

THE PRETTY WABIGOON



THOUSANDS and thousands of *moons* ago, long before there was any *white man* here, it was always cold, and the old man who had to attend to the *weather* was called Pee-poon. But by-and-by, the *Manitoo* who had more power than Pee-poon, thought it



would be nice to have a change by making everything warmer, and I am going to tell you the way it happened, but he did not let poor old Pee-poon know a single word about it.

One time Pee-poon made the weather so cold that it was too cold for himself, for he was so cold that he could hardly walk through the *woods* to find dead branches and bits of bark to make a *fire* in his wigwam, where he just had to sit and *shiver* all the time Ke-wa-din, the north wind, was blowing among the trees and through the openings in the sides of his *hut*. You see, although Pee-poon could make the air *cold*, he had no power to make it *warm*. Well, at last the wild wind came with a