

"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

CHAPTER XIII.—THE WILDERNESS AND OUR INDIAN FRIENDS.

Man of strange race stern dweller of the wild!

Nature's free-born, untamed, and daring child!

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d read of want. Our legacy of £7000 had afforded us means to purchase land, build our house, and give out a large portion of land to be cleared, and with a considerable sum of money still on hand, our prospects for the future were in no way discouraging.

When we reached the top of the ridge that overlooked our cot, my sister stopped, and pointed out a log-house among the trees.

"There, S—," she said, "is your house. When that black cedar swamp is cleared away, that now hides the lake from us, you will have a very pretty view."

With a large map of Canada they were infinitely delighted. In a moment they recognised every bay and headland in Ontario, and almost screamed with delight when, following the course of the Trent with their fingers, they came to their own lake.

How eagerly each pointed out the spot to his fellows; how intently their black heads were bent down and their dark eyes fixed upon the map! What strange uncouth exclamations of surprise burst from their lips as they rapidly repeated the Indian names of every lake and river on this wonderful piece of paper!

The old chief Peter Nogan begged hard for the coveted treasure. He would give "Canoe, venison, duck, fish, for it; and more by-and-by."

I felt sorry that I was unable to gratify his wishes; but the map had cost upwards of six dollars, and was daily consulted by my husband, in reference to the name and situations of localities in the neighbourhood.

with maple trees, and had originally been an Indian sugar-bush, although the favourite spot had now passed into the hands of strangers that still frequented the place, to make canoes and baskets, to fish and shoot and occasionally to follow their old occupation.

Scarcely a week passed away without my being visited by the dark strangers; and as my husband never allowed them to eat with the servants (who viewed them with the same horror that Mrs. — did black Mollineux), but brought them to his own table, they soon grew friendly and communicative, and would point to every object that attracted their attention, asking a thousand questions as to its use, the material of which it was made, and if we were inclined to exchange for their commodities?

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I had in my possession a curious Japanese sword, which had been given to me by an uncle of Tom Wilson's—a strange gift to a young lady; but it was on account of its curiosity, and had no reference to my warlike propensities.

He hid his face behind the chief; and, though he kept perfectly still, his whole frame was convulsed with suppressed laughter.

A plainer human being than poor Peter could scarcely be imagined; yet he certainly deemed himself handsome. I am inclined to think that their ideas of personal beauty differ very widely from ours.

Tom Nogan, the chief's brother, had a very large, fat, ugly squaw for his wife. She was a mountain of tawny flesh; and, but for the innocent, good-natured expression which, like a bright sunbeam penetrating a swarthy cloud spread all around a kindly glow, she might have been termed hideous.

This woman they considered very handsome, calling her "a fine squaw—clever squaw—a much good woman;" though in what her superiority consisted, I could never discover, often as I visited the wigwam. She was very dirty, and appeared quite indifferent to the claims of common decency (in the disposal of the few filthy rags that covered her).

One day she visited me, bringing along with her a very pretty basket for sale. I asked her what she wanted for it, but could obtain from her no satisfactory answer.

I showed her a small piece of silver. She shook her head. I tempted her with pork and flour, but she required neither. I had just given up the idea of dealing with her in despair, when suddenly she seized upon me, and, lifting up my gown, pointed exultantly to my quilted petticoat, clapping her hands, and laughing immoderately.

Another time she led me all over the house, to show me what she wanted in exchange for basket. My patience was well nigh exhausted in following her from place to place, in her attempt to discover the coveted article, when hanging upon a peg in my chamber, she espied a pair of trousers belonging to my husband's logging outfit. The riddle was solved. With a joyful cry she pointed to them, exclaiming, "Take basket. Give them!" It was with no small difficulty that I rescued the indispensables from her grasp.

American Women and Matrimony.

American mothers and their daughters are so often openly accused of being long matrimonial sportswomen—the game they are anxious to bag being a British lord, or, at the least, a British baronet—that it is only fair to Cousin Jonathan, says the London Figaro, to remember that British lords and baronets are, on their side, by no means unwilling, in many instances, to be bagged by American heiresses. It would be, indeed, no exaggeration to say that many Englishmen with little else but titles and blue blood to boast of are not only ready to fall a willing prey to the money-dollared maidens of the States, but are even ready to mark down and capture, if possible, the rich heiresses of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco for themselves.

