce and terrible beasts were waiting to devour him, and as soon as he appeared they made their attack.

His faithful dogs were with him and he lost no time in setting them upon the beasts. They were not like other dogs, or they would have been devoured at once. At the will of their master, they suddenly grew to monstrous size and were quite equal to the combat. Soon after the fight had begun Glooskap cried to them to come off; but he had so trained them that the more he called upon them to stop, the harder and more furiously they fought. So it was not long before Winpe's beasts were killed and Glooskap was able to go safely on his way.

Not long after this, Glooskap climbed a high hill from whose summit he looked off in all directions. As he looked he saw a lodge of great size in the distance.

"It is the home of an enemy," Glooskap said, for he was wise as men are not. Yet he kept on, for he had no fear.

As he drew near the lodge a number of girls came out to greet him with pleasant smiles and sweet words. At the same time they held towards him a string of sau-

sages, of which the Indians are fond, and they offered to put it around Glooskap's neck as a mark of their love.

These sausages were not like such as we know, for they had a charm of enchantment. If Glooskap had once allowed them to be thrown about his shoulders, the beautiful girls, who were really witch-maidens, could have done with him as they pleased.

But the great and wise Glooskap read their hearts and knew what they wished. When they came dancing about him, speaking sweet words and waving the sausage garland, he pretended that he was pleased, though all the time he was getting ready to destroy them.

Glooskap's dogs growled as the maidens came close to their master and made ready to attack them. Then Glooskap, still pretending to be friendly, cried:

"Stop! Stop!"

At this the dogs fought all the harder, for they had been taught that the word "stop" meant "Hie! At them!"

Such a noise as there was! Such a tearing up of the earth! Even great rocks were tossed hither and thither as if they were but balls of thistle-down. In the midst of the fight fierce flames leaped up around the witch-maidens and showed them in all their real ugliness. And still Glooskap kept up his cries of:

"Stop! Stop! Come off! Let them alone!" and

each time the dogs fought harder than before. The witches soon found that they had no chance and fled before the power of the great one.

Glooskap now turned to enter the lodge, where he found the father of the witch-maidens waiting to destroy him.

"Are you hungry?" asked Glooskap. "Do you like sausages? Here they are."

With these words he threw the sausage garland around the old man's neck. He was a wicked magician, but he was now helpless, and it was an easy matter for the wise giant to put an end to his life.

As soon as this deed was done, Glooskap went on with his journey. He soon came to the waterside and, as he wished to cross over to the opposite shore, he sang the song that charms the whales. One of these great creatures soon appeared to do his bidding and he was quickly carried to the place he wished to reach.

"I must see Marten's dish of birch bark again," he said. So he traveled in a circle back to the old camp and learned what he wished.

"Ah ha!" thought Glooskap as he looked at the dish, "my dear ones have been gone only three days, and they rowed across the water to the big island. I will follow them at once."

Again he sang the song that charms the whales, and

again he was carried where he wished. He landed near a deserted camp where a fire was still burning. He had not much farther to travel before he found his friends.

He kept on his way and in a little while drew near another camping ground. Before he reached it he saw Marten, his dear little brother, as he so often fondly called him, gathering wood for a fire.

Poor Marten had been having a sorry time with the cruel Winpe. He was nearly starved and very unhappy. His master called to him, "Marten, Marten," but he did not hear. Then Glooskap threw a stick at him, but Marten thought it had fallen from a tree. But soon he looked up from his work, and when he saw Glooskap, he cried out for joy.

"Keep still," the giant called in his softest tones, for he did not wish Winpe to know that he was near. "When the night comes I will go to your lodge. Go home and tell Noogumee that I am here."

That very evening Glooskap did as he had promised. He appeared suddenly before Winpe, who was taken by surprise. How noble the great Master looked as he stood before his enemy! Drawing himself up in all his power, he rose higher and higher, till he stood above the tallest pines. And still he rose till his head was above the clouds. Nay, it touched the very stars! Then, looking down upon the wicked Winpe with scorn-

ful eyes, he touched the magician lightly with his bow, and lo! Winpe fell dead at his feet.

Even so the great Lord Glooskap mastered his enemies, one by one, till there was nothing more in the world for men to fear.

Glooskap and Malsum, the Wolf

NOW you shall have another story of Glooskap the Great, who was so good to his children, the People of Light, and you shall also hear about his twin brother Malsum, the Wolf, who was as bad as Glooskap was good.

The two brothers grew up side by side until they came to manhood. Then it was that Malsum out of his wicked heart said to Glooskap:

"Brother, we know that our lives are charmed, but each of us knows the secret by which he may be killed. Let us exchange these secrets."

Glooskap knew Malsum too well to place himself in the wicked Wolf's power, so he replied,

"The stroke of an owl's feather would bring death to me at once."

This was not true, but the wise Glooskap said it to test his wicked brother. Malsum, on the other hand, believed Glooskap was speaking the truth; and having no fear that any harm would come to himself by telling the secret of his life, replied very readily;

"The blow of a fern root is the only thing that could cause my death."

Time passed by until a day came when one thought filled Malsum's wicked heart. Some say that it was the son of the Great Beaver who tempted him. At any rate, he planned how to kill his brother.

Going out into the woods he looked about until he saw Ko-ko-khas, the Owl. Then, setting his arrow to his bow, he shot so truly that the arrow went straight to its mark and Ko-ko-khas fell dead before him. Plucking a feather from the plumage, he went in search of his brother, whom he found quietly sleeping. He struck him with the owl's feather.

The blow did not bring death as the wicked Malsum had hoped. It only roused Glooskap, who jumped up in anger.

"It is not the feather of an owl that will kill me; it is the blow from the knot of a pine tree," he cried.

This was said to again deceive Malsum, now that he was sure his brother meant to kill him, but it was no more true than what he had said before. The wicked brother stored these words in his mind and, as soon as he had a chance, he persuaded Glooskap to go away with him into the deep, dark forest to hunt.

When they had traveled a long way, Glooskap became very tired and lay down to sleep. Then Malsum

went in search of the knot of a pine tree. Having found one, he went back to his brother's side and struck Glooskap with the knot.

No harm was done. Glooskap only waked up more angry than before and drove Malsum away into the woods. Then he sat down by the side of a brook and thought over all that had happened. Believing that no one was near, he began to talk to himself, saying, "There is nothing in the world except a flowering rush that can kill me."

Now this was the true secret of his life which he alone knew. As it happened, the Beaver was near by, hidden among the reeds that grew by the brook. He listened eagerly to Glooskap's words. Then he hurried away as fast as possible to tell Malsum his brother's secret.

"For doing me this kindness I will give you anything you want," said the wicked and powerful Wolf.

"Give me wings like the pigeon," was the prompt answer.

"Wings like a pigeon!" said Malsum, laughing scornfully. "What would you, who have a tail like a file, do with wings?"

The beaver was so angry at these words that he turned away, and going straight to Glooskap's camp told that great lord everything he had done.

"I am very sorry it must be so," Glooskap said to himself, "but Malsum must die. He now has the secret of my life and he may kill me at any moment. Yes, he must die."

Taking the root of a fern in his hand, he went into the forest in search of his brother. When he had found Malsum, he struck him with the fern root and killed him then and there in the darkness of the deep woods.

Then Glooskap, with a heavy heart, sang a song of sorrow over his brother's dead body.

GLOOSKAP IN QUEST OF MALSUM, THE WOLF

Glooskap and the Giant's Frolic

GLOOSKAP once went to make a visit to a very dear friend who was a giant.

When the sun had set and darkness had fallen upon the earth, the giant, wishing to entertain his guest, said:

"Let us go out upon the water. We can have good sport fishing for whales by the light of our torches."

Glooskap was pleased with the idea, and the great lord, with his friend the giant, went down to the shore. Though there was no canoe to be seen, what did that matter? The giant, lifting one of the rocks scattered along the shore, placed it upon his head. It was instantly changed into the needed boat. Then he took another rock and it became a paddle.

But there were as yet no weapons for killing their prey, so the giant broke off a splinter from a ledge. In an instant, it was no longer what it had been,— it was now a strong and mighty spear.

Then Glooskap took his place in the stern with his paddle, while his friend, holding the spear, followed him

into the canoe. They were soon out in the deep water, such as the whales love.

It was not long before they passed over an immense whale. He was indeed a very monster of his kind. The giant hurled his spear with mighty force down through the water and into the body of the great creature. As the handle came to the surface he seized it and, as easily as a boy tosses a ball, so he tossed the monster whale up to the clouds.

The roaring of the whale filled the air. The noise suddenly stopped, however, for, as he fell, the life went out of him, and he floated dead upon the water. The giant now tossed him into the boat as easily as we toss the flounder or trout just caught. Both he and the great lord, Glooskap, sat back in their seats and laughed merrily over their sport. Indeed they laughed so long and they laughed so loud that they were heard all over the land of the Children of Light, who wondered what could be taking place to cause so much noise.

When they reached home, the giant split the whale into two parts; one part was for his guest and the other for himself. Then they sat down before the fire and each roasted his piece and ate it.

The sun had set that evening in a great red light and Glooskap said as he looked at it, "The sky is red; we shall have a cold night."

When he heard these words, the giant knew full well what his guest meant. He thought:

"Yes, it will indeed be cold, for Glooskap will use magic to make it so." He turned to Marten and said: "Bring in all the wood you can get. Also bring in the store of porpoise-oil that you will find outside."

Marten did as he was told and as soon as the porpoise-oil was brought, the giant used magic to make ten times as much as there was in the beginning.

Then they all sat down while Glooskap and his host smoked and told many a story of the long ago.

As they smoked and talked, it grew colder and colder, and the trunks of great trees outside split with a noise like thunder, and the rocks cracked open, so great was the cold.

As for Marten and Noogumee, they too became colder and colder till they were stiff with frost and quite dead. Yet Glooskap and the giant still sat talking and smoking and laughing till the day dawned and the sun shone in upon them.

Then Glooskap turned to his dead grandmother, saying, "Noogumee, rise!" And to Marten he spoke the same word, "Rise!"

At these words both his grandmother and Marten got up and went about their work as though nothing had happened.

The next morning was bright and pleasant and the giant went out into the forest to hunt with his friend. The game was not plentiful and all they got was a beaver. It was so small that Glooskap gave up his share to his friend.

When he had eaten it, the giant took the skin and tied it to his garter. It was so small and he was so large that, really, it looked no bigger than would a mouse's skin hanging from the knee of a very tall man.

This was only at first, however, for as the two hunters walked along, the skin grew larger and larger till at last it was so heavy that it could hang in its place no longer, but fell to the ground from its own weight.

After this the giant, to show his power still more, broke down a young tree and twisted it about his waist like a rope. Then he went on his way, while the tree grew larger and larger till it trailed on the ground behind him. As it trailed it broke down the trees to right and left, making a broad pathway through the forest.

When the day ended and the night came, the two friends fished again. This time it was the giant who said, "It will be very cold," for he was going to use his magic.

The fire was heaped high and the two friends sat and talked and smoked and laughed as on the first night, while the rocks and trees outside burst apart with the

awful cold. Noogumee and Marten froze stiff as they had before, but when morning came they were brought to life again by the magic of the great lord Glooskap.

Thus did he and his friend, the good giant, pass a merry time together, each showing the other his skill and power, so far beyond those of men.

Glooskap and the Bullfrog

A long, long time ago when Glooskap was living among men, a little village stood high up among the mountains where the people were happy and contented.

Now it happened that the only place in all the country round where these people could get water was at one small brook; yet it was so cool and delicious that they were well satisfied.

One day they noticed that the water in the brook was not so deep as usual. As time passed by they were much troubled to find that it got lower and lower until at last there was not a single drop left in the bed. Strange to say, this was in the autumn after the rains had fallen.

What should the people do? They would certainly die of thirst if they stayed there with nothing to drink. Then someone said:

"There is another village above us in the mountains.

We do not know what kind of people live there, but perhaps they can tell us what has made the brook run dry. Let us send someone there to ask them."

A messenger set off at once. After traveling for three days he came to the village, and there he saw a dam built across the brook, so that the water was held there in a large pond.

He asked the people why they had done this, for he could see no reason for it. They answered:

"It was the order of our chief; go to him if you wish to know more."

He sought the chief. He found him lying in the mud of the brook. Such a monster as this chief was! He was a very giant in size, with big yellow eyes bulging out of his head, and such a long mouth that it reached almost from ear to ear.

He was very fat, and hideous to look upon, and his feet were the queerest the messenger had ever beheld. They were broad and flat and skinny, with long toes reaching out.

When the man had told of the troubles of his people in the village farther down the mountain, the monster-chief said not a word at first. Then after a while he broke out into a croak, after which he bellowed forth these words:

"Do as you choose,
Do as you choose,
Do as you choose.

"What do I care?
What do I care?
What do I care?

"If you want water,
If you want water,
If you want water,
Go somewhere else."

"But we cannot," replied the messenger, "for there is no other water to be got. And my people are suffering even now, for they are dying of thirst."

Instead of being sorry, the monster seemed pleased and smiled a horrible smile. He got up from his muddy seat and with a big jump reached the dam. Then, with the point of his arrow, he made a tiny hole through the dam, and the water began to tickle through, drop by drop.

