

After attentively watching my absurd attempts to produce a ringing whistle by placing my fingers in my mouth, and blowing through them until my face was like an apoplectic coachman's, a smile of intelligence lit up his swarthy visage: then I violently dug imaginary holes, and explained that the sounds came about twilight; he nodded his head, dived into the tent, and disappeared in the smoke, to shortly emerge again with a rug or robe, made from the skins of an animal that was quite new to me.

It was beautifully soft, glossy, and brown. The skins were about the size of a large rat's, and about twenty in number. Here, then, was the dawn of a discovery. He called the animal *Ou-ka-la*, and made me understand that it lived on roots and vegetable matter, and burrowed holes in the ground.

As the daylight faded out, I again took my seat; and, just as before, when everything was silent, the woods echoed with the *Ou-ka-la*'s cry. I longed for morning, and hardly waited for light, but hastened off to my trap; and, joy of joys, I had one sure enough, caught by the neck. Poor *Ou-ka-la*! your friends had heard, and you had given, your 'last whistle.' He was dead and cold—trapped, perhaps, whilst I listened won-