

The Lost Giant

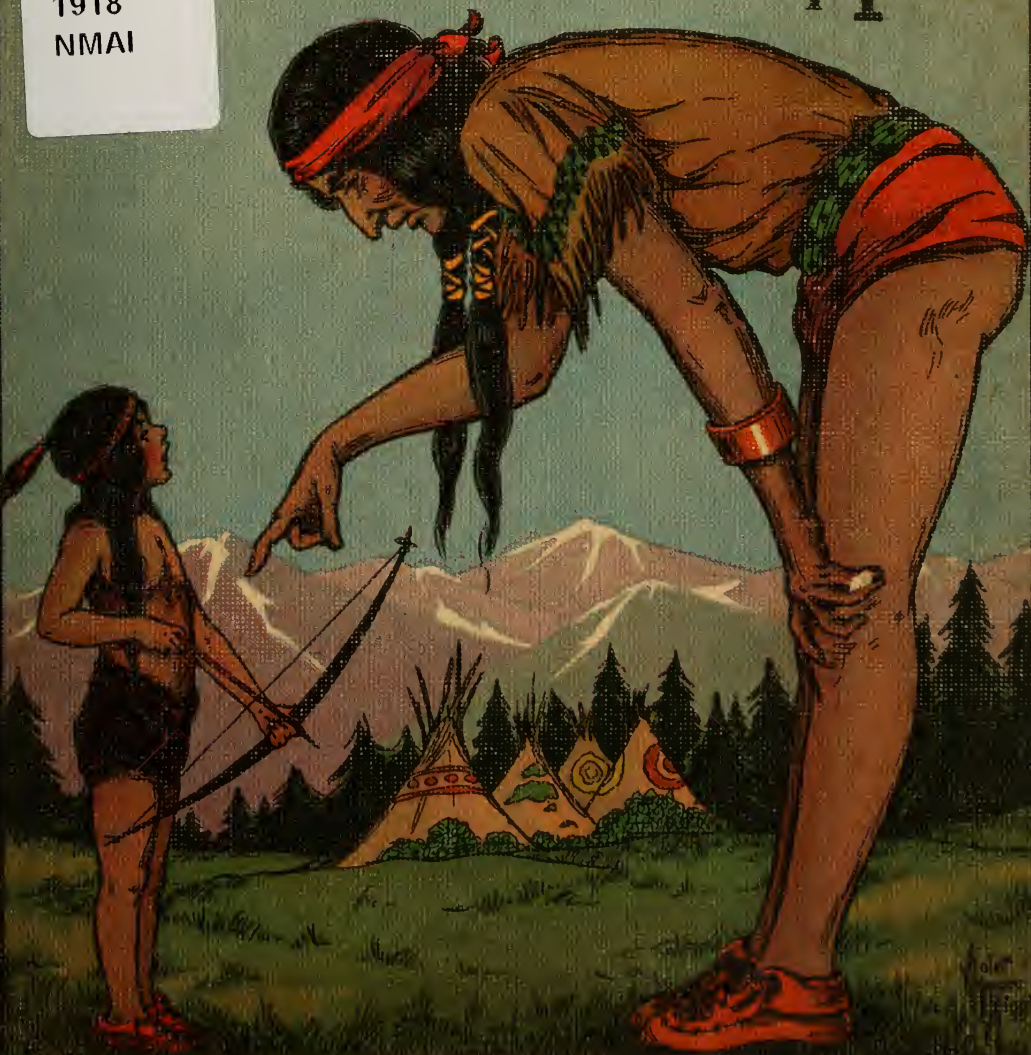
AND OTHER AMERICAN INDIAN TALES RETOLD

by

Violet Moore Higgins

Story
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Tales

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"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" ASKED THE BRIDEGROOM

The Lost Giant

AND OTHER AMERICAN INDIAN TALES RETOLD

STORIES AND PICTURES
by

Violet Moore Higgins

Author of "The Endless Story," "The Little Juggler," etc.

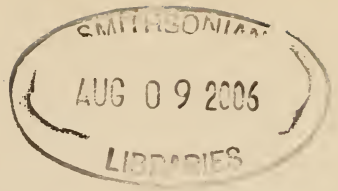


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To My Beloved Father

who was always ready with an answer to
those questions of childhood: "Did
you ever see a 'really-truly'
Indian?" and "Will you
tell me about when
you were a little
boy?" V.M.H

INTRODUCTION



AMONG the Indians who used to roam over our Western prairies in such vast numbers, story telling was of the greatest importance. From the opening of spring, through the summer, and far into the fall, the men and older boys of the tribe were out each day hunting the deer in the hills and the buffalo on the plains or spearing fish in the streams. The women and girls meantime were occupied with their household duties about the tepees.

But at last came the long winter months when game was scarce, and the old trails were covered with a blanket of snow. Then the Indians would retreat to the snug wigwams, and there await the coming of spring again. They had no books to read or newspapers and magazines with which to while away those long winter days, and life would have been dull indeed had it not been for their ability to tell stories to each other.

