



About this time of the year the nights begin to grow chilly in WINDEGO LAND, and one morning NOKOMIS found the children warming their hands at the "cooking fire." Of course, they were snug and warm enough at night—wrapped in their fur sleeping robes—but NOKOMIS thought it was time that YELLOW HAIR had some warmer clothes.

Now in this Birch-Bark Box, or Indian Trunk, NOKOMIS kept some pretty clothes and many other things that had belonged to WENONA, the daughter of NOKOMIS, when WENONA was a little girl. She was the aunt of LITTLE GROWLING BIRD and the mother of the great NANABOOZOO (or "HIAWATHA," of whom you have often heard or read about), and he was the most wonderful of all the Indian magicians that ever lived.

But WENONA had died long before LITTLE GROWLING BIRD was born, and the Trunk had never been opened.



After NOKOMIS had considered a while she went into the Wigwam and opened the box. The first thing she took out was a beautiful suit made of blue cloth, trimmed with deer-skin, with beads and wampum—which is bits of white or colored clam shell, nearly round in shape and with holes bored through so that they could be strung like beads. The little girl fell in love with it right away.

When FANNY YELLOW HAIR wanted to put the dress on, at once, NOKOMIS said no, it would have to be shaken and the wrinkles smoothed out, but YELLOW HAIR coaxed so hard that at last she consented to let her try it on. Soon NOKOMIS called her into the Wigwam and began to fix her up like a real little Indian girl.

They were so long about the dressing—like many other little girls are, that we all know, and big ones, too, sometimes—that AUNDAK became impatient. "You'll be late for school, YELLOW HAIR!" he cried. But this was only a little joke of Mr. CROW'S, because there wasn't any school in WINDEGO LAND then. It was ALWAYS "holidays!" Then he spied her little red shoes, and—



Because AUNDAK had a habit of "borrowing" other folk's things—and sometimes forgetting to bring them back, and to relate—he slyly drew the little shoes out and carried them off. It would have made any one laugh to see Mr. CROW putting his black feet into the red shoes—which didn't fit him at all—and pretend to dance the MEDICINE dance. LITTLE GROWLING BIRD hopped around on one foot, enjoying the joke. When YELLOW HAIR came out they both thought her the cutest little Indian girl they had ever seen.

NOKOMIS told her the dress was hers, but there were too many trimmings and things on it to wear playing around, but that she should keep it for "dress-up days" only, while she (NOKOMIS) would make her an every-day dress for "play-days." Just then BIG BEAR came ambling along. "WHAT! WHO!" he cried. "Can this be some little Indian Princess come to visit us?" Ever since then when the Indians meet their friends "all dressed up" they pretend not to recognize each other, because they look so fine and grand. It is their way of being very, very polite! Funny, isn't it?

A. T. C.