



A WOLF STORY

AN INDIAN BABY'S WILD FRIEND

One summer a small band of Indians went into the forest to hunt. The smallest member of the family was a tiny red boy of 6 years, who accompanied his young mother. He was not very strong or well; but this fact seemed only to make his mother love him more, and she took all possible care of him and tried to make him healthier by every means in her power.

Often she had to help in the hunts of her husband, and whenever she was compelled to go and help with the game she left her baby in the care of an old, old Indian woman, and she told her to look well to the wants of the little one until she returned to him.

When this happened—and it often did—the child gathered together what little food he could carry and wandered off into the forest. Soon the animal people came to know and love him, and they were all on friendly terms together. But no animal of them all was so kind to the little red baby as the Wolf. All day long the wolves and the little red baby played together, romping about until the darkness fell, when the boy's animal friends would take him nearly all the way home through the dense forest; not quite all the way, however, for they knew and feared the men-people of the wigwams.

One day, when the beautiful summer was over and gone and the loud voice of the wind was heard by wood and field and through the mountain passes, the hunters decided that they would move on toward