

love and sympathy for the suffering Billy. And when, afterwards, I heard that it was his soul or spirit in him that lives forever, I could not but help, in my dog way, wondering whether we dogs, that can feel sorry too, have not something like that spirit in us, and that perhaps it also will live forever.

The master and Sagastao, much to our delight, we soon discovered had come to spend some days on the island. A tent had been brought in case it should rain, but when the weather was fine, which it most generally was, he and Sagastao preferred to spend all of the time outside, as it was so warm and dry. We dogs were allowed to accompany them as they rambled over the rocks and along the smooth, sandy shores.

The master, who carried a hammer with him, spent much time in breaking off bits of different kinds of stone and rocks, while Sagastao gathered beautiful mosses or ferns to carry home to his dear mother and Minnehaha.

But while these rambles in the glorious summer sunshine were very pleasant, I most enjoyed the evening hours at the great fires which the men built up in some pleasant place. There the bears' paws were roasted while their spare ribs and other dainty portions were cooked with abundance of the splendid white fish just taken out of the nets, in addition to the supplies