

crust convert muskrat into relishable food. On opening the pie, so sickening was the effluvia emanating from it, that all were glad to rush to the door for fresh air. Nor have I ever since voted in favor of smoked muskrat pies.

Fishing and shooting were now out of season, Indians were away at their summer villages, and time began to hang heavily on my hands. No books, no news from the outside world, no exchange of ideas with my fellow men, except an occasional visit from some old chief, who, pleased to find me amused with his superstitions and long-tailed stories of the pre-Adamite period, only interesting from the dreams and vagaries of his forefathers, would sit, drink tea, smoke, and talk by the hour.

To kill time, I planted a few potatoes and some corn around the fort, and they produced marvelous crops, on which I and my men made marvelous meals. The Indians have capacious stomachs. One old fellow offered a wager that he could eat at one sitting sixty of the largest potatoes I could produce, and would have weighed at least thirty pounds; but, knowing that he had lately eaten a full grown ground-hog, and drank a pint of oil to keep it down, I declined the bet.

The Indians were now collecting for their summer's hunt on the Upper Mississippi, and I prepared to accompany them, to encourage their hunting; but how to get my boat over St. Anthony's Falls was a serious consideration. I, however, set the men to work to make four wheels, with a temporary rigging, not having tools to do more. As the Indians were going in the direction of their Chippewa enemies, I took with me a pound swivel, in case of accidents. On reaching the falls, I got my boat on the truck, but a break-down soon followed. My hunters turned out with willing hands, and the boat was soon over.

From this point, a narrow fringe of timber shades the river above. A few miles onward, Rum River, from the east, and a few miles farther, Crow River, from the west, both powerful tributaries, largely swell the Mississippi. Above them, the river narrows gradually, as far as I went, until it becomes a small stream of eighty or one hundred yards wide. In this fringe of timber the deer retire from the scorching sun of summer; and if