

the same. Like many a child she seemed to forget these corrections, and could be disobedient again and again, but after considerable training she was fairly well able to control herself. One day I brought home a couple of braces of prairie chickens, and threw them down beside my tent. I went over to one of the other tents for an hour or so, to have a chat with some of the men. On my return, I found Gip devouring one of the chickens, and I whipped her severely. The result was she never attempted to eat another, but after that she would not retrieve game on land. If a chicken were shot, and fell among the bushes, I would tell her to "go search." She would find the chicken, but would not touch it beyond fumbling it a little with her nose.

In water she would retrieve ducks very well, but in her determination not to retrieve on land, as soon as she found her footing, she would drop the bird, and I would have to reach out in the water for it, or take a stick and pull it in. Now and then she took delight in carrying the bird to the opposite shore, and leaving it there, or going out to the bird in the water, simply smell it and return without bringing it. This was very annoying, and whippings could not force her to change her mind. She had any amount of spirit in her, and there was no danger of lessening it by punishment. An able writer on training of dogs, (I cannot remember his name at present), advises to place a spaniel in the hands of a trainer, as the owner himself will not have courage to master his dog. There is so much spirit in a spaniel, that it takes an expert to properly train it. The second year, Gip was a much better animal, and did good work. 's an instance of her splendid retrieving qualities, I might relate the following. One morning, after

striking camp, and going about two or three miles on our journey, I discovered I had left one of my gloves behind. I sent her back for it, hardly expecting she would go all the way, but in less than an hour she had returned with the glove. (I sometimes wore gloves to protect my hands from the mosquitoes.)

As a companion, she was all that a dumb brute could be. She always slept in my tent, and as a rule at the foot of the buffalo robe, which formed part of my bed. In the very cold weather, when the thermometer was away below zero, Gip at break of day, would come to the top of the bed, and put her cold paw on my face. After awaking me, she would stand and shiver. On my raising the blankets, she would slip under them, crawl down to my feet, and after giving a deep sigh of gratification, fall asleep. In the summer, when mosquitoes were very bad, I had a netting arched over my bed. Although Miss Gip had a heavy coating of hair, these humming insects annoyed her, and nothing pleased her better than to get under the netting, and thus escape their stings.

One other trait of my Gip, I shall describe, and then stop what I am afraid is too long a letter. In August, 1874, we reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The streams from these mountains rush along very rapidly, and it is with difficulty they can be forded. In crossing the St. Mary's River, I suppose the dogs were carried down half a mile to a mile before they reached the opposite shore. Gip evidently considered this work not altogether fun, for on reaching the next river Captain F. called out to me to look behind. I was on horse back, and Gip had a grip of the horse's tail, which was floating on the water, and was thus towed across. After this, whenever I reached a stream,