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cent. The craft was peculiar. In the air she was quite majestic, with her two stories and double smoke-stacks. But under water she was only a flat-boat with a draught of two feet. A huge "kick-behind" wheel extended completely across the stern, and made the boat shake as if with the palsy when we turned out from the bank and headed up stream. The river flowed with a still, muddy current, between high banks covered with bushes and small timber. Here and there we saw a clearing and some tumble-down cabins, the homes of the half-breeds. They are a strange race, in whose veins the blood of England, Scotland, and France is mingled with that of the Indian tribes. They are social, fond of excitement, gifted with great physical strength and endurance, but without the moral qualities of patience, industry, and order. In olden times they were the canoe-men and sledge-drivers of the Hudson Bay Company. We saw their clumsy dug-outs moored along the river-banks, and the numerous set lines indicated that they preferred the easiest possible way of fishing. Flocks of wild-duck and plover flew before us as we steamed slowly against the current, passing around sharp curves in the river, and almost doubling on our course. Kingfishers perched motionless on the overhanging branches, or swept swiftly past with their sharp chir-r-ring cry. The boat struck on many a stone and sand-bar; but with a convulsive shiver that made all the wood-work crack, and a tremendous splashing of the great wheel, she scraped safely over. Then the dusk gathered on the stream and on the brown woods, and the light faded in the clear sky, until the moon came swimming over the tree-tops, and all was silver bright as we floated on, ever rounding new points only to see the same curve of water, the

same motionless banks, stretching away before us. At sunrise we looked out upon the same picture, and at noon our voyage was ended at St. Vincent.

The chronicle of our Red River trip would be incomplete if it lacked the record of our stay at the town of Hallock—a town small in population, large in hopes, and abundant in prairie-chickens. How shall I describe the primitive state of society in that infant city? how do justice to the excellence of the shooting, and more particularly to the great excitement of the impromptu dog-fight, especially at that moment when, in a peaceable desire to separate the contestants, I kicked the wrong dog? But at last all came to an end, and we were riding homeward for the last time across the prairie. The vast plain was golden brown in the light of the autumn sun. Here and there a great square of black earth was exposed in a new "breaking." Far away to the west we could see a faint blue line of timber. On the nearer woods that fringed the banks of Two Rivers the hues of the declining year were rich and sombre. Flocks of prairie-chickens went whirling away before us, with their clucking note that sounds like derisive laughter. High up in the air a long flock of wild-geese was moving swiftly across the sky. Over all hung the mellow haze of Indian summer. There was a strange soft beauty in the scene, like that which rests upon the sea in a golden calm. And as the haze grew thicker, the sun sank lower and lower, like a ball of molten iron slowly cooling, until at last it was lost in the gathering gloom. Then the yellow stars came out with tremulous light. The smell of fallen leaves was in the air. And on the far horizon, rising and falling, sinking and flaring up again, burned a red line of prairie fires.