Here is yet another contribution to the prolonged controversy about marriage. The San Francisco Argonaut, in an article on the marriage of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, says:—"The marriage of a young man to an old woman is no more disgusting than the marriage of a young girl to an old man, and who but a sentimental donkey or donkey-ess would ever dream of calling the latter state of things disgusting? 'It is better,' says the old proverb, 'to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave.' I would enlarge the scope of the axiom by adding:—'It is better to be an old woman's pet than a young woman's foot.' And so, therefore, while all the rest of the world is raising aloft its palms and casting zwithard its eyes, and crying 'disgusting!' 'most unnatural!' 'how disgraceful!' and 'so abominable!' I simply applaud the good taste and uncorrupted independence of character of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, aged seventy, who has just married Mr. Marcus Henry Milner, aged twenty-four, and admire the pluck and indifference to the frowns of Mrs. Grundy in the young man of twenty-four who took to wife the twice-widowed dowager."

An Old Woman Pet.

There is a third we cannot mention, but which inclines us to the belief that the principal effort of the German masses will not be on the Meuse, at least during the first eight days of the struggle. Judging by the French newspapers it seems that the Germans are thinking of what they are going to do, while the French are considering what is going to happen to them; and this looks bad for the latter from a military and pug-nacious point of view.

France and Germany.

The French papers are still full of discussions in regard to the dreaded violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany, which was recently the subject of a long article in the "Nouvelle Revue." The "Radical" prints a communication from a staff officer in the French army, in which he says:—"The plains of Waterloo and Fleures will see new struggles, but it is not there that our fate will be decided. Notwithstanding the superiority of her forces, Germany could not have the preponderance of numbers at the central point of Namur, in the fourth to the sixth day of mobilization. In this interval, should Germany invade Belgium, in which case we would have the right to do the same, she would run the risk of having the heads of her columns crushed by superior French forces. Beyond these two serious reasons there is a third we cannot mention, but which inclines us to the belief that the principal effort of the German masses will not be on the Meuse, at least during the first eight days of the struggle."

A Ride on a Pig.

A Louisville (Ky.) despatch says:—An alley separating two large dry goods stores was quite a rendezvous here for pigs. In this alley a deep, dirty hole was a favorite place for a very large sow. One day Mrs. M——, a well known lady, had occasion to pass along the alley. She noticed the hog in the gutter, but thinking it was fast asleep she determined to step over the big pig. She is a very small woman. She got one foot over the dozing swine, and was about to pass safely when, much to her horror, the sow awoke and started off down the street, with Mrs. M—— squarely on her back. Fearing she would fall off—in fact, scared half to death—the lady grabbed the ears of the grunting swine as the latter galloped down the street. The more the unfortunate lady screamed the more the sow grunted, and the small boy and the passing pedestrians fairly wept tears of hilarity over the funny sight.

A number of people began a chase, and the race had become quite exciting when Mrs. M—— lost her hold and was dumped into the middle of the street, while piggy herself continued on her mad career. Of course the lady was assisted to a neighbouring store, whence, after being brushed off, and after a plentiful supply of smelling salts had been administered she drove to her swell residence in a coupe.

The Prime Accomplishment.

"Yes," said the young lady demurely to Billy Bliven, "papa has given me every educational advantage. I can sing in Italian, you know, quite readily."

"Then I can converse in French and Spanish and compose verses in Latin."

"What is that?"

"Can you bake bread in English?"

Thought He Could Stand It.

"You would be sorry to lose your sister, wouldn't you, Johnny?" asked the visitor suggestively to the little boy who was entertaining him in the drawing-room.

"Nope," replied Johnny. "I guess I could stand it, Mr. Hankinson. Maw says I've got to wear short pants till after Irene's married."

An Englishman recently stated in court that he married at the age of 16 because he was cut off work.

Speak Low.

Sharp, angry tones from morning as one is contagious as a sore to be dreaded in a child. A friend within hearing of her windows are open, and has caught the same screaming and scolding, went into the country to Children catch cross parrots. When mother you will scarcely hear a word of the children in their days weak and irregular so much scolding before they are bid; while in of the low, firm tone of a look of her steady per think of disobedience, er sight.

Al Fears

cashier, slightly under should be taken away would it really be a very ph, dear, John E. Hopp fooling with the bank had a faint expression.