

## Childhood of Ji-shih'

"A partridge-snare, what is that?" said the beaver, and down he dived under the water, splashing it all over his mother with his tail as he went under. He swam up stream and got among the rushes near the shore, where he looked out and listened. Scarcely had he raised his head when he heard the faintest little cry.

Then the Squaw came out of the forest and straight down the river bank to the water's edge. There she stooped down and opened her arms and out of the folds of her buckskin garments she brought a tiny Indian babe. How rosy and soft and beautiful it was, and how gently the mother bathed it in the cold fresh water as though she thought it would break; and now the little beaver was not afraid any longer but wanted to touch the tiny thing with his warm soft fur.

As the happy Squaw laid the naked babe next to her warm mother's breast and folded it about with her garments and started to walk away the beaver heard her sing this pretty song:

