WEWA: THE CHILD OF THE PUEBLOS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649198412

Wewa: The Child of the Pueblos by Helen L. Campbell

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

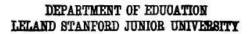
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HELEN L. CAMPBELL

WEWA: THE CHILD OF THE PUEBLOS

Trieste



Young Folk's Library of Choice Literature

Wlewa The Child of the **P**ueblos

BY HELEN L. CAMPBELL

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

BOSTON CHICAGO

NEW YORK

÷

ł

•

.

SAN FRANCISCO

ŝ

λ,

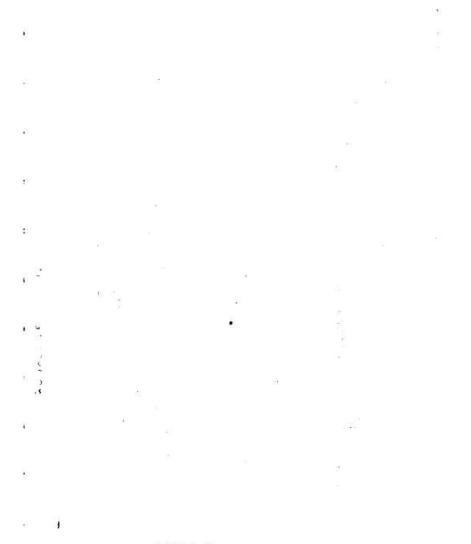
IBRARY Leland Stauford, Jr. UNIVER61T

¥3

COPYRIGHTED BY EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

. 1908

C





WEWA AND THUR BE-SAY.

STORY OF WEWA

THE CHILD OF THE PUEBLOS.

Little Wewa crept through the low doorway of his father's dwelling, and stood upon the roof of the neighbor's house who lived in the story below. Stepping upon a low stone bench, which was built against the side of the house, he leaned back against the wall and looked far off across the dreary plain.

Soon his little sister, Thur-be-say ("Rainbow-of-the-Sun"), came out, and clambered up beside him, dangling her fat little legs over the side of the bench. Wewa laid one hand gently upon her thick, black hair, as she leaned her head against him. With the other hand he pushed back his queer, big hat, which had slipped down so far, he could scarcely see.

Wewa is a sturdy, brown little fellow with keen, black eyes, and straight, black hair. Though he wears such strange-looking trousers, and lives in such a very strange house, still he is just as full of noise and mischief, just as ready for play, or for a day's ride on his faithful burro, as any boy could be, who had whiter skin, or wore better trousers.

ő



THE PUEBLO WHERE WEWA LIVED.