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IN AND ABOUT A LUMBER CAMP.

IN the autumn of 1891 I accompanied my husband to Michigan. He was to superintend the clearing of lumber from a large tract of pine land situated at White Fish Point on the northern peninsula of Michigan and on the shore of Lake Superior.

We left Chicago in the evening, by rail, and reached Sault Ste. Marie at noon of the next day. Here we remained a few days, waiting for the boat which was on its way from Chicago to White Fish Point, laden with our logging outfit, provisions, horses, and a few men who had decided to try work in the woods for at least one winter. Meanwhile my husband busied himself in making business acquaintances, buying additional provisions, and hiring experienced lumbermen, who congregate in that beautiful old town during the autumn and winter months.

At last our boat arrived, and we were soon safely aboard bound for White Fish Point. The six hours' trip was very enjoyable, and I was rather sorry when we came in sight of the "Point." The view was uninviting,—a long pier, a row of desolate-looking wooden buildings, and the tall, ghostly form of a lighthouse looming up against a background of gloomy pines. The sandy beach stretched away in the distance, and the great flocks of gulls with their woe-begone calls added to the loneliness of the place.

After landing and making our way over the pier and through an ill-smelling fish-house, we were shown the only available shelter from the fast-gathering storm,—a fisherman's boarding-house. Upon entering this structure—devoid of paint and blackened by many years' exposure to the elements, and wholly uninviting—we found ourselves in a long, bare, but very clean, room, where two women were bustling about preparing supper. After seeing me settled beside the cook-stove, my husband went out to superintend the unloading of his supplies and have them disposed of under cover before night should set in. Left alone, I fell to wondering where we might hope to find a night's shelter. My doubts were happily set at rest by an invitation to become the guest of a family living in a cottage close by. Our men were stowed

away in a barn-loft as the only available shelter, and early the next morning they started with horses and wagon-loads of provisions to commence operations at the site of their future camp, which was to be situated two miles away from the dock where we had landed.

My first drive to the camp was a very pleasant one. As we drove along the sandy beach I could see the shores of Canada on the opposite side of the lake. The forest background, the first view of which had appeared to me so forbidding, I thought lovely and full of delightful possibilities. Very little snow had fallen, and pretty red berries were peeping from the ground, as if in defiance of winter and snow. As we turned into the newly made and very rough road that led to the camp I could hear the squirrels chattering, and presently could see ever so many of the little bushy-tailed rascals slyly peeping at us from points of safety in the foliage.



THE PIER AT WHICH WE LANDED.

The sound of the woodman's axe was soon audible, and suddenly we came in sight of the spot which for two years was our home.

In a small clearing stood the first completed building. It was roughly built of logs chinked with moss, and very low.



OUR BACKWOODS PARLOR.

Its roof was almost flat, and was made of pine boards covered with tar paper. A stove-pipe projected through the roof; and an inverted packing-box perforated with holes and set over another opening not far from the stove-pipe served as a ventilator. The cook came out to meet us and bade me a cordial welcome. He was a pleasant-faced young Scotchman, and as thoughtful as one could wish; for no sooner had I removed my wraps than I was invited to partake of a nice luncheon prepared in anticipation of my arrival.

The interior of this cabin was a sight which would please any woman. There were three long tables built of rough boards, but neatly covered with white oil-cloth and set with white dishes, knives, forks, and spoons. On either side of the room were long shelves running its entire length, with extra dishes stacked upon them in orderly piles, while underneath were stored boxes and barrels containing sugar, crackers, and other provisions. Long benches were provided for seats. The floor of rough boards was spotlessly clean, the huge stove was covered with utensils from which appetizing odors arose, and the cook and his two assistants in their clean aprons and white caps bustled about preparing supper. Nor did I ever find it less neat or attractive during my two years' stay. Many a new idea about housekeeping and cooking did I learn of our lumber-woods cook.

That afternoon we made in one corner of the cabin a temporary sleeping-place for ourselves, behind a partition formed by hanging across a rope our large pair of blankets. The men slept in a tent under the trees. Three times a

day, from my seat beside the cook-stove, I watched them at their meals as they stowed away their food with much haste and evident relish. They were pleasant-faced men,—boys, many of them,—and it was gratifying to note the evident satisfaction they took in the well-filled table before them. The modern lumberman lives far better than the average laboring man. The day of salt pork and beans for breakfast, dinner, and supper, is past, at least in the Michigan camp, and is replaced by a bill of fare of great variety. Fresh meat was often supplied them, besides venison and fish, which were easily obtained here. Pie and several kinds of cake were on the table at every meal; and canned vegetables, dried fruits, and pickles were devoured in great quantities. As each man finished his repast he jumped up with small ceremony and made for the door, shouldered his ax, and resumed his work. There is no eight-hour labor-system in the woods; a day there begins at daylight and ends at dark.

The barn was soon completed, and the horses—forty in number—made comfortable. Each pair of horses is allotted to the care of one teamster, and is his charge during the winter. He must be a thorough master of the art of caring for horses, or he will shortly be “fired,” for much of the success of the work in the woods depends upon the care which the horses receive. During our two years of camp life we had many sick, and some badly wounded, horses; but we did not lose one. The teamsters are proud of their horses, and adorn their harnesses with gay tassels and bits of red flannel.



