

THE GOING OF

the large iron kettle, bought of the Company at Fort Sacramento, puffed out geysers of steam.

The place was a low hut with parchment windows and rough mud-mortar lumped between the logs. Skins hung along two sides, with bullet-holes and knife-holes showing: of the great gray wolf, the red puma, the bronze hill-lion, the beaver, the bear, and the sable; and in one corner was a huge pile of them. Bare of the usual comforts as the room was, it had a sort of refinement also, joined to an inexpressible loneliness, you could scarce have told how or why.

"Father," said the boy, his face pinched with pain for a moment, "it