

her daughter. Fear took hold of them. In a moment the cruel, ugly North Wind was upon them.

Madly the North Wind tried to strike down the mother. The daughter cried out as the South Wind tried in vain to fight off the wicked one. But this battle was short. Leaving the mother wounded on the sands, the North Wind grabbed into his arms the helpless girl and made off with her towards the wild, wicked north.

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BOUND homeward from a sea-faring trip who should meet the Sun that afternoon, just as he had passed beyond the sight of his dear ones, but the West Wind—the happy, smiling, strong West Wind who would rather fight than eat and who would rather fight for fair women than for any other cause. The Sun had always been a friend of the West Wind and plans were made on that ocean meeting that the West Wind should make a visit to the home of the Sun.

The cries of the daughter had reached the sharp ears of the good West Wind far out on the Pacific. He felt there was danger and full speed, he rushed to the coast. He spied the South Wind fallen as in a faint; he