

mounds of earth stood sentinels at the entrances of many subterranean tunnels, the rendezvous of whole squadrons of groundhogs. By the way, when I come to think of it, the more aristocratic east among them consisting of the smart set of the upper crust, insisted on being distinguished as woodchucks. That designated title signified that their social rating was entirely above all intermediate, and lower stratas.



I chanced to arrive at one of those royal gateway during the time that the chief of one of those tribe or clans, returned from a morning stroll, as I took it from the hubub and rumpus which he stirred up just because I was standing too near for his royal highness to pass by without becoming defiled, in coming into too close a contact with myself, an evident despised foreign intruder.

Someone had the nerve to say that I had been scared of that fellow. Would you ever have thought it. The insult! Upon what grounds such a supposition