

our peregrinations through the prairie that I learnt the origin of these little plagues. Although I doubt of its veracity, I favor you with the account as I received it. It is not very flattering to our sex, therefore I tell it you "sub rosa."

Long before the white man left his trail on the grass of the Prairie and when the red men were master of all, an Indian of our tribe, said the narrator, took to his wigwam a squaw who turned out to be a perfect shrew. Her tongue like a bell sounded from morn till night, growing worse and worse as years wore on. All her husband's corrections failed to effect a change—she was beyond control. It was the hunting season and the tribe migrated to follow the moose, the buffalo and the bison. In the midst of plenty, the squaw sickened and died. The encampment was on the borders of a pretty stream but the tents were raised and all departed after placing a pyramid of stones to mark the woman's grave. The Indian warrior, without a sigh of regret, turned from the spot and strode off with light step and lighter heart. Two years had elapsed when the return of the hunting season saw the tribe encamped where the buffalo herded. Fate willed that the tents should be cast on the spot which had received the remains of the troublesome squaw. With a glance of satisfaction towards the funeral pile, and led by curiosity, the Indian approached and through the waving grass, saw the skeleton form, whole remnant of his departed wife. "Ha!" said he, "silent at last, you hard head in which wagged a noisy tongue." On saying the words, he kicked the skull, it opened and from the yawning cavity rushed forth a swarm of winged insects buzzing and biting in their wrath. On, on they gushed till he was completely envelopped by the trumpeting host. After wreaking their vengeance on the unfortunate man, they spread far and near, and ever since have held possession of the Prairies."