GOING SLEIGHING WITH OUR DOG-TEAM.

After the horses were lodged the men's camp was built. Nailed to each side of the long, low room was a double tier of bunks, each bunk furnished with a straw mattress, pillows, and blankets. A great box-stove occupied the middle, and standing about in reckless profusion were rude chairs and benches put together by the men in idle moments, and characterized more by oddity of design than symmetrical beauty. In one corner of the room stood a wooden sink generously supplied with soap and basins; beside it hung roller-towels, and over it were a small looking-glass and many combs. This camp was kept in very fair order by the “chore-boy,” although it was never to me an inviting place

on account of the strong odor of tobacco, which, in spite of the fact that the camp was well ventilated, seemed to soak into whatever or whoever entered the door.

The blacksmith's shop was speedily erected, and as soon as this was ready I had the pleasure of seeing the first log deposited on the site which we selected for our own house. It took less than a week to build and furnish this mansion. It was rather more imposing in appearance than the others, having a higher roof and larger windows; but its crowning glory was real china door-handles, instead of the rough iron latches which adorned the other cabins. It was divided into three large rooms. The front room, which we called our parlor, contained our folding-bed, desk, lounge, home-made bookcase, and numerous other articles. We carpeted it with dark green ingrain, breaking its rather somber hue by scattering about the room several fur rugs, and divided it from the adjoining room by a rose-colored cretonne curtain, which we could fasten back easily whenever we desired to make the two rooms into one. In the corner of the next room, which we called our dining-room, we curtained off space for a bunk, which we soon made and furnished in comfortable style for guests. This room contained our dining-table, heating-stove, and cupboards for dishes. The floor we covered with oil-cloth, and carpeting made by ripping apart and piecing together empty oat-sacks. The kitchen was separated from the other rooms by a board partition, and was furnished in the usual manner. It was a cosy little home, and in it we forgot to be homesick for the Chicago flat.

My household cares were light, and I could not complain of overwork. The cook furnished us with bread and pastry,



BABY DOROTHY IN HER SLED.

and a woman was found who undertook the laundry work. I should have grown fat and lazy had I not raced around a great deal out-of-doors. We had a white Canadian pony who could go over the most impossible-looking places with that



THE SNOWSHOE CLUB.

sturdy determination known only to his breed. I bought a number of hens, to give us eggs during the winter, and a few turkeys, that we might celebrate the holidays in good old orthodox fashion; and our cow, who grew very fat on a diet of vegetable parings, kept us supplied with milk and cream. We had a kitten, which developed into the largest Thomas I ever saw; but what we enjoyed most of all were our dogs. We had three trained dogs, and a beautiful female Scotch collie who presented us with an interesting family of puppies.

In this far northern country dogs do much of the work required of horses elsewhere. The "natives" use them for "toting" supplies, and frequently we would meet an entire family out driving behind them. The mail-carrier drives from six to twelve dogs to and from the railroad, making the trip of forty miles each way twice a week. As he carries, in addition to his mail-bag, freight and express packages and an occasional passenger, one may well pity his poor brutes. His dogs are fed but once a day, as that is all that is considered necessary to sustain them. I do not know what he feeds them; but am safe in conjecturing that it is boiled corn-meal mixed with tallow, for that is what is used by nearly all these dog-drivers. One driver told me that he allowed but one barrel of meal to each dog for his winter's supply of food. In the summer the majority of the poor animals live on what they can steal or find around the fish-houses.

Mail days—Tuesdays and Fridays—were eagerly welcomed at the camp. We nailed a box to a tree which the carrier passed on his route, and there we deposited and received our mail. We were regular subscribers to several magazines and Chicago papers, so we were always rewarded with some tidings of the outer world should our friends fail to write us. I became the camp postmistress; and it used to do my heart good when the men came in at night with the anxious question, "Anything for me, Missis?" to hand them in reply the letter from wife or sweetheart.

The women of White Fish Point all have snowshoes, and the beaux and belles belong to a club and take strolls by the light of the moon. I, of course, insisted upon having a pair; but must confess I never became at all certain or graceful in my movements, and often stood on my head in a snow-bank, and stayed there until rescued. It was very provoking to see

my husband shuffling along so easily ahead of me, and after repeated trials and downfalls I hung my snowshoes on the wall.

I had supposed logging too stupid to make it worth my while to notice it; but I gradually became interested. One pleasant afternoon, soon after we were settled in our cabin, I saw the foreman leaving the camp with an ax over his shoulder. I observed that he was going in quite a new direction, and called to him,

"Where are you going, John?"

"Goin' blazin', ma'am."

I had not the remotest idea what he meant, and thought I would find out; so I hastily arrayed myself in cloak and bonnet, and "tagged." I had hoped that "blazin'" meant killing a bear, or something equally exciting, for the night

with her company. As we walked along he made a deep cut on each tree, to indicate the proposed route of each road.

