

time and did considerable hunting. Mikumwesu quite distinguished himself in bagging game that very few others could get.

While on a hunting trip a young son was born to Mikumwesu, and he was named "Little Thunder." One day, before going out to hunt, Mikumwesu admonished his wife not to leave the boy alone. But it happened, as Mikumwesu was hunting, that Groundhog was in the woods tapping maple trees to make maple sugar. Mikumwesu's wife thought she might as well go over to join Groundhog while she was getting the sap, since the baby was sleeping. While she was collecting the sap, she saw a feather fall right before her. This reminded her of her husband's admonition. She immediately started to return and on her way back she noticed that the sky was very black. She entered the wigwam, but the boy was not to be seen. She sat down and began to cry. After a short lapse of time she arose again and went out to hunt for the boy. She went down to the river. Perhaps he had wandered thither and had gotten into the water hole. But it was in vain, and she returned in tears to where her grandmother was. When asked why she wept, she told her that her boy was lost. Groundhog at once censured her for failing to heed her husband's command. On hearing her grandmother's reproaches, her beauty disappeared and she again looked as when Mikumwesu first appeared. All their former good fortune left them and they had difficulty even in eking out a livelihood. Mikumwesu did not return. He stayed away for fifteen years. During these years she continually kept worrying about her boy.

One night they heard someone place a load just outside their door. The old woman immediately arose and said to her granddaughter that her son-in-law must have returned. She heard him striking his snowshoes together to knock the snow from them. Shortly afterwards she saw him put his head through the camp door. He looked all around the camp, but failed to see his boy. He asked his wife for the boy, and she replied that he was lost. Mikumwesu said to her, "You won't see me again till the boy returns, and your looks will become worse and worse." She pleaded with him not to leave her and ran after him. But he eluded her and flew up a tree; he alighted on a crotched tree and began to sing. The old woman and her granddaughter were again left alone, and they wept. The chief and the other girls now heard of