They never lacked material out of which to build those tales. Each bird and beast,

each herb and flower; in fact, every living thing that ran, or crawled, or flew about their native forests was known to the Indians. They studied the habits of the wild creatures to an extent that we might well follow.

Then there were other forces that entered into their lives and stories. In the flash of lightning from a dark cloud, in the roll of thunder, in the rush of wind, or in the roar of waters tumbling over a cliff into the river below, they heard the voice of the Great Spirit, unseen but powerful.

And so all their legends were woven around these things and were full of strange incidents that had happened to them on their hunting trips. Many included adventures that had been related by their fathers and grandfathers around the winter camp fires years and years before.

Let us imagine that we, too, are curled up comfortably on a deer-skin in a chief's tepee, close beside the glowing camp fire, whose flames cast a ruddy light on the circle of dark faces all about it, especially on that of the chief who, pipe in hand, is just about to relate some of these old legends of the American Indians.

V. M. H.



The Lost Giant

ONCE upon a time, far back in the days when the elk, the moose, and the buffalo roamed over the hills and plains of North America, and little Indian children could call all the animals by name, there lived among one of the northern tribes a very unhappy little boy named Wasewahto.

His mother had been a chieftain's

daughter, but she had died when the boy was a mere baby. His father had taken another wife, Wapiti—"the elk"—so called by reason of her large ugly head. Wasewahto's father was dead now, too, and the little boy lived alone with his stepmother, who had no love for him and treated him very badly. He was too small to hunt and fish for his own food, and often Wapiti refused to share hers with him, giving him only a few bones to gnaw.

One day she rolled up her belongings into a bundle and, without a word to Wasewahto, went away. Two days passed without a sign of her return. Then the little boy, hungry and frightened, sat down before his tent and cried bitterly.



HE SWUNG THE CHILD ALOFT ON HIS SHOULDER

As he sat there sobbing and crying he felt the earth quiver beneath him, and looking up, he saw through his tears, a giant Indian who towered up to the very tree tops.

“Why are you crying?” asked the giant in a voice like distant thunder.

“Because I am all alone,” answered Wasewahto. “My stepmother has been gone two days and I have no food.”

“You are the stepson of Wapiti?” asked the giant. The little boy nodded, and the giant continued: “Then she will never come back—she has gone to another tribe. Come home with me.” And he swung the child aloft on his big broad shoulder. Away they went to the giant’s wigwam, and there Wasewahto lived happily for many moons.

But one night the giant had a dream, in which the spirit of Wasewahto's father appeared to him, and told him to return the boy to his stepmother. The dream was so vivid that it troubled him, and he began to break camp the next morning, and prepare for a march.

But when Wasewahto heard what his friend proposed to do, he cried and cried, and clung to the giant, and begged him not to go, but the big man was still worried over his dream, and insisted upon going.

"But I will not leave you unless I find a tribe which will be kind to you," he said at last, as they were starting, and with that promise Wasewahto had to be satisfied. The giant swung the boy to his shoulder and set out.

After four days' travel they reached a strange camp, and here they found Wapiti. She was furiously angry when she saw the boy, but a fear of the giant kept her silent. When he had told her his dream, she too felt uneasy, and pretended to welcome Wasewahto. But when the giant left him with his stepmother, and prepared to leave, the child sobbed and cried so hard and pleaded so earnestly with his friend to stay and live near him, that the big man paused.

"I will stay if the tribe will have me," he said at last, and no one dared refuse. When they had given their consent the giant said: "I will work for the tribe—I will hunt and fish and fight—but one thing you must promise me. Never give me otter's flesh to eat



IN ANOTHER INSTANT THEY CAME FLYING OUT OF THE BAG

or I will go away and never return.”

So the tribe promised, and little Wasewahto was happy. The giant taught him to hunt and fish, so that never again would he have to starve if Wapiti should desert him. The little boy soon had many friends. He was so merry and bright, his aim with an arrow was so true and he was such a brave little warrior, that all the tribe loved him.

All but Wapiti—she still hated the boy, and she hated the giant even more, for she felt that had it not been for him, she would long ago have been rid of the unwelcome child. In her heart she was always trying to make some plan whereby she might be freed from both of them. One day a hunter brought in a freshly killed deer for the giant,

who was very fond of roast venison, and Wapiti at last had her chance.

She prepared a splendid roast, but here and there among the deer meat she made a tiny slit with a sharp knife, and slid in pieces of otter flesh. The giant returned from fishing, with a ravenous appetite, and sat down to the meal with a relish. But the first bite revealed the trickery of Wapiti, and with a furious glare at her, the giant leaped to his feet, strode from the camp, and never was seen again by the tribe.

Soon the warriors returned, and when they learned what had happened, Wapiti had no further chance to carry out her cruel plans against Wasewahto, for they drove her from the camp with stones and arrows, and said if ever she re-

turned her life would be forfeited. Then they adopted her stepson as the child of the tribe.

