LITTLE "GROWLING BIRD" IN WINDEGO LAND

NAH-KE-MOOD PEENAY-SHINS
LITTLE GROWLING BIRD

"KEEGHE MUR-GWAN" THE BIG BEAR

One day Little Growling Bird told Fanny Yellow Hair that, if she liked, he would teach her how to shoot with a bow and arrow, like the Indian children do so well. Yellow Hair said she'd like to learn so she could defend her Dolly, should it be in danger. She usually left the Dolly in the Wigwam during the daytime, but in the evening, when sitting around the camp-fire, she would take it out of its little Indian cradle and dress and play with it, just like all little girls do. But, this time, she said she'd take it along and give it some fresh air. Little Bear was now cured of his headache and the sore tongue he got from eating the "Indian Turnip," and was all ready to "tag" along after the children. But Big Bear thought he had better be doing something to pay for his board and keep, so he took the little cub along to help catch some fish for Nokomis. Well—

When the children came to the "Beaver Meadow"—where the wild flowers grew so plentifully—Yellow Hair hung the Indian cradle on the broken limb of a tree so that the Dolly would be out of harm's way. Besides, the breeze would sway the cradle gently to and fro, on its crossbar, and the Dolly would be nicely rocked to sleep. Indian cradles, you know, have no "rockers" like those of the Paleface babies, so the little papooses are hushed to sleep by SWINGING, instead of ROCKING! Aundak, the funny old Crow, perched himself on a big stone and tried to sing a lullaby—although his hoarse voice was more likely to WAKEN a buffalo than put a baby to sleep! Meanwhile, Growling Bird showed Yellow Hair how to hold the bow, and shoot the arrow at a mark, and, after a while, she came VERY NEAR hitting it!

While the children were gathering up the arrows they heard a sudden commotion behind them and Aundak's voice "cawing" and crying, "Stop Thief! STOP THIEF!!" as loud as he could squall. They looked around to see what it was all about and were horrified to see a GREAT BIG HAWK just pouncing on the Dolly and trying to carry it off! Yellow Hair began to cry when she saw the fierce bird tearing away at her Dolly. She didn't know WHAT to do, but Growling Bird knew—and did it very quickly, too!

He grabbed the bow and fitted an arrow to the string, but, just as he was about to shoot, the Big Hawk dropped the Dolly (he found it was not alive, nor good to eat) and pounced on Aundak, who was scolding away as hard as he could. He sank his sharp claws in the poor Crow's head and neck, and it looked very bad for Aundak, indeed! They made such a noise that Growling Bird was able to step up quite close to the struggling birds, and, taking careful aim, he let fly a sharp-pointed arrow!

It sang through the air and struck Geb-waun-uhsee, the Wicked Hawk, right in the neck! Down he tumbled, dead as a stone, while Aundak scampered off, squawking terribly and not waiting to thank Growling Bird for saving his life! Now the Hawk People are the cruelest of birds and very wicked. They and the Owl People were forbidden to come into the Refuge Ground because they did nothing but kill and eat the pretty little song-birds and rob their nests of the young ones. They also devoured whatever little animals they could catch and carry off.

When Yellow Hair saw the cruel Hawk fall and Aundak escape from his clutches she ran forward and picked up her Dolly—who, of course, was not hurt—and hugged it tight in her arms. She was very proud of her playmate, because he was so quick, and shot so true. She praised him for his bravery—and every one knows how good that makes a little boy feel! Growling Bird was quite puffed up over his success in ridding the Refuge Ground of such a wicked bird as Geb-waun-uhsee, the Hawk, and there was some excuse for his feeling so big over it, because it was really a VERY fine shot, indeed, for such a little boy! Aundak was more frightened than hurt, and, except for losing a few feathers, he was none the worse for the adventure. He threw taunts at the dead Hawk—but he was careful to keep behind Yellow Hair while he did so. Well—

Growling Bird tied the dead Hawk's legs together and thrust a stick between them so as to carry it over his shoulder, and Yellow Hair swung the Dolly's cradle on her back and placed the strap across her forehead—the way Indian women carry their papooses. Then they started back to the Wigwam. Nokomis pretended she did not recognize them, at first. She "let on" she thought they were strangers—a little Indian hunter, with game, and his squaw, carrying a papoose! Of course, that was only in fun, because she wanted them to see how astonished she was at their success. But Big Bear and Little Bear, who were just getting back from the fishing, were REALLY surprised to see what a fine hunter the little boy was becoming! Another time you shall hear how Growling Bird hunted Wolverine, the "Greedy Glutton," and what came of it! A. T. C.