

sent out to take the weight of the hides and send them to the baracca. There I became quite an expert in among the hides and horns.

After a while there came a dull time in the baracca. There was a large pile of refuse horns, say some thirty or forty thousand, which were worthless to ship as they were, for the greater part of the horn, the bulky part, was worthless; the tip-end was to be sawed off. I told Mr. Langdon I could do that first-rate; in fact, better than they could, for I fixed a contrivance to hold the horn. I succeeded well. Mr. Langdon wanted to get rid of me, and proposed to me to start a candle factory. He would furnish the tallow, and have a shop and all the fixings, and would sell the candles. So we started. I made quite a lot of candles, but he did not sell them. I found it was no use to make them if they could not be sold, so I abandoned the candle business.

I now had learned enough of the language so I could purchase horse-hides and horse-hair from the carts from the country. I made an arrangement with Mr. Langdon to let me have money to purchase and to sell the hides and hair, the profits to be divided equally. I invested all the money I could get of him, and delivered to him the proceeds. He did not pay me; consequently I had to lie on my oars. I got tired of that, and finding I could do nothing with Mr. Langdon, I closed up with him again. There was an American from Connecticut by the name of William G. Johnson, who frequently came into the baracca when I was sawing horns. He was rather inquisitive, and learned a little