"All these here little roads is goin' to jine the big loggin' road, an' that'll take ye clean to the beach. If ye come along here in about er month ye'll see a powerful good road."

"But it is going to be too broad in some places," I remarked, critically.

"But them wide spots is turn-out places. Yer see, ma'am, teams couldn't pass each other if it was all narrow, an' the feller with the empty sled has to scoot into one of these here wide places mighty lively when he hears a load a-comin'; the teamster with the logs a-goin' down keeps a-hollerin' fit to split his horses' ears, 'Turn out!'"

"Look! There is a baby bear climbing a tree," I cried in great excitement.



SKIDDING. A SUMMER VIEW.

before I had visited the cook's cabin and heard an old lumberman tell a marvelous tale:

"Jake he saw a hole in that thar tree, an' sez he, 'That tree is holler, an' yer jist wait 'til I fetch my ax an' I'll show yer something what'll make yer howl.' I sez, 'Oh go on! yer can't come no such a bluff on me! They hain't been no b'ar 'round here this winter; an' if they *was*,' I sez, 'he couldn't hump hisself in no sich a small tree as that thar.' An' I bet with Jake a hul pound of plug terbaccer that that thar tree was as empty as his head. An' yer bet I got left; fer back he come, an' down come the tree, an' out of that thar hole clim a *b'ar*! An' thar he stood in the snow a-liftin' up one foot arter the other, an' cryin' a whine like a baby what wants his ma,—too big a fool ter run, he was that powerful sleepy. An' Jake he up an' lit him a clip on the head; an' sez he, 'Bill, yer owe me a hul pound of plug.' An' I sez, 'Yer bet yer life, Jake!'"

But I was doomed to disappointment. "Blazin'" meant nothing more exciting than marking out a road. John was a "talker," and very proud to have the "missis" favor him

"Ho! ho! hain't ye never see a porcupine? Wal, wal! I want ter know! S'pose they *don't* run round loose in Chicago; but I've hear they have 'em caged up in Lincoln Park. A shut-up animal don't look nowadays like a wild one; but ye'll be able to know a b'ar from a porcupine before spring."

"What are you doing?" I asked, a few days later, as I saw the men placing two very large logs horizontally on the ground.

"Making a skid, ma'am."

"And what is a 'skid'?"

"What we deck up on."

I was ashamed to display my complete ignorance of this performance, and I visited the spot again to solve the mystery. A pensive old white horse was standing in front of the skid, and on the other side of it a log had just been deposited on the ground. It had been dragged there from a distance by a team that was already on its way for another. A chain thrown over the skidway was attached to this log

and to the pensive beast, who became quite wide-awake and alert when his master said, "Gee up thar! Git a move on yerself, can't yer?"—and up rolled the log into place. It was assisted in its flight by men armed with cant-hooks. They were standing on the top of the pile and handled their clumsy tools very deftly. One of them had very red cheeks, and wore a gold-embroidered smoking cap, which I think his sweetheart had sent him, thinking it was meant for out-of-door wear.

After the woods became thickly dotted with these piles, the roads were put in condition for hauling. By this time considerable snow had fallen. It was very hard work to shovel snow on account of the dazzling sunlight, and the men all wore dark spectacles. When enough snow had been removed to make it possible for the horses to find a foothold, the snow-plow was put to work. This is a great, V-shaped concern, and so hard to pull through the snow that it took the united efforts of twenty teams to draw it. I thought it one of the prettiest sights I ever saw, when they were all in line with their gayly bedecked harnesses, and all of the lumbermen in their bright costumes following the plow or shoveling ahead of the horses. These roads are kept in fine condition by sprinkling with water, which freezes and makes a hard surface.

The sprinkler, which reminded me of a square piano-box on runners, except that it was twice as large, made its trips at night. The driver of the four horses sits up in front, and mounted on each corner is a man who assists in filling and refilling the huge tank. It is decorated with lanterns, and has a very festive appearance. I longed to take a ride on it, and finally persuaded my husband to hoist me up beside the driver, where I rode around in state through the moonlit forest. The driver entered into conversation immediately.

"Yew want ter be awful kerful, ma'am," he said, "or yew'll fall back intew the tank. Yew'd get mighty cold before yew was fished out. Yew see, the seat hain't over wide, an' I'm goin' to go over some thunderin' rough spots. Yew'd ketch cold, maybe, an' hev pneumonia to yew'r lungs."

"I'm not afraid," I answered, bravely. "My husband would not have allowed me to go on a dangerous expedition."

"Wal, I dun know," he said, reflectively, "may be *not*; —but it's a kind o' queer thing fer a woman to go ridin' on. My woman was mean ez dirt; but I ain't sure ez I'd want her to ride on this here. But if she took it in her head to ride a cow horseback, I dun know ez I could hev stopped her. She was powerful sot."

