



#### CAMP LOU.

ON the 7th of June, 1879, the stage-coach which runs forty miles through the Adirondack Wilderness drove up to "Paul" Smith's far-famed hostelry with two passengers only. These two were a young man and his wife. They had penetrated the great wilderness of Northern New York for other purposes than pleasure. A glance at the young man would perhaps have set nine persons out of ten to asking why he should have come to so remote a spot to die. The wonder of the tenth might have expended itself over the fact that he had lived long enough to reach that remote spot. He must have presented an unpromising spectacle to the guides gathered on the hotel piazza, for his colorless face—save where the hectic spots burned redly, like signal-lamps of death—his wasted body, and his feeble strength indicated plainly enough what manner of disease it was which held him in its grim clutches. So wretched a specimen of a "sportsman" made mockery of a Winchester rifle or the daintiest of fly rods. Not even the zeal of the Adirondack guide, usually displayed with a hackman's energy in matters of business, could blind him to the absurdity of offering his services to this latest arrival, who was

manifestly too weak to sight a gun, or even engage in anything like an equal contest with a trout of ordinary size and vigor. So the guides, in rough sympathy, watched the stranger as he walked feebly into the parlor and sank into a chair, exhausted even by that slight effort. And yet the young man had not journeyed into this remote wilderness to die. He had come in search of larger game than deer. He had come hunting for health. And he found it.

To-day, eighteen months after his first glimpse of the St. Regis Lake, he finds himself a comparatively well man. Those months have been passed uninterruptedly in the wilderness. For a year and a half the wasted lungs have fed upon this pure air, and upon nothing else. Slowly—very slowly at times, but none the less steadily—Nature has been patching up the delicate tissues, healing the tubercular formations, ridding the system of fever, checking the cough, putting flesh on the wasted body, and strengthening the flabby muscles. In short, in her own marvellous way, this mightiest of physicians has taken by the throat the disease which the doctors pronounce incurable, and in the very hour of its victory throttled it. An

eighteen months' residence in the woods—to put it as you and I would put it—has cured a man in the last stages of consumption; it has checked, as the faculty might phrase it, a case of far-developed pulmonary phthisis. The lucky fellow who thus falls heir to a new lease of life thanks God, and goes back to his old trade of reporting—this time to report his experience in health-hunting in the Adirondack Wilderness.

It is now nearly two years since Dr. A. L. Loomis, of New York city, read before the State Medical Society a paper entitled "The Adirondack Region as a Therapeutical Agent in the Treatment of Pulmonary Phthisis." This paper was afterward printed in the *Medical Record*. One outside the pale of the medical profession may not be permitted to praise a purely technical dissertation, but the writer can not forego this opportunity to bear testimony to the individual benefit which he, at least, derived from the distinguished physician's essay. Without it, it is pretty sure that this magazine article would never have been prepared. What Dr. Loomis had to say about pulmonary disease naturally carried with it much weight; and what he had to say of the St. Regis country certainly awakened a very profound interest in that subject among physicians throughout the country. Dr. Edward W. Victor, of Brooklyn, who started the writer on his way to the wilderness, and Dr. William H. Watson, of Utica, now Surgeon-General of this State, who encouraged the patient to carry out the project, were by no means the only doctors of repute who were made enthusiastic by Dr. Loomis's paper. Within the scope of an article like this, it is, of course, impossible to give more than a brief summary of Dr. Loomis's comprehensive statement.\* After expressing it as his belief that climate is the most important factor in the treatment of pulmonary phthisis, and giving a brief description of the three varieties of the disease which he clinically and pathologically recognizes, the professor proceeds to point out the advantages of the St. Regis country as they have become known to him

\* To those readers who may desire to possess the paper in its entirety I would say that it appeared in Vol. XV., Nos. 17 and 18, of the *Medical Record*, published by William Wood and Co., of New York city. Copies of these numbers could be obtained a few months ago, and probably can at this time.

through observation and experience. He dwells especially upon the dryness of the soil to be found there—a condition which he regards as of the greatest importance in the home of a phthisical invalid. Of the climate of the Adirondack region, the paper regards it as moist and cool, with a rain-fall somewhat above the average for other portions of the State; a dry period in summer, when the days become hot, but the nights remain almost always cool; a winter in which the cold is almost uninterrupted, no thawing of any consequence taking place before March; then, owing to the sieve-like nature of the soil, the snow disappears rapidly. There is no preponderance of clear days at any season, while cool, cloudy weather is the characteristic feature of the climate. In all this there would appear to be nothing to recommend this locality to the phthisical patient; but it is the absolute purity of the air here which accomplishes the good results. Pine, balsam, spruce, and hemlock trees abound, and the atmosphere is heavily laden with ozone. The resinous odors of the evergreens, admitted to be most beneficial to diseased mucous membranes, are brought into contact with the air-passages, and the patient lives within a zone which separates him from the impurities of the outer world. In a communication from Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, who has himself given the St. Regis country a trial of some years for the cure of phthisis, he tells Dr. Loomis that from personal experience he believes that any comparison of the relative good effects of the climate of Minnesota, Colorado, or the South, with that of the Adirondack Wilderness, is decidedly in favor of the latter. Dr. Loomis next proceeds to give the results obtained from a fair trial of this region. He cites twenty cases of persons who have tested the wilderness experiment, and of these, after an extended trial, he reports ten as recovered, six as improved, two as not benefited, and two who died. It may be a matter of surprise to a large number of persons acquainted with Dr. Loomis that he himself was at one time threatened with consumption. "The only survivor of a family," he tells us, "every member of which, save perhaps one, had died of phthisis, I had come to regard my case as a critical one. A Southern trip had not relieved, if it had not aggravated, my phthisical symptoms. In this condition I went into this region, and into camp, and when, before the sum-

