

eye as much as to say, "well, you must be very 'green,' what country did you come from when you do not even know a store?" We can merely say "good day," take the implied taunt with a grain of salt—live and learn—and start for the store. Arrived there we confront a lot of old buildings without any windows, and a rough looking door with a strong padlock, the whole bearing the air of a dilapidated barn, used to store odds and ends. We conclude to buy something, and after hunting up Mr. McD. we inquire if he has so-and-so. He answers in the affirmative and we again arrive at the store: the door being opened, light is admitted, and a smell is experienced strongly redolent of dried hides, Indian dressed skins, groceries, etc.

Upon entering, the eye searches in vain for counters, shelves, or the modern appurtenances of a store. A rusty pair of old balances supply the place of scales, and a large pair of the same variety answers the place of the "platform." On the floor is a mowing machine recently imported, a lot of parchment skins (dressed raw buffalo hides), and moose skins for making moccasins. In a corner are a lot of these Indian shoes (moccasins); a box of tea and tobacco opened, with many untouched; a lot of various colored and sized beads in a box containing a lot of sundries; various other articles scattered about on the rough table-shaped counter, or the similarly constructed shelves; in a corner are a lot of barrels containing nails, sugar, and such commodities, to make up the balance. Our demands being served but our curiosity as yet unsatisfied, we ask for some other article, of which there are many that take our fancy, and, in the meantime, direct our attention to the receptacle overhead, and are informed that those bales, three feet long and a foot square at the end, containing a lot of broad, thin, long slices of brownish-colored material, streaked with whitish yellow, are bundles of dried meat.

This is buffalo meat, dried on the plains and prepared for keeping or exportation; each slice will be one-fourth of an inch thick, eight or ten inches wide, and from two to four feet long, with streaks of fat of various widths interspersed. Seeing a little uréhin who has entered by the open door munching away at this article, curiosity tempts us to taste it. At first it is hard, brittle and tasteless, but as it is masticated, a bland, mawkish taste it experienced—mawkish, because the idea of preserved meat in a mind accustomed to the habits of ordinary life, is always accompanied with the existence of salt, but here it is totally absent, and the only comparison we can make is the taste of dried blood—if the taste has ever been experienced;—but such is custom, that, in time, this article of meat becomes quite palatable, infinitely more so than the salt horse which is customary in most places.

In looking around we see some very odd looking, hard, hide-covered oblong lumps. Strike them with the foot and they are found to be as hard and apparently as heavy as a stone; the simple answer on enquiry is, "that is pemican"—as much as to say, who is so little acquainted with the world as not to know what pemican is? Why, here we could scarcely live without it—it is the veritable "staff of life" either for the voyageur or the settler. The Scripture staff of life does not obtain in