Regional Fiction as a Source of Michigan History: A Collection of Readings

Larry B. Massie
REGIONAL FICTION AS A SOURCE
OF MICHIGAN HISTORY:
A COLLECTION OF READINGS

by
Larry B. Massie

A Project Report
Submitted to the
Faculty of The Graduate College
in partial fulfillment
of the
Specialist in Arts Degree

Western Michigan University
Kalamazoo, Michigan
August, 1977
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My utmost thanks goes to Judith K. Massie, my friend and typist, who sacrificed her vacation to complete this volume.

Larry B. Massie
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MASSIE, Larry Bruce, 1947-
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Western Michigan University, Sp.A., 1977
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CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTION

There are many fine sources available for delineating the history of Michigan. Printed records such as the plethora of county histories published during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, reminiscences and histories contained in the Pioneer Collections, articles in Michigan History Magazine and old newspapers can be used to gain a knowledge of what life once was like in Michigan. In addition there are fine collections of manuscript records containing diaries; letters; public records on the state, county, and township levels; photographs; etc. which are also useful in recapturing the aura of the past. There is one source, however that has been almost totally ignored by historians but which I am convinced can be a fine tool for rediscovering the zeitgeist of a particular period in Michigan's history. This source, the fictional novels and short stories that have been written utilizing Michigan as a setting, contain a valuable body of historical information.

Probably all of the major elements that make up the history of Michigan as well as many of the obscure half forgotten episodes have been included in a fictional work. Some of these, novels written in the 1830's, 40's, and 50's, were pioneer works in the field of regional fiction. Many of the authors were actual participants in the events described and, many of the better writings are of a semi-autobiographical nature. Some works were penned almost coeval with the occurrence of their plot while others were not created until half a century later.

Some of the authors achieved a considerable degree of national literary fame because of their efforts (James Fenimore Cooper, Caroline
Kirkland, Stewart Edward White, James Oliver Curwood) while other were scarcely heard of outside the limits of their home countries (Jerome Wood, Charles W. Jay, William G. Puddefoot, John W. Fitzmaurice). A few of the books have survived the acid test of changing literary taste but the majority were briefly circulated to a greater or lesser audience and have now been almost completely forgotten. Indeed one of the more difficult elements of this project has been to physically locate some of these scarce volumes.

What then makes forsaken and forgotten works of fiction worth reading today? Of course the answer to this question is dependent on the nature of the reader's interest. Those interested in literary history would perhaps find them interesting as examples of the evolution of changing literary styles for example. But as a regional historian I am concerned with content, with vivid and picturesque views of bygone Michigan, with graphic descriptions of archaic techniques and characteristics, and with portrayals of identifiable attitudes or psychological reactions contemporaneous with an historic event or period. As a result I have chosen selections that reflect these interests. I also have been somewhat subjective in my choice of time periods and events covered. Since I am most interested in the Nineteenth Century the majority of selections reflect this interest. An arbitrary decision was made to include nothing published since the start of World War II. Basically my criteria for selection has been to choose examples that fulfill the historical objectives as outlined; that are well written and interesting; and are able to stand alone from the main plot of the novel. Also I have made an effort in some cases to favor selections from those works...
which are relatively unknown or unavailable in order to publicize their latent merit.

It was almost as difficult a task to make the final decision on what to include as it was to locate some of these items. I could easily have included twice as many selections as I have had not excessive bulk been a consideration. I originally intended to include poetry as well as prose but as I accumulated so much good prose and investigated the regional poetry field and found it to be immense I decided that regional poetry could easily become a project in itself and so have abandoned poetry altogether at this point.

For my purposes I employed a rather broad definition of fiction - that is if there was characterization and dialogue it was considered fiction. Some selections were borderline cases like Caroline Kirkland's A New Home or John W. Fitzmaurice's Shanty Boy in that they were very close to actual autobiography or history. There were others such as Chase Osborn's Iron Hunter and William Nowlin's The Bark Covered House that contain elements of fiction and are classed as such by some authors but in my opinion do not qualify.