mer months had passed, I came out of the Adirondacks, or North Woods, free from cough, with an increase in weight of about twenty pounds, with greater physical vigor than I had known for years, I very naturally became an enthusiast in regard to them.....From time to time, since that summer eleven years ago, I have sent phthysical invalids into this region. At first I sent them only during the summer months; but I found that while temporary relief was afforded, and in some instances marked improvement took place, in cases of fully developed phthisis the latter was not permanent, and although the winter months might be spent at the South, yet before another summer came around, the disease progressed. Not until 1873 was I able to persuade any phthysical invalid to remain during the winter. The effect of the winter climate on this invalid showed so markedly the benefit to be derived from a winter's residence in this region, that from that time, each winter, others have been induced to remain."

With respect to the several cases reported by Dr. Loomis, it may be said that in a majority of instances no improvement was perceptible until some time after the patient had taken up his residence in the region. Each case had a long history of getting better or worse, but each advance toward recovery was more marked than the former. The ten absolute cures were effected in catarrhal phthisis, and it is this form of the disease which seems to be most benefited by the wilderness. Almost without exception, the improvement appeared more rapid in winter than in summer. "I shall have accomplished my purpose," says Dr. Loomis, in conclusion, "if by this hastily prepared paper I shall have awakened in my professional brethren the spirit of investigation as regards this extensive health-restoring region within the boundaries of our own State, which we have been passing by, while we have sent phthysical invalids far from home and friends, to regions far less restorative."

Imperfect as this abstract is of Dr. Loomis's paper, it explains more clearly perhaps than otherwise could be done the motive which prompted the Reporter to journey into the wilderness at the time when the physicians had given him only a month longer to live. Here was something to kindle anew the flickering flame of hope. Here was the highest of med-



IN THE PINE FOREST.

ical authority pointing the way to possible recovery. When he first read these cheering words, the Reporter had already been in the clutches of consumption for a year and a half. His was but the repetition of the old, sad experience of a thousand others who disregard the first small warnings of the dreaded disease; who think nothing of the slight but persistent cough, of the hardly perceptible weakening of the body, of the occasional flushes of fever, of the lessening appetite, of the quickened pulse and shortened breath. Consumption? Bless your soul, from no branch or twig of his genealogic tree was it possible for the Reporter to draw the wasting sap of phthisis. He had always taken as a matter of course, as we all take it while it is within our grasp, the priceless boon of health. He had done the giant's swing in his college days, digested dreamlessly lobster salad at midnight, stood the strain of newspaper work and boarding-house fare, and never thought of calling upon the doctors for assistance. Yet the insidious disease crept upon him unawares, robbed him of his robust health, and drove him from New York to begin the weary, uneven fight for life. Before that June day when he alighted at "Paul"

Smith's, he had travelled the beaten road which consumptives have gone over for generations. Cod-liver oil and quinine had done as much and as little for him as for others. He had spent a summer in the White Mountains, and, encouraged by some temporary improvement, had rashly returned to New York, and to his

ment which surpassed that of either physicians or friends. Appreciating, however, as he did, that it was the last card he had to play in the game, and sustained as he was by the presence of a brave and loving wife, he doubtless received more praise for his pluck than he deserved. If he had died, the *St. Regis*



"PAUL" SMITH'S HOTEL.

desk in a newspaper office. But the disease was merely trifling with its victim. In the winter of 1878-79 it laid him low—so low that when he set out for his trip to the Adirondack woods it was a matter of grave doubt whether he would live to reach his destination.

After two weeks spent at "Paul" Smith's, during which time his condition was so precarious as to make the experiment of camp life seemingly foolhardy, the Reporter pitched his tent, and began the trial of the wilderness cure. He was made as comfortable as, under the circumstances, he could be, but it was weeks before any positive improvement in his condition manifested itself. In those weeks he displayed a faith in the experi-

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of what the wilderness cure has accomplished in an individual case, he does not consider himself competent to advise others, nor would he presume to recommend them, to make the experiment without consultation with a trusted physician. Secondly, it is to be borne in mind that if anything like a fair trial is to be given the experiment, the patient must make up his mind to spend at least a year in the woods. For, as a rule, without the winter residence, little permanent good can be accomplished. Again, the consumptive who comes into the wilderness must come with faith large enough to bridge him over weeks, and perhaps months, wherein his condition will remain apparently unchanged. Still, again, he must make up his mind to put up with certain inconveniences, and to depend largely upon himself for resources of amusement. If he can not bring himself to endure such an exile with a reasonable degree of cheerfulness, or if upon the first indications of improvement he shall pack his traps and go out of the woods, it would be wiser not to try the experiment at all. With these conditions thoroughly understood, let us see what awaits the invalid who penetrates these backwoods in the search for health.