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"Wal, I dun know. Never had no call to inquire. I was

goin' to, onct,—I thought of gettin' merried ag'in; but the gal run off with a Frenchman, an' I'm mighty glad of it. I reckon all women folks is some alike. You see, we lived down near Old Town, Maine, an' I had a store an' done fust rate 'til I was tarnation fool enough to get merried. She wasn't much ez to *looks*, but I was took by her name, which was 'Peace.' Never used to set no store by Sarah Jane, or Eliza Ann; an' Peace sounded awful new and purty. She come to teach the school to our place. They said she knowed a heep, an' I felt awful tickled when she took up with me. I thought she could kind o' look arter the book-keepin' to the store arter the housework was did.—Them books used ter bother me a heep.—But yer bet yer life she didn't! That woman kept a hired girl 'bout all the time, an' hitched up the old horse an' druv off to Old Town fer gimcracks every time she got hold of money."

"Why did you give her money if she was so extravagant?"

"Wal, yew'd knew *why* if yew hed saw Peace. She was powerful sot.

Wal, —they come an end to my endurance. I said, 'See here, young woman, yew can hev the store an' farm an' all I've got but *me*. I'll go way out West whar yew'll never see me no more.'

"And was she not sorry?"

"Not a bit of it, ma'am. She was the tickeldist woman ye ever see!"



A LOADED SLED.

His harrowing tale finished, he became very silent and so absent-minded that I was afraid he would forget to drive "kerful." I held very tightly to the seat with both hands. The awful thought occurred to me that this woman-hater might decide not to let so excellent an opportunity slip of avenging himself on the fair sex; and I was very glad when I reached home, and the ground, in safety.

After a sled is loaded, a heavy chain is passed under it and over the logs to prevent them from slipping. It was great fun to climb to the topmost log and ride to the beach. I used to wish my Chicago friends could see me having such a delightful time, and I actually pitied them as I thought of their conventional lives, while mine was so free from restraint.

As each load approaches the beach, or "landing place," as the spot is called where the logs are deposited, the scaler mounts the sled with long measuring-stick and measures each log and makes a record in his book. At the beach the sleds are unloaded, and the logs stacked up into very high piles. Here we may as well leave them for a while, as I wish to tell you something of the lumbermen and their life while in the woods.

So many unkind things have been said and written about this class of men, that I, who have spent two years among

them, taking pains to know many of them personally, feel qualified to say a word in their behalf. Many of our men were Scotch Canadians and had been respectably brought



A TYPICAL LUMBERMAN.

up. Nearly all of them were farmers' sons who made a business of going into the woods every winter. Our summer crew was never composed of so good a set as was that of the winter, but there were among them none whom you would single out as men to be afraid of.

A few of them showed evidence of a kind mother's forethought in their well-knit socks and mittens; and that they all remembered their women at home was shown by the kindly consideration which they always showed toward the only woman among them. There was no service which they could render me which they did not hasten to perform, and much of my contentment among them was due to this fact. I was glad, indeed, to be counted a useful member of the colony, for they were often ill and I was able to do much for them at such times. I had been a professional nurse, and the knowledge acquired during the years spent in one of our largest hospitals was valuable in this out-of-the-way place where the only available doctor is an old squaw. I had brought with me a good supply of surgical dressings, needles, splints, etc., and was often

called upon to dress an ugly wound or to prescribe for Tom's cold or Jack's headache.

I had some odd experiences with my patients occasionally. One six-footer, who looked strong enough to fight any two ordinary men, keeled over in a faint at the smell of iodoform; and sometimes nothing short of a threat to do nothing more for the patient would prevent him from loosening my neatly fitting bandage and slipping a "chaw of tobaccor" directly over the wound. Beef brine and raw salt pork they deemed of great antiseptic value; while a splinter from a lightning-struck tree was a magical remedy for an aching tooth.

But I should be sorry to convey the impression that they rewarded my efforts for their comfort with ingratitude. No nurse ever met with such universal approval as did I at the men's camp. They were a little shy to ask favors at first; but that feeling soon wore away, and nearly every day one of them would come to my door to tell me of his personal ailments, or to say, "Would yer mind comin' over, ma'am? Jim ain't feelin' good this mornin', an' says as how he'd like to see the missis;" and I, who always responded promptly to a call of this kind, would perhaps find, after entering the abode of tobacco smoke, that the patient was suffering more from homesickness and overwork than anything else. I would make a hurried visit to my cabin, and return with a clean white case for his rough pillow, an armful of illustrated papers, and a very small dose of quinine; for of course he must not imagine for a moment that he was not ill. I would visit him again to present him with a glass of lemonade, or some delicacy usually unknown to a woodsman, and I would be rewarded next day by hearing that "the missis knows just what to do fer a feller. Jim was awful bad with cramps to his stomach yesterday, an' she cured him right up."

There were a few very young boys among them whom I could not help taking a motherly interest in; and although my husband teased me continually about my "babies," as he called them, he used to meekly visit their bunks at my bidding, and assist them through the snow to our cabin, where they would lie upon our comfortable lounge all day. I kept "Tom Sawyer" and old copies of illustrated papers purposely for these young lumbermen, and used to encour-



OUR WINTER CREW AND THE CAMP.

age Thomas Cat and the dog to hold private theatricals for their benefit.

