

family, with others, camped near our home. I will relate an incident that occurred shortly after our acquaintance.

In a brook that ran below our house were to be found many fine trout. At this brook, in those days, all the washing of the house was done, under the shade of the trees. At the washing-place a large pine log lay across the brook, forming a natural bridge for all who passed that way to and from the house.

Other logs lay below this adjacent to this pond I have mentioned in other articles that I have contributed. Under these at any time could be seen by approaching them cautiously, one or more fine specimens of the finny tribe—the tail being always in motion—to attract one's attention.

Many of these fish I have taken from the water with my naked hand. Others, no doubt, can remember, to have done the same thing. These trout were never returned to their native element except, as I remember, on one occasion, which resulted in my acquiring a rather novel pet, in this wise:

Under the above-mentioned bridge, a certain trout could, for a long time be always found. When I first took him from the water I quickly gave him his liberty again. This I repeated for many days; and after a little time, I scattered bread, broken up, on the water, which the fish came and ate of. At the expiration of a few days he became so tame that, as I approached the log, he would come toward me, showing no fear. Then I could put my hand down and take him up, allowing but a few seconds of time to elapse before putting him back.

This pet came to grief through the Indian lad. As he was crossing over on the log, one day, the trout rose to the surface and was killed by the Indian's arrow. The Indian lads always carried bows and arrows in those early days, he and I often hunted with this primitive weapon. Small plovers were very numerous and could be approached within short range.

This sporting friend of my early days married in the year