To begin with, camp life is to be considered as perhaps the most important feature of the wilderness cure. When the Reporter first came into the woods, his ideas with regard to this matter of camping out were vague in the extreme. Having faithfully read all the books on the Adirondacks that he could find, the impression left was a jumble of woollen blankets, rubber coats, hemlock boughs, salt pork, and a frying-pan. To-day he is glad to be able to report that camping out, so far as it relates to the St. Regis country, may be absolutely dissociated from pork, frying-pans, and all other abominations. Here, forty miles in the wilderness, one may surround himself with all the comforts and nearly all the luxuries that he can enjoy in his own city home. This assertion is made, of course, on the assumption that the camp is to be permanent, and built within easy access of some one of the hotels. It also presumes, as does, indeed, this entire narrative, that the camper-out is an invalid, and that his backwoods life is to be made, first of all, to contribute to the success of the great health hunt. In selecting a

spot for the patient's camp, it will be well to keep within a radius of a mile or two of a hotel—in the St. Regis region, for the purpose of definiteness, we will say within a mile or two of "Paul" Smith's. The ground should be high, bordering a lake, abundantly supplied with trees, and, if possible, accessible from the main road by wagon. It would be better to build a camp within five hundred feet of the hotel than to strike out too far from the centre of supplies. The high ground is desirable to catch the breeze, and thus avoid the insect nuisance. As the mountain ponds serve largely for highways of travel, a camp should be so located as to bring a boat into play. Hundreds of desirable points not yet occupied are to be found on the Upper and Lower St. Regis lakes, Spitfire and Osgood ponds. The Reporter's camp stood on the last-mentioned, covering a bluff forty feet high, which projected into the water, peninsula-like. Perhaps a description of this wilderness abode may serve best to convey to the uninitiated reader some fair idea of what an invalid's camp may be. Look, then, if you please, at Camp Lou.

Standing, as has been said, on a bluff which stretches into the deep clear waters of the little mountain lake, the natural advantages of the spot for the purpose desired could hardly be surpassed. Almost always a cool breeze sweeps across the water, making the air, even in the hottest days, deliciously fresh. Standing here, the eye of the observer can nowhere in the broad range of vision discover aught to mar the face of nature as fashioned by nature's God. Nothing hints of man's laborious toil. Not a house, nor barn, nor fence, nor foot of cultivated ground. Nothing but the sentinel pines, and all the fragrant family of evergreens, the blue mountains, the clear transparent lake, and the overarching sky. The earth is carpeted with a luxuriant growth of moss, intermingled with pine needles, stubby partridge-grass, and graceful ferns. Facing the lake, and in line with the precipitous bank, stand the bark buildings and canvas tent which collectively make up the "camp." These bark structures, half a dozen in number, vary in size from eight to twelve feet square. They serve respectively as a store-room, a dining-room, a pantry, a kitchen, and servants' sleeping quarters. They are constructed of a frame of poles with bark coverings,

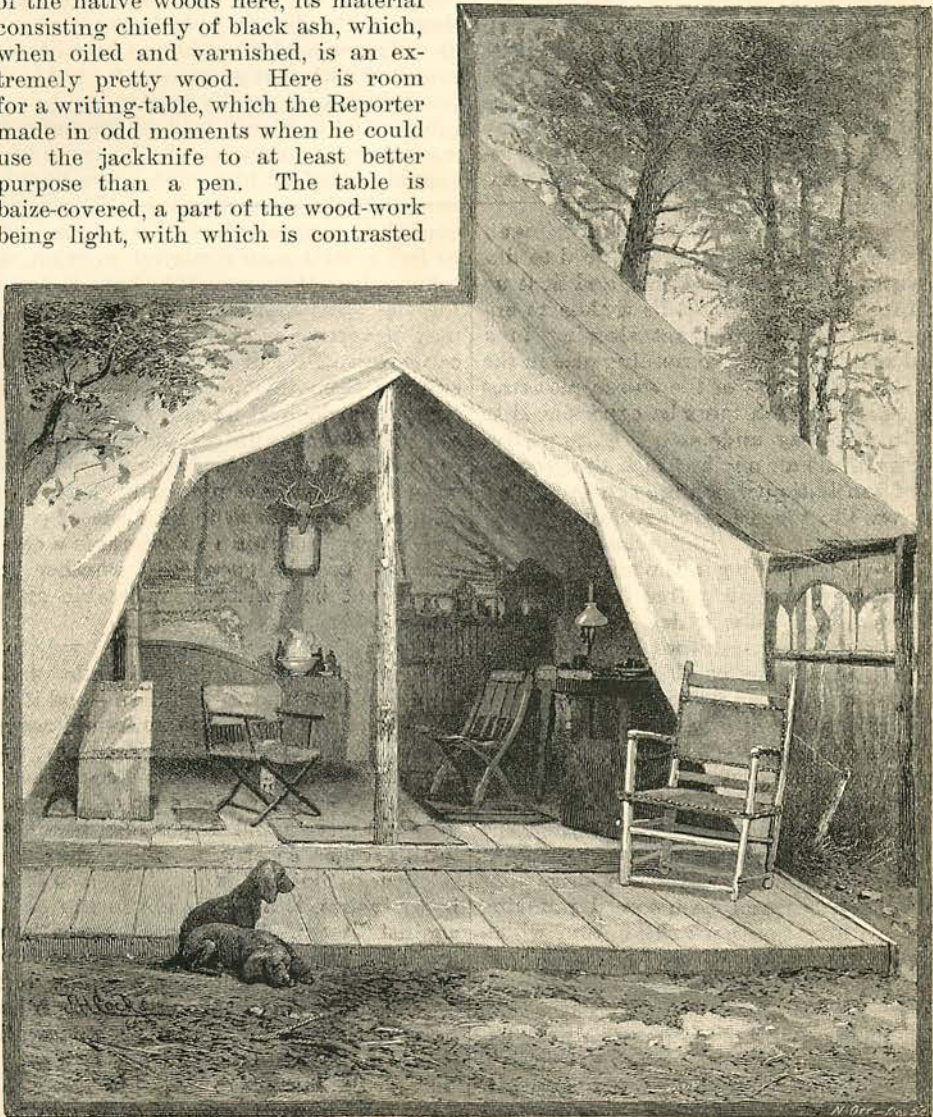
are floored, lighted by windows, and made secure by doors. The most pretentious of the group has a porch in front provided with rustic seats, while one standing nearest the brink of the high bank is left open at the sides and ends in arbor fashion, and serves as a dining spot when the weather is fair. Nothing can be prettier in their way than these bark buildings, and yet they can be erected by any competent guide, and at insignificant expense. All the implements of domestic nature may be found in the kitchen and pantry, and if you descend the secure stairs to the water's edge, you will find an ice-house, wherein may be stored provisions in goodly quantities. A hundred feet back of the buildings stand the dog-kennels, and the less sportsman-like but quite as essential hen-coop. Returning to a spot twenty feet from the bank, you come upon the tent. This is so important a feature of the wilderness experiment that the Reporter may be pardoned for giving a pretty minute description of its construction and purposes. Without a good tent, the invalid's camp life can not possibly be made satisfactory. After spending half the nights in the last year and a half under canvas, it would be eminently at variance with the genius of his calling if the Reporter neglected to emphasize the fact that he believes his own improvement, as well as that of many others who have found health in the Adirondacks, is due more to the tent than to any other single agency. In inclement weather the invalid in camp seeks shelter in his tent; or he lounges there in cool days to read or write; he spends his evenings there, and his nights there: altogether, he passes three-fourths of his time in his tent. Were he not in camp, he would spend a like period in-doors. The difference is, that the tent, while it gives him all the protection he seeks, still furnishes the diseased lungs with air which, for all practical purposes, is as pure as that out-of-doors; while the house, to which he would necessarily turn in the city, poisons, during this three-fourths of the day, the delicate and already wasted lung tissue.

