

grasp of the line, but the next instant I am yanked overboard, and am busily engaged in ploughing up the mud with my head. In vain I dig my toes and elbows into the yielding mass. The persistent fish slowly but surely pulls me towards the other end of the island. I am dragged to the water's edge, and, with a despairing cry, I give up my hold on the line and lay exhausted in the mud, while my yearned-for whale returns to its haunts to suffer from indigestion for many a day. At this catastrophe Artemus is struck by some comical thought and laughs uproariously.



"Don't sit there laughing like an idiot, but come and pull me out of this mire," I say, exasperated at his unsympathetic nature.

But, dear reader, allow me to pass over the following few hours, and when I again appear before you I am separated from the embrace of mother earth, and again appear semi-respectable and clean.

We find we are approaching the rapids of the Thames. Their roar can be heard by us while a long distance above them, thus giving us time to prepare for running them. Everything is made ready, and we paddle slowly toward them, choosing the quietest and deepest places in the stream.

Suddenly the canoe starts forward with a speed that causes one's hair to stand on end. The noise is deafening. As we rush onward, all we can do is to prevent the canoe from striking the large rocks and stones protruding above the surface of the water. Woe to the man that is upset in this stream, for in an instant he would be dashed and battered against the stones. As we dance over the rushing waves, we can see nothing but foam and turbulent water.

Finally we glide down into the calm but foamy water below, and a sign of relief escapes us, and our hair settles down on our heads again. The roar can still be heard behind us, and it keeps ringing in our ears for hours afterwards.

"I wouldn't have missed that for ten dollars, but I wouldn't do it again for a hundred," said Artemus, that night at supper.

Next morning we did not start until late, on account of the rain, which descended in torrents, so we sat in the tent and smoked, and told those yarns which only two old travellers can.

When it stopped pouring and rained in a quiet, respectable manner, we started off. Picturesque villages, and equally picturesque inhabitants, were quickly passed,

and the famous village of Moraviantown could be seen only through torrents of rain. It was at, or about, this spot that the brave Tecumseh made his last stand against the victorious American general.

The rest of the day was spent in paddling and shooting, or rather shooting *at* mud turtles. While thus occupied, we perceive one of unusual size on a log in front of us. Artemus leans out over the bow, while I paddle quietly towards the turtle. Artemus whispers, "Steady, now, and I'll have him."

"Steady —, steady ! I've got him !"

"Stead — Oh ! Ough ! ! He's got *me* ! ! !"

Artemus utters a yell like the treble note of a steam whistle, and jerks the turtle into the canoe, but his finger is the fish-hook in this case, and we had as much trouble in unhooking our fish as the dear girls generally have in the same operation.

We stopped at an unknown village for provisions, and, after much trouble, procured a loaf of bread, branded "1888." In carrying it down to the camp I accidentally let it drop, and it was shattered to pieces. Carefully picking up the fragments, we returned to camp, and put the bread to soak for breakfast.

The next day was Sunday, so we would not travel, but spent the day in respectably lounging around the woods. We noticed several farm houses in the neighborhood, so we did not make a large camp-fire to attract attention. About ten o'clock, however, a figure in sky-blue overalls and red-plaid shirt is seen approaching the camp. I quickly place the gun in a conspicuous place; where it may act as a moderator to the stranger's actions, if he is inclined to be violent. Without being seen, I notice that he is an aborigine, and has sandy hair and small green eyes.

"Good morning, there, mister," I pipe out. The sky-blue overalls give a jump in the air, and the little green eyes expand to the size of soup plates [fact], while his unshaven jaw drops in astonishment.

"Nice morning," I repeat.

"Ya as, I guess so," he says slowly, his eyes wandering around our little camp in blank amazement.

"Come in and sit down," says Artemus, trying to push forward a big stump in a welcoming manner. But I notice a sarcastic ring in his voice, and look at him sternly. The stranger stumbles across to the front of the camp and stands meditatively with his hands in the sky-blue overall pockets.

"How far is it to Thamesville?" I enquire, anxious to keep the conversation going.

"Thamesville? I dunno. Guess 'bout forty miles, he soliloquized, and then added, "Yere sure you ain't past it?"

I replied, not to my knowledge, and proceeded to explain that we were making a canoe trip from London to Detroit, and his eyes and mouth expanded to an extent dan-