But to return to the basic question of why this archaic literature should be reread, I would offer the following possibilities. Regional fiction is particularly rich in social history especially so because much I have selected was written previous to the acceptance of social history as a legitimate field for historical inquiry, and as a result this material is comparatively lacking in more traditional sources. Many passages of this regional fiction provide a more detailed or more graphic portrayal of historic times than is available in the non-fic-
tional sources. Perhaps this is because the fiction writers art is more developed as a descriptive tool and an exact setting is more necessary to the development of the narrative while the typical non-fictional recollection takes too much knowledge for granted on the part of the reader. Also, since many of the authors were participants in the events described and some at least recorded them contemporaneous with their occurrence a considerable degree of reliability can be expected, fiction writer's license notwithstanding.

Regional fiction is certainly more enjoyable reading than most of the non-fiction available. I feel that this fiction can immerse the reader more fully into the time period in question than can non-fiction because of the vicarious empathy that is engendered for the characters. Such details as dialogue in regional dialect are perhaps unrecorded elsewhere and certainly add realism to the narrative. It is almost possible to relive the past in some of the better selections.

I am willing to admit that the selections provided are what I consider the best excerpts out of each particular work, and in some cases the remainder of the volume is not worth reading in its entirety. But in other cases the excerpt comprises only a sample and the novel itself is well worth finding and reading. It is my hope that some selections may stimulate such further reading. In any case it is my firm belief that anyone seriously interested in the history of Michigan owes it to himself to read the fictional literature of the state. Anyone so doing will be rewarded by much enjoyment and a further development of his knowledge respecting Michigan history.
CHAPTER II
INDIANS AND THE WILDERNESS

The surviving non-fictional sources often describe wilderness Michigan as a tract of natural beauty, comparing it to a cultivated garden or park. The aboriginal inhabitants, though sometimes engaged in inter-tribal warfare, were reported to have enjoyed the idyllic Woodland cultural life as depicted in Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha, which incidently owes much to the Michigan Indian investigations of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft.

Michigan fiction provides corroborating examples of these two elements - Indian life and descriptions of the Michigan wilderness. The first such selection is taken from the pages of Legends of Michigan and the Old Northwest by Flavius J. Littlejohn which was published in Allegan in 1875. The chapter selected presents a picturesque view of Prairie Ronde in Kalamazoo County shortly after the turn of the Eighteenth Century. Though the portrayal of the Indians is somewhat stilted it is characteristic of much of the writing of this period.

Flavius J. Littlejohn (1804-1880) emigrated from New York state to the newly settled town of Allegan in 1836. There he engaged in a long and distinguished career as a surveyor, geologist, State Representative and Senator, and Circuit Court Judge over a district comprising twenty counties along the western side of the state. Judge Littlejohn was also a tireless advocate and lecturer on educational and temperance reform. During the many travels throughout the then wilderness Michigan which his varied occupations demanded, Littlejohn gathered legends and observed the Indians in their native environment.

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Kalamazoo County is again the scene of the next selection portraying wilderness Michigan. Chapter I from The Oak Openings, or The Bee Hunter again provides a descriptive view of Michigan prior to settlement and introduces us to one of James Fenimore Cooper's (1789-1851) characteristic heroes, the Bee Hunter, Ben Boden. It is reputed that the model for this character at least in part, was provided by Bazel Harrison, one of Kalamazoo County's earliest pioneers and an interesting and eccentric individual in his own right.¹

Where Cooper did the research for this novel and where he resided while writing it have long been questions of considerable local dispute. At least four localities have each adamantly maintained their cause, unfortunately in some cases, it appears, for commercial reasons. However the most likely version at this point would place Cooper sojourning briefly at Schoolcraft in Kalamazoo County and actually writing the volume back at his home in Cooperstown, New York.² The fact remains that the author of The Oak Openings would seem to have had a first hand and detailed knowledge of the locale in which the plot is laid.

The Oak Openings was published in 1848, a period in which much of Cooper's energies were being dissipated in an endless series of legal battles and in which he inserted into his writings much satirical invective criticizing American and especially New England society. Literary critics do not place this volume on a par with his earlier immortal novels of frontier Western New York State, but for our purposes the novel is well worth reading if only for the occasional exciting views of wilderness Michigan. The selection here included portrays the interesting art of bee hunting, the honey procured from wild bees

¹
²
providing a much needed variety for the pioneer diet.

The selection from *Queen of the Woods* (1899) by Simon Pokagon, a native Michigan Indian, has its setting in the St. Joseph River Valley in southwestern Michigan. Chief Simon Pokagon (1825-1899) was the son of Leopold Pokagon who is remembered as the Pottawatomie Chief who deeded away the million acre tract upon which Chicago now stands for three cents an acre (which incidently was not paid and Simon Pokagon spent his life trying to secure payment for his people).