When he had done this, he bellowed in a deep, gruff voice:

"Up and be gone!
Up and be gone!
Up and be gone!"

The messenger saw that it was of no use to say more, so he turned away and departed to his own village. There was now a little water in the stream, but it lasted only a few days and then the bed of the brook dried up as before and the people began to suffer even more than they had before.

They held a council to talk over what they should do. At last they decided to send a bold man, well-armed, up to the village above them and he should demand that the dam be cut down. If the monster-chief refused, he should then try in some way to get help for his suffering people, even if he risked his life in doing so.

"Sing your death song as you go," they said to the messenger. "No one knows what ill may come to you."

If the first man should fail, the people said they would send another in his place, and still another; for they must have relief from the thirst.

Now the great Lord Glooskap knew how these people were suffering and all that had happened to them, for he was wise as men are not and, though far away, he could read their thoughts.

He pitied these people, too, because they were good and honest and did not deserve to be treated so cruelly. Then, too, they were brave and bold, and he admired them very much on this account. So he planned to help

them; but in this, as in all other things, he had his own way of working it.

One day he appeared in the village very suddenly, but so horrible and so unlike himself did he look that none would have guessed that the great Glooskap stood before them.

He was ten feet high at the very least and his face was hideous with red paint that looked for all the world like fresh blood. Bright green lines were painted around his eyes, and big clamshells hung from his ears. Red and black feathers were fastened in his scalplock, while an immense eagle stood on the back of his neck, flapping its wings at Glooskap's every step.

The people drew back in fright before such a fearful looking visitor. They asked each other:

"Can this be Lox, the Mischief-maker, or is it the devil himself?"

Then Glooskap bade them tell him their troubles, and when he had listened to their story he said:

"You may trust me to help you." With these words he left them and departed for the village in the mountains above. When he had come to the place he sat down, and seeing a boy he told the child to bring him a drink of water.

"I cannot do it without first asking the chief," replied the boy, "for that is the law."

"Then go," answered Glooskap, "but if your chief does not hurry about it, I shall want to know why."

The boy went away and Glooskap was left alone. He waited for an hour or more before the boy came back bringing a cup not half filled with water, and it was dirty, at that. When the great lord saw it, he said:

"I will myself go to your chief and I will see that he gives me better water than this."

So he went to the monster and when he saw him he cried out, "Give me some of your very best water to drink, thou Thing of Mud."

The chief only answered bad words, telling Glooskap to be gone. "Get water where thou canst," he cried with scorn.

At this the great Glooskap took his spear and pierced the side of the monster. Wonderful to tell, there burst forth at once a river as large as the stream that before had flowed down the mountain side to the village below. It was indeed that very stream, for the Monster-chief had been drawing it into himself all the time.

When Glooskap had done this, he suddenly became as tall as the tallest pine tree, and seizing the thing with a strong grip he made the creature's back bend into great wrinkles. The monster-chief was now a bullfrog. Then with a toss he landed the fellow in the midst of the stream.

GLOOSKAP AND THE BULL-FROG

It is because of the squeeze that Glooskap gave him that you can see to this very day the wrinkles in the bullfrog's ugly back.

Now you must hear what happened to the people whom Glooskap was helping. When he went back to their village, he found there not a single man, woman, or child to greet him. And this is the reason: When he had left them, they began to wish after the manner of foolish children. Someone said:

"Suppose we had all the fresh water in the world, what would you do?"

"I would live in the cool mud; then I would always be wet and happy," said one.

"I would make a dive into the water and take big gulps as I dive," said another.

"I would like nothing better than to let the waves play with me," a third one exclaimed. "They would toss me up on to the shore and then draw me softly back into the water. Yes, that is the life I would choose above everything else."

"Ah! you do not know the best life of all," another of these simple, honest people exclaimed. "I would choose to live in the water and swim about in it from morning till night."

Now there is a time that, if people are wishing, they are sure to have their wishes come true; and this was

that very time. So it was that the first wisher was changed into a leech, the second into a spotted frog, the third into a crab, and the fourth one into a fish.

Up to that day there had been no living creatures in the water, but now there were many, for each and all of the wishers were swept into the river and from thence into the sea. Nor did they stop in their course till they had been carried to the shores of many lands all over the world.

Glooskap and the Turtle

THE great and wise Glooskap came in his wanderings to an Indian village beside the bubbling water. Here he met Micmac, the Turtle; and he dearly loved this man for the rest of his life.

The Turtle was neither great, nor wise, nor rich. Neither was he handsome nor young. Indeed, he was both poor and lazy; yet he was so cheerful and sweet-tempered that Glooskap thought:

"I will make the Turtle both great and powerful."

Glooskap himself was both tall and handsome, and everyone in the village admired him. He received many invitations to make visits, yet he refused them all in order to stay with the Turtle, whom he lovingly called Uncle.

On a certain day there was to be a great feast. Glooskap, as usual, was invited to take part in the merry-making. But he refused, as he had many times before.

"Why don't you go?" he asked the Turtle. "You will meet many lovely maidens at the feast and one of

them may please you so much you may wish to make her your wife. It is not good to live alone as you have done all these years."

"I am old and ugly," the Turtle answered. "Besides, I have nothing fit to wear. It is much better for me to stay quietly at home and smoke my pipe."

"If that is the only reason for staying away, I can fix you all right," declared Glooskap. "I will be your tailor and fit you to a turn. Have no thought as to your clothes or your face. Anyone who knows how can make a man over as easily as a suit of clothes."

"But, Nephew," said the Turtle, "how about the inside?"

"By the Great Beaver!" cried Glooskap, "that is a much harder thing to do. If it were not, I should not have to stay so long in this world. Even that, however, I shall do for you before I leave."

With these words Glooskap, the great lord, took off his belt and bound it around the Turtle's waist. The old man at once became so young and handsome that everyone who saw him now must admire him. The wrinkles and gray hair had vanished and his face was fair to look upon.

Glooskap did not stop here. He gave his best clothes to Turtle and bade him wear them to the feast.

"Henceforth," he said, "whenever you are a man,

you shall be the handsomest one of all; and whenever you are an animal, you shall be so rewarded for your patience that you shall be hardest to kill of all creatures."

And it came to pass in after days even as he said.

The Turtle went to the feast in great joy, and he saw many lovely maidens there. The most beautiful of all were the chief's three daughters, and the youngest of these was so charming that the Turtle could not turn his eyes on anyone else.

When he had returned home, he told Glooskap about the maiden and that he wished to win her for his wife.

"I will help you, even as I promised," said the great lord.

The very next day Glooskap went to the chief and offered him a chain of wampum. At the same time he asked that the Turtle should receive the youngest daughter for his wife. The chief was quite willing and the wedding took place.

You may think that the Turtle's troubles were over. Not so. All the young men of the village were now his enemies, for he had won the most beautiful maiden in the place.

It happened one day that there was to be a great game of ball. So Glooskap said to the Turtle:

"You must take part in this game, though I know

well that all the young men will do their best to kill you. I know too, even now, what they will do. They will gather in a great crowd around you, hoping to crush you to death. But I will tell you what you shall do to save yourself. It must happen when you are standing near the chief's lodge. You must give a great jump, and you will land on the other side of the lodge. Do not fear, for I will give you the power to make this jump.

"A second time the crowd will press around you, and a second time you will be forced to make the jump; but again my power will aid you, and you will save yourself in the same manner as before.

"Your trouble will not even then be over, my uncle. For a third time will the young men try to destroy you, and this time it will be a sad one for you. But alas! it must be, and I cannot help it."

Everything happened, even as the great Glooskap had said. Twice did the Turtle jump far and safe over the lodge; twice did he free himself from his enemies. But the third time that the young men crowded upon him and he tried to escape, he was caught on the tops of the lodge-poles. There he hung, and the smoke from the fire within rose up around him.

Glooskap was sitting in the lodge and waiting for this very thing to happen. He cried out to the Turtle:

"I will make you chief over all the tortoises, and you shall be the founder and leader of a great and mighty nation."

As he spoke, the smoke rose thicker and thicker from within the lodge and the Turtle was wrapped in it completely. His skin slowly changed into a hard shell and was marked with the lines of smoke, even as we see it to this day. Still another change took place, for all the Turtle's entrails save one were destroyed by the power of the great Glooskap.

"You will kill me!" cried the Turtle in great fright.

"Not so," replied Glooskap, "I am giving you new life. Henceforth you shall be able to roll through fire without feeling it. And you can live on land or in water, as you choose. Even more I give you. If your head be cut off, you shall live for nine days afterwards; while your heart shall keep on beating for all that time."

The Turtle was very joyful at these words. He thought:

"Now I have no need to fear man or beast."

It was well for him that the great Glooskap did these things, for the very next day he was in danger from his enemies. All the young men in the village went out to hunt. They said:

"When we are in the deep forest, we can easily kill the lazy Turtle."

Glooskap knew what was in their minds and warned his friend, so the Turtle was ready to defend himself. He kept behind the others for a long time. Then, making a great jump like a bird flying through the air, he passed far over the heads of his enemies and landed in the middle of the forest.

There he saw a moose. He made haste to kill it; then he dragged it along until he came out upon a path made by the snow-shoes of hunters. How surprised the others were when they came up and found the Turtle waiting for them with his game.

"It is even as Glooskap told us," they said. "He foretold that all day long someone would come out ahead of us."

They were so angry that they busied themselves for a long time making a plan by which they might kill the Turtle before the day was over.

But Glooskap told his friend what they were doing and how to save himself. So, when the young men made a big fire and threw the Turtle into the very midst of it, he was not afraid.

"Glooskap promised to save me," he thought. "Nothing can harm me."

When his enemies found that the Turtle could not

be killed by the hot flames, they began to talk of drowning him.

"I pray you do not do so," begged the Turtle. But the more he begged, the more they thought of putting him to this dreadful death. This was just as Glooskap said it would be; but he had added:

"My Uncle, they will have their way at last."

After much talking and begging, the young men took the Turtle and dragged him to the shore; and all the time he fought as hard as he could, digging his feet into the earth and tearing up the grass and roots,— yes, even trees and rocks. And as he fought he cried and yelled like a mad creature.

Nevertheless, the men managed to get him into a canoe and paddled out with him into the deep water. Then they lifted him and dropped him overboard. He sank out of sight at once.

"He is dead," said the young men. "Now we can rejoice."

The next day the sunshine beat down upon the earth and it was warm. As the people looked out over the water, they saw something on a rock a mile away.

"What can it be?" they asked. "Surely that was not there before."

Two young men were sent in a canoe to find out what kind of a creature it was. And lo! to their surprise,

they found it was no other than the Turtle, lazy and happy, and basking in the warm sunshine.

Glooskap, the great, had saved his friend from all the dangers that had come to him. And there is nowhere anyone so great and wise as the lord Glooskap.

Glooskap and the Magic Gifts

WHEN Glooskap had lived many years among the Children of Light and had taught them to hunt and fish, to plant gardens and make clothes, and when he had killed all the giants and monsters on the earth, he sent word among men that he was going to leave them, for they did not need him any longer.

Before he went, however, he promised that whoever should come to him should receive the desire of his heart. But he warned all that the way would be long and they would meet many dangers before they reached him.

Nevertheless, many sought him, for they said, "We are willing to risk many things if only our dearest wishes are granted."

Among these were two young men, each of whom had a great longing. One of them thought, "Oh how happy I should be if I only had the magic power of the fairies."

The second one loved a beautiful maiden, the daughter of a powerful chief. But it was impossible to

win her without magic power, because her father had declared that no one could have his daughter until he had first killed a fearful dragon.

These two men started out to find Glooskap. The way was indeed long and they were beset by many dangers. But they kept on with brave hearts until at last they reached the island where Glooskap was living with Noogumee and Marten.

They were invited to sit down to supper, but it seemed a very scanty one to the two visitors. There was only one small dish and on it there was such a very little piece of meat that it was hardly more than a mouthful for one person. When the first of the young men saw the meat, he thought, "Glooskap is playing a joke on us. I will enter into the sport, too."

So he cut off almost all the meat and ate it. The moment he had done this, the tiny bit he had left on the plate suddenly became as large as what had been there in the beginning. The others saw the joke now and each in turn helped himself to all he wished; yet when the supper was over there was just as much left on the plate as there was in the first place.

When the first pilgrim had told Glooskap what he wished, the great lord took him out and covered him from head to foot with dirt. But this was only another joke, for he then took him down to the water and

bathed him, and combed his hair and gave him clean clothes. Last of all, he bound a magic string of hair upon his guest. This string had as much power as can be obtained in the whole world of fairies.

The great lord also bestowed upon the young man a small pipe, telling him that he had only to play upon it to charm any person he desired. When he had done this, Glooskap began to sing, directing his guest to join in with him. Wonderful to tell, the young man, who had never sung before but had longed very much for the power to do so, found that his voice had wondrous power to please and charm.

The first pilgrim now had even more than he had asked for, and Glooskap turned to make his second guest happy. This seemed a hard task, for the beautiful maiden loved by the young man lived far across the sea.

The great lord, however, knew how to gain anything he wished. He told the first guest, who now had magic power, to go with his friend in order to help him when there was need.

"But we have no boat to carry us," said the young man. "Will you let us take yours?"