Poor little Wasewahto! Though he was among friends, he grieved continually for the loss of his dear giant, as did all the tribe, though not as bitterly. He could not be tempted with even the daintiest foods, and he did not care to play any more. The Indians made him splendid bows and arrows, and the medicine-man carved a rattle for him out of a buffalo bone, but nothing seemed to make him happy. As winter came on he grew thinner and paler and sadder every day, and shivered at the slightest breeze.

At last his friends could bear it no

longer, and begged him to tell them what, next to having the giant back again, would make him happiest.

He answered at once, "Take me where the summer is. If I could see flowers in the woods, and could shoot at the birds with my bow and arrows again, I believe I could be happy."

"Then we will hunt for the summer-land, oh little Wasewahto," they cried, and set out the next day at sunrise.

For many days they traveled toward the south, and at last, on the shores of a great lake, they came upon a strange tepee. It was that of a hostile tribe, however, and so Wasewahto's friends hid themselves in the rushes by the water's edge, and called on the beaver to help them.

“What you seek is indeed here,” said the wise old animal, when they had told him their story, “And I will help you.”

Accordingly he asked the moose to swim to the middle of the lake, and in the meantime he began gnawing busily at the canoe paddles of the hostile tribe, not enough to saw them off entirely, but merely to weaken them.

Suddenly there was a shout from the tepee. Someone had seen the moose and all were eager to chase him. The enemies of Wasewahto and his friends ran to the shore, leaped into their canoes, and put out after the moose.

When they were well out into the middle of the lake the beaver led

Wasewahto and his friends into the tepee by a hidden tent flap, so that they might not be seen from the water side. From the very top of the highest tent pole there hung a great leather bag. As soon as he saw it, Wasewahto began to smile, a little at first, then more and more, and at last, laughing aloud, he caught up his little bow and arrows and aimed straight at the hanging pouch.

As the dart pierced the leather, the wigwam was suddenly filled with the twittering of birds, and in another instant they came flying out of the bag and out of the tepee—thousands of them, robins, woodpeckers, swallows, orioles, jays, wrens, bluebirds, and many others. For summer had been tied up in the

leather pouch, there to hang quietly until another year.

The Indians on the lake had by this time discovered that there were intruders in their camp, and that summer, placed in their keeping, had been set free. Desperately they began to head for shore, but now under the strain all the paddles broke, and the Indians were left floating on the lake, screaming with helpless rage, while the moose swam away to cover.

Now it began to be summer everywhere. The snow and ice melted away; the brook, which had been locked up under layers of ice, began to gurgle and laugh again; the green leaves came out on the trees, and even the flowers

began to spring up in the woods. Wase-wahto was perfectly happy. He grew plump and rosy, and he laughed with joy as he shot his arrows and threw the harpoon for fish.

But the beaver and the moose came presently to think that perhaps they had meddled with things that were not their affair, and that if the Great Spirit had intended it to be summer all the time, he would not have tied it up in a bag part of the year. So they decided to correct their mistake; but when at last they had fixed upon a plan, they found they could not agree upon the length of time summer should be allowed out of its prison. So they called all the animals together and asked for their advice. Everyone had a dif-

ferent idea. Some advised a month, some ten, some eleven.

At last up jumped an old frog, and holding out his webbed foot, with its four toes, so that all might see it, he croaked in his deep voice, "Have four—have four—have four—" over and over again, until he drowned out the voices of the others. His persistence so wearied them that at last they gave in to him and decided on four, as he wished.

So now there are but four months of summer in the Northland, and little Wasewahto is perfectly happy during those days. Then he smiles all the time, as he works and plays. That is why the sunshine is so pleasant, and why the brooks seem to gurgle with joy in the summer time. But when the

winter days come, and the cold rains of autumn fall, those are the tears of Wasewahto, sitting by the fire and weeping for his lost friend, the giant.

The Feathered Bridegroom



THE FAMILY SAT BEFORE ITS TENT

The Feathered Bridegroom

LONG, long ago, before the coming of the white man to the shores of America, there lived, far up in the north country, near the banks of a broad river, a squaw named Speckled Eagle, with her little son Running Buffalo and her beautiful daughter Deerfoot, a maiden of fifteen.

Speckled Eagle was the widow of a great warrior and she determined that her daughter should never marry until there came to woo her some mighty chieftain of a powerful tribe. Many a young brave came to the tepee, for

Deerfoot was as good as she was lovely. Many a one would have wed her, but none were ever rich or noble enough to please Speckled Eagle.

But one day as the family sat before its tent, weaving mats of sweet grass, a white canoe came gliding down the broad river, and in it there sat a handsome stranger. He was clad all in white, in garments made of deer skin, sewed over with beads and shells and trimmed with ermine tails.

