lover of woodcraft, on our council-log. Moïëse, the boy, would sometimes come to our tent, look over our rods and other paraphernalia in a startled way, shake his head, sigh, and back off. We seldom spoke, for our French was of the lamest, and he seemed actually distressed when he could not understand us. He was not strong, and contrasted wonderfully with his father. "Lo," as he proudly told us he was called, was a splendid specimen of manhood. About seventy years old, not tall, but very heavily built, a noble head with a wonderfully high forehead, large, dark eyes and snow-white hair, he was one of nature's gentlemen. We instinctively called him "Mr. Lo," and bowed to him with greatest respect.

One evening, noticing that they looked rather wistfully at the cakes browning in our frying-pan, I asked them to supper. Much to my surprise both accepted, and it was a pleasure to see them enjoy our homely fare. Lo ate but little, and with the utmost propriety, although he was evidently unused to a fork. Moïëse, I must say it, was rather greedy, and necessitated our refilling the teapot. The meal finished, he paddled off to set their line of muskrat-traps. Lo watched him fondly till he disappeared, then surprised us by saying, in his broken English, "I wish he like you." "Yes," he continued in French; "I wish he could read and could help my people." "His people?" I asked our boatmen, for the Indian was again silent. "What does he mean?" "Lo is some sort of a chief, somewhere," was the reply; "ask him." It needed much persuasion, but he was enjoying our hospitality, and at last he consented. I wish you could have seen him, leaning against a gigantic hemlock, as the firelight flickered on his expressive features and he told us his story. I wish that you could have heard his voice, now musical and soft as a woman's, now low but terribly fierce, as he hissed out some injury done his tribe in his youth. We all understood him, and a dreary tale it was. Once a powerful nation, the smallpox had cut it down one half; two winters of famine had sapped their strength, and again the terrible plague had broken out, leaving only a dozen lodges, of which Lo was the chief. The men thought the place cursed, and moved to happier hunting-grounds. "And why did not you go with them?" said one of us at last. "This is my home; I have always been here; and — and —" Suddenly recalling himself, he pointed to a black speck far out in the strip of silver that the moon had made on the water. "That is a loon," said he; "hear him answer." His voice rang out with the wierd cry so in keeping with the story. A moment's silence, and the returning call came to us. Lo laughs. "Bien. Bon jour et merci." He shook hands with all of us, paddled out after Moïëse, and I never saw him again.

Last winter a gentleman, well known throughout that section, called on me here in Boston. I inquired for Lo. "What! the old Indian? He's dead. That son of his broke through the ice and was drowned. They say it broke his heart. Queer that you should have remembered him."

The Base-Ball Nine.

A FEW words regarding the nine, and a criticism of their work as a team and individually, might do some good, so we take this opportunity of offering a few suggestions and criticisms. We have looked over the record made by last year's nine in the two games with Harvard, and we have found the following: Percentage fielding, .693; percentage batting, .197. This year's average in the two games with Harvard is: percentage fielding, .672; percentage batting, .078. The fielding average has not improved; while the batting average has gone down in an alarming manner. Daily practice at batting is what the team needs, and is what they should get. Without it they cannot hope to win a game. The coaching of men on bases is also poor, and several chances for runs have been lost by this. Blunders are also continually occurring in the field as to who shall take the ball when it comes in the vicinity of two men. The captain must be careful of this. It can easily be remedied. Why the management permit the department nines to