

little children like me to talk to. The only people whom he used to see were some French lumberers, and now and then the Indians would come in their canoes and fish on his lake, and make their wigwams on the lake shore, and hunt deer in the wood. The gentleman was very fond of the Indians, and used to pass a great deal of his time with them, and talk to them in their own language.

"Well, nurse, one day he found a poor little Indian boy in the woods; he had been lost in the great forest and was half starved, and quite sick and weak, and the kind gentleman took him home to his house, and fed him and nursed him till he got quite strong again. Was not that good, nurse?"

"It was quite right, my lady. People should always be kind to the sick and weak, and especially to a poor Indian stranger. I like the story very much, and shall be glad to hear more about the Indian boy."

"Nurse, there is not a great deal more about the Indian boy—for when the Indians returned soon after that from hunting, he went away with them; but I forgot to tell you that the gentleman had often said how much he should like to have a young beaver to make a pet of. He was very fond of pets; he had a dear little squirrel just like mine, nurse, a flying squirrel, which he had made so tame that it slept in his bosom and lived in his pocket, where he kept nuts and acorns and apples for it to eat, and he had a raccoon too, nurse,—only think, a real raccoon; and Major Pickford told me something so droll about the raccoon, only I want first to go on with the story about the beaver.

"One day as the gentleman was sitting by the fire reading, he heard a very slight noise, and when he looked up he was quite surprised at seeing an Indian boy in a blanket coat,—his black eyes were fixed upon his face, and his long black hair hung down on his shoulders, he looked quite wild-like, he did not say a word, but he opened his blanket-coat, and showed a brown furred animal asleep on his breast.

"What do you think it was, nurse?"

"A young beaver, my lady."

"Yes, nurse, it was a little beaver. The good Indian boy had caught it and tamed it on purpose to bring it to his white friend, who had been so good to him.