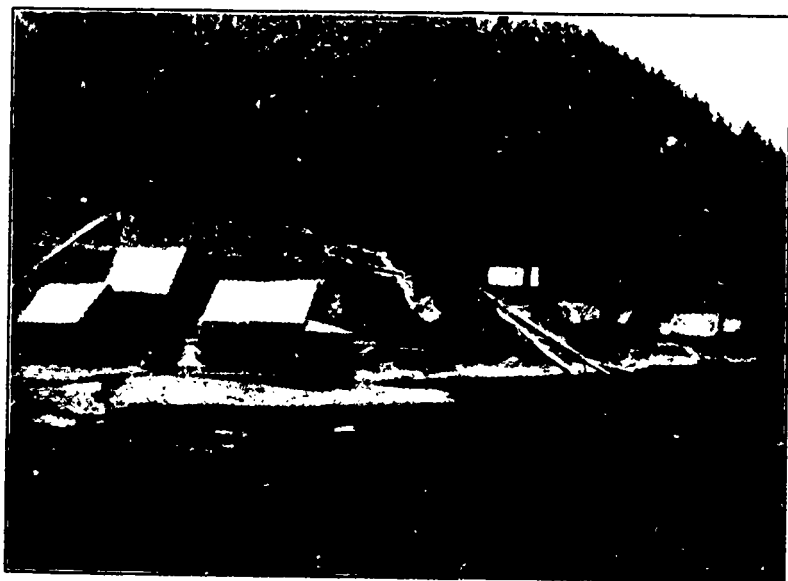


name, which was George Sampson, and that he owned the fur trading post and saw-mill close to our little Indian village. In my puppy mind I then began to lay a deep plan for venturing further away than the beach, which lay just in front of our shanty, and try and see something of the world and that kind looking white man. So bright and early one warm spring morning I crept out and began my voyage of discovery, and an eventful voyage it was. First of all a batch of Indian dogs rushed out at me, and I was nearly killed before I could make them understand that I was only Setoosie, and when they did let me go, I was so sore and frightened that I had to take a long rest on a bunch of coarse grass which grew on the beach. I then started on again, passing a dozen or more small cabins, all more or less like ours all squalid and dirty, with a thin column of blue smoke rising up through the roof when I came to a rushing creek teeming with salmon, that kept up an incessant plunging and splashing until the water looked like a moving belt of sparkling silver. Over this creek was built a crazy looking bridge which I was careful to smell before trusting even my slight weight upon it. I was very nervous but quite determined to gain the end in view, to see that Mr. Sampson again, (then as now, I never would give in). Finally, summoning all my courage, I made a rush at the bridge and bolted madly across, that is to say nearly across, for a little more than half way over I slipped and fell with a splash in the very midst of those energetic silvery salmon in the creek—of course I got soaked and bewildered. More dead than alive I managed to extricate myself from the fish and paddle to the opposite bank panting, shivering, and half blinded with water, I ran slap into a big brown and yellow cat with the greenest eyes you ever saw, and such a don't-touch-me air. "Oh!" I gasped, jumping backwards almost into the creek again.

*(To be continued.)*



*"A dozen or more small cabins."*