

FAIRY STORIES FROM THE ESKIMOS.

THE WEAKLING TURNED STRONG.

THOUGH Kasagu* was only a quite little boy, his life was a hard one. He lived in the house of his stepmother, his father and mother both being dead. It was not long since he had lost them; indeed, his father had died less than a year ago, and until then his stepmother had been forced to treat him without much harshness, though at no time could her behaviour to him be called kind.

2. But now that his father was no longer there to protect him, poor little Kasagu had a terrible time. He was never allowed to enter the living-room of the house, where it was warm, and where also there was a ledge all the way round to sit or sleep on.

3. It was his lot to spend his days, and also his nights, with the dogs in the passage, or tunnel, which led from the cold world without to the warmth and comfort of the living-room.

4. The dogs were all the company he had,

* Pronounce *ka'-sa-goo*—*d* as in "father"; *a* as in "sofa"; *oo* as in "book."