Speckled Eagle looked at him eagerly. Ah, if only he were coming to woo Deerfoot! As she watched, the stranger gave a few skillful strokes of his paddle that sent his canoe out of the current and brought it gliding toward the shore before Speckled Eagle's lodge. In an-

other moment he was stepping out upon the pebbly shore.

All a-flutter with excitement Speckled Eagle went hurrying down to meet him, not forgetting in her haste to snatch up a bundle of bark which hung in the tepee. When she had greeted the strange brave and bade him welcome to her lodge, she spread pieces of the bark before him on the ground from the landing to the tepee, to do him honor. When he had reached the campfire, she begged him to rest on a soft pile of skins while she and her daughter prepared a feast for him.

Everyone in her camp was delighted with the handsome stranger—all but one old dog which growled and showed his teeth from the moment the unknown

brave stepped ashore. The man trembled at the dog's angry snarls, and said he could not eat a bit of the feast until that ugly animal was taken away.

Anxious to please her noble guest, Speckled Eagle led the old dog out into the bushes and killed him, though she dared not tell Deerfoot what she had done, for the girl was fond of the faithful dog.

Soon the stranger made it known that he was a chieftain from the far north, who had made a temporary camp down the river a few miles below Speckled Eagle's tepee. Furthermore he said that he wished to wed the lovely Deerfoot. The girl was so charmed by his handsome face, his well-built figure and splendid carriage that she consented at



DEERFOOT GREETES THE STRANGER

once. Speckled Eagle was more than satisfied to have so fine a son-in-law. So a great wedding feast was held and Deerfoot married the strange brave that night.

On the following morning when Speckled Eagle was ready to make a fire, she went out into the bushes to get some dry faggots. There lay the body of the old dog she had killed, pecked full of holes as if a great bird had feasted on it. The soft earth round about was marked by strange three-toed prints.

A sudden fear came to Speckled Eagle's heart. She hurried back to the camp, and asked all present to take off their moccasins or shoes. All did as she bade—all but the stranger.

“I never take off my shoes,” he said haughtily, “It is a custom of my tribe.”

“But see the beautiful moccasins I have made for you,” insisted Speckled Eagle. For many moons she had worked on them, intending them to be a wedding gift for her noble son-in-law, whenever he should appear. They were of the softest leather, heavily beaded and worked in quills of the porcupine, and the stranger’s eyes began to glisten as he looked at them. Like a flash he whipped off his own moccasins, and put on the new ones before Speckled Eagle could see his feet. But the little brother’s eyes were sharp.

“Mother,” he cried in terror, “he has feet like a bird—he has only three toes.”

At this the stranger grew angry and looked at the little boy so fiercely that he said no more, but Speckled Eagle was strangely troubled and felt that all was not right.

When they had breakfasted the stranger ordered his bride to follow him to his camp, far down the river, where he had many beautiful gifts for her. Deerfoot did not want to go. The incident of the moccasins had frightened her, but her husband promised her they should return by sundown, so at last she climbed into the stern of his canoe, while the stranger took his place at the bow, and they paddled away down stream.

Deerfoot looked back at the camp as long as she could see it, and watched

Speckled Eagle and the little brother, Running Buffalo, waving to her from the shore. But at last a turn of the river hid them from view.

For several hours Deerfoot and her husband went on down the river with the current, he paddling, she giving an occasional stroke, where the stream did not run as fast as usual. About noon-day it began to rain, a shower at first, then a downpour. As the rain continued to fall harder and harder, the bride suddenly noticed that the water was washing away her husband's splendid white coat, and beneath it she could see black feathers and a long black tail.

Then she knew what evil had befallen her. She had married a Crow,

the bird of wickedness, whose tricky ways oft deceived the Indians.

Deerfoot was very much frightened, but she began to plan her escape at once. With her small deft hands she tied the long black tail to the crossbar of the canoe, using a leather thong from her moccasins.

“What are you doing?” asked the Crow, as he felt her fingers among his feathers.

“Smoothing down your beautiful coat, and sewing on some of the beads that have become loosened,” she replied.

“Ah, I see you are industrious, as a good wife should be,” he answered with a sly grin, but without turning.

All the long afternoon they floated down the river, and as it drew on toward sunset the canoe glided along

into a rushy, reed-covered marsh where the wild ducks made their nests. As the canoe slipped among the grasses, dozens of frightened birds rose in great flocks and flew across the marshes.

“These shores are full of duck eggs, husband,” said Deerfoot, as she watched the circling birds. Seized by a sudden idea she cried: “Let me land here for a moment, and I will soon find a dozen for your supper.”

Now the Crow was hungry, and the prospect of a dozen roasted duck eggs pleased him immensely.

“You are a good wife,” he said, “but make haste—we still have far to go,” and he ran the canoe close to the shore.

Before the keel had even grated on

the pebbles, like the swift-footed deer for whom she was named, the Indian maid had sprung ashore and darted up the bank into the forest. She was soon out of sight speeding like an arrow through the woods, back to her mother, her brother, and her home.

