

relic of the old-time market centre and trading post, and savours strongly of the antique. It possesses a grocery store, whose elaborate stock consisted of that which was "just sold out," at least that is the answer we got from the freckled, red-haired girl behind the musty counter.

An occasional Indian or squaw lent to the scene a romantic and primitive tincture, as they sat on the banks fishing, an occupation peculiarly adapted to their constitution and disposition, as it contains the exact amount of labor suitable to these dusky warriors.

Artemus was overcome by the romance of the scene, and began to quote poetry suitable to the occasion, but growing dramatic, he all but upset the canoe by his gesticulations. He began with the "Lady of Shalott."

"As the boat head wound along

The willowy hills and fields among,"

and gradually waded into "Hiawatha."

"I see on yonder bank a little Indian maid," I said, to change the subject. We paddled over to the bank, and Artemus, with an attempted bow, and nearly an upset, said:—

"O, dusky daughter of the noble redman, that roameth throughout the forest, free as the pigeon hawk, why sitteth thou all forlorn and deserted, fishing for the sunny catfish and frogs? Forsake these, my black-orbed queen, and fly away with me to—" But here the maiden, who had been poking her dainty little arched foot in the soft mud, and letting it ooze up between her toes, pulled back her raven locks and said,

"Ugh! will the white man gim'me chuw?"



It was a great shock to Artemus; but, as I turned the canoe around and paddled on our way, I told him that he deserved it for attempting to trifle with the tender affections of these artless beauties.

As the sun was getting low in the west, we decided to encamp for the night. After considerable hunting, we found a spot suitable for our purpose, and, hauling up the canoe, proceeded to construct our tent by placing the canoe, inverted, upon six upright stakes driven into the ground, and around this we stretched the canvas. We lighted the camp-fire, and soon had the kettle singing over it.

"Boiled eggs and ham," announced Artemus, walking down to the bank where I was enjoying an unsuccessful fish in the twilight.

We enjoyed our supper in the usual degree, but Artemus refused to grant my pathetic appeal for the seventh egg, as the provisions were vanishing with astounding rapidity.

IV.

Our first night's camping would have been a success but for the listless wanderings of a restless bovine who, perhaps dreaming of the fresh green wheat in the neighboring field, had grown restless and taken a stroll in the cool night air to calm its heated brow. In its wanderings it comes in contact with a mysterious and unlooked for log, over which it vainly endeavors to climb. This mysterious log contained two sleepers, who were dreaming of robbers and Indians, and being thus rudely and suggestively awakened, they arose and fled in different directions into the woods, despite their *proposed* bravery in the time of danger. But in our scanty raiment we could never stay long in the cool night air; so I pick my way across the logs, and through the raspberry bushes and Canadian thistles, and approach the tent. My searching gaze is attracted by a moving figure in white, not ten yards from me. I stop short and my hair slowly uncurls itself and stands on end. I think of ghosts and Indians, and—but suddenly the figure utters a demoniacal laugh, that curdles my blood, and I hear a voice say: "What are you standing there for, you great big jay? One would think an elephant was after you instead of an old cow."

Somewhat easier in my mind, I crawl around to the canoe and we both tumble in and wait for daylight.

We had paddled many a mile before we had breakfast next morning.

I got out the line and spoon and said we would try the fishing. A farmer had told us that fish were plentiful and that "Bill Sikes, on the thurd conseshun, had caught a muskerlonge weighin' over sixty pound. Fact." The man looked too sensible for a lunatic, but I, coming from London where every one is sensible, could not judge if he were or not.

So, dropping the spoon into the water, and letting out about fifty feet of good, strong fishing line, we paddled briskly forward. I was holding the line in my teeth and looking ahead. Suddenly, and before I really knew it, I was looking *behind*, minus two teeth, which were jerked across the river into the bush. I seized the line in my hands, and untwisting my neck, muttered to Artemus that we had either a whale or a raft. A sudden jerk soon convinced us that we had the whale. The next instant the line was pulled out with such rapidity that it sawed a two-inch hole in the iron band around the top of the canoe.

We were travelling down stream at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and leaving a track of foam behind us as we flew down past islands and rapids. I gradually regain the line, and have pulled the fish to within ten feet of the boat, when off he starts again with the speed of a race horse, until, coming to a small island, or rather mud-bank, the thoughtless reptile endeavors to dodge around it, but the canoe goes straight for it. In my determination to capture the fish, I lose control of my thoughts and actions, so, when the canoe strikes the soft mud, I only retain my firm