

heard a noise outside of something coming. The other Indian was much scared but Mitchell proposed to shoot it. His comrade declared the spot was "haunted" and begged him not to, but he could see the fire-light cast some long flashes into the dark up the side of the rocks where he heard sticks break now and then. "You see, we could tell by 's steps, 'his four-footed animal, 'his dān (den) up in laidges. We thought ghosts he dont have but two feet." So Mitchell shot into a bear but did not kill him, alleging as his reason that he was a poor hunter and was excited; but his comrade if he had not been afraid would have killed the bear.

I was much amused by the story he told of his nephew John Mitchell, son of Sabattis but adopted son of Mrs. Dr. Sabattis. "That boy he might marry Clara Francis. We dont see why he dont do it. Sometimes he talk to me 'bout it just like his fader. He cant talk so his fader, but with me just like me 'n you,