The Crow gave a harsh cry, which resembled a caw, as he saw her go, and began screaming at the top of his voice: "Stop—stop—I'll bring you back, and punish you for this."

But he could not free himself to follow her. Deerfoot had fastened his tail too securely to the crossbar for him to loosen it easily. It took him nearly an hour to untie the last knot, for it was no easy task to reach around behind his back, and, by the sense of touch alone,

pick out countless knots tied in wet leather.

By the time the Crow had untied all the thongs that held him, Deerfoot was far away in the forest, so he sunk his canoe, resumed his bird shape once more and flew off screeching as he went: "Again I have tricked my enemy—man."

Madowmin of the Maize



AS TALL AS A MAN IT STOOD

(See Page 56)

Madowmin of the Maize

IN the history of the Pilgrims and their early struggles on the bleak shores of New England, it is told how they were taught by the friendly Indians, Samoset and Squanto, to plant Indian corn, which soon became one of the principal articles of food on their tables. And even now, after nearly three hundred years, there is scarcely any food we think of as more truly American, than corn meal mush, or piping hot corn cakes.

But long long ago, before the feet of white men ever trod the forest of the

New World, as America was called in those days, and while Indians in vast numbers roamed over the land, there was a time when Indian corn or maize was unknown even to the red men. Their food consisted almost entirely of meat—the fleet-footed deer and wild turkey—and fish from the little trout streams. Sometimes a handful of sweet berries was found, which added zest to the meal.

Life ran on smoothly in the summer time, for then the Indians lived well, but when the long, snowy New England winters set in, it was quite a different matter. The streams froze over, the birds flew south, and the deer retreated farther into the depths of the forest. Sometimes when there had been

an unusually large number of deer killed in the fall, the Indian women cut up the flesh into strips and dried it in the warm bright autumn sunshine. This dried meat was then stored away for the long winter. But the supply seldom lasted until spring, and the people had to face days of famine and suffering during which many of them died.

Now it chanced in those days that there lived a little Indian boy named Waso. He was the son of a chieftain, and like his father he had a kind and gentle heart. The chieftain never forgot to give thanks to the Great Spirit for every catch of fish and for every nimble deer his sharp arrows killed. When times of famine fell upon the tribe, he

shared with them until he had no more left to give, and he was constantly trying to discover ways in which he might help his people.

Little Waso, growing from babyhood into boyhood in this kindly atmosphere, began to think very seriously of the welfare of his tribe, over whom he would some day rule as a chieftain.

Often he dreamed strange dreams. He would imagine that he was walking through a dense forest where the briars and brambles stung him, and brought out a rash on his tender skin. But then, at his very feet would spring up a cluster of bright berries, or some green herb, and a voice seemed to urge him to crush the plant and lay it on the red spot. He obeyed and was in-

stantly healed. So too, in a dream, was the bite of a poisonous snake cured. The strangest part of all was that on the following day these things all happened exactly as in his vision. Waso always found the herb he needed growing near him, and thus was saved from many a misfortune.

He told his father of these things, and the chieftain called together the older men of the tribe and related to them all that had happened. They believed his dreams were messages from the Great Spirit, and from that time each particular herb of which the child had dreamed, was carefully gathered and stored away for use as medicine. All the old men declared that Waso would some day become a great chieftain.

At last, for little Waso, came the time when an Indian boy goes away from his family and fasts and calls on the Great Spirit to show him a vision of his future life and teach him how to live wisely and well. So the chieftain built a little wigwam for Waso, at some distance from the others, and the boy went to it, and began the solemn rites.

That first night in his tent alone, he dreamed that the Great Spirit sent a new gift to his people, a food by means of which it would be easier for them to live and which would provide against days of famine. This gift was called Mandowmin and was to grow out of the black soil. But the manner in which he should find it was not revealed to



THE NEXT DAY THE YOUNG BRAVE APPEARED

Waso and after he awoke he could think of nothing else but the mysterious gift.

He fasted for three days in his lonely tent, sleeping at night on a bed of skins. The third day, weak from lack of food, he looked out of his doorway at sunset, and saw a splendid young brave flying down from the sky. He was clad all in green and yellow, and a tuft of green plumes nodded on his head.

“I am come, oh Little-Chieftain-Who-Loves-His-People, from the Great Spirit,” said the stranger. “He looks with favor upon you and your father the Chieftain, because you contend not with arrows and spears, but seek only the good of your people. I have great news for

you, news of a wonderful gift from the Great Spirit; but first you must wrestle with me, as it is only by overcoming me that you may learn the secret."

Now Waso was so faint and weak that he swayed as he stood, but without hesitation he began to wrestle with the mysterious stranger. It was an unequal struggle, however, and soon the boy lay on his back, panting for breath.

"I will come again tomorrow," said the stranger, and vanished.