Occasionally a man would insist upon paying me money, and depart evidently much provoked at my refusal to accept the proffered pay. But I felt a thousand times repaid by their many kindly deeds. I shall always remember quite an old man who brought to my door one morning a basket of fruit which his daughter had sent him from a long distance, and it was only after much persuasion on my part that he would keep for himself one apple and an orange. They frequently made me presents which, if of a trifling nature, I always accepted; and when summer came they brought me water-lilies and flowers.

Their costume is a becoming one, and is never seen elsewhere than in a camp or its vicinity. Over their shoes and socks they wear long, heavy stockings, or "German socks," which reach to the knees, where they are held in place by elastics and buckles. Their trousers are cut off, or, as they would say, "swiped off," at the knee. Their shirts are of heavy flannel, and their jackets, or "mackinaws," are of a great variety of colors in plaids, checks, polka dots, or even plain bright scarlet. Some of them wear ordinary head-covering; but the typical lumberman sports a gay toboggan cap.

Their conversation is well sprinkled with slang not known as a part of the English language elsewhere. Their baggage, which consists of a flour-sack filled with clothing, is called a "turkey;" and eating their dinner is elegantly set forth as "shoving their chuck." The foreman is called "the push," and the superintendent "the walk-in' boss;" while "takin' the tote road fer it" means that they have been discharged for some misdemeanor. I do not know that they were profane to a greater or lesser degree than other men; they certainly never used profane language in my presence.

They are not allowed to drink intoxicating liquors while in camp, and the first violation of this rule is followed by instant dismissal, which means a tramp of forty miles to the railroad, and is no light punishment. Card-playing is encouraged, but no gambling is allowed.

Dancing is indulged in every Saturday night to a very late hour. We all contributed toward buying the violin, and I used to wish I, too, might dance, when the noise of many scraping feet and a hoarse cry of "Ladies to the right and

gents to the left!" stole out into the night air and over to our cabin. There were some who always impersonated the fair sex, and these were known by a rather soiled kerchief which was worn tied about the arm. The "ladies" always

smoked corn-cob or clay pipes while dancing, but as partners they were highly appreciated. To be sure the musician could play but one tune; but it served for waltz, polka, or quadrille, and gave good satisfaction. The fiddler was to receive the violin as a mark of their appreciation when he should leave in the spring, and with this in view he played his very loudest, fearing perhaps they might change their minds.

Sunday in camp is a quiet day usually. The men wash their underwear and socks, and darn and mend their clothes. They used to vex my womanly soul by hanging out their flannels and leaving them exposed to the elements

until the next Sunday morning, when they would take them down and dry them hastily over the stove.

"Tom," I would say, severely, "don't you know that your flannels will shrink and become as hard as a board if you leave them out so long during this damp weather?"

"Wal now! I did kalkerlate to take 'em down 'long erbout the middle of the week, but I clean fergot. I alers buys 'em erbout five sizes too big fer me, anyhow."

Their mending and washing done, they take turns in the barber's chair, paying the tonsorial artist with tobacco; after

which they either write letters at the long tables in the cook's camp, or go for a stroll with their guns over their shoulders. Some of them made the acquaintance of the half-breed maidens living not far away, and these went to make social calls. Those who went for game always brought home a goodly supply of rabbits and partridges, and never forgot to divide their spoils

with us. They do not dance on Sunday evening; they read or spin yarns, and go to bed at an early hour.

This is their life in camp. As quiet, kindly, and orderly a class of men as you would meet anywhere among laborers; and so would they remain, respected by all, were it not for the deviltry of others. These simple-hearted men leave their winter's labor with their hard-earned wages in their pockets, but at the "Soo" they are eagerly watched for by the smooth-voiced gambler and saloon-keeper; and hells beset them at every turn, so that it was very frequently the case that they came back to work for us after a few days at the "Soo,"



THE LIGHTHOUSE IN WINTER.



THE RAILROAD AT ECKERMAN.

without a cent in their pockets, and their watches at the pawnbroker's. It is not that they are a bad class of men, but their long winter's seclusion makes it very difficult to resist the temptations which beset them on every hand.

If you will consult a map of the upper peninsula of Michigan, you will find White Fish Point, overlooking White Fish Bay; and directly below the Point, within the boundaries of the same county, you will find the village of Eckerman. Here was the nearest available railroad station,—forty miles from the Point; and after navigation closed our only means of communication with the outside world. The "natives"



BERRY-PICKERS.

usually go by dog-team or on foot; but we always preferred to take the trip with our box-sled and pony. If the day were bright and sunny, it was an enjoyable ride, packed in with hot salt-bags and plenty of blankets. We would drive along on the ice in the bay until we reached a point directly above Eckerman, when we would turn into a beautiful forest road which led directly to the station. One of these rivers which look so small on the map is called the Toquomonon, and is supposed to be the stream which Longfellow made famous as the fishing-ground of Hiawatha.