Here is the tent. Look at it inside and out, a little critically, if you please, for it will bear the test. It is what is known as a "wall" tent, the walls being nothing more or less than sides. The dimensions are twelve feet square, the walls five feet

high, and the upright poles, which run to the apex of what would be the roof, if tents had roofs, eleven feet and a half. As a protection to the tent proper, as well as a means of insuring absolute security against rain, a second covering of canvas or heavy cotton cloth, technically known as a fly, is stretched over the ridge-pole, and brought down to within three feet of the ground. You will observe that the guy-ropes are not fastened to stakes, as you have been accustomed to see them in lawn tents, but are secured to stout horizontal poles running parallel with the side walls, and a trifle higher than the latter. These poles, resting upon others driven perpendicularly into the earth, are about eighteen inches from the walls of the tent. Again, notice that the bottom of the canvas is drawn tightly down and tacked to the planks which form the outer boundary of the floor. All the guy-ropes of both tent and fly are so arranged as to be readily adjusted to any desired tension, for the effect of the atmosphere upon canvas necessitates frequent loosening and tightening of the stays. This stove-pipe, you see, runs out from a zinc-circled hole in the tent wall horizontally a distance of four or five feet, and is then turned upward by an elbow, to serve as a chimney. So much for the exterior; now step inside. The entrance is guarded by a piazza as wide as is the tent, and five feet in depth. That word "guarded" is not a misuse of language, for, without the raised piazza, the interior of your tent would be tracked with sand, rained upon, if you wanted the flaps open, and, in short, left to the mercy of many disturbing elements. If you come with your mind filled with such notions of camping out as came the Reporter into the wilderness, this interior view will surely surprise you. Not the hint of a hemlock bough here, you see. First, the floor is securely laid of seasoned, matched boards, as a floor should be, painted a steel blue, and liberally covered with rugs and Brussels mats. To your left, compassed round with zinc protectors, and resting upon a stone hearth, is an open stove, attaching to the pipe you saw without. It is a cheery stove, perfectly safe, and pleasantly suggestive of wood fires. In a corner stands a bedstead, bark-covered, provided with hair mattresses, generous-sized pillows, plenty of fine woollen blankets, and with the white counterpane and ruffled shams

all complete. Beside the bed is a wash-stand, also bark-covered, and rather an ornamental piece of furniture. Next is the book-case, capable of holding a couple of hundred volumes, which are there too. The upper shelf holds many mantel treasures and bits of bric-à-brac. A clock ticks the hours away cheerfully; backgammon, chess, a cribbage-board, field-glasses, a piece or two of pottery, a smoking set, a flask (it contains medicine), and numerous other ornaments are there. This book-case, by-the-way, furnishes a modest specimen of what may be made of the native woods here, its material consisting chiefly of black ash, which, when oiled and varnished, is an extremely pretty wood. Here is room for a writing-table, which the Reporter made in odd moments when he could use the jackknife to at least better purpose than a pen. The table is baize-covered, a part of the wood-work being light, with which is contrasted

spruce, balsam, and fir, with the bark left on. A dozen different varieties of wood, all of them gathered in the immediate neighborhood, enter into the composition of this home-made piece of furniture. Its top is an inviting litter of newspapers, manuscripts, writing utensils, pipes, tobacco, cigars, and what not. Out of this confusion rises a student-lamp, and just now a dish of fruit. Here is a chintz-covered ottoman, which you can open—but pray don't! Here is a trunk, which does not look at all like a



INTERIOR OF TENT.

trunk, hidden as it is by a gay-colored travelling rug, and made to serve as a seat. Here is a sleep-inviting easy-chair, and here one of rustic design, home-made, like the table. Against the inner upright pole hangs a mirror surmounted by a deer's head, which the Reporter did not shoot himself. At night, when the air grows chilly, these tent flaps are let down, the one lapping well over the other, and this board, running lengthwise and forming a part of the piazza, is raised on hinges, the flaps drawn secure, and the board then let down, holding the canvas so tight that a fly can not crawl in. Many an evening, when the October winds have howled savagely through the great forest, you might have envied the Reporter and his wife sitting here in this canvas habitation, the fire blazing cheerily, the student-lamp lighted, and as cozy an atmosphere of seclusion surrounding everything as if within the cherished precincts of home.