The next day at the same hour the young brave appeared at Waso's tent, and again they wrestled. Once more Waso was vanquished, but the stranger only smiled his kind friendly smile and said: "Be brave, little Waso! You have

another chance—tomorrow—but your last—remember.”

On the third day Waso was so weak that he could scarcely stand, but he said to himself that he must win in order to learn the great secret for his people. And so much did his strong will help his weak body that at last he overthrew the young brave in green.

“Well done, Little Chieftain,” said the stranger, as he arose from the ground, where Waso had thrown him in the struggle, and dusted off his garments. “Tomorrow at set of sun I will come again for the last time. If I am vanquished I shall die. You must then strip off my garments, clear a spot of earth free from all stones, weeds and roots, soften the earth, and bury me in

that spot. Then come often to my grave, and see if perchance I have returned to life once more; but let no weeds grow over me. Promise that you will do all as I tell you, and then you shall know the secret of the Great Spirit.”

Waso promised though with tears in his eyes. He had grown to love the handsome stranger with whom he had wrestled on three days at sunset, and the thought of his death saddened the boy, but he gave him his word.

The next morning the chieftain came to his son's tent with food.

“You have proved yourself a man, my son,” he said. “A longer fast may do you harm.”

But Waso answered: “Wait only, oh

my father, until evening, and when the sun goes down I shall return to your fireside.”

So the chieftain went home alone.

At sunset the strange brave returned and appeared once more at Waso's tent. For the last time they fought. Steadily Waso gained and finally the stranger sank weakly to his knees. He arose again, and once more Waso put forth all his strength and threw his foe to earth. The stranger murmured faintly: “Your promise—remember,” and spoke no more.

Gently, tenderly, with tears streaming down his cheeks, Waso obeyed the instructions. Drawing off the beautiful green and yellow garments, he buried his strange friend in the soft black soil.

Then he returned to his father's home. But every day he visited the lonely grave far away at the edge of the forest. Carefully he pulled away the weeds and in the dry season he carried water in gourds to keep the earth soft and moist. Then one day, to his joy, he saw that the green plumes of the stranger's head-dress were pushing through the soil. His friend was coming back to him.

All this time Waso had kept these things a secret, but as the summer drew to a close, he led his father to the distant grave. He told the chief-tain the strange story, and, when he had finished, pointed to where there rose from the center of the stranger's grave a plant whose like had never