At this Glooskap, who always loved a joke, said: "I will lend it to you, yes. But you must promise to return it when you need it no longer. Never yet did I

ever let anyone take my boat but I had to go after it myself."

"Indeed I will return it," the young man answered earnestly. Then he and his friend set to work at once to prepare for their long journey.

When everything was ready, Glooskap went down to the shore with them to see them off, but lo! there was no boat. Then the good lord pointed to a small rocky island near the shore, on which tall pine trees were growing.

"See! there is my canoe," he cried, and they found when they reached it that it was indeed a boat and that it had masts. They quickly entered and set sail with gay and happy hearts.

They sailed on and on, till they came at last to a large island, the home of the powerful chief and his beautiful daughter. When they had landed they were careful, first of all, to hide the boat in the bushes. Then they made their way through the country till they came to the chief's village.

When they found his wigwam they went inside and were most kindly treated. Even the place of honor, beside him, was given them. Then the young man who loved the chief's daughter told what he had come for, saying:

"I am tired of living alone."

GLOOSKAP KILLING THE DRAGON

This was after the manner of the red men when they wished to wed a maiden.

"You may have my daughter," replied the chief, "but there is one condition: you must kill the horrid dragon, Chepichcalm, and bring his head to me."

The young men agreed to do what the chief asked and were then led to the wigwam where they should spend the night. The one who had the magic of the fairies did not spend the hours in sleeping for he had work to do.

In the middle of the night he left the wigwam and traveled a long way until he came to an immense hole in the ground. It was the home of the dragon Chepichcalm.

Taking a heavy log he placed it over the hole. Then he began a magic dance round and round the place. This was done to charm the dragon, who soon stretched his long head out of the hole and turned it now in one direction, now in another, looking about on all sides of him. As he did this, his neck rested on the log.

It was the very thing the young man wished for. Taking his hatchet in his strong hand, he gave one mighty blow which cut the head quite away from the dragon's body. The young man seized it by one of the great yellow horns, carried it back to the wigwam, and gave it to his friend.

"Now I shall win the maiden," said the young man. So the next morning he joyfully carried the dragon's head to the chief. When the chief saw it, he said to himself:

"Yes, I will have to give away my daughter at last."

But he was very cunning, so he thought at once of another task to put upon his guest. So he said:

"You may have my daughter, but first you must coast down that hill on a hand sled."

The hill to which the chief pointed was no hill at all; it was rather a very high mountain, with steep sides all jagged with ice and rocks. No common person could slide down such slopes without being killed long before reaching the bottom.

However, the young man agreed to try and two sledges were brought out. The first sledge was to carry the two pilgrims; the other was given into the hands of two magicians of the village who intended to run over and kill the pilgrims as soon as they fell off their sledge.

Now the young man to whom Glooskap had given the magic power knew what was in their minds and was all ready to turn it into good for his friend and himself.

The word was given to start and the first sledge bounded away down the mountain side. It flew so fast that every moment it seemed as though the riders must be dashed to pieces. They had not gone far be-

fore the two village magicians shouted for joy, for the young lover fell from his sledge. His friend, however, had told him to do this on purpose. The very instant it happened he used his magic powers to turn the sledge aside and also to push his friend out of the way of his enemies. He was just in time.

The second sledge came bounding along and passed by but was soon stopped by the rocks. Then he directed his own sledge so well that he passed clear over their heads and still went onwards with such force that the sledge went down into the valley and then up the slope of the opposite hill. Nay, it did not stop in its course till it had entered the village and, striking the wigwam of the chief, tore it open from side to side. Then the chief, seeing all that had happened, said to himself:

"Without doubt the time has come that I must give up my daughter."

Yet he cleverly thought of another way in which to try the young man. He said:

"You must run a race with a young man of my village who has never yet been beaten. If you win, you shall certainly have my daughter."

When the young pilgrim heard these words, he went to his friend for help, and his friend knew at once what to do. He said:

"Take my magic pipe. That will surely give you power to win the race."

The young man took the pipe and went to meet the one who was to race with him. When they had come together, he said to the racer:

"Who art thou?"

"I am the Northern Lights," the man made answer. "But who art thou?"

"The Chain Lightning," was the reply.

Then the two ran. They moved so quickly that in a moment they were far away out of sight of all who had gathered to see the race. The company sat down to wait for the return of the runners.

Before the sun reached the middle of the heavens, Chain Lightning was back in their midst again, as fresh and free of breath as though he had not joined in the race. Yet he had traveled around the world!

When the sun was setting in the western sky, Northern Lights returned to his people, but he was worn and weary; he trembled as he strove for breath. Yet he had given up the race long before and had turned back. Then the chief for the third time said:

"Yes, I shall have to give up my daughter."

Yet even now he declared that the young man must be tried again. There was in the village one who had never yet been beaten in swimming and diving.

The lover who should win his daughter must show himself able to swim and dive better than this other. The pilgrim was quite willing to try and soon after this he met the great swimmer of the village.

"Who art thou?" he asked.

"I am a Sea Duck," was the answer. "But who are you?"

"I am a loon," the young man replied.

Then the two dived into the water. The Sea Duck's head soon appeared before the surface, for he needed air to breathe; but there was no sign of the Loon for two good hours. All that time he was able to stay below through the magic power his friend had given him.

When the chief saw that the pilgrim had won for the fourth time, he gave up, and said:

"Yes, you may have my daughter."

The wedding took place and there was a great dance at which the bridegroom's friend showed still more of the magic power which Glooskap had given him and filled everyone with wonder.

As he danced around the circle and over the hard floor, his feet began to sink as though they were pressing into light snow; and they sank deeper and deeper till the earth was worn into ridges. Then the dancing had to stop for that night, as the people saw that the

place was charmed and that common folk had no right to tread upon it.

The bride and her husband, with his friend of magic powers, now entered the canoe Glooskap had loaned them, and they all sailed homeward. Even now their troubles were not over, for soon the sky became black as night; a terrible storm arose and came sweeping over them. It was no summer storm, for it had been raised by the great lord Glooskap as a merry joke.

The pilgrim of magic powers saw this and was quite ready to meet it. As each gust of wind came driving toward them, he drew in a long breath and then blew against it with all his might, and such was his power that the storm went down and the boat was unharmed. The sun shone out in all his glory and the happy party sailed onward.

But soon they met with a new danger, for right in front of them they saw an immense beast rising out of the waters to attack them. It was the giant beaver, Glooskap's enemy from old times.

The pilgrim of magic powers was not afraid; not he! He steered the boat straight towards the furious creature until he was close upon it. Then he spoke, saying:

"I am the great hunter of beavers, and many have fallen at my hands."

The beaver by this time had placed itself straight across the course of the boat; only its mighty tail was above the surface of the water, and it evidently thought that with one blow of that it would dash the boat to pieces.

It was a vain thought, however, for the youth of magic powers, quite fearless, raised his tomahawk and with one blow cut off the monster's tail. Then the party went on their way as merry as the birds.

Even now their troubles were not over, for soon they met with another monster, and this was the skunk, who also had his tail raised in the air to destroy them.

The youth of magic powers took his spear in his hand, and he hurled it so straight that it entered the body of the skunk and it died after a few kicks.

After this the youth directed the boat to the shore, for it was now close at hand. When he landed, he looked about till he saw a tall pine tree lying dead on the ground near by. He stuck the body of the skunk on one end of the tree and fastened the other end in the earth. Then he cried in a scornful voice:

"Show your tail there."

Then he entered the boat again and they all resumed their journey.

After all this they met with no more trouble but reached home in safety. The first one they met there

was Glooskap, who stood at the landing to welcome them.

"I see you have brought back my canoe," he said.

"Indeed, yes," was the answer.

"And how did you get along," he continued. "Did you fare well?"

When they again answered yes, he laughed heartily. He told them that he had a hand in all their trials, but that each time he had also helped them to conquer. Turning to the youth of magic powers he continued:

"Now go thy way and dwell among the fairies, as thou hast always wished." Then he spoke to the young husband and his beautiful bride, saying:

"As it is your desire to dwell among men, go your way also and be happy. But you must remember this: when you need help or are in trouble, call upon Glooskap, who will never be too far away to aid you."

With grateful hearts the young man and woman went to their wigwam.

Glooskap and the Three Seekers

IN the old and wonderful times before Glooskap left the world there were three men who heard of the offer he had made, and they said:

"Let us seek the great lord and win the desire of our hearts."

They left their village home and started on the long and toilsome journey they knew was before them. The last snow of the season had fallen and the first birds of the springtime were singing their songs when they started. Yet summer had come and gone, the autumn leaves had fallen, and the lakes and rivers had again been frozen by the icy winter while they were still on their way.

But their hearts were brave and they kept on through another spring and until the mid-summer sun poured its hot rays on their weary heads.

By this time they had reached a narrow path in the deep forest, and the path led them beside a stream of water which grew ever broader and broader, till it was a stream no longer, but a large and beautiful lake.

Still the pilgrims kept on until they came to a long and narrow point of land reaching far out into the water. There they climbed a high hill and from its summit they saw smoke arising from a wigwam in the distance. They traveled in the direction of the smoke till they came to the wigwam itself, which was a large and handsome one.

They went inside and found before them on the right hand a man of middle age whose face was beautiful to look upon. On the left side sat an old woman so feeble and wrinkled, it seemed as though a hundred years must have passed over her head. There was still a third seat in the wigwam, opposite the door and also on the left side, but it was empty.

When they had entered, the man spoke kindly to the pilgrims and made them welcome; but he did not do as other red men when they meet strangers, for he asked not whence they had come or whither they were going.

They had been there but a short time when they heard a sound of paddling on the water outside and then of someone drawing a canoe up on the shore. A moment afterward a fine-looking youth appeared in the doorway.

"Mother," he said, speaking to the old woman, "I have brought home some game."

She got up from her seat and went out with him. She brought in four beavers, but she was so feeble that it seemed to be hard work for her to carry the burden. Then she tried to cut them up. It was most pitiful to watch her trembling hands. Then the older man turned to the hunter and said:

"My brother, do this work."

At these words the young man took the old woman's place.

The beavers were served for supper, and the two pilgrims were made welcome to share the food. They spent that night and six more afterwards, with their kind host, and all went happily.

For a whole week, indeed, they were treated as guests always are in the homes of the red men. In all that time they saw nothing to rouse their surprise or wonder.

Then something happened to make them understand that their host was not like other men, nor was his home like other homes. A morning came when he said to the younger man:

"Brother, wash your mother's face."

When it was done, she was not as she had been before. She was no longer old, and feeble, and wrinkled. Her face was as fair and smooth as a young maiden's; her thin white hair had vanished, and in

its place was a black and heavy mass which hung down her back nearly to the ground.

"How beautiful she is!" thought the two pilgrims. "Never have we seen so lovely a woman before."

Even the dress was changed, and they looked no longer at a thin, bent body in scanty clothing. Their eyes beheld a tall and graceful form, clad in rich and delicate garments.

Then their host turned to the pilgrims and bade them walk forth with him to see the country. Never before had they beheld a land of such magic beauty. The flowers, the trees, the water, the air itself, had a charm such as they had never felt up to this time. They saw that the place must be enchanted. When their host noticed how they felt, he said to them:

"Where did you come from and what is your business?"

"We seek Glooskap," they answered.

"I am he," was the reply, and as he spoke he became so beautiful that the three seekers were filled with awe and wonder and their eyes fell before the glory and the beauty of the great lord.

"What do you wish from me?" asked Glooskap.

"I have a wicked temper and a bad heart," the first seeker answered, "but I long above all else to be gentle, patient, and pure."

Then the second seeker spoke, saying, "I am poor and humble; I work hard, yet I cannot make a living. I wish to be rich."

Last of all, the third seeker told his wish. He had such a bad temper that people looked down upon and despised him. He wished with all his heart that men would love and honor hom.

When all three had told their wishes, the great lord Glooskap spoke these words:

"So shall it be!"

He took three small boxes out of his medicine bag and gave one to each of the seekers.

"Carry them to your homes," he told them, "and be sure not to open them till you get there."

He led them back to his wigwam, and when they were there, he gave beautiful garments to each of them, — more beautiful, indeed than any they had before seen in their lives. And these were not all, for there were rich and rare ornaments also bestowed on them, so that their hearts were filled with gratitude to the great giver.

It was now time to seek their homes, but they had traveled so far and so long that they did not know in what direction or how to turn. So the great lord Glooskap said he would show them their way.

He put on his magic belt and led them forth. It

was not yet noon when he took them to the top of a high mountain, and as they stood there and looked forth, they could see beyond them still another.

"Your way lies yonder," Glooskap told them, and they thought, "It is so far away that it will take us at least a week to reach it."

They went on their way again, still with Glooskap leading them. And, strange to say, it was not later than the middle of the afternoon when they found themselves on the top of the second mountain.

Then Glooskap bade them look beyond; and there was their own village in plain sight. The day was not yet spent, but by the magic of the great lord they were almost at the door of their own home and had gone as far as it had taken them before more than a year to travel.

Glooskap now bade them good-bye and left them. Before the sun set that night they were safe in their own village. Their friends did not know them at first, because of the beautiful garments they wore and the change in their faces. Yet when they began to talk, everyone gathered around them to hear the wonderful story they had to tell.

