

the spot once more and halting to scan the water for his next rise.

This time the dive was much shorter; the bird was losing wind; possibly the blunt arrow had hurt him. A half-dozen arrows "zip-ped" into the water about him, but not one hit him.

The chase was becoming more and more exciting. At each appearance of the gamey loon, a yell and a rush would occur; the canoes sped converging till it seemed that a half-dozen of them must collide, but always the adroit paddlers steered aside from destruction. The spray from the frantic paddles covered the crews with water, but neither bucks nor squaws gave heed to that.

The loon would come up now in front, then back of them all; his dives became shorter and shorter; he was evidently in distress; some of the observers were touched with pity and wished the bird might escape, but laughing, shouting Indians gave no evidence of any such feeling.

In all the chase the old man and his sinewy squaw handled their canoe admirably. Finally, in a perfect crowd of the scrambling redskins, the nearly exhausted loon popped up his head beside this canoe. By a quick clutch at his neck the old squaw caught him.

A wild shout of triumph arose from the old man, as his wife clung to the struggling, flopping captive. The whole crowd joined in his shout and we on the land swelled the chorus, while the braves appeared a bit crestfallen that a woman should capture the bird.

Once ashore, the lucky squaw, knowing that her feat would not secure her any deference from the disappointed braves, left the loon with her husband, and quietly, yet with a certain proud air of victory, sought her teepee.

The hunt was now the apparent theme of loud talking by all who had gone out, and by all Indians who had remained ashore. One after another would lift up the great bird by the neck and utter a loud, exultant "Wuh!" At the last the old man took it to his teepee, where it was skinned by one of the young women, and the pelt set drying to sell to the Hudson Bay Company.—Ex.

Hampton Institute Virginia celebrated its 39th anniversary last month.

GENERAL NEWS

Joe Dillstrom is making several new cuts for postal cards.

Mrs. Theisz was nine days and eight nights traveling across the United States, on account of delays and stop-overs.

How is the Mandolin and Guitar club coming on? Aren't we going to have a concert from them pretty soon?

Frank L'Heureux is greatly missed by the eighth grade pupils and they all hope that he will be back next year and rejoin his class.

John McCush who had been confined to the hospital for some time is now back in his class room and resuming his studies for his final examination.

Miss Miller kindly took several girls out in the country to pick strawberries for themselves. They all enjoyed the berry-picking very much.

Although the young people who went to town to the lecture report a very pleasant evening, those who stayed at home also enjoyed the evening. Our old friend, Mr. Burdette, surprised us by coming to chapel and giving us an interesting heart to heart talk. We especially enjoyed the stories he told us about the faith of children in their Savior. Such talks cannot fail to make us better and we hope to enjoy them often.

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