After navigation opens, tugs make regular trips between the "Soo" and White Fish Point about twice a week. Chicago boats stop there frequently for a cargo of fish, for here are two of the largest fresh-water fish-stations in America. The soil back of the sandy beach is very poor, and this combined with the shortness of the summer makes it possible to raise little more than potatoes and cranberries. The people living directly back of the landing at the Point cannot be called White Fish Point citizens, since they have merely come from other States to reap the benefit of the fine fishing. They live in cottages near the dock during the summer months only, usually leaving before navigation closes. The lighthouse keeper lives with his family in a very comfortable cottage adjoining the lighthouse, but seldom remains at his post during the winter. About a mile back from the beach in a small clearing is a group of warm-looking log and frame houses. Here are the real residents of the Point, although there are a few settlers of French and Indian descent living here and there through the woods. The Point people associate but little with the occupants of these straggling houses, feeling very much above them socially. Most of them are of English-Canadian origin, and have lived for many years in this out-of-the-way place. Their life seems to me the most narrow in existence; but they have the great secret of happiness

after all, being the most self-satisfied, contented lot I ever met. They desire nothing outside of their small world, unless it be an occasional glimpse of the "Soo," which is in their eyes a very great city. They subsist during the winter months on what they can purchase with money made from the sale of berries in summer. During the berry-picking season whole families, from the babies to the grandparents, turn out to work, and these are reinforced by Indians and half-breeds who come from long distances by boat or on foot to reap the harvest. The cranberry marshes are owned and cultivated by individuals, who pay the pickers a small stipend per bushel; but the blueberries are free to all who can pick, and bring about \$2 per bushel.

There are no intoxicating liquors sold at the "Point." The beverage drunk by these people is made from the blueberry juice, and is called "wine." There is no ill which flesh is heir to that they do not believe this the very best remedy for; and what blueberries fail to cure, cranberries certainly will. The absence of the grip in this community is accounted for by them as the direct result of the consumption of enormous dishes of cran-

berry sauce; and poultices made from the succulent fruit will cure many an ache and pain.

There are social degrees among the "natives." The owner of a cranberry marsh is a very exalted person. His opinion has great weight on all matters. His voice is heard above all others on situations of political interest, and men point at him and say, "Now just look at Jim Smith. He come here without a cent, and see whar he is today." And there he *is* today, and apt to stay there during the rest of his lifetime. When he dies he will be buried in the tiny cemetery close by, with a pine headboard to mark his resting-place, and an original poem engraved thereon to perpetuate his many virtues. But even this melancholy plot is exclusive, as the residents not numbered among the aristocrats are buried in another enclosure far away.

There was one family living not far from our camp who were to me a distinct type of humanity. The head of the household was a thorough-bred Scotchman, and his wife a full-blooded Indian. It is said that those of Indian blood are by nature universally lazy and shiftless; but this instance was a notable exception. I never have entered a more neatly kept house, and the dress of the women always betokened a great degree of self-respect. Here you could buy beautiful moccasins or leave orders for fine sewing. If you wanted them to undertake your laundry work they would probably do so; and your linen would be returned spotless and exquisitely ironed. The father of the family makes unusually fine snow-shoes, which are much sought after by young ladies, and he understands the art of smoking fish to perfection. The young woman of the household has so many accomplishments that one is reminded of the rhyme, "She could manufacture griddle-cakes and speak in ancient Greek;" while the small daughter is the most original child I ever met, and is already learning habits of industry and

cleanliness from her elders. The mother of this interesting family is quite an old woman. She is much sought after as a sick nurse, and has ushered into the world nearly all the children of this and other settlements along the coast. In addition to their other resources they keep the White Fish Point Post Office, although they did not obtain possession of it without much trouble; for to be postmaster is the ambition of nearly every land-owner in this country.

Winter lasts until the first of May in this country; but when it does take its departure "it goes with a rush." As if pushed by giant hands, the ice breaks loose from the shore and moves slowly away, and the waves break upon the shore as if glad to be set free from their imprisonment. Old Sol comes out boldly, and the great snow-banks dissolve, to be replaced by deep ditches that make the roads impassable to any but those who can wade in rubber boots or manage to

have to be started on their way to the mill. First came a tug bringing the boom-sticks which are to form the boundaries of the raft. These great logs, which are so fashioned at the ends that they may be linked together, are owned by but few lumbermen, and are by them rented for a good round sum to those not fortunate enough to possess them. Then into the water went the men to build the rafts. As each log is rolled into the lake a man mounts it and pilots it into place, keeping up a dancing movement the while lest he fall from its slippery surface. He has learned to balance himself perfectly, and his boots are "calked," which means that they are spiked ones. He seldom loses his foothold, and if he should do so he meets with no sympathy as he emerges from his cold bath, for it is considered by all lumbermen a great disgrace to slip from the log. Rafting is very hard work and brings double pay. Great anxiety is felt for the safety of the rafts after they are



THE CAMP IN SUMMER.

stick to a horse's back while he flounders around up to his belly.

I "cleaned house" during this time, after which I set all my old hens and mended linen. I did not like the imprisonment at all, however, and as soon as I could explore again without soaking my feet, I hastened to do so, and found the most beautiful arbutus trailing all over the ground. I had never seen it growing before, and was filled with delight as I gathered the fragrant blossoms. The frogs awoke in chorus in the little ditches of the forest, and nowhere do they sing such a variety of songs. Ravens flew about, and occasionally a hawk or an eagle slowly circled over a tree-top. The gaily dressed woodpeckers and blue jays scarcely took the trouble to fly at my approach, and the squirrels were out in full force to enjoy the beautiful weather.