Not till then did they open the boxes Glooskap had given them. They took that which was inside and rubbed it all over their bodies. And the stuff was so

fragrant that ever after people delighted to be near the three seekers that they might get the sweet odor.

As soon as the precious ointment had been used, the three seekers found that their wishes had been granted. The first one was no longer ugly or ill-shaped, nor was he mean or cruel; he was beautiful to look upon and graceful in all his ways.

The second seeker was no longer without food, for moose and deer seemed to come to meet him when he entered the forest; and fish leaped into his nets as though under a charm. Men, too, gave freely to this second seeker, who was in his turn generous to all.

The third seeker, who had longed so much to get rid of his wicked temper, found himself gentle and kind to all, so that he became a blessing to his fellows and himself.

Thus it was that these men who had wished so wisely were happy as long as they lived.

Manabozho and How the Diver Got a Flat Back

THE little Indian boy sat thinking. "Why does my father always turn his pipe toward the four points of the earth before he smokes at the feasts?" he said to himself. "I will ask grandmother; she will surely tell me."

He got up and went into the lodge where the old woman sat by the fireside braiding a mat.

She looked up as her grandson squatted beside her and saw a question in his eyes even before he had said a word.

"It is because there are four good spirits who have charge of these points," she told the child when he asked her. "The great Manabozho placed them there to make the red man happy.

"The spirit of the North gives snow and ice. That makes it easy for the hunter to get his game and make feasts for his people.

"The spirit of the East gives us light that we may see the world and be happy.

"The spirit of the South makes the warm winds blow so that the corn, tobacco, and melons shall grow and ripen.

"The spirit of the West gives rain; otherwise everything would dry up and die.

"Be thankful, my child, to the great Manabozho who has done so much for us."

"But grandmother," continued the boy, "where is Manabozho now? I have never seen him."

"He dwells on the ice, far away in the northern sea. But he did not leave men till he had taught them many things. He showed them how to make weapons with which to kill the wild animals, and traps and nets for taking fish. He loved us so much that before going away he killed the monsters living on the earth, that we might be safe and enjoy life."

"He is great indeed," said the little boy, whose eyes had opened wider and wider as he listened. "I love Manabozho with all my heart. Won't you tell me more about him, grandmother?"

The old woman laid the straw in her lap and sat quite still. She was thinking what story of Manabozho would please her grandson the most. In a moment her face brightened up and she began to tell about the little duck that ran away:

While Manabozho was still living on the earth he

caught a fish so large that the fat and oil he got from it were enough to make a lake.

"I will have a great feast," he said to himself, "and I will ask all the animals and all the fowls to share it with me. The first to arrive shall receive a larger share of the feast, and ever after they will have a larger store of fat in their bodies; but the last ones shall have the smallest amount."

The bear was the first to arrive. After him came the deer, the opossum, and other animals of their kind. The bison and the moose made no haste whatever to attend the feast, so they were not treated as well as the first-comers. They were followed by the partridge; the hare and marten came last of all, so it is no wonder that these creatures have very little fat.

When the strange feast was over, Manabozho proposed to have a dance. All were to form in a ring around him and shut their eyes. When he began to play on his big drum, the dance should begin.

Everyone was pleased and did as directed.

Pretty soon, as a nice fat fowl came in front of Manabozho, he seized it and wrung its neck. While it was dying it made a good deal of noise. But Manabozho only played the louder on his big drum and shouted again and again to the others who were still dancing with their eyes tightly shut.

"Good! good! That is the way!" he cried. He did not wish them to know what was happening.

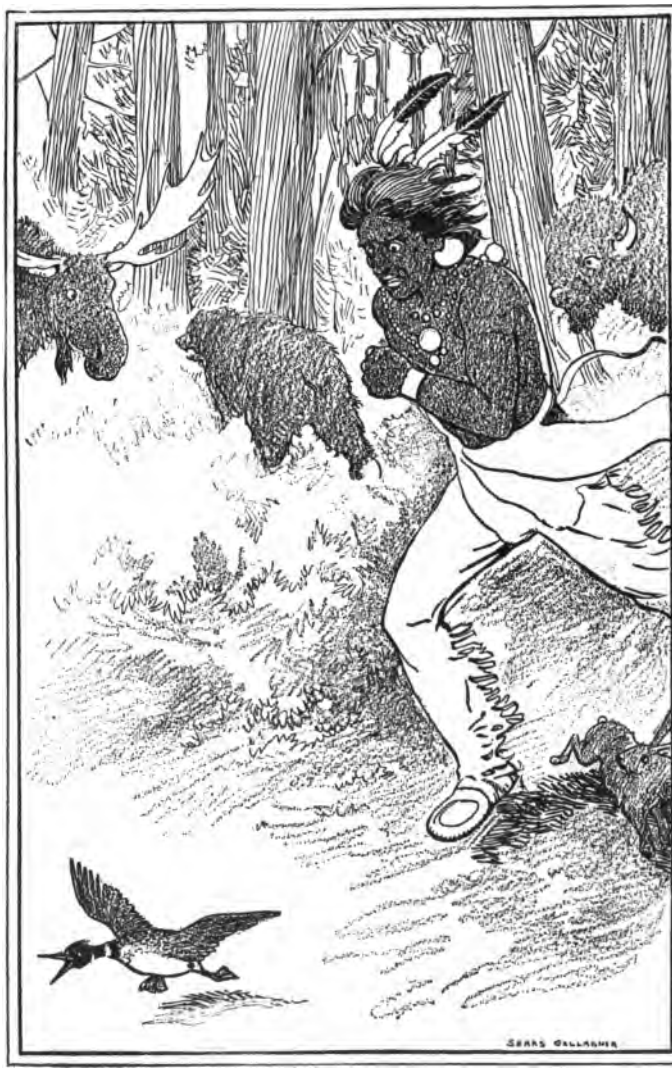
Pretty soon, however, a certain duck called the diver opened one eye ever so little. He thought something was the matter and wished to see. The moment he discovered what was going on, he cried out in great fright:

"Manabozho is going to kill us!"

At the same time he fled in haste towards the water. Manabozho gave chase, and at the very moment the diver was jumping into the water, he kicked the little creature with his foot.

As the blow fell, the diver's back became flattened, his feet stretched out behind him, and his tail feathers flew in all directions.

And this is the reason that to this very day, whenever you see a diver you will find that he has a scanty tail, a flat back, and feet that trail behind him as he swims through the water.



MANABOZHO CHASING THE DIVER

Manabozho's Fishing

THE little Indian liked this story of Manabozho so much that the next day he asked his grandmother for another. She told him about the King of Fishes.

One day the great Manabozho went out on the lake in his canoe to fish. Of course he did not care for common fish; the king of all fish was none too good for so great a being.

He threw in his line and at the same time called in a loud, strong voice, "King of fishes, take hold of my line; King of fishes, take hold of my line."

The King of fishes heard him, but he had no wish to do as he was told. So he turned to a large trout and ordered him to take hold of the line.

As soon as the trout had done so, Manabozho felt a strong pull and began to draw the line up. It was very heavy,— so heavy, in fact, that the canoe almost stood on end in the water.

"Ah!" said Manabozho with delight, "I have caught my fish at last."

But when he saw the trout he was very much provoked.

"You ugly creature," he exclaimed, "Why did you take my line?"

The trout was not at all pleased to be received in this way, so he gave a great jump and freed himself. Down he went through the water, and Manabozho was left with an empty hook.

Once more he threw his line, calling in the same way as before, "King of fishes, take hold of my line."

When he had kept this up for some time, the King of fishes became very tired of hearing it, and as the trout had failed to satisfy Manabozho, he told an immense sunfish to take hold of the line.

It became very heavy at once, and as Manabozho pulled and tugged, his boat spun round and round in the water. Yet still he tugged, crying, "Wha-wee-hee! Wha-wee-hee!" for it was very hard work.

How angry he was when he saw only a sunfish appear near the surface of the water. He threw him back, exclaiming: "Let go! let go! I do not wish you, you horrid creature. Why did you take hold of my line?"

The sunfish freed himself from the hook and quickly swam out of sight.

For the third time Manabozho threw his line, crying out as before. By this time he was very impatient.

On the other hand, the King of fishes was as much provoked as Manabozho and was quite tired of the oft repeated cry, "King of fishes, take hold of my line."

"I will do as he asks, but I will punish him well," thought the fish. So he took hold of the hook and allowed himself to be drawn up to the surface of the water. At that very moment, however, he opened his great mouth and with one gulp swallowed Manabozho and the canoe.

"Ah ha!" Manabozho said when he found himself inside of the fish, "how shall I get out of this dark place?"

Then he thought of his war-club. It lay in the other end of the canoe. Reaching over, he took it in his hand and struck at the fish's heart. The creature gave a great bound through the water, at the same time saying to the other fishes near by:

"Dear me! I feel sick at my stomach. It is because I swallowed that horrid old Manabozho."

The prisoner inside kept on striking at the heart of the King of fishes with his war-club; but he was very careful at the same time to keep the canoe straight across the creature's throat. He thought, "If I don't do this, I shall be thrown up in the middle of the lake and drowned."

The King of fishes bore the blows for a while, but he

was growing weaker and weaker. At last he became very still and ceased to move about. His heart had stopped beating and he was quite dead. His body ffoated about on the water and at last was cast up on the shore by the waves.

This was the very thing Manabozho had wished for. He hoped now to escape soon from his prison. But how? It was not long before some gulls came flying about the dead body of the King of fishes.

"A fine dinner for us," thought the gulls, and they began to peck at the flesh. Pretty soon they had made an opening large enough to let a little light in upon the prisoner.

"Work away, kind friends; work away," cried Manabozho. "Let me out."

"It is the voice of the great Manabozho!" cried the gulls. "How did he ever get inside the King of fishes?" They went to work harder than ever to free him as soon as possible, and it was not long before he was able to step forth into the light of day.

He was very grateful to his little friends and said: "For the kind deed you have done to me you shall henceforth be called 'Noble Scratchers.'"

Thus did the great Manabozho reward the gulls for their kindness.

Manabozho and the Squirrels

"TELL me one more story about Manabozho, grandmother," begged the little Indian boy; and as he had been a very good child all day, the old woman laid down her work and told him about Manabozho and the squirrels:

There was once a time when it was very hard to get food. Manabozho and his wife had already fasted several days for prey was scarce.

"I have a plan," thought Manabozho, "by which our fast shall come to an end."

Taking his bow in his hand, he sent an arrow straight through the wall of his lodge. Lo and behold! it moved onward through the forest till it passed through the body of a black bear and fastened it helpless right where it stood.

Manabozho led his wife out into the forest and showed her the animal, saying: "We will now have a feast. We will invite all our animal friends to share it with us."

The invitations were gladly accepted, and soon a goodly company had gathered with their host.

The woodpecker was the first one to eat. He tasted the meat greedily, but alas! he got little to satisfy his empty stomach, for as he took the meat into his mouth, it turned to ashes. Of course, this set him to coughing.

"I must not let my kind host hear me," thought the woodpecker, "else he will think I am not enjoying the feast."

So he tried hard to keep quiet, but with little success.

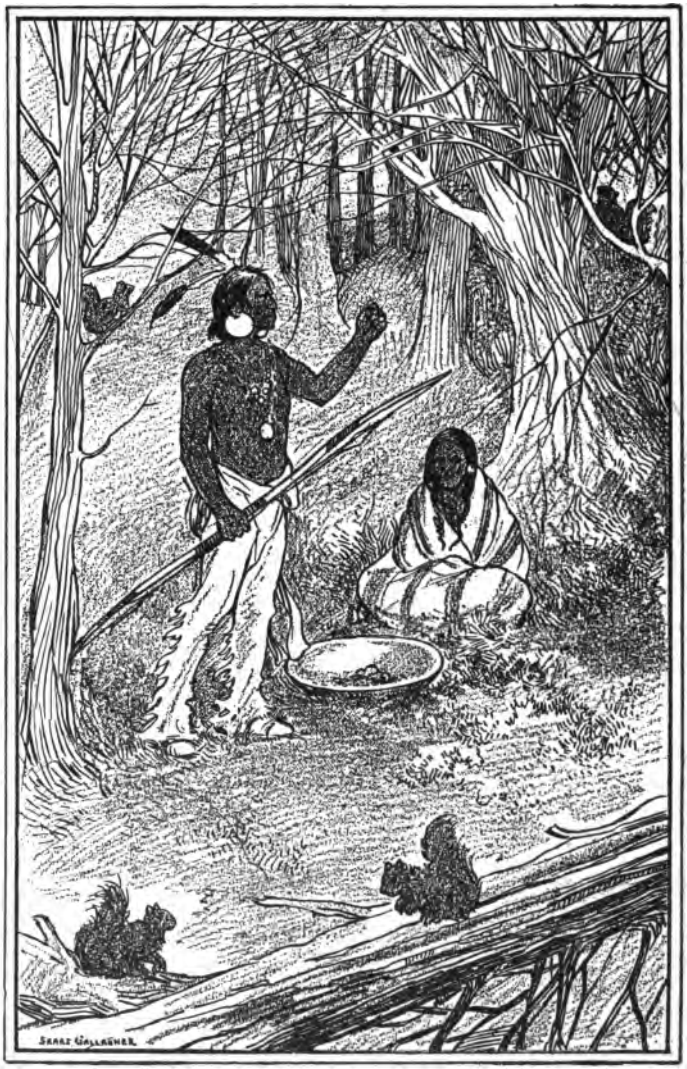
The moose was the next one to partake of the feast. He met with the fate which had befallen the woodpecker. The meat turned to ashes before he could swallow it, and he began to cough with all his might.