Simon Pokagon, Michigan's most educated and outspoken Indian of his lifetime, had attended Notre Dame School at South Bend, Indiana, Oberlin College and Twinsburg College, Ohio and was known as the "Long-fellow of the Red Man."³ Throughout his life he delivered numerous orations, wrote a volume of poetry "The Red Man's Greeting" which was printed on birch bark and circulated at the Columbian World's Fair, and ceaselessly worked toward improving mutual understanding between the red and white race. The semi-autobiographical *Queen of the Woods* was published, shortly after he died at his home near Allegan, in 1899 through the efforts of his friend Charles H. Engle of Hartford.
Prairie Ronde, on the southern margin of Kalamazoo county, is not surpassed in picturesque loveliness by any of the numerous prairies in Southwestern Michigan. From different standpoints, the natural eye commands a clear view of much of its undulating surface, and its irregular outline limits. A novel charm is added to its scenic beauty by the fact that, entirely separated from the belt or fringe of growing timber encircling the prairie, an island of thrifty forest trees is snugly nestled down upon the bosom of the prairie. This unusual circumstance, doubtless, suggested its name of "Prairie Ronde," or "Prairie Around." Like other Michigan prairies, this one is circumscribed in extent and boundary so as to be crossed from side to side without exhaustive fatigue. It can be readily scanned by the natural eye, without the wearisome sameness of the almost limitless plains further west.

The soil, a dark brown loam, was in its annual product of indigenous grasses, herbage and flowering plants, richly prolific. As the season advanced toward mid-summer, there was, in the normal condition of that prairie, with an unclouded sun, a gorgeousness of coloring - a flashing brightness from an infinity of rainbow hues, alternately blended and shifting from clear light to half hidden blooms, which threw a weird enchantment over the beholder. Let the reader imagine a fringe of dark green foliage far away, skirting the prairie outline and marking the visual horizon. Then let the eye
rest on the quiet, cool shadows beneath the group of those central island trees. Mark how the scattering beams of sunlight come piercing and glinting through the leafy canopy, tracing on that velvet carpet fantastic pictures of quivering brightness. Nestled in the shade of that far-skirting green fringe and of that central canopy alike, numberless feathered songsters, perched on bough and branch, warble forth their gladness in gushing notes of sweetest melody. They could not be silent. They could not repress the joyous unbursting song, when thus brought face to face with ravishing beauty.

But that picture within! Gentle reader, can your liveliest fancy grasp it? The time is, when there are drifting patches of fleecy clouds above, causing swift alternations of sunbeam and shadows to chase each other over the scene below. Listen to the chirping of multitudinous insects, and the hum of countless bees. Raise your eye for a glance out upon the rich mantle spread over that grand level stretch of prairie. You find it dotted and spangled, yea, gemmed all over with single stems, and clusters, and groups of flowering shrubs and plants. Upon them there is an infinity of buds and blooming flowers. They are endless in variety, and tinted with every conceivable shade of hue and color. O! There is a brilliance, a gorgeousness, and a glory in that bewildering bloom, not even surpassed by the vivid colors, in the bow of the Creator's promise.

Next please call to your aid another scene, and try another test. Your breath is like the fabled ether of Elysium; for the very air is permeated and laden with perfumes and fragrant odors from the exquisite aroma of that wilderness of blooms. Finally, and as the crowning
glory, just imagine an outreaching, overspreading atmosphere all aglow, but without drift or current, yet tremulous and shimmering in its own baptism of golden light.

Gentle reader, we simply desired to lay before you a picture of the Prairie Ronde of seventy years by gone; and even as the writer saw it about forty years ago, when clad in the fresh garniture of its virgin wilderness state, and rivaling in its adornments our ideal creations of an earthly paradise.

At evening twilight of a day in early June of the year 1801, two men rode out from the island of timber we have described, upon the northern trail, urging their hardy animals swiftly across the intervening prairie into the forest beyond. Yet rapid and stealthy as their brief transit was, in that gathering nightfall gloaming, they did not escape observation.

There was at that period a projecting arm or neck of the outlying forest, northeast of the timber island. It stretched into the prairie to within one hundred rods of the trail along which those horsemen were speeding their way. In the western skirts of this wooded neck, but screened from outward view, two other men had for