The choppers were all busy again, for we were to do summer logging. As they were working at some distance from the camp they could not return at noontime; and I used to occasionally mount the lunch-wagon and accompany the cook to the scene of their labors. There, under a shady tree, with my dogs lying about me, I used to feel as if I were really a child of nature, and almost wished I had never known anything of a great smoky city and its many evils and trials.

As soon as navigation opens, the logs left on the beach

launched, lest a storm come up while they are *en route*. Pleasant weather is therefore selected for their construction, and in order to hurry their departure the men must work eighteen hours a day.

One summer day a great Chicago boat stopped at White Fish Point to deposit upon the pier two young lady friends of ours, who, full of compassion for my supposed lonely condition, had decided to make us a long visit. Together we explored the beautiful drives, fished in the shady creeks, and rowed along the shore of the lake, stopping to tie our boat and land whenever we saw a particularly inviting spot, where we would eat our luncheon or pick blueberries. We made a voyage in our boat to the lighthouse. It proved to be a very instructive one, for the lighthouse keeper kindly took us up the steep stairs and showed us the mechanism of his light. After this we went to the nearest life-saving station, where we were shown the life-boat with its life-saving apparatus. But this delightful summer came to an end, and the young ladies returned home, leaving me once more the only woman of our little village.

Early in September our collie dog's countenance betokened much jealousy; Diamond and Cupid scratched at the door in vain; Thomas Cat, Esq., became cross and sulky, occasionally blinking his green eyes at an object which reposed in a chair; Billy, the pony, went without his daily lump



ONE OF OUR FAVORITE CREEKS.

of sugar, and somebody else fed the chickens. All this upsetting of the regular order of things was caused by a very small, red-faced damsel who had taken it into her round little head to try lumber-woods life. As she brought with her no letter of introduction we thought best to provide her with a name immediately, and selected one which we both admired,—Dorothy.

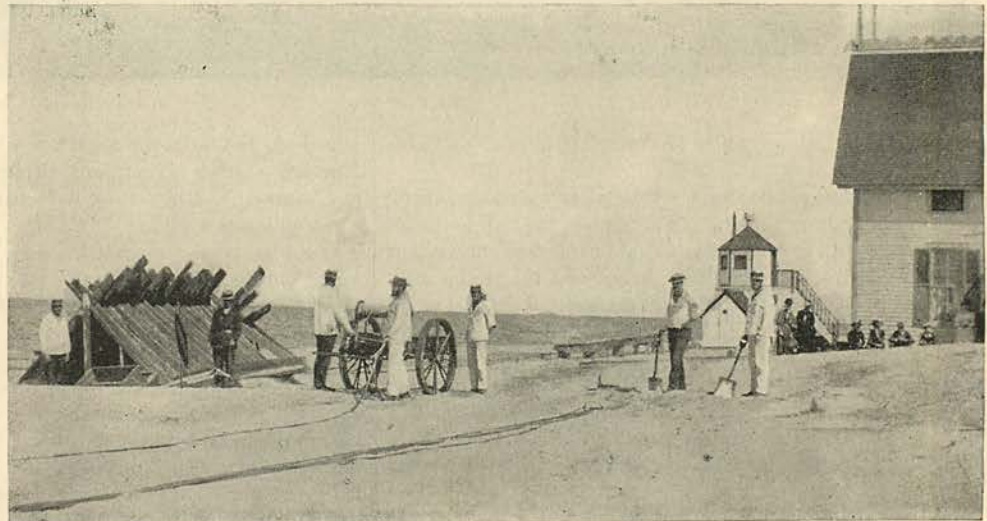
I think it would be wisdom on my part to refrain from telling some of you people who think a baby a bit of breakable china just how old (or rather how *young*) she was when she was taken out in papa's arms to be shown to an admiring group of woodsmen. They crowded about her, acting as if they had never before seen so remarkable an object, and offended her papa by saying "It is *terrible* little!" As a camp member she was a much-noticed individual that winter. She raced around the woods with the aid of the dogs in company with her mother, and grew fat and hardy. Her father made her sled by nailing an empty soap-box to runners, and inside of it he fastened a comfortable little chair. Diamond, our dear old dog, proudly took her out for an airing, while her admiring parents followed on foot. Sometimes we fastened a seat for ourselves in front of this box, and harnessed all of our dogs to the sled. When we went riding behind our pony, if the day was cold we tucked Dorothy up in a clothes-basket, previously lined with blanket and pillow. She used to object for a short time after being placed at our feet under the robes, but the jolting of the sleigh would soon put her to sleep, and she seldom awoke until deposited, basket and all, on the floor of our

cabin. At night she slept in a hammock which was swung over our bed.