If you make the wilderness experiment, whatever else you may be forced to dispense with, buy a good tent, and fit it up comfortably. It would be useless to undertake to describe what sleeping in a tent is like. It is like nothing else in the world. It is one of the subtle pleasures of this life which must be experienced to be in any way understood. The perfect purity of the air one breathes, the processes of ventilation which are constantly going on, the sense of security, even when the winds are whistling about your frail shelter, the awaking in the morning to an atmosphere absolutely free from that peculiar stifling odor which is perceptible even in the best ventilated sleeping-rooms—all these things combine to make the tent a bedroom so delicious that the fate of Endymion would become a blessing.

One can not sleep always, however, even in camp. Days will come when the monotony of this manner of life will doubtless oppress the invalid—when the grandeur of the scene about him will fail utterly to compensate for the absence of familiar faces and accustomed pursuits. He will long for that exhilaration which is the charm of active life. It is then, of all times, that he needs to bring his philosophy and his pluck into play. It is then that he may with profit remember the Reporter, who could discover no improvement in his condition for weeks after getting into camp, but who, when he took down his tent in a driving snow-storm in

November, was strong enough to pull up the stakes with his own hands. It would be absurd to deny that camping out, when done for health and not sport, and when made to cover a period of four or five months, becomes at times wearisome; yet the camp life of an invalid may be made, as has been shown, physically comfortable, even to a degree of luxury, while it will be pleasant precisely in proportion to one's own resources for making it so. The three degrees of comfort attainable where invalidism is an accompaniment of the camping-out experiment, may be thus placed: If the patient is in the earlier stages of the disease, able to roam about at will, possessed of an honest love of nature, and with that propensity for rod and gun which is generally believed to be an inborn and universal trait of the animal man, there is no reason why his camp life should not afford him superlative happiness. Again, supposing him still strong enough to enjoy all physical comforts, and to feel a well man's interest in what is taking place, then, even if he have no taste for the sportsman's pursuits, the camp may nevertheless represent comparative contentment. But if he be an actual sufferer from the more acute phthisical symptoms, doomed to wearying inaction, and additionally unfortunate in possessing neither a love of sport nor a mind to grasp the beauties of nature, his lot in the wilderness may seem to him one of positive misery. Yet in so deplorable a condition it may be questioned whether he would not be positively miserable anywhere.

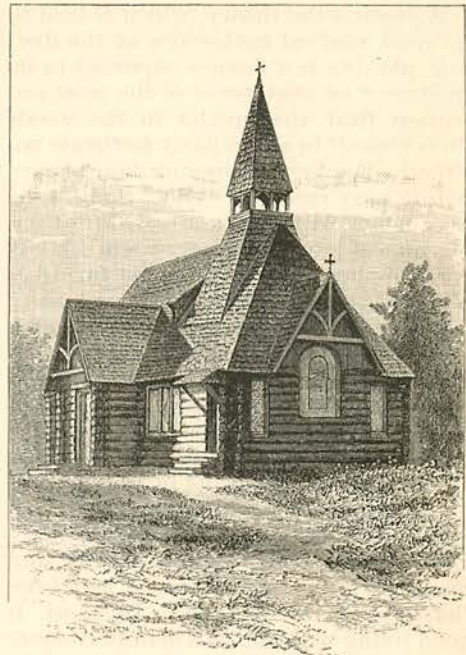
Companionship will go a great way toward making the wilderness exile pleasant. With wife and children—and it is wholly practicable that these should come—the patient stands in little need of sympathy, so far as his isolation is concerned. In any case, some one near of kin and dear to heart should, if possible, bear the health-seeker company. Then the consciousness that one is gaining, even if it be by inches, is a potent aid in the fight against disease. To a greater degree than any other method of cure which the doctors have advocated, this camping out tends to turn a man's thoughts away from his own condition. That is no small thing in itself. One can not live very long in St. Augustine or Santa Barbara, an invalid himself, without daily contact with those suffering from the same mal-



ady, and seeking the same end by precisely the same measures. That end has not been reached often enough to make the subject an encouraging one for conversation. And yet a dozen invalids thrown together will inevitably turn to their ills as the one theme in which there is unanimous interest. Still worse, on this account, is any regular sanitarium, where the constant society of those similarly afflicted must be, as it always has been, a serious drawback to recovery. In the wilderness camp the patient is effectually removed from all these unfavorable conditions. Then, too, his isolation is not allied to that sense of lonesomeness which attends those who seek more remote resorts. The Reporter addresses himself now, of course, to those who dwell in the Eastern and Middle States, for from this vast region thousands of health-seekers have gone forth in the past, journeying to far-away places, nor ever bethinking them of the rare virtues of this forest which lay, as it were, at their doors. Probably every physician of much experience has had occasion to note the ill effects which frequently attend this removal from home and friends. There is a kind of heart-yearning—call it homesickness if you please—which takes hold of a sick man banished to unfamiliar places, too strong to be resisted. Now, while an Adirondack camp may seem cut off from the busy world as completely as a South Pacific island, yet the invalid knows that in fact he is not very far away from his home. He knows that the journey back is no very great undertaking. In short, he knows that he can put an end to his voluntary banishment to-morrow if he chooses. And that gives him courage to remain to-day. So far as the Reporter's own case is concerned, this sense of freedom to do as he pleased went a good way toward making camp life endurable.

