

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 enquire 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 larger 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 tickle 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 to ten inches wide, and from two to four feet long, with streaks of fat of various widths interspersed. Seeing a little urchin