

prefer to call him, the Wild Man of the West. There, seated by her side, in the midst of the wreck and *débris* of her household goods, the Wild Man, quite regardless of appearances, began boldly to tell the same old tale, and commit the same offence, that he told and committed upwards of sixteen years before, when *he* was Louis the Trapper, and *she* was Mary West.

Seeing what was going forward, the judicious trappers and the enthusiastic artist considerably retired to the bower behind the house. What transpired at that strange interview no one can tell, for no one was present except the kitten. That creature, having recovered from its consternation, discovered, to its inexpressible joy, that, an enormous jug having been smashed by Bounce along with the other things, the floor was covered in part with a lakelet of rich cream. With almost closed eyes, intermittent purring, quick-lapping tongue, and occasional indications of a tendency to choke, that fortunate animal revelled in this unexpected flood of delectation, and listened to the conversation; but, not being gifted with the power of speech, it never divulged what was said—at least, to human ears, though we are by no means sure that it did not create a considerable amount of talk among the cat-population of the settlement.

Be this as it may, when the Wild Man at length opened the door, and cried, "Come in, lads—it's all right," they found the widow Mar-