The guests, one after another, had the same trouble as the woodpecker and the moose. What a coughing and choking there was! Yet each and all tried hard to keep Manabozho from hearing them.

How good the meat looked! It seemed as though nothing could be the matter with it. So the hungry animals kept on tasting; and the more they tasted the harder they coughed and choked.

At last Manabozho became very angry.

"I will see that you remember this," he thought. In



MANABOZHO AND THE SQUIRRELS

another moment there was no woodpecker, no moose, nor any other of the guests to be seen. Only a number of squirrels were running about among the trees, coughing as squirrels cough to this very day when anyone takes them by surprise.

The whole of the invited company had been changed in form by the wonderful power of the great Manabozho.

The Fire Plume

WASSAMO lived with his father and mother beside the waters of a large bay. It was the time of the year when fish were plentiful and the boy's mother said to him:

"Wassamo, ask your cousin to go with you to the point to get me some fish. I want them very much."

The two boys set out and before night they had reached the place where the fishing was good. They got bark from birch trees and built a lodge in which to pass the night. Then they paddled out in their canoe and set their nets in the water. When this work was done, they went back to the camp and, after making a fire, they sat down in the moonlight to rest and talk.

The air was so still that not a leaf stirred on the trees. As the boys sat talking, Wassamo looked out at the moonlit waters and suddenly noticed that the floats to which the nets were fastened were no longer to be seen. He said to his cousin.

"We must get our canoe and go out. It may be that our nets are already filled."

The two young men went down to the shore at once, got into their boat, and paddled out to the fishing ground. Sure enough, the nets were already filled. They loaded the canoe with the fish and joyously went back to the camp.

Wassamo set to work at once to get the supper, for both he and his cousin were hungry. He hung the kettle over the fire and the fish was soon boiling away merrily.

In the meantime his cousin stretched himself by the fire and entertained Wassamo with songs and stories. As he sang and talked he began to feel drowsy, and as the beautiful moon shone down upon him and bathed him in her silvery light, he quickly fell into a gentle slumber.

Wassamo was so busy that he really did not know when his cousin stopped speaking, and the bubbling of the kettle was the only sound heard in the still evening air.

When the fish was cooked he called to his cousin. There was no answer. It was now time to serve the delicious supper and he needed someone to hold the torch while he took out the fish. Yet when he went to his cousin's side and saw how beautiful the young man

looked with the silvery moonbeams kissing him, he said:

"I will not waken him; I will get along without his help."

He took off his girdle and fastened it above his forehead. In this he placed his torch of twisted bark, and with its light dancing about his head and casting its shadows among the trees around him, he went back to his work.

Once more he spoke to his cousin, but again there was no answer.

He stepped softly now so as not to disturb the sleeper, yet ever as he moved the torch bound to his head looked like a plume of fire which lighted up the dark woods around him.

Hark! What was the sound which struck his ear? It was a laugh; or rather it was two laughs, but the second was so like the first, and came so quickly after it, that it seemed like an echo.

Once more he went to his cousin's side and tried with all his might to wake him. He shook him and said:

"Wake up, for someone is near. We must look out."

But again there was no answer. Once more he heard the laugh. It was sweet and clear, like the waters of a brook flowing over the pebbles of its bed. Wassamo

looked out into the darkness; there, not far away, he dimly saw two beautiful maidens smiling upon him. Their faces were as white as the purest snow.

He bent down over his cousin, begging him to awake that he, too, might see the maidens. But the sleeper did not stir. Then Wassamo arose and went towards the maidens. The nearer he came to them, the more and more he was overcome by their strange and wonderful beauty.

And now he tried to speak, but as he did so he fell to the ground and the sound of sweet music filled the air. In another moment both he and the two maidens had disappeared from the earth and there was no trace left to show where or how they had gone.

The sound of the music waked the sleeping cousin. His eyes slowly opened; he looked dreamily over towards the fire, lighting up patches of the trees. He noticed the kettle and the bowl containing the fish for the evening meal. These he saw, but where was Wassamo?

For a while he lay quiet, waiting for his cousin to appear. He thought that probably Wassamo had taken the boat and gone out once more to look at the nets. But that could not be, for there was the empty boat drawn up on the shore close by. Several minutes passed, but no Wassamo appeared. He was troubled

now and he moved about among the trees looking for some sign of his cousin.

He found Wassamo's footsteps in the ashes and followed them some distance in the grass. Then they suddenly stopped. What did it mean? He called aloud:

"Cousin! cousin!"

But no answer sounded through the still air. Once more he called, this time louder than before:

"Cousin! cousin! where are you?"

Again there was no answer to his cry. He ran about through the woods, now in one direction, now in another, hardly knowing which way he was going. As he went, he wept and wailed:

"My cousin! my cousin! where are you?"

The silvery moon looked coldly down upon him and the still summer night gave no answer to his cry. The young man, still sobbing, at last went back to the fire. He sat down and tried to think. Was Wassamo playing some trick? If so, it was certainly time it came to an end.

The hours of the night passed slowly and the morning sun shone down upon the unhappy youth. He thought:

"What shall I say to Wassamo's people? He is my dearest friend and they know it well; but will they believe me when I tell them my story? No, no! They

will think I have killed him and that I am trying to deceive them."

He was worn and weary from his night's watching, yet he started off on the run to the village. As he drew near, the people said to each other:

"There has been some accident; he may be hurrying to get help."

They gathered round the young man while he told what had happened. Some believed all he told them, for they said:

"He would have done no wrong; he loved Wassamo like a brother."

But others shook their heads and looked coldly at the young man. They said:

"Some dreadful harm has been done, and the fellow is trying to hide it."

"Come with me to the camping ground and you will see that everything is as I have told you," begged the cousin.

Many of the people went with him as he again went over the familiar marks. They saw the place where the fire had been made and followed the footsteps in the ashes till they came to the place in the grass where they came to an end. The marks suddenly stopped there as though Wassamo had suddenly vanished from the earth at that spot.

There were no signs of quarreling or bloodshed. The very leaves of the trees seemed to whisper:

"No harm has been done here. See, we have not been disturbed in any way."

They all went back to the village and took up the old life once more. All but Wassamo's loving parents thought:

"We shall never see him again."

But the troubled father and mother still watched and hoped. They would not give up.

The beautiful springtime came round, and the earth and trees put on their loveliest garments. The red men laid aside their work and made ready for a festival to celebrate the joyous season.

Wassamo's cousin was among the company, but how different he was from all the others! The grass and trees did not show their tender green to his eyes; the flowers had not for him their delicate colors. Everything about him was tinged with the blood of Wassamo.

Wassamo's parents looked in vain for their son's return and by this time had given up all hope. They had made up their minds that his cousin had killed him. With pitiful cries they called upon the people to take the young man's life.

"We have waited long enough," said the many

friends of the unhappy parents. "Yes, it is but right that Wassamo's cousin should lose his life."

The day was set for the deed and the young man was told his fate. Upon that day he must be ready to die. They trusted his word when he said he would not fail them, and they allowed him to go about as he pleased.

"I have done no wrong," he said, "and I am not afraid to die."

The day was near at hand, and the young man was wandering about on the shore of the lake. He looked at its calm, blue surface as he thought:

"O, that I might plunge into the waters and end my own life. But no! men would then say that I did the wrong. I must let them kill me in any way they choose." Then in his pain and sorrow he cried out, "O, my cousin, my cousin! where are you?"

In the meantime Wassamo was far from dead. On that moonlit evening when he fell down upon the earth he lost all knowledge of what was going on around him. When he awoke, he found himself in a place far away from his cousin and his home. He heard people talking. One of the speakers was saying:

"You silly girls, why do you wander about in the night-time without my knowing it? Lift that young man from the ground and place him upon your couch."

Wassamo felt himself lifted up. Before long he was able to open his eyes and then he saw that he was in a beautiful lodge. It was brightly lighted and was so large that its walls extended as far as he could see. He heard someone speaking to him and saying:

"Stranger, wake up. Take food and refresh yourself."

At these words, Wassamo sat up on the couch and looked around him. Rows of people sat against the walls of the lodge on either side, while at the far end was a noble-looking couple who seemed to command all the others. One of this pair was called Old Sand Spirit by the rest of the company. He now spoke to Wassamo, saying:

"My son, you are now under the earth. Those foolish maidens brought you here. They went to your fishing-ground and saw you there. When you tried to draw near them, you lost your senses; then they brought you to our home beneath the earth.

"You must know that I am the Spirit of the Sand Mountains. I have them in my charge. I am very busy, but I love my work and am happy in doing it. I roll the sand into great drifts and change the shapes of the hills again and again.

"My son, now that you are among us, we will try to make you enjoy yourself. I have often longed to have

a young man of your race marry among my people. Now, if you would like to stay with us, you shall have one of my daughters as your wife,— the one, if you choose, who first smiled upon you before you were brought to my kingdom."

At first Wassamo did not answer; he loved his parents and friends so dearly! If he stayed in the kingdom of Old Sand Spirit, should he ever see those dear ones again? His heart said, "No."

Old Sand Spirit went on. He told Wassamo that if he choose to remain, he should have everything he wished for. But there was one thing of which he must be careful; he must not wander far from the lodge. There was an enemy who ruled over all the islands in the lakes. This enemy had asked for a daughter of Old Sand Spirit to be his wife. He had been refused. He would try to harm Wassamo when he learned of the young man's greater success. Old Sand Spirit ended his speech by saying:

"There is my daughter, Wassamo; take her for your wife."

From that time Wassamo and the beautiful maiden sat side by side in the lodge and were husband and wife.

One night Old Sand Spirit came home from his work quite out of breath. He had been blowing great

gusts of wind and driving the sand in every direction. Whole hills had been blown down in some places and piled up in others. As he entered the lodge, he turned to Wassamo, saying:

"Son, you had better return to your people soon to get me some tobacco. It will not grow in our dry land, and people who come this way seldom offer it to me; yet if they do so, it is sure to come straight to me. Ah! there is some now."

The Old Sand Spirit reached out his hand from the lodge and, as he did so, tobacco dropped into it. Somebody in the outside world had given it as an offering in hopes that the sand would stop blowing till he had passed by.

When Wassamo had been some time in his new home he learned how the people got their living. There was little need of work. Travelers in the upper world gave all sorts of offerings as they passed by the sand hills. Sometimes it was a bear; again it was a string of birds, or a robe of wampum. Everything needed for the good of this little kingdom seemed to come when it was wished for. Indeed, if there came a time when provisions were getting scarce, the Old Sand Spirit would go forth and raise a storm of wind; the sand would blow in great whirls and the troubled people would hurriedly make offerings to satisfy the ruler below.

After Wassamo had been in his new home several months, his father-in-law said to him one day:

"My son, in all the time you have been with us you have never yet seen us sleep. The reason is this: it has been summer all these months and the sun has not set; but now the winter is coming on and I with all my people will go to sleep. We shall not waken till the spring opens once more.

"I charge you to keep out of trouble during this long time, lest the Spirit of the Islands shall do you some harm. Stay here in the lodge and try to amuse yourself. Over there is a cupboard where all the offerings come while we are asleep, and —"

Just then a loud peal of thunder rolled through the air. At the first sound Old Sand Spirit and his whole family disappeared from sight and it was not till the storm was over that Wassamo saw any of them again. Sand Spirit afterwards told his son-in-law why this was. He said:

"It was not thunder that you heard; it was the shouting of the Spirit of the Islands as he passed by. We did not wish him to see us, for he might have thought we should ask him to take supper with us. Do not believe that we fear him, though. O no! that is impossible."

Notwithstanding these brave words, Old Sand

Spirit always made haste to hide as soon as there was the slightest sound of thunder. Yet Wassamo never caught sight of any strange person passing by the lodge at these times.

The long winter season soon set in; then Old Sand Spirit and his whole family lay down for their long sleep. Wassamo had plenty to amuse him, however. Whenever he felt hungry, he could go to the cupboard where game and all sorts of dainties were always in good supply.

Then, too, he liked to listen to those who were passing by the lodge. They often cried for help, or begged to be shown the way out of the hills. The journey was certainly a hard one and it was no wonder that it was so, for, just before Old Sand Spirit lay down to sleep he went abroad and raised a terrible storm. Hills were knocked down in some places, and new hills were built up in others; altogether he made such a stir in those parts that people were busy making him offerings during the whole time of his winter's sleep.

When the first light of springtime shone down upon the sleeping people, their eyes opened and they sprang up to go on with their work. Old Sand Spirit was bright and cheerful after his long rest. He spoke of his son-in-law, saying:

"Wassamo, you have been good and patient and I

will reward you. You may take your wife and return to your people on a year's visit; but remember, you are to come back to us at the end of that time, bringing a good supply of tobacco.