The domestic economy of the camp is generally intrusted to the guide; and if he be the right sort of a man, this method saves considerable trouble. If, however, a more direct supervision of affairs become desirable, there is no reason why it can not be exercised. Supposing the camp to contain but two persons, the invalid and his companion, and supposing further that the money question can not be eliminated from the wilderness experiment, then one competent guide should be counted as sufficient for all the work.

For the daily routine labors in a permanent camp are neither very burdensome nor very numerous. The chief difficulty is to find a really good man who takes



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS, NEAR  
"PAUL" SMITH'S.

kindly to this sort of life. Very many of them prefer the much harder task of "guiding" proper, with its attendant excitement and nomadic charm. And perhaps this is not to be wondered at, for their lives are monotonous enough through a greater portion of the year to make them keenly appreciative of the company of pleasure-seeking sportsmen. Then, too, many of them feel, and rightly, that they are capable of something better than washing dishes and making beds. There is, indeed, no reason why the ordinary work of the invalid's camp should not be performed by a woman. The duties would not be unlike those of the average hired girl in the average city house. To cook the food would be her chief task. Add to the woman a strong active boy to chop wood, draw water, and run errands, and the domestic machinery of a camp could certainly be kept in harmonious motion. While the services of a guide are always desirable, and indispensable if the invalid intend to devote

himself to hunting and fishing, this suggestion is made for the benefit of those who care nothing for sport, and who may be compelled to economize in order to make the experiment at all.

Accepting the theory, which is held to by most medical authorities of the day, that phthisis is a disease requiring in its treatment an abundance of the most nutritious food, the invalid in the woods finds himself in a peculiarly fortunate position. For here, supposing him always within easy reach of "Paul" Smith's, he may obtain, with comparatively little trouble, almost anything he desires to eat. A well-supplied store in the hotel furnishes alike the staple articles of food and many delicacies. Beef, mutton, and poultry are always to be had. In its season, venison, while not superabundant, can generally be obtained as often as the patient craves it. Speckled trout, fresh from the clear waters of the mountain streams, are as plentiful as smelts in Fulton Market. Later, the partridge tempts the appetite, and is supplied at surprisingly cheap rates. Fresh eggs, pure milk, and excellent butter are all to be had from the inhabitants or hotel. In short, if good living will enable a man to conquer consumption, this is the spot to win the victory.

The year in the wilderness naturally divides itself in the invalid's calendar into two seasons—that of camp life, and that of house life. The former, although necessarily varying in length, may be set down as covering at its maximum five months. It will seldom be safe to go into camp earlier than the first of June, nor is it practicable to remain later than the first of November. The intervening seven months constitute the winter season in the wilderness; that is, the season of house life.

It is by no means a new theory, however sharply it may conflict with the generally accepted belief, this sending pulmonary patients to winter in a cold region. The virtues of the Alps have been put to the test for many years, and with results that justify the practice. An interesting paper bearing on this subject was printed some years ago in the *Fortnightly Review*, under the title of "Davos in Winter." The writer claimed much for the little Alpine village, but all that he said could be applied with equal force to the St. Regis country. And whereas,

to a thousand Americans upon whom consumption has laid its skeleton hand, the long journey to Switzerland would be as impossible as a journey to the moon, this wilderness experiment may be made by all, and made with small outlay of money, and little physical discomfort.

A variety of ways of spending the winter in the Adirondacks is opened to the health-seeker. The greater number of those who have thus far tried the experiment have taken up their abode in Saranac Lake. This is a midge of a town lying on the Saranac River, thirteen miles from "Paul" Smith's, and six from Bloomingdale. It was here that Dr. Trudeau, the pioneer of the present little colony of St. Regis health-hunters, spent his first winter in the woods, and to that fact, rather than to any special advantages possessed by the place, is due the following of other experimenters. To those who depend largely upon society for recreation, Saranac is to be recommended as the most desirable point. Such faint glimmerings of social gayeties as are to be found anywhere in the backwoods shine in Saranac. There is one moderately large boarding-house, and a number of smaller ones, designed especially for the accommodation of winter guests. There is a post-office, which gets a daily mail, and there are churches, a school-house, a village store with its customary multifarious treasures, and telegraphic communication with the outside world. These advantages are likewise possessed by Bloomingdale, which would afford an equally desirable home to the winter sojourner. Now and then a guest has remained through the winter at "Paul" Smith's, but as a rule the house is closed at that season. The Reporter preferred to make his winter home in a farmhouse midway between Bloomingdale and "Paul" Smith's. So far as climatic benefits are concerned, it is a matter of little consequence where the patient remains, so long as he keeps within the boundaries of the St. Regis region.

The Reporter is forced to admit that in his own case the Adirondack winter failed miserably to sustain its reputation for evenness of temperature. This, however, must be attributed to the exceptional character of the season of 1879-80. As a rule, the winter months here will be found dry, cold, and almost entirely free from thaws; as a rule, also, the snow-fall

is abundant, and three or four months of continuous sleighing may be counted upon with certainty. In winter, as in summer, the first duty of the patient should be to live out-of-doors as much of the time as is practicable. If not strong enough to hunt—and winter hunting is rare good sport here—or to tramp over the snow-covered roads, then he may resort to riding, and thus secure the benefits of the bracing air. With a reasonable amount of care, there is no danger of taking cold, nor need the health-hunter be frightened out of his daily drive by storm, or wind, or snow. Inwrapped in a buffalo-skin coat—which, by-the-way, is to be recommended as the garment of all others for riding—the Reporter found himself perfectly comfortable with the thermometer marking forty degrees below zero. It is simply amazing how much cold even a sick man can endure here, and with less discomfort than would be experienced in an average winter in New York city.

Wherever the winter sojourner may take up his quarters, whether at Saranac, Bloomingdale, "Paul" Smith's, or in a farm-house, he will need to look to the outside world for one important item of food, viz., beef. Adirondack beef is tougher than anything in this world with which it has been the lot of the Reporter to grapple—an assertion not lacking in solemnity when it is remembered that reportorial experience familiarizes a fellow with criminals, politicians, and the orthography of the man who writes gratuitous communications (on both sides of the sheet) to the daily press. Barring the beef, a wholesome and nutritious diet may be counted upon in the winter boarding-houses.

With pleasant in-door surroundings, a good table, a daily drive of two or three hours, an occasional jaunt on foot, plenty of books and newspapers—you will get your mail every day, as in summer—and, above all, the cheering consciousness of steady progress toward recovery, this winter exile in the wilderness is by no means so terrible a thing as one might at first suppose. Perhaps there will be some return of the bad symptoms upon removing from the camp to house quarters. That need cause no alarm. After sleeping three or four months in a tent, any room, however well ventilated, will at first seem close and stifling. The lungs have grown acutely sensitive to vitiated air. Still,

the atmosphere in a wilderness house is incomparably purer than that the patient would breathe in his city home. While, therefore, the change from tent to bedroom may here be accompanied with some unpleasant effects, it is apparent that such change is far less productive of evil than would be the transition from the woods to the city house. It is a good thing to remember that, whether in-doors or out, we breathe the air that surrounds us. If that air is pure outside, it will be proportionately pure within. And with no noxious odors, no defective drains or gas-pipes, no wretched furnaces or heaters, no double windows to shut out the oxygen—with none of these abominations, but, in place thereof, cheery wood fires, open chimney-places, and a surrounding atmosphere of absolute purity, it must be admitted that in-door life in the Adirondacks gives the lungs something very different from the air of the average town house. To all who may be induced to try the wilderness experiment, the Reporter reiterates the advice—*stay through the winter*. Even if the camping season fail to accomplish any perceptible good, let the patient hold fast to his faith in the cold-weather theory.

The winter brings the invalid sojourner into much closer relationship to the native inhabitants than does the period of camp life. If, as Mr. Richard Grant White has somewhere recorded, "there is nothing in the world more charming than simple, unpretending ignorance, nothing more respectable, nothing surer to elicit sympathy from healthy minds," then, to find what is supremely charming, overwhelmingly respectable, and superlatively deserving of sympathy, Mr. White and the rest of the world have only to come up here and mingle with these Adirondack backwoodsmen. Nowhere else is it so easy to divide mankind into distinct classes, at once comprehensive and immutable, as here. For in the St. Regis country every man must be either a guide or a sportsman. For the qualifications of the latter, it may be enough to explain that the Reporter, who had never jointed a rod nor sighted a gun in his life, was not fairly in the wilderness before he discovered that he came under the all-absorbing head—that he was a sportsman! The guide is a more interesting if less comprehensive species. Even his nationality is a sort of unsolved problem. Ca-

nadian-French blood mingles in at least equal proportions with American. He is Latin in name, often in speech, but unadulterated Yankee in nature. You find James, John, and Henry flanked by such

brown hackle or white will quickest tempt a trout to rise; so long, in short, as he knows what is expected of him to know, it would be small and pedantic in the extreme to express surprise over the fact



A CARRY.

surnames as St. Germain, Laboutie, La Fontaine. Your faith in philology is shaken by the discovery that Mitchell Sweeney is a Frenchman, and that Mrs. Stephen Otis can not speak English. The guide is born, not made. Like the barber, he serves no apprenticeship. He rolls, so to speak, out of his log-cradle into a pair of top-boots, discards the bottle for a pipe, possesses himself of a boat and a jackknife, and becomes forthwith a full-fledged, experienced guide. So long as he possesses that available knowledge which enables him to determine by what run-way, to what water, the hound-hunted stag will make his dash for life; so long as he can find his way through this vast and bewildering wilderness, shoot a rifle with destructive accuracy, tell you by a look at the sky whether a

that the St. Regis guide is unable to read or write. But the pedant could hardly be said to assert itself in the person who evinces honest wonder when he first learns that this robust backwoodsman not only does not know his alphabet, but has never been out of the confines of the woods, has never so much as seen a railway track, or a steam-engine, or a brick building, or a circus, or a printing-press, or a policeman, or an oyster, or a *Pinafore* company. This wilderness must be set down as a spot which puts greatness to a terrible test, and extinguishes notoriety with a beautiful simplicity. The Vice-President of the United States secures his claim to recognition not because of the office he holds, but because he lives in Malone. The wide world over, there certainly could be found no better place in which to store

away a college Sophomore or a rural Congressman. The small vanities and pretensions of a man will be taken out of him here with much the same jerky suddenness that a trout is taken out of the water.

