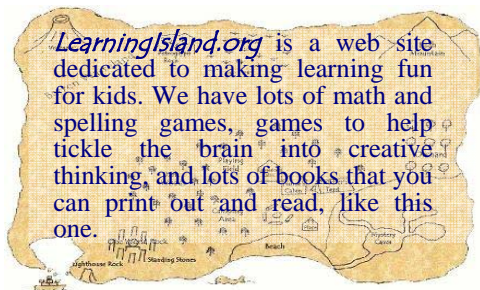




Many, many moons ago, in a lodge in a forest, there lived an old man. His hair was white as the snowdrift. All the world was winter. Snow and ice were everywhere, and the old man wore heavy furs. He sat in front of his dying fire.

All the coals became white with ashes. The fire was slowly dying. Suddenly the wind blew aside the door of the lodge, and there came in a most beautiful maiden.

Find out who the girl was in this book.



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