

which the black head on the bowl grinned at her great-grandson. Hiawatha's mother, Onata, bent near her, tending the pot of broth, a vessel whose flared edge and ornamental markings bore witness to her success in the woman's art of pottery. It was half buried in the ashes beside the fire and from time to time she dropped into it a red-hot stone, setting the pottage boiling from the inside. While she was cooking thus the line of fires extending down the house illumined here and there some similar steaming pot and its attendant, some group of olive-skinned maidens musically laughing over the day's work and procession, some knot of agile athletes smoking, while one recounted a bear-hunt; the kind Awitharoa entertaining children with fairy tales of the Stone Giants and the race of the Bodiless Heads; prankish boys and girls chasing about under the eyes of parents; and the watchful, beady eyes of many papposes looking down from their gaudy cradle-boards hung on the end of nearly every partition. Wood smoke enveloped all in blue mist; deep shadows wrapped the recesses; moonlight peeped in on the corn hung along the smoke-slit in the ceiling, and the great Turtle, pictured in black, white and red, watched its