

The woman snatched them as eagerly as would a hungry hound a piece of raw meat. She hid them in her blanket and went off.

It is the fashion for an Indian woman to tie her blanket around the waist, then when she gathers the top of it loosely around her head and shoulders, there is a nice big space left around the body for a pocket.

They pile all sorts of things in there—bread, meat, wild turnips—anything they may wish to carry. So this woman put the potatoes in her blanket-pocket and went off, while Aunt Martha shut the door and resumed her morning duties.

Presently on going to the door again to shake the dust-cloth, Aunt Martha saw another Indian woman coming towards the house. She called out hurriedly when she saw the door was going to shut, "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me."

"Oh, my," whispered Aunt Martha to herself, but to the woman, who was by this time quite near and holding out her arm pitifully, she said, "Good morning, my friend. How many potatoes do you want?"

"Heap," said the woman. "Me pappoose sick. No good eat."

Aunt Martha hadn't the heart to refuse, so she gave her two large potatoes, and the woman said gratefully, "O-ches! O-ches! Now-a-dee! (Dear! Dear! Thank you), and trotted on, mumbling other words of praise.

Hardly two minutes had passed when another came stalking through the kitchen without leave or license, and without knocking before entering. She came on into the sitting-room where Aunt Martha was busy sweeping.

"Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me," she said.

"No, no!" said Aunt Martha, shaking her head and trying to frown. "Have no eets."

"Yes! Me see! Heap! Kit-e-ko gi' it to me. Four sleeps me no eat. Me heap hungum." (Hungry.)

"Poor soul!" thought Aunt Martha. "She shall have a couple," and so led the way to the back door, fished out two big potatoes and gave them to her, thinking as before she would get rid of the Indian in this way.

In five minutes there were three more sickly-looking, half-frozen beings at the door, and they seemed ten times more hungry than the others. They begged so hard that Aunt Martha gave each one a potato. They were not very thankful for so small a gift, but were hardly out of sight when four more came around the corner, and Aunt Martha felt that she was getting into a box.

"Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me," they called.

Aunt Martha could do nothing but stand and look at them, she was so surprised. She had to smile at

the way she was getting rid of them. The Indians thought that she was smiling because she was going to give them potatoes, and they began to call her good woman.

"You heap good," they said. "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me."

As the bag was there in sight, she could not say, "No more eets." She could not make them understand that she had no more for *them*, so she hastily and without another word grabbed a few and threw them one at a time to the women until all were supplied with two or more eets, as they called them.

After giving the last potato she thought she could possibly spare, and in the very act of tossing it, she glanced up and saw what she thought was an object moving in the distance.

"An Indian woman, as sure as anything, and coming towards the house. What in the world shall I do?" she whispered. "Yes, there is another, and another, three, six, ten; where do they all come from?"

It seemed as though the whole village had gone potato-crazy, and thought that Aunt Martha was made of them.

She was not made of them, however, and had only one small bag of them, and this was half gone, but on and on the Indians came, thicker and faster, until, worried out and distressed, she turned her back upon them and rushed into the house.

They surrounded the house and stood by the dozen gazing in the window. Some stuck their heads in the door and called out, "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me," when almost frantic Aunt Martha flew upstairs out of sight and out of hearing of the dear people she wanted so much to help.

The anxious cook, seeing that the potatoes were fast disappearing, hid the few that were left in a box in the cellar, and the Indians soon took their departure.

Aunt Martha learned her first lesson that day, that she could do more good in some other way than by feeding potatoes to the Indians, whom she afterwards found out generally had enough to eat.

Jottings.

WEATHER very mild at the Soo; no sleighing.

So far we have got through the winter without any serious illness in either of the Homes.

REV. E. F. AND MRS. WILSON returned home on the 14th. Mr. Wilson has collected much valuable information about the different Indian tribes, and an immense number of interesting Indian curiosities, during his tour through the United States.