

sister, for I must search for arrow wood. Do you rest here quietly until I come back to you."

He set off and was gone very much longer than he thought he would be. This did not worry him a great deal, as he knew the lodge to be quite safe, and he did not hurry, for he knew that the new founded sister would prepare the evening meal for his brothers when they arrived home weary and hungry from the chase.

When the brothers arrived home, however, they saw no welcoming flash of campfire and no tempting smell of cooking came to their nostrils. Everything about the camp was silent and deserted. They started forward, calling "Sister, sister!" but no answer reached them from the silent forests. They rushed into the lodge and searched every corner anxiously, but she was gone.

They set out on a long search over the mountains and the wide plains; but at last, finding no trace of her, they came back to the lodge and lay down for a rest. All fell asleep save the eldest brother, and far into the night he lay awake trying to think of some place they had overlooked in their search. Suddenly he heard a soft sound of crying.

"My brothers," cried he, "I think I hear our sister weeping. Harken!"

They all listened eagerly and, sure enough, they heard her voice from somewhere in the lodge. The eldest brother went over and lifted up her bed of furs bodily, but instead of finding his sister he saw a deep, dark hole, which was wide enough to crawl through.

The sound appeared to come from this hole, and he said, "I will find where this hole leads; do you stay here!" Very carefully the young man crept along, and every step he took brought the noise of weeping nearer and nearer until at last the hole widened into a large room, and there, lying securely bound with grapevine ropes, he saw his poor sister, crying bitterly.

"How came you here, my sister?" asked he.

"Our youngest brother left me in the lodge when he went to gather arrow wood," said the maid. "I was resting on my fur bed when the otters through the hole pulled me down into the ground. There are four of these otters. One is white, and when he comes into the place a great white light flashes from his eyes and lights up the room. When the red otter comes a red light illumines the place. When the yellow brother comes a yellow light the color of sunshine covers everything; but I dread least the black otter. He's the poorest of all and he has no lights; but while all the others have been harsh and cruel with me the poor little black otter has contrived to keep me alive. When all the others were away he brought soup and food and fed me!"