

poly-wogs, of which it would have been unkind to have deprived him of his food supply. We soon after came upon the tracks of a ground-hog, and soon found his cave. We then went to work to exhume the body, for purposes well known to hungry people in these parts.

As we neared the end of our day's journey—a dreadfully cold day it was—one of the hunters called my attention to a black spot on the hill-side, fully a mile beyond our intended camping place. He thought it was a buffalo, and said, "Let's go and see." So I sent the other two men to prepare our night's lodging, while St. Maurice, the best hunter, and I started off with the murderous intent of bagging a big game. We availed ourselves of every means of avoiding observation by our intended victim, so we might get within a safe shot of the apparently sleeping buffalo. At length we reached a little hillock, within twenty yards of what we regarded as more meat than we could carry home. Putting in fresh priming, St. Maurice whispered, "I'll fire as he rises, and you reserve your charge for use in case he runs at us." "All right," said I; and St. Maurice, not to cause too much excitement in the poor buffalo, whom he regarded as about drawing his last breath, gave a gentle whistle, but no movement; he whistled louder and louder, then gave a yell, but still he stirred not. We then went up to him; he was dead, but not quite stiff.

We managed to take his tongue and heart to our camp, which was in some old trader's wintering house. The ground-hog was ready for supper; and before bed-time, was nearly all gone. The tongue and heart were nicely cut up, and washed, ready for early cooking in the morning. Whether ground-hog meat acted as an opiate or not, I cannot say; but this I know, we all slept later than we intended, and the wonder was, that some of us were not frozen, for it was bitter cold, and our bedding consisted only of each man's blanket, which it was his privilege to carry, with extra moccasins, etc., on his back, when not otherwise in use.

When I turned out in the morning, the cook had got up a rousing fire, and the tongue—the most dainty part of the buffalo—and part of the heart, were in the kettle, ready to hang on the fire.