It will be observed that throughout this narrative the Reporter has made the wilderness experiment hinge largely upon "Paul" Smith's hotel. He could not well do otherwise, since "Paul's" is the sun which has warmed into being that diminutive planetary system of guides, farm-houses, hotels, post-offices, and telegraph wires which make up, collectively, St. Regis civilization. The invalid will naturally make this famous backwoods tavern his objective point in setting out for the wilderness. In fact, without the existence of "Paul" Smith's, the experiment could not be made at all. The permanent camp turns to the hotel for its supplies, which otherwise could be obtained, if at all, only at unreasonable outlay of time and money. It is not to eulogize a public-house that the Reporter points out this Adirondack inn, but it is to explain how the comforts and luxuries of life become possible in the very heart of the vast wilderness. Moreover, eulogy of "Paul" Smith's would be but fulsome, at best. It is known wherever the Adirondacks are known. It is what a hotel should be, and what the invalid, of all others, appreciates. A word with regard to the quotation marks. A quarter of a century ago, when "Paul" penetrated to the then wildly romantic St. Regis Lake, he carried with him the alliterative phenomenon of Apollon Austin. This was musical, semi-poetic, and semi-classic; but for practical purposes in the backwoods a name, unlike a gun, doesn't want to be double-barrelled. Apollon Austin passed rapidly through the transition stages of contraction until it became simply "Pol." That did well enough in the matter of brevity, but it had a suspicious feminine or ornithological ring to it, which led the people to transform it into the plain Christian "Paul." And, the apostle of genial hospitality, enterprise, and goodness, he has remained "Paul" ever since.

It remains only to consider the wilderness experiment with regard to its necessary expenses.

Man is presumed to value his life beyond any worldly possession. To the hard alternative of surrendering a remun-

erative position and expending his last dollar, or yielding up his life, a vast majority of mankind would unhesitatingly accept the former. But what is one to do if he has no treasure to give in lieu of his life? What is the clerk, dependent on his meagre wages, to answer when the physician tells him that he must go to the south of France or Lower California if he does not want to die within six months? As well recommend him to go to the moon;



"PAUL" SMITH.

and the more certain the belief that the impossible trip would restore him to health and strength, the more bitter his cup as he reflects on the utter inability of any man to reach the moon. But even the clerk can reach this wilderness, and pitch his tent, and try the experiment which may give him a new lease of life.

From his personal experience and the opportunities afforded him for studying the subject, the Reporter is convinced that a person can journey to the St. Regis country, spend a year there, give the experiment a fair trial, and all for a smaller sum than the same person would necessarily spend if he remained at home. If this should seem to lack definiteness, let its meaning be illustrated thus: Suppose the patient to be actually poor—so poor that every dime as well as dollar must be looked after. Suppose him to be a man with a thrifty, competent wife. It costs

him in New York city, wholly apart from any extraordinary expenditures growing out of his illness, twelve dollars a week to live. Now, then, he can pay the cost of the journey, buy a good tent, and fit up a camp so that it shall be in all respects comfortable, spend the winter months in a hospitable farm-house, live on beef, mutton, venison, partridges, chickens, speckled trout, fresh eggs, pure milk, sweet butter, and a variety of vegetables, recover his health, and his entire outlay for the year need not exceed the twelve dollars a week which he would have spent at home.

If the foregoing statement strikes the reader as in any way Munchausenish, let him look at this table, which represents the outlay of two persons, who have given the experiment a trial on a more extravagant basis than would be necessary to fulfill all its essential conditions:

A YEAR'S EXPENSES IN THE WILDERNESS.

*Camp-life Period—Five Months.*

Canvas tent and camp equipments . . .	\$100	
Labor and buildings . . . . .	50	
Food and all necessary expenses (per week, \$9) . . . . .	180	
Guide for season . . . . .	150	\$480

*House-life Period—Seven Months.*

Board and washing . . . . .	\$308	
Horse for driving . . . . .	84	
Extras for table . . . . .	100	492
Total . . . . .		\$972

Here, as will be observed, the average weekly expenditure reaches \$18 50; but, as has been explained, this sum presumes many luxuries which could be omitted without lessening in the slightest degree

the experimenter's chances of recovery. For example, the cost of the camp need not exceed \$50; the domestic work could be done by a capable woman instead of a "guide," which would save \$100 through the season, while the winter expenses could be reduced one-third as compared with the estimate given, and that, too, without subjecting the patient to any privation. In a word, the wilderness is poverty's paradise. You can rent a house here, with two or three acres of ground, for \$2 per month. You can buy mutton, or venison, or beef, for ten cents a pound; partridges and chickens, for twenty-five cents apiece; butter, for fifteen cents; speckled trout, for five cents. You can get your wood, all sawed and split, for \$1 a cord, and a horse to use through the winter for his keeping. Even the \$2 50 per day charged for board at "Paul" Smith's is reasonable when the comforts there provided are kept in mind; and for those seeking a cheaper hotel, the Rainbow House, kept by James M. Wardner, furnishes home-like accommodations for \$1 50 per day.

The story of Camp Lou would have little significance were it an isolated instance; but already the wilderness experiment has been sufficiently tested to demonstrate its wonderful curative powers in many cases of pulmonary disease. Here, within reach of thousands who could never hope to journey to far-away places, nature provides a sanitarium, destined, in the Reporter's belief, to become the future Mecca for consumptive patients.