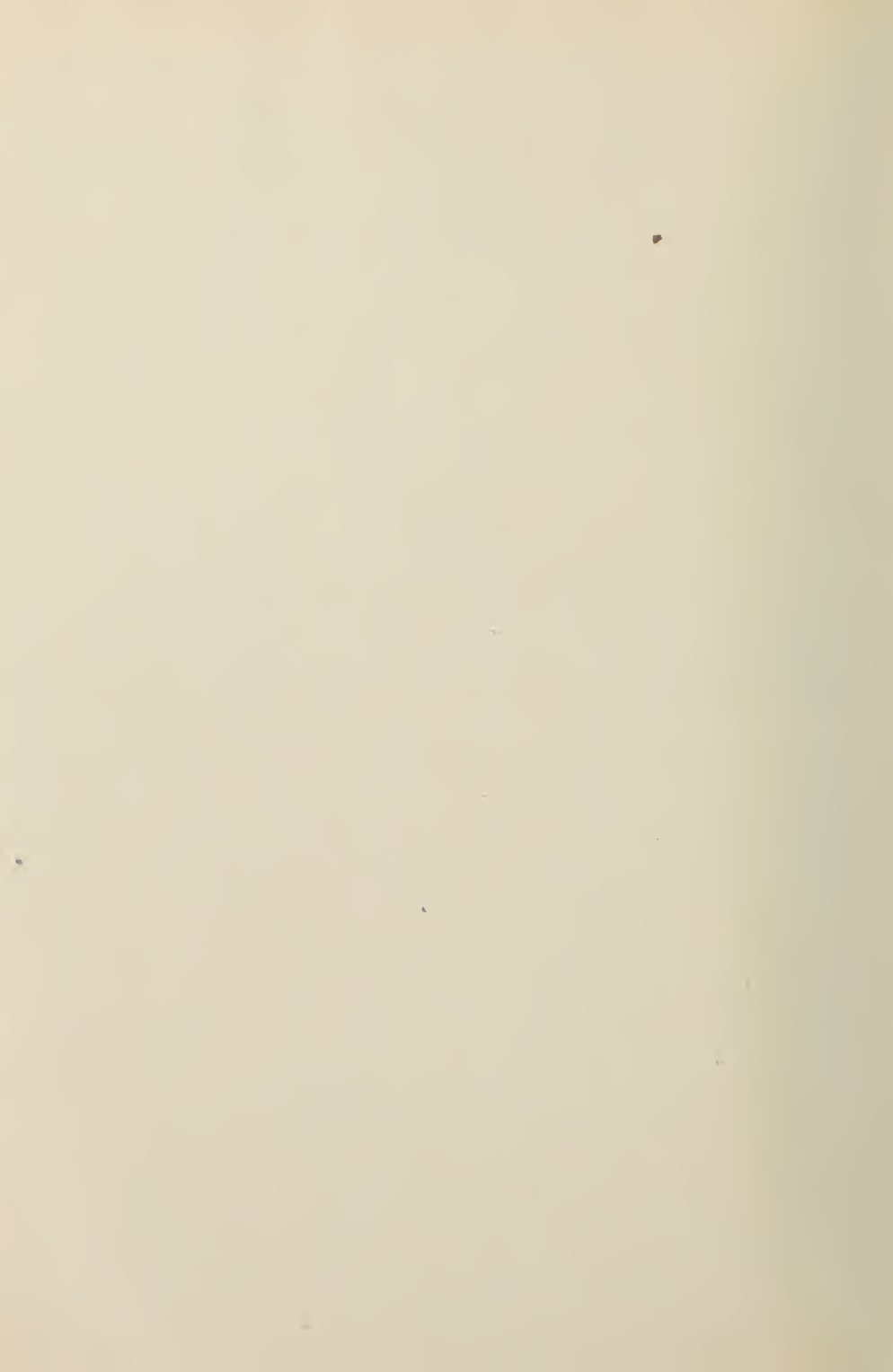
HE CARRIED WATER IN GOURDS

been seen before by the chieftain. As tall as a man it stood, straight and green, with broad shining leaves waving in the autumn breeze, topped by silky bright brown hair and nodding green plumes. From either side grew long green husks full of pearly white grains, sweet and juicy to the taste.

“It is my friend come back to me,” cried Waso. “It is Mandowmin, the Indian corn. It is the gift of the Great Spirit, and so long as we renew it from year to year, and watch and tend it, we need never fear the famine.”

That night, round the grave of Mondawmin, the members of the tribe held a feast and thanked the Great Spirit for his goodness.

Awahnee and the Giant



Awahnee and the Giant

YEARS and years ago, when there were no white men in all the great land we now call North America and the Indians were free to roam the woods, living by the fish they speared and the deer they shot, men knew very little about the world in which they lived. They did not understand why we have day and night, sun and moon, summer and winter, and so they made up all sorts of pretty stories about these strange facts.

When the last leaves of autumn had fallen, and the Indians were glad to

huddle around the fires in their wigwams, little Indian boys and girls would ask their elders:

“Why does it grow colder?” “Will it ever be warm again?” and dozens of other questions. And here is the tale that the old men of one tribe always told the little folks in answer.

Long ago, there lived a great hunter, A-wah-nee, a tall young brave. No one in all his tribe could shoot an arrow so far or so straight as could A-wah-nee. When he was still a very young man, his fame had spread even beyond his own land to other tribes.

He kept two great pet wolves as hunting dogs, huge fierce animals that were the terror of the tribe. And well they might be, too, for they were under a

spell. When A-wah-nee was deep in the forest and saw a deer near him, he had only to say "Up wolves" and in an instant they were as big as bears and had pounced upon the deer. Then he would say "Down wolves" and once more they would be their own proper size.

In a few years the deer in the forest, on the edge of which A-wah-nee and his grandmother lived in a small wigwam, had grown so clever and wary that they kept themselves hidden away all the day and roamed only at night. Presently A-wah-nee began to long for other forests where the deer were not so shy. At last one day he brought in from the hunt a half dozen fine deer.

"Dry that meat in the sun," he said to his grandmother, "and you will have food

in plenty until I return. I am going on a journey to other hunting grounds where game is bigger and more plentiful.”

Then he slung his snow shoes over his shoulder, for it was nearing the cold days, caught up his bow and arrows and his hunting knife, and strode off toward the north. As he journeyed he saw many a fine deer and moose. Some he shot, others he let go unharmed, for he was always seeking bigger game. Ever the wind grew more cold and cutting, the grass and leaves began to wither and disappear, and soon there was a covering of ice on the water and a blanket of snow on the ground.

But A-wah-nee put on his snow shoes and went skimming away, until at last

he came to a huge wigwam almost buried in the drifts of snow. There was a thread of smoke curling up from the top, and A-wah-nee, who had begun to feel cold and weary, lifted the tent flap and walked in.

There was but one person in the wigwam, a very old giant, with deep wrinkles in his face, and snow white hair and beard. When he spoke, his great voice sounded like the howling of the north wind in the pine trees.

“Ho! young brave,” he cried. “Who are you? Whence come you? What do you want in my wigwam?”

“I am A-wah-nee,” answered the young man proudly; “mightiest hunter of my tribe. I have killed all the game worthy of my bow, and now seek new quarry,

bigger and fleeter. But tell me your name, old man."

"Winter!" roared the white haired giant in such a fierce tone that A-wah-nee began to feel afraid of him. "I rule the Kingdom of Cold. I bring the snow and ice. My breath kills all it touches. But sit down if you are not afraid of me. I bid you welcome."