The winter of '92-'93 was a very severe one, and had it not been for the care and company of our little daughter I should have been very lonely; for my husband was obliged to be away a great deal. Before the first snow fell the men and horses were moved to a new camp several miles away from us, and this contributed to my lonely condition; for nowhere does silence and inactivity seem so unbearable as in the woods. While my husband was away on protracted business trips, my only human companion, aside from my baby, was a young Frenchman named Joe, who had been selected from his large crew of men to look after my comfort. Like many

French Canadians he was a Jack-at-all-trades, and was willing to turn his hand to almost anything. He made a very good nurse for Dorothy, who became very fond of him; nor was he ashamed to assist me about the housework. He took excellent care of the horse, cow, and chickens, and was a good hunter. Many a morning I awoke to find the cabin dark and almost buried beneath the snow; but I could always hear Joe shoveling away to dig out my doors and windows, and a sight of his cheery face and the sound of his greeting, "Good mornin', ma'm! How's Dorety dis mornin'?" was worth more to me than you who have never in your life been "snowed in" in a forest can imagine.

They had a hard time logging on account of the fearful



THE LIFE-SAVING STATION.

weather. They were much discouraged, for as fast as the roads were made ready for hauling they would refill with snow, and there were many days when the violence of the storm prevented them from working at all. It was with great difficulty that the logs in the vicinity of the new camp were carried from the skidways to the beach. They were all there, however, by the first of February, 1893, and the men moved back to our camp in order to haul the logs which

they had skidded during the previous summer. I was very glad to welcome them back, and to hear again the clink of the blacksmith's anvil and the teamster's call of "Turn out!" as he drove his load to the beach.

Again the logs were all piled on the beach, and the snow disappeared to be replaced by muddy roads. I was to leave by the first boat which called at White Fish Point, and my husband was to remain until after the rafting. I should have preferred staying with him until the final breaking up of the camp, but the mosquitoes and flies are very numerous during the early summer, and I did not wish my little one to fall a victim to their voracious appetites. As we drove down

the old familiar "tote" road for the last time, we both felt very sober. The odor of arbutus was in the air, and the birds were singing their sweetest songs. I looked back and saw my little log cabin for the very last time. We had been very happy there, and Dorothy's mamma wept and refused to be comforted.

We are once more in Chicago, and behind the kitchen stove is the sleeping form of Thomas Cat. The dogs are with friends who we are sure will use them kindly, and from a large cage beside me two squirrels are chattering of the sighing forest of Lake Superior.

SARA R. MC. ISAAC.



DINED with my old friend Donec, yesterday. It was one of the oddest experiences I remember. Donec is a fortunate man: prosperous in business, respected in the community, young enough and healthy enough to appreciate, thoroughly, the good things of life which have so liberally fallen to his lot, and, above all, happy in his domestic relations. His wife, whom I had never seen before, is one of the sweetest women I ever met. Confirmed bachelor as I am, I was tempted to ask Donec if Mrs. Donec had not a sister like herself. At the same time she did not speak a single word to me during the whole course of my visit; but that her silence was not due to distrust or dislike of me will appear presently.

We were talking over old times, Donec and I, in his comfortable study, when the door opened and a slender, girlish figure, attired in some sort of graceful drapery,—I don't know what you call these things,—entered the room, and, without casting a glance toward me, glided up to Donec's chair, put two beautifully rounded arms about his neck, drew back his head, and kissed him upon the forehead,—uttering no articulate words, but making a peculiar soft, cooing sound, such as a mother dove may make over its nestful of babies.

Donec submitted to the caress; then, without speaking, touched her upon the arm and pointed to me. The lady started, and a faint flush sprang into her delicate cheek as with wide-open, childish eyes she glanced from him to me, quickly and inquiringly. He held up one hand, and in another instant a most delightful smile took the place of the

blush, and she came swiftly toward me, holding out one little hand which I took in my own, noting, as I did so, its perfect contour, its ivory whiteness, and the rosy tint about the oval nails. If I had been a Frenchman I should have kissed that hand; being only a barbarous American I shook it and mumbled some stupid commonplace words of greeting, to which, to my surprise, she uttered no acknowledgment, as she had uttered no phrases of welcome. Then she drew back, smiling brightly still, glanced at Donec, who waved his hand to her, and with a gesture of her own tiny hand, which seemed to comprehend us both, she fitted out of the room as silently as she had entered it.

Meeting my astonished look Donec laughed heartily.

"You do not appear to understand," he said.

"I do not," I replied, rising, "except that I have intruded at an unseasonable moment; so if you will just tell me where you put my hat I will take my departure."

Donec threw himself back in his chair and laughed still more heartily. I was growing a trifle angry now.

"I do not know what Mrs. Donec can have heard to my discredit," I continued, haughtily, "but as she did not descend to address a word to me—"

"My dear fellow," Donec became suddenly grave, "she can't."

"What? She is—?"

"Just so. Deaf and dumb from her birth. Now I hope you will dismount from your exceedingly lofty horse, especially when I assure you she liked you very much."

"Told you?" I echoed, in amazement.

"Didn't you see her wave her hand, thus?" And he twirled his own hand in the air, with a complicated twisting and twinkling of the fingers. "Well, that was a sentence: 'I like your friend. He is a good man. Stay to dinner. I want to know him.'"