

"All right, but I guess you'll be sick of it in a week."

So Pateeka was not to be the first man to refuse this petted daughter of the south what she wanted.

After three days of exploring, Grace decided to camp on Buck Island in Buck Lake. It was a small island that she could walk around in an hour, even though there was much underbrush to fight through and many rocks to climb over. Marble Lake was beautiful, Massawaga was grand; but Marble Lake had the Gold Star plant and some shanties on its shores, and Massawaga had a summer hotel, a few cottages, and a few farm houses, but Buck Lake was by itself, nestled in the forest reserves and not a habitation of any kind to be seen. Unused raceways, dams, skidways and tramways made interesting bits in creeks and rivers which branched to Dyre Lake and Horse Shoe Lake.

Why, she could be monarch of it all with only her father and Pateeka. And Pateeka—what a difference—she had in some way connected an Indian with a negro, and when contemplating an Indian guide and general utility man she had thought of telling him to do things much as she would have her father's old faithful servant, George Washington.

Instead, from the first, Pateeka was the one to tell them what to do, and the general found himself obeying Pateeka's commands and, strange to say, it seemed quite right and proper. Pateeka copied the general and called his daughter "Grace," the same as he did.

The general soon saw that Pateeka could fish and hunt with a skill he had hardly thought possible, and instead of pitying the Indian's lack of education, he found Pateeka politely excusing his own and his daughter's ignorance, saying, "I do not suppose you have had much chance to learn things." Pateeka knew the language of the squirrel, the chipmunk, the porcupine. He talked to the loons and the whip-poor-wills, and caught humming birds just to show Grace the tiny, brilliant specks.

Some days Grace was very tired and hardly felt able to walk or canoe. Then Pateeka would cut balsam boughs and make her a bed on the sunny side of the island and amuse her by shooting at marks. At night he made camp fires and burned pitch pine knots, and the resinous odor was splendid and invigorating.

Pateeka got milk and eggs from farmers near by, and he al-