A-wah-nee was ashamed to show his fear after the boasting remark he had made at first, so he sat down by the giant's fire, took a bit of moose meat from a leather pouch at his side, and began to eat it. While the old man related tales of great hunts and battles of his younger days and told of the wonderful deeds the frost giants had wrought at his bidding.

A-wah-nee was amazed at these stories, which made him feel that perhaps, after all, he was not as great a hunter as he had believed. Presently, in spite of the glowing fire beside him, the young brave began to feel very chilly. His teeth chattered and he tried to jump up and run about to warm himself.

But he could not move. Something seemed to hold him hand and foot; his head fell forward and he rolled over on the ground, fast asleep. The giant laughed until he fairly shook the forest, and the echoes went rolling along like distant thunder.

“You’ll have a good sleep, my boy, before you hunt again,” he laughed, as he strode out of the wigwam, chuckling.

He had spoken the truth indeed, for it

was six months before the charm was over and young A-wah-nee awoke. When at last he stretched his limbs and opened his eyes, the old man, who was sitting beside him, burst into roars of laughter, and told him of the joke he had played.

A-wah-nee was furious, but he kept his anger to himself. Courteously he thanked the giant for his welcome and for the interesting stories, and bade him good-bye; but as he set out for the southland, he was saying in his heart: "The day will come when I will mock you, old man."

He traveled on for many weeks. Gradually the snow melted away, grass and flowers began to appear, and when he reached the southland, thousands of birds

were twittering and singing in the trees.

People were singing too, there in the southland, singing and dancing around their beloved Queen of Summer. At first A-wah-nee laughed when he saw her, for she was only a mite of a creature scarcely as tall as A-wah-nee's foot, with long black hair waving about her shoulders and dark eyes flashing fire. But as he looked at her, an idea leaped into his mind, and grew and grew into a great plan to fool the giant Winter.

Carefully the young brave carried out his scheme. First he went deep into the heart of the forest and killed a deer. Then he skinned it carefully, and made its hide into long thin strips which he rolled into a tight ball.

Returning to the place where the men of the southland were singing and dancing about their little Queen of Summer, A-wah-nee waited his time. In a moment when they were not on guard, he caught up the tiny figure, tucked her out of sight in a fold of his blanket, and went striding away into the forest. As he fled he took care to unwind some ten or more turns of the deerskin string ball, and let the loose ends dangle several yards behind him.

A-wah-nee was very fleet of foot and, too, he had taken the men of the south so entirely unawares that before they had planned how to rescue their stolen Queen, the thief was already deep in the forest and quite out of sight. But presently they came upon the deer string

and, winding it up as they went, began to follow where it led.

In the meantime A-wah-nee had traveled far and reached, at last, the wigwam of the giant Winter. As before, the old man welcomed him pleasantly and bade him enter, for he meant to exert his spell over the young hunter once more.

“Sit by my fire and rest,” he roared in his great voice. “You must be weary after your long hunt. I will tell you tales of the giants while you refresh your tired limbs.”

“Ah no!” laughed A-wah-nee. “This time, oh giant, I will tell the tales to you,” and he smiled knowingly and began to speak.

As he talked, a strange thing happened

to the giant. His head nodded, his voice grew weak, he shook all over, and tears began to run from his eyes, for little by little A-wah-nee had been drawing the folds of his blanket away from the little Queen of Summer, and she had been watching the old man with bright black eyes. At last she stepped out boldly on A-wah-nee's knee, and smiled at Winter. Under that smile he grew weaker and weaker until at last he fell to the floor of the wigwam, and melted away until nothing was left of him but a pool of water from which came a hoarse, moaning cry.

A-wah-nee and the little Queen turned away from him and stepped out doors. A great change had come over the scene. The snow had gone, the grass was

fresh and green, the ice had melted away, and the brooks were trying to sing even louder than the happy birds. Everything was as beautiful as the southland itself, even more so, for there was a cool, sweet fragrance in the air that had come from the pure snow as it melted.

Soon A-wah-nee and the little Queen found themselves surrounded by the men of the southland, and they were rejoiced to see their beloved ruler once more, safe and unharmed. When A-wah-nee told them why he had borrowed their little Queen, they were quite ready to forgive him.

Indeed, they found the northland so beautiful they longed to make it their home, but A-wah-nee warned them that the Summer Queen's power could last

but six months. At the end of that time the old giant Winter would rise from the pool of water, resume his former shape, and with his breath freeze all the country, over which he ruled.

So from that time on, the men of the southland came each year to the frozen realm of the old giant Winter, bringing their little Queen of Summer, and with her approach the old man was forced to take a six months' nap. And so it has been even to this day. While the giant sleeps, the world is bright and sunshiny; the flowers and the birds sing; but when he awakens, he freezes the rivers and covers the earth with a blanket of snow.









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