"Listen now to what I tell you: when you reach your home you must enter the village alone, leaving my daughter to wait for you outside. Go to your people and make yourself welcome; then get your wife and take her to them. You may be sure of one thing,— she will be helpful and industrious. While you and your people are sleeping, she will be busy at her work, for she will rest neither by day nor night."

Wassamo was much pleased. He promised to do all that Old Sand Spirit had told him. Then he and his wife made ready to depart.

When the time came it was she who led the way. It was a pleasant path and reached ever upward. After a while they came to the high bank of a lake. For a little way, they passed under the water. Then they suddenly came up into broad daylight and found themselves at the very point where Wassamo and his cousin had camped out for fishing, many months before. Here he left his wife and walked along the shore toward the village.

Hark! What was the sad cry that rang out in the air? Wassamo knew in a moment that it was his

cousin's voice. He rushed forward to meet him and in a moment the two were in each other's arms.

"Netawis! is it indeed true? And are you still alive and well? O Netawis, Netawis," cried the cousin.

Then, almost with the speed of lightning, he ran to the village to carry the glad news. He went first to Wassamo's home. As he entered the lodge he cried out:

"Your Wassamo is not dead, but is alive and well. See, he is even now at hand."

In an instant, the whole village was astir. All the people rushed out to look upon one whom they had thought dead. Yet even now some were afraid when he drew near. They held themselves apart till they were quite sure it was the same Wassamo they had known before.

They listened in wonder to his story. He told of Old Sand Spirit and his strange kingdom in the Sand Hills, and of his life with the happy people there. Then, taking his mother apart, he told her that he was married and that even now his wife was waiting for him in the woods not far away.

Wassamo's mother went at once to greet her daughter-in-law. The other women of the place went with her to bring the young woman into the village and make her welcome. All looked with wonder at the beauty of the maiden and the whiteness of her skin, so different

from theirs. A great feast was quickly prepared and they all made merry.

Wassamo had already told them that his father-in-law had asked for a large supply of tobacco, so each one who came gladly brought a rich offering. Even before the young man's return they had heard of Old Sand Spirit; they knew he was a great magician, so they wished to win his good-will.

The beautiful spring and summer passed quickly by and Wassamo was happy with his people. His cousin could scarcely leave his side and watched his every movement. The young man now seemed like his old self and his songs could be heard in every part of the village.

Wassamo's young wife still kept to her old ways. Whenever a peal of thunder was heard she was instantly lost to sight and was not seen again till the storm had passed by and the air was once more still.

The first days of winter drew near. Then Wassamo made a warm lodge in which his wife could take her long sleep.

"No one must disturb her during the long snowy season," he said to his people; and as she lay down upon her couch, she begged him not to let anyone pass by on that side of the lodge except himself.

Once more the sun of springtime shone down upon

the village and the sap began to run in the maple trees. Then the young wife woke up and went out among Wassamo's people to gather the precious sugar. It was such a rich harvest that it seemed as if the people had been blessed by the presence of Old Sand Spirit's daughter.

Everyone was pleased and gladly brought fresh offerings of tobacco to Wassamo to give to his father-in-law. With each offering came the wish for long life, or good health, or a rich harvest, and each time Wassamo said:

"I will tell Old Sand Spirit what you desire."

He put the tobacco in sacks and marked each one with the totem of the family by whom it was given. Then there could be no mistake; Old Sand Spirit would know the giver and would not forget to reward his kindness.

The time came for the young couple to go back to the kingdom of the Sand Hills. Wassamo bade farewell to his people and charged them not to follow him on his way. His cousin only was allowed to go with him as far as the sand banks. When they had come thus far the cousin was not content.

"Still let me go on with you," he begged. But Wassamo answered:

"No, it cannot be; it is only by the power of spirits

that you could go farther, and none of them are here to help you."

Then the two men bade each other a loving good-bye.

"Do not turn around to look after us," were Wassamo's last words.

The cousin, sad at heart, started homeward, leaving the young couple on the shore of the lake. There was a sudden noise, as of the waters parting and coming together again, but he dared not turn his eyes to see what had happened.

When Wassamo and his wife reached their home at the Sand Hills, Old Sand Spirit welcomed them with open arms. Indeed, he opened them so wide that he took into his embrace not only his daughter and her husband but also the many sacks of tobacco they had brought to him.

Wassamo told his father-in-law of the many favors that the people of his village begged the old magician to grant.

"I will give them what they wish," was the answer, "but first, I will ask my friends to come and have a smoke with me. So Old Sand Spirit's pipe-bearer was sent off to carry the invitations.

In the meantime the old man gave Wassamo words of advice.

"My son," said he, "some of the spirits whom I

have invited here are kind and good, but there are others who are cruel and wicked. Among them is the Spirit of the Islands, who still bears ill-will because I did not let him marry my daughter. Beware of him lest he do you harm. When the spirits began to arrive, be sure to take your place by your wife's side, for she can protect you. If you should fail to do this, the bad spirits might lift you up and blow you from the lodge like a feather. Again I say, beware!"

Wassamo promised to do as his father-in-law directed. It was not long before the visitors began to arrive. They were a queer, strange-looking lot of people.

One old fellow, who gave Wassamo a kind and friendly smile, had charge of a tribe of red men in the north. Still another came in with a great deal of noise and bluster, making the walls of the lodge shake with his very presence. As he entered, it seemed as though one could hear the noise of a great body of water tumbling over rocks.

"That is the Spirit of the Waterfall," Wassamo was told.

After him came the spirit who ruled over several whirlwinds. He was a powerful, mighty fellow and all trembled before him. All the guests were not like these two, however.

There was a very gentle little spirit who had charge of the winds that rise toward evening in the summer time. He was particularly kind to lovers.

The guest who came last of all was the Spirit of the Islands, of whom Wassamo had often heard but had never before seen. He was so big and strong and powerful that as he entered the lodge, shaking his large green blanket, Wassamo was almost lifted from his feet; indeed he might have been carried straight out of the lodge if he had not kept hold of his wife. When all had taken their places, Old Sand Spirit rose to make a speech. He said:

"Brothers, I have asked you to come here to-day to share with me the offerings sent by the people of the earth. Our relative, Wassamo, brought them.

"Brothers, these mortals have asked for many things."

Here Old Sand Spirit pointed to the tobacco sacks with the totems of the red men. Then he went on:

"I think it is but right for us to grant the wishes of these people. Look at this tobacco, which is usually so hard for us to get, and for which we long so much.

"Brothers, I desire to speak of one thing more. I wish my son-in-law, Wassamo, to stay with me in my kingdom. I alone cannot make him one of us; it depends on you all."

As the old chief finished his speech, the cry of "Hoke! hoke!" rang through the lodge. Again it sounded, "Hoke! hoke!"

This meant, "Yes, yes; by all means grant the wishes of the mortals, and from thenceforth let Wassamo be one of us."

Now was the time for Old Sand Spirit to make Wassamo a wedding present.

"Ask me anything you wish," he said, "and I will grant it."

"Then let the people of my village be free from sand flurries for the next three months," was the request.

"It shall be as you ask," replied Old Sand Spirit.

The tobacco was now emptied out of the sacks and divided among the spirits. Each one filled and lighted his pipe and began to smoke. What big pipes they were! And what great clouds of smoke rose from them! Indeed, the smoke darkened the air so that it brought on night several hours earlier than usual in all that part of the country.

When the visit was over, the spirits got up, still with their pipes in their mouths and bearing their tobacco bags, and away they went. But so great was the fog that arose from the clouds of smoke that they actually got lost in it, and it was not till their pipes

burned out that they were able to go their way to their own homes.

The next day after the gathering of the spirits, Wassamo's father-in-law said to him:

"My son, I am well-pleased at the manner in which you followed my wishes during your last visit to your people. If you wish, you may go to see them once more, and for the last time."

Wassamo's wife did not go with him this time, for she was now the mother of a little Sand-spirit and she must stay at home to look after her child.

So Wassamo started off alone and soon reached his old home. Everyone gave him a hearty welcome and tried to make his stay a happy one. When it was time to leave, Wassamo told his friends that he should never see them again; he must bid them a last good-bye. They were very sad at hearing these words, and begged that at least he would let them go a part of the way with him.

He was a spirit now, so he could grant their request, and they went with him as far as the sandbanks. Then they sat down to watch in silence while Wassamo, their dear one, waded out into the calm, clear water.

Farther and farther he moved away; deeper and deeper he sank beneath the waves, till at last they closed over his head. Then for a moment a bright and rosy

light, as of a sunbeam, rested on the waves. It was the last token given to the watching friends of Wassamo of the Fire Plume. Never should they look upon his face or hear his voice again.

Grasshopper

ONCE upon a time there was a very little man. The first thing he knew he found himself standing in the middle of a prairie. He began to wonder where he was and to ask himself many questions. Was he the only person in the world? Or were there others like himself? Where were their homes and how did they live?

Of course he could learn nothing by staying there in the lonely prairie, so he started out to see what he could find.

Now that he had once made up his mind to travel, there was nothing that could stop him in his course. He wandered on and on; he crossed rivers and climbed over mountains. He made his way through dark and solitary forests.

Still there were no signs of men until he came to a certain wood. There he found some stumps of trees that looked as though they had been cut down a long, long time before. He went on till he saw the marks of footsteps on the ground and piles of wood lying

scattered about. Surely people had been here, and not long before.

The traveler did not stop but kept on until just as the sun was setting he made his way out of the forest and saw before him a village on the hillside. The lodges were tall, but as yet the little man saw no people.

"Hm!" thought he, "I'm tired of going so slowly."

He started into a quick run. It did not seem to tire him or make him lose his breath, so that when he reached the first lodge he thought,

"I will jump over it, high as it is."

Over he went as easily as a bird would fly. The people inside the lodge saw a shadow in the opening at the top; when they heard a thud as of something striking the ground beyond. They rushed out to see what had happened, crying,

"What is that?"

When they saw the stranger they asked him to come in. They set supper before him and bade him eat. The old chief, whose lodge it was, asked the little man where he was going and what was his name.

"Grasshopper," was the answer, "and I am looking for adventure."

When the company heard the name Grasshopper they

began to laugh. Nevertheless, they asked their guest to stay with them and make them a visit.

Grasshopper liked the place very much. The people were kind and pleasant, but there was one trouble, — the village was very small and wherever he went things went quite wrong. It was all because he was so strong. If he began to shake hands, he pulled the man's arm off before he knew it. Then if he wanted to have a little sport with the young folks there was sure to be trouble. He hit one or two boys on the side of the head. It was only in play, and he did not mean even to hurt them a little bit. But alas! the poor little fellows flew quite out of sight and went so far that they haven't been seen yet.

Then, if Grasshopper started out for a walk any fine morning, he was miles and miles away from the village before he knew it.

When he went to take a meal with some kind friend, he was sure to break the dishes as he set them down, no matter how careful he tried to be. Or, if he went to step out of bed in the morning, his leg would go straight through the wall on the other side of the lodge.

After he had been in the village but a short time it was almost wrecked. Lodges were knocked down, dishes were broken, and men were going about with

only one arm or one leg. And it was all because of the visitor's being such a strong fellow.

"I must go farther where I can have more room," said Grasshopper. But he did not wish to go alone, so he chose one young man to bear him company and to carry his pipe, for he was a great smoker.

The two men started out. Grasshopper was never weary, but sometimes his companion felt that he could not travel a step farther. Then Grasshopper would lift him up and give him a little push through the air. The man would suddenly find himself in the crotch of a tree, or resting on some lily pads in a pond several miles beyond where he was the moment before.

Grasshopper often made the hours pass pleasantly by doing many a clever trick. He would make sudden jumps over trees, or he would spin around and around on one leg, like a top. Or perhaps he would make a spring that landed him so far ahead of his companion that the poor fellow had to travel alone half a day before he came up. This was not so pleasant, of course. Neither did the poor pipe-bearer enjoy it when Grasshopper went ahead and raised such a cloud of dust that he was almost buried in it as he tried to make his way onward. In the course of their journey the two travelers came to a village where they were treated very kindly. Even here Grasshopper made trouble

without the least intending to do so. For instance: Soon after he came he walked straight through the walls of three different lodges because he forgot to look for the door.

The people of this village told him that there were wicked Manitos living some distance away. These spirits were so cruel that they killed everyone that came to their lodge. Many a brave man had tried to destroy them but had always failed.

"Hm!" said Grasshopper, "I think I will make a visit to those Manitos."

"Pray do not go," said the chief. "You will surely lose your life if you do."

But Grasshopper was not afraid and made ready to depart. When the chief saw that he could not change his guest's mind, he ordered twenty of his best braves to go too and give what help they could.

Grasshopper thanked the chief for his kindness, though he said he was sure there would be no need of this help; he was quite able to master the spirits alone. The pipe-bearer smiled at these words. He had already seen enough of the wonderful deeds of Grasshopper to know that as little as he was he could do anything he pleased.

Twenty strong young men were chosen and were soon on the way with Grasshopper and his pipe-bearer.

When they had journeyed for a day they reached the home of the Manitos.

"Remain outside while I enter the lodge," Grasshopper bade his companions.

He left them where they could see what was going on; then he went into the lodge alone. A father Manito and his four sons sat eating. They were horrible to look at, with their small deep-set eyes glaring at the food as though they were nearly starved.

