

and most of his food was scraps picked from the meals that were thrown to them. In the mornings, when the men were rousing the dogs with their whips, they would often hit poor Kasagu as well as the dogs; and they only laughed when he cried out, "Na-ah! Na-ah!"

5. Little Kasagu could not run out into the snow and play with the other children, because he had no boots. Without the warm snow-boots that the people of this land wear, his feet would soon have become frost-bitten in the intense cold. Often he had asked his stepmother to give him a pair of boots; but she always said, "No, you are not worth it yet. You must work harder, before you can have any boots."

6. For, although he was ill-treated, and so badly fed that he was but a puny creature for his age, he had to work hard all day long at cleaning the boots of the others, and also at sewing the leather to make footwear for the rest of the household. It was work to which there seemed no end.

7. But at length there came a day when his stepmother said he might have a pair of boots, if he would work hard at helping to make them.

8. You may imagine with what eager hands Kasagu worked and worked, until the happy day when the boots were ready for wear. Then his stepmother, who, by this time, really seemed to