

Childhood of Ji-shib'

One of the Indians took a small moose skin and tied the four corners together, like the corners of a handkerchief, and hung this moose-skin bag over his arm. He reached into his canoe and took from it half a dozen whimpering little puppies, and put them in the bag. They were all blind yet except two, and all of them were mostly legs. Next he stooped down, and, fastening the pack-strap over his forehead, raised up with a heavy sack of pemmican on his back and the puppies on his arm. They wriggled and squirmed all the time, and A-mi-kons nearly laughed out loud when he saw how proud and foolish the mother-dog looked as she trotted along beside the Indian, never once taking her eyes off that squirming puppy-sack, and never once noticing where she stepped.

"There is Ki-niw, the War Eagle," said A-mi-kons' mother, pulling his ear partly to attract his attention but mostly so that he would not laugh aloud. "If he had shot at you when you lay day-dreaming on the dam, you would not be here now. He never misses what he shoots at."