



ON MOOSE RIVER, MAINE.

Robert Cavalier Sieur de la Salle (what grand names those old braves had!) was not content with that alone, he dared even to proceed further—and that in despite of the warnings which came so plentifully from the more friendly Indians. He went on, the greater the difficulty, the greater the determination to persevere, and at length his canoe issued forth where the waters of the mighty Mississippi empty into the gulf of Mexico. Yes La Salle's was a fine character, I always did admire La Salle!

At this juncture I think I became rather excited, I emphasised the thoughts that were in me by greeting the foliage above with a sapunt nod; when—

Whizz! bang!

I started up, I shook a pound or so of mud from my eyes, then began to dig with my fingers beneath my shirt collar, whither also had gone much real estate. As I did so, I looked reproachfully at that wretch Sam, whose face was visible across a blazing wood fire, distorted with a grin of friendish enjoyment.

I addressed him seriously; there was even a peremptory note in my voice. "You are a child, you are a great over-grown booby!" I declared.

Sam looked at me and saw that the primitive instinct, the desire to play, was stirred whereupon ensued an instant change; his laugh was replaced by a look of gravity, even of alarm.

"No offense I hope?" he said questioningly.

I made no reply, but drew myself up with dignity as I continued to convulsively tug forth large lumps of turf

from beneath the neck-band of my shirt. It is not easy to draw one's self up with dignity when one is thus engaged.

Sam watched me a while, then lifted up his voice in wild laughter. There was a three-quart tin pail handy and it was nearly full of water. I saw that my friend was possessed of a spirit of evil, and I said the contents of the three quart pail. In an emergency my actions are invariably prompt. One moment saw Sam wrestling with the evil spirit, and the pail full of water; the next saw me with an empty tin pail in my hand, Sam very wet and very grave, and the evil one had flown! Thus it was that my promptness saved the future of my friend. For surely no man in whom the spirit of evil has found lodging can hope to enjoy the privileges of the blessed!

After supper we sat in the red glow of our camp fire and smoked, and then it was that I realized that my old friend had allowed his love for the truth to wane in the interval which had elapsed since the days when we were boys together. He now told outrageous lies in the most serene manner; and when I protested, he assumed an injured air.

He began by harping on the life in the lumber camps; I listened with interest what he said was probably untrue; but at least it might have happened. But, as the words fell from his lips his imagination became inflamed. First he told an awful lie about shooting a bear. I coughed politely. Then, warming to the subject, he referred to a stump race that dwelt in the height of land; he said they were called windi-

goes, that they had hair all over their bodies, that they had long tails, and were terribly strong.

"Sam!" I said sadly, "Samuel," I repeated very sadly, "how you have fallen from the straight?"

Then my friend arose, smiling good humouredly, stretched his muscular limbs and vanished inside the tent.

The night that ensued was a succession of horrors! At first it was hot, even resembling the temperature of a certain place which my profane companion used pointedly more than once by way of a comparison. Then it became cold and our fire, which had burned briskly during the warm spell, sank to a heap of coals. I tried to rouse my comrade, but in vain, he would not budge. So I got up myself perforce and heaped the remaining stock of wood on the embers. Their there was a blaze to gladden one's heart. But withal sleep refused to come!

The weird stillness of the woods, the distant thunder of the cataract, the stars peeping through the opening in the tent, the red light of the fire and the blackness beyond, all combined to keep me awake. And thereby knew not why, they oppressed me. Besides these there was an internal trouble, Sam's looking disagreed with me. And, to add insult to the pain he was inflicting, the unscrupulous friend began to snore away right merrily. It was a genuine snore; it was the nasal performance of one, wrapped in the folds of sleep, as surely and as snugly as he was in the warm grey bankets. How I envied him! Never did I pass such a miserable