"Will you sit down and dine with us?" they asked Grasshopper.

He could not think of such a thing, for the dish in front of them looked for all the world like the thigh bone of a man. He answered however very politely that he had no need of food.

"What did you come for?" asked the father Manito.

"Nothing," was the reply, "but where is your uncle?"

At these words all the Manitos, much surprised, looked up at him with their ugly little eyes. Then they answered:

"We ate him yesterday. But what do you want?"

"Nothing," he answered again, "but where is your grandfather?"

Still more surprised, they answered, "We ate him a week ago. Would you like to wrestle with us?"

Grasshopper answered that he was quite willing to do so. But he begged the Manitos to be easy with him because he was so small.

"Certainly, we will be very easy," they said, but as they spoke they grinned in the most horrible manner and rolled their eyes about in their heads enough to frighten the bravest man. Then they whispered to each other:

"What a pity it is he is so thin."

They were thinking of the poor dinner he would make. After talking it over amongst themselves, they chose the oldest one to wrestle first; that is, the oldest son.

Grasshopper and the Manito were soon fast in each other's grip. The dust flew in all directions as they whirled each other about.

"He is strong indeed, and he means to kill me," thought Grasshopper, "but I think I can get the better of him."

Round and round they went, but Grasshopper was carefully watching for his chance. Ah! suddenly he tripped up the Manito and tossed him against a stone. The wicked fellow was instantly killed, so there was one bad Manito less in the world.

One after another, Grasshopper wrestled with the brothers, and each in turn was mastered and killed.

By this time the father Manito was terribly frightened. Indeed, he was so scared that he began to run for his life. This was the very thing to delight little Grasshopper, for of all things in the world he was best at running, and it was mere sport for him to race with the old fellow.

Such pranks as he played now! Sometimes he would jump over the wicked one's head; again he would fly far away in front of him; or, worse still, he would keep just at the Manito's heels for a long time, till the old fellow had scarcely a breath left in his body.

All this time the pipe-bearer and the twenty young men were having the greatest sport watching what was going on. How they laughed at Grasshopper's pranks and the sufferings of the Manitos. They had never had such fun before in all their lives.

At last, when Grasshopper was tired of the sport, he gave the Manito a little push with his foot. Away through the air went the old fellow, turning over and over as he went, till at last he landed on the back of a big bull buffalo that was feeding on the prairie.

The buffalo, very much astonished, galloped off in a hurry. Where he went and where he carried the wicked old Manito, no one knows to this day, for neither has ever been heard of since.

Grasshopper with his companions now went back to

the lodge of the Manitos. After they had burned it to the ground, they looked about the place and saw the bones of many people lying here and there and growing white in the sun. They were the bones of those whom the wicked spirits had killed and eaten.

Grasshopper pulled out three arrows from his girdle. He then went through a ceremony to the Great Spirit. After this, he took one of the arrows and sent it up into the air. As he did so he cried out, saying,

"You are lying down; rise up, or you will get hit."

At these words the bones moved about till they had all come together in one place.

Grasshopper, saying the same words as before, now sent off a second arrow. Lo! All the bones belonging to one body moved together. When the third arrow was shot, the owners of the bones came to life and moved about as freely as they had before the wicked Manitos had killed them. Grasshopper led the grateful people to the village and gave them into the hands of the great chief and his people who had treated him so kindly.

The chief was filled with wonder. He talked for a while with his wise men. Then he turned to Grasshopper and said:

"You have shown yourself worthy to rule over these people and be their chief."

But the little man did not wish to remain; he longed for other adventures. So he said:

"I must leave you, but my pipe-bearer shall stay in my place. Some time I will come back and see you again."

"Ho! ho! ho!" cried everyone. "Do come back, we beg of you."

Once more Grasshopper promised; then, after bidding them good-bye, he set out on his travels once more.

By and by he came to the shore of a large lake. There was an island in this lake and on it Grasshopper saw a large otter.

"Ah ha!" said the little man. "I must have the skin of that fellow. It will make me a good pouch."

Away flew his arrow, straight into the side of the otter, and it fell dead into the lake. Grasshopper waded into the water and brought his prey to the shore and up on the hillside.

"I will take off the skin," he said, "and will throw the carcass away. Who knows but a war-eagle will see it and come flying down. Then I can shoot the bird and get some beautiful feathers to put in my hair."

By this time Grasshopper was getting quite proud. He wanted to wear the eagle feathers as a mark of his brave deeds.

He did not have long to wait. In a little while he heard a great noise high up in the air. Nearer and nearer it came, with a rushing and whirring, as though a heavy wind had arisen.

It was a war-eagle, for whom Grasshopper had wished. The bird moved straight toward the dead otter and fastened his claws in its flesh.

Whizz! flew an arrow from Grasshopper's bow. It entered the side of the huge bird directly under his wing. He strove to rise with his claws still fastened in the carcass. But he had risen only a few feet when his wings began to droop and he fell helpless to the earth.

Grasshopper plucked some of the best feathers which he could find, fastened them on his head, and gaily set out on his way.

His next stopping-place was a lake which the beavers had made by damming up a stream.

"I will stay here a while and see if any beavers come out," said the little man. He sat down on the bank and began to watch. Pretty soon he saw a head peeping up out of the water. He spoke to the beaver in his sweetest tones. He said:

"My dear friend, I want to know you. Can't you turn me into a beaver too?" The beaver answered in a surly way:

"I don't know. But if you will stay there and not come any nearer, I will ask the other beavers."

"Certainly," replied Grasshopper.

But the very moment the beaver turned his head away, the traveller left his bow and arrows behind and slid quite a ways down the bank. Pretty soon a number of beavers came splashing up through the water, looking about them with a great deal of care to see if there was any danger. But there was only the little Grasshopper and no weapons were in sight.

After whispering together for a long time, they came close to the shore where Grasshopper was sitting. There they stopped without speaking a word, but looking sharply at their visitor.

"I should like to become a beaver," Grasshopper said at last; for he really did want to try the life in the water and find out what it was like. He went on, "Can't you turn me into one?"

"Yes, lie down," answered the chief of the beavers.

In a moment Grasshopper found himself changed as he had wished. As he was about to follow the others into the water, he noticed that he was small, even for a beaver.

"Make me large," he ordered. "I want to be larger than any of you, else I don't care to go with you at all."

"Wait till you get to our lodge," was the answer, "then it shall be as you wish."

Grasshopper was satisfied and followed the beavers till they had come to a big comfortable lodge. By this time there were at least a hundred beavers in the company. When they had entered they said to their guest:

"Now you shall be large. There! will that do?"

Grasshopper found that now he was at least ten times as big as any of the others and he was well pleased.

"You shall be our chief and stay in the lodge. We will bring all your food to you," the beavers told him.

This suited Grasshopper very well. He thought: "I will stay for a while and feast with the beavers until I get fat."

He had hardly made this plan before one of the beavers rushed into the lodge, crying in great fear: "The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming!"

It was even as he said. The water about the lodge began to lower, for the Indians had already broken down the dam. And now they were breaking in the lodge and the roof began to fall. There was no chance for the beavers to save themselves except by flight.

One after another rushed out of the hole till Grasshopper's turn came. Alas! he was now so large that

he could not get out, though he had been able to enter so easily. He called to the others to come back and help him, but they did not heed. He pushed and pushed till he was sore and scratched and swollen from head to foot, but it was all in vain.

He could hear very plainly what the hunters were saying. Their words were so terrible that his blood almost ran cold with fright. O, that he were only a man once more! But no, he was only a poor helpless beaver, and he did not have the power to change himself back.

He could now see one of the Indians peering down into the lodge. He heard this man call out to the others, "Ty-au! Tut-ty-au! Me-shau-mik! The king of the beavers is inside!"

In another moment all the hunters had set upon him. They beat him about with their clubs in the most dreadful manner till he was like a muddy swamp in mid-summer.

"Dear me," thought Grasshopper, "I have got myself into a bad fix this time, and no mistake."

Worse still was yet to happen. The hunters tied him to tall poles and carried him home. Still more frightened, he said to himself: "Well, no matter what happens, even if my body dies, my ghost won't."

When the Indians got home, they sent out and in-

vited all their friends to a great feast over the king of the beavers.

But Grasshopper did not stay very long after his beaver body was dead. He flew away, and soon he had once more taken on the shape of a man. He found himself standing close by a prairie where a number of elks were feeding upon the grass. He thought:

"Now that I have been a beaver and found out about the life of water, I believe I should like to become an elk and learn how elks think."

"Can you change me into an elk?" he asked.

"Yes, get down on your hands and feet," they answered.

He did as he was told and found that he was instantly changed into an elk. Even now he was not satisfied. He was still so vain and proud that he wished to be the biggest of elks.

"Make me very large," he said to the others. "Give me big horns and big feet."

They used all the power they had, and he felt himself growing larger. When they could do no more, they cried:

"There! Are you satisfied now?"

Grasshopper looked down into the waters of a lake close by and felt satisfied. He went to grazing with the others, but once in a while he turned his head up-

ward. He was much surprised to find that he could see no stars as when he had the shape of a man.

By and by a chill wind began to blow and he felt cold. He made his way toward a large clump of woods to seek shelter and many of the elks followed him. Suddenly there was a great commotion in the herd; those that were behind came galloping ahead of the rest, crying:

"The hunters are coming. Look out!"

Away they all scampered in great fright. One of them called:

"Get to the prairie if you would be safe."

It was already too late to follow this good advice. They were tangled in the forest and they could not get out easily. The hunters came hurrying after the elks and gained upon them every minute. But when they once caught sight of Grasshopper they picked him out of all the others as their prey. He was such a monstrous elk. Indeed, they had never seen one of his size before.

Poor Grasshopper knew they were after him and he ran with all his might, tearing down the young trees and the brush as he rushed ahead. Yet still they gained upon him, and as soon as he reached an open space, they sent their arrows flying into him.

The first arrow struck him in the side. Then came

another until at last his heart was peirced and he fell lifeless to the earth.

When the hunters came up to examine their game, they were struck with astonishment.

"Ty-au! Ty-au!" they cried.

They set to work to skin their prize, and then, when his body was quite cold, Grasshopper's spirit was once more free to take on the shape of a man.

He found himself, bow and arrows in hand, on the way to a lake. As he stood on its sandy shore, he spied a flock of brants. He thought:

"I should like to become a brant and try the life of the feathered creatures," for he was eager as ever for adventure.

"Will you make me a brant like yourselves?" he asked.

They answered very politely that they would.

"But I wish to be a very large brant,— very large indeed," added the little Grasshopper.

"You shall have your wish," was the reply.

Grasshopper instantly found himself changed into the form of a bird much larger and grander than any of those around him.

"You shall be our leader," said the other brants as they looked admiringly at him.

He answered that he did not wish for that honor,

that he would much rather fly behind the rest than at the head.

"You must remember one thing," they told him. "Never look down towards the earth while you are flying, or you will get into trouble."

"Very well, I will remember," replied Grasshopper.

The flock now rose high in the air and began to move to the north. Mile after mile they flew, faster and ever faster it seemed to Grasshopper, who kept close behind.

As they went flying over a large village, the people below noticed the brants and came out to watch them. They looked at Grasshopper more than at all the others, for they were filled with wonder at his great size.

The people began to make a fearful noise and Grasshopper was curious as to how it was done. He turned his long neck downwards so that he might see. It was a sad moment for him, for the wind was blowing strong that day and it caught his big, broad tail and blew him over and over. He tried to save himself, but it was of no use. He was tossed about like a feather and fell down, down, down to the earth.

When he came to a stop he found himself wedged into the hollow of a big tree. He could not move or get away, try as he might. There he stayed in his prison till his brant body was starved and dead and he was free once more to take on the shape of a man.

Again he started out in search of adventure. He had not gone far when he saw a lodge ahead of him. When he reached it he found two white-haired old men who treated him with great kindness and made him a welcome guest. His life with the old men was very pleasant, but there was no excitement about it. So, when he had rested as long as he wished, he said:

"I am going to return now to my village and my own people."

"We wish you a pleasant journey, and we hope you will find your people well and happy," was their kind reply.

Then the two old men got up from their seats and tottered to the door to bid him good-bye. They showed him which way to go. They said:

"That is much shorter than the course you would have taken yourself."

After a last blessing from his hosts, he left them and started off by the way they had directed. Strange to say, it seemed to him that he heard loud peals of laughter behind him. Yet he thought he must be mistaken, for surely two old and feeble men could not laugh like that.

The traveler journeyed onward till sunset, and the night began to fall. Then he found himself near another lodge exactly like the one he had left in the morn-

ing, and when he reached it there were two old men to greet him. They received him and treated him in every way as he had been treated at his last stopping place.

Stranger still, when he left them the next morning they parted from him in exactly the same way as the first old men had. Nay, after he had left them he even heard the same merry peals of laughter that followed him the day before.

At the end of the third day, he again came to a lodge. It was exactly like the others, and he was greeted by two old men who were the very likeness of those from whom he had parted before.

"Hm!" thought Grasshopper, and his eyes opened wide. "I have been going round and round in a circle and these sweet-faced old men have been playing a trick on me."

"Come here!" he called. "What do you mean by treating me in this way?"

He was so angry that the old men did not dare to disobey, for they were afraid he would kill them. So out of the lodge they came in a hurry.

"We must have a race," Grasshopper declared very sternly.

"But we are so weak and old," they pleaded.

"That can't be helped," said Grasshopper.

He placed them in the road and gave them a gentle

push. That set them going slowly ahead. He pushed them again, a little harder this time; then harder and harder still, till they were moving at a great rate of speed. Even now he was not satisfied. He gave them a tremendous kick with his foot which set them fairly flying around the circle in which Grasshopper had been traveling for the last two days.

Now there was something queer about Grasshopper's power: if he set anything going it could not stop of itself. So, as he had no wish to stop the old men after their playing a trick upon him, they may still be running around that circle, for all we know.

Having nothing to keep him in this place, Grasshopper set out once more and as he traveled he thought of many a plan by which to get fresh knowledge of the world.

He soon came to a lake. Climbing a hill he tried to see the other shore, but the lake was so large he could not do so.

"I will make a canoe," he said. "Then I can sail out on the lake."

The boat was soon made and the little man entered it and paddled out over the blue waters. Looking down, he saw great numbers of beautiful fish, both large and small and of all colors.

"Ah!" thought Grasshopper, "what a pleasant time

my people could have on the shores of this lake. I will go after them and bring them here."

He speared some of the fish; then, camping out on an island where many trees were growing, he ate his fish and had a delicious supper.

The next day he went back to the mainland and there he caught sight of his great enemy, the powerful giant, Manabozho.

"I will go to meet Manabozho and we will see who is the more clever," Grasshopper said to himself.

However, after thinking it over, he decided to get out of the way and wait for another time. But just for the mischief of it, as he hurried away, he raised a great cloud of dust to bother the giant.

Manabozho rubbed his eyes and wondered what made the dust fly so, but he did not catch even a glimpse of Grasshopper, who went flying homeward as fast as his legs could carry him.

The village was filled with shouts of welcome when the people saw their old friend once more. They danced and they sang; they held one feast after another; and Grasshopper had so many invitations to stay at different lodges that it would have taken the rest of his life to accept them all.

Grasshopper's little pipe-bearer was the happiest of all at seeing his master, who took him in his arms and

tossed him up in the air a half-mile, at least, as a mark of his love. More than once he dandled him in this way, till the little pipe-bearer scarce had a breath left in his body.

When the greetings were over, Grasshopper told the story of his wanderings. When he spoke of the blue lake and the beautiful fish and the pleasant shores, he made so charming a picture that one and all were quite willing to follow the story-teller to such a delightful new home.

The lodges were taken down and the goods packed, and everyone made ready to depart. Now was the time for Grasshopper to give his aid. He did it so well that it was not more than half a day before every man, woman, and child in the place, besides the tents and the clothing, and all the weapons of hunting and war, were set down on the distant shore of the lake. Such was the strength of Grasshopper and the speed of his small feet.

He lived by the beautiful lake very happily with his people until one day a bear came into the village with a message for Grasshopper. He said:

"My king desires to see you at once on very important business."

Grasshopper, quite willing to go, jumped on the bear's back, and the bear started off on the run. When it was

near night they reached a high mountain. In a cave on the top of this mountain lived the bear king who had sent for Grasshopper.

The old fellow was big and fat and gruff. When he saw Grasshopper he said:

"I have heard that you are the chief who brought a large company into my hunting grounds. You and your people must leave the place at once, for you have no right to be there. If you don't go very quickly, we will make trouble for you."

"All right," replied Grasshopper.

As he was afraid the bear king would follow up his words with a big hug, he made haste to add: "I will go back this very night to tell my people what you wish."

The bear king did not urge him to remain, but ordered one of the younger bears to carry him home. Jumping on the fellow's back, he soon reached his home on the lake shore.

When his people had been called together, Grasshopper ordered the bear's head to be cut off and set up in a place where all the bear spies might see it and carry back the news of what had been done.

No time was lost in getting the warriors together, and by sunrise the very next morning they were drawn up ready for battle. It was some hours before the enemy

appeared; then a large army of bears, led by the old fat king, drew near the village. They came stalking along on their hind legs, showing their teeth, and rolling their eyes in a frightful way. They also made a terrifying noise as they advanced.

When they reached the village, the chief of the bears came forward and made a very grand speech. He said to Grasshopper:

"I do not wish to kill your warriors; instead of a battle, I am willing to run a race with you. The one who wins shall have the right to kill the loser of the race. More than this,— I am willing to grant that the warriors of the losing chief shall ever after be the slaves of the winner."

Grasshopper's old pipe-bearer grinned from ear to ear as he heard these words. By this time he knew something of his friend's powers of running and he felt pretty sure how things would turn out.

Nevertheless, the little man had a hard time of it at first. Try as he would, it seemed as though he could not push by the old bear king. He kept close behind him, however, and made him so uncomfortable that the sweat rolled in streams down the bear's fat body.

By and by Grasshopper began to cut up some of his old pranks, dancing about in more odd ways than you can think of, and raising such clouds of dust that the

bear king got blinded and dazed, and scarcely knew how to turn.

The little chief was gaining ground every moment now, and appeared first on one side, then on the other, now ahead and now behind, till the old bear king actually cried out for help. It was easy enough now for Grasshopper to reach the goal. Then, turning around, he waited for the bear king to come up only to send a deadly arrow into his body.

"Take the old fellow away and see that he is cooked for our supper, for I am very hungry," ordered Grasshopper. He added: "Let the other bears set to work getting the feast ready, for they are now my servants."

The bear warriors were not very happy serving up the body of their old king, you may be sure. But the bargain had been made and they must keep to it.

Many mistakes were made by these new servants, and some of them were very funny. A bear with very long arms was told to act as nurse for some of the babies in the village while their mothers were away looking after the feast. But alas! he hugged them so hard that he squeezed all the breath out of their dear little bodies, and it never came back again, either.

Still another bear servant, who ought to have been standing at his master's back, forgot his duty and, climbing a tree, fell fast asleep. Then there was a very

curious bear, who climbed up on the roof just as the dinner was served and stuck his head down through the smoke-hole to find out what there was going to be to eat.

When everything was ready for the feast, the other bear servants tumbled over each other so awkwardly as they were bringing the food into the lodge, that they scattered one-half of it on the ground inside and the other half outside the lodge. They certainly needed a good deal of training before they would make good servants, but Grasshopper set to work and by stern words and threats he got them into order.

The little man was very busy making new laws for his people, now that bears were living among them. He ordered that the bears should eat first and that the people should wait upon them. He declared that when there were grand processions the bears should have the first place in the line. He also said that in case of fighting with an enemy the Indians should have the first right to be hit. His dear friend the pipe-bearer, however, should have the important place at every feast and need not take part in any battle whatever.

Now that his village was in good order, Grasshopper made up his mind to go away in search of fresh adventures with the great Manabozho, against whom he had an old grudge to settle.

He traveled a long time before he arrived at Manabozho's lodge. The giant was away, so Grasshopper said to himself:

"I will play Manabozho a trick during his absence."

Manabozho was lord over all the fowls of the air, and the very morning of Grasshopper's visit they had called to pay homage. There was a great gathering of them, therefore, and the little man set to work, killed every bird in the place, and turned everything upside down.

When this had been done, he took the body of the raven, who is called the meanest of all birds, and hung him up by the neck as an insult to the great Manabozho. After doing all the mischief he could, Grasshopper left the lodge and wandered on to a high cliff which reached far into the lake. He climbed to the top of the rocks and looked out over the country. Pretty soon a flock of mountain chickens came flying past him.

"Ah! here's another chance to spite Manabozho, for he loves his chickens dearly," thought Grasshopper. So he sent arrow after arrow into the flock. The poor creatures fell right and left and the hunter amused himself by throwing the dead bodies down over the rocks. He had been doing this for some time when one of the birds not yet killed cried out:,

"Grasshopper is killing us; fly to our father at once and tell him."

At this some of the birds flew away in great haste for the needed help. In a few minutes the great giant was in sight. He cried out:

"You rogue, the world is not so large but I can reach you."

Grasshopper was already trying to escape, for he knew full well that when he was working harm he was no match for Manabozho. Away he went with the giant after him. He bounded over hills and across plains, never stopping for an instant, for his enemy was close upon him. Such a race no one ever saw before. In the midst of his flight, Grasshopper's busy little mind was thinking what prank he could play to save himself.

Ah! now he had it. He suddenly remembered that there was a charm over Manabozho by means of which Grasshopper could require him to make good whatever he pleased. As quick as thought the little man sprang up into a pine tree standing by the wayside and tore off the foliage from top to bottom. After throwing it to one side, he ran on. As soon as Manabozho came up, the pine tree spoke to him, saying:

"Great Manabozho, will you give me back my life? Grasshopper has killed me."

The giant replied that he would do so, and went to work gathering the leaves and branches. Then he blew upon the tree with his magic breath and passed on.

In the meantime Grasshopper treated other trees as he had the pine, and Manabozho had to stop again and again to repair the harm that had been done. Yet even then he was fast gaining on Grasshopper, who would have had to give up if he had not spied an elk.

"Take me on your back, dear elk, for the sake of good old times," he begged.

The elk was quite willing and carried Grasshopper for quite a ways with good speed. Still Manabozho kept in sight and steadily gained upon him, in spite of all that Grasshopper could do.

"The elk cannot save me. I must do something else," said Grasshopper, and seeing a big rock just ahead of him he sprang from the animal's back. With one blow he knocked the rock into tiny bits which flew all over the ground.

"Ho! great Manabozho," cried the rock as the giant came fast upon the heels of Grasshopper. "Save me and bring me back to life, I beg of you."

"I will," was the answer, and Manabozho stopped in the wild race to give the needed help.

When the rock had been brought back into its old shape, he hurried on, and was soon close upon the little mischief-maker. Grasshopper now began to raise a perfect storm of dust. It shook the trees and broke off huge limbs; it filled the air with the flying leaves; it

blinded Manabozho so that he failed again and again to put his hand on the little man.

But Grasshopper himself was troubled by the dust. He rushed into a hollow tree and changed himself into the form of a snake. Then Manabozho, who had power over the lightning, struck the tree and it fell shattered to the ground.

Grasshopper was barely quick enough to escape from the tree before the deed was done. Once more he took on his man-shape and fled before his enemy with all the haste possible.

Far ahead of him he saw another high cliff reaching out into a lake. Just as he reached it, the Manito of the cliff opened it and bade him enter. The door was scarcely closed upon him when Manabozho came up.

"Open the door," the giant demanded, but the Manito made no answer.

"Open the door, I say," shouted Manabozho louder than ever. Still there was no answer. The giant did not get impatient. O no! After a little while he very quietly called out:

"All right. You have but till to-morrow morning to live."

Grasshopper shook for fear at these words, but the Manito told him not to give up hope.

The night was a terrible one. The lightning flashed

and the thunder rolled through the heavens. Such a storm poor little Grasshopper had never known before. Between the peals he could hear Manabozho's voice calling out to him and promising to punish him as he deserved. The Manito heard it too, and he said to Grasshopper,

"You have been a very foolish fellow in your life, my friend."

"Yes, yes, I know it," was the answer.

"Ever since you became a man," the Manito went on, "you have done no good in the world; you have spent your time in idle mischief."

"It is too true," said Grasshopper meekly.

"You are very strong. Now, Grasshopper, stop being so foolish. Be as good as you are strong and turn this power of yours into a blessing to others."

"Indeed, I promise you that I will," said Grasshopper. "I am sorry for all my foolish deeds."

When morning came, the sun burst out in all his glory, the clouds disappeared from the sky, while the great Manabozho sat on the hillside greatly cast down. He had lost all power to harm Grasshopper, for the little man was no longer in the wrong.

After thanking the Manito for his kindness, Grasshopper bade him good-bye and started homeward.

He had not gone far when he met an old man who

had lost his way and was wandering sadly about. He lost no time in placing the old man upon his back and carrying him to his missing friends.

Soon afterwards Grasshopper came to a battlefield where a few men were trying to defend themselves from a large body of warriors. Seizing a long pole, he drove the warriors in great fright in all directions. He was thus able to save the lives of those who had been attacked.

When he knew that they were safe from their enemies, he left them and hurried onward to his friends by the lake shore.

It was near sunset when he arrived, but what a sight met his eyes! There were the bears lounging about on the grass, taking their ease, while his old friends, the Indians, were going through a long and tiresome dance for their bear masters.

As he drew nearer, Grasshopper saw how thin and starved the Indians looked. And lo! when he went into his lodge, there was his dear old pipe-bearer smoothing the floor with the palms of his hands in order to make a comfortable place for the bears to stretch themselves when they should come in.

"Hm!" said Grasshopper. "I have some work before me here." And it was not long before everything in the place was changed.

He gave the bears a sound beating and sent them out of the village to live with their own people. He gave his old friends plenty of food and drink; he hunted and fished for them; he rebuilt their lodges; he defended them against their enemies. He did everything he could to make all the people well and happy.

In return for all this kindness they blessed Grasshopper and forgot all his old mischievous pranks. And when he at last died after years and years of good deeds, all wept at losing the best and dearest friend they had ever known.

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