

howl, stronger than ever, and was so nearly blowing the wigwam away in pieces that he was very *sorry* for what he had done. Just then the flap of birch-bark that was his *door* was blown away, and the same blast brought down from the *sky* a beautiful young woman, who now stood outside. Her eyes were like the eyes of a *fawn*, her cheeks as red as wild roses, and her hair was so long that she had to hold it up from the ground. But the strangest thing of all was the way she was clothed. Her dress was made of *ferns*, *sweet-grass*, and *meadow-iris* leaves, dotted with sprigs of sugar-maple, oak and elm; and for shoes, she wore two large and beautiful pink swamp-lilies (such as we now call the moccasin flower). As soon as she came into the wigwam the storm ceased to blow so hard, and the air became warmer. Pee-poon said to her "*O-da-ne-se-ma*, I am very sorry it is so cold here, but I am glad you have come. I am lonely, and I thought I would die when Ke-wa-din was blowing as he was a little while ago. Now tell me where you come from, and how you happen to be here. Then I shall tell you all about Pee-poon,* for that is my name."

The girl said, "I should not speak until after you do, so I will wait until you begin, but I may tell you that my name is *Me-no-kub-me*."

By this time the old man had lighted his pipe, and after smoking a little while, he said, "I am a manitoo. When I

*The old Indians do not like to tell one another their names. A third person may do so, but in this story there is no third person present. They think that by telling their names they give away part of themselves.