

we got: even the fish failed for some time, and there was hardly a duck or partridge to be seen. We had to eat two of the dogs at last, but, poor things, they had little flesh on their bones."

"Eh! eh! e—h!" exclaimed the Indians, who however undemonstrative under ordinary circumstances, can be full of sympathy where they can realize the affecting points of a story.

"And the children," asked one of the party, "I suppose the neighbours helped you a little with them?"

"One of my cousins took little Tetsi for a while," replied the poor woman, "and did what she could for him, but they were all short of game as we were, only their men went off after the deer, and plenty of them got to the lakes for duck; but Michel,—"

"Well, what did he do? I suppose he was off with his gun the first of any of them?" said Peter. "I'll venture there shall not be a moose or deer within twenty miles, but Michel the Hunter shall smell him out."

"Yes, he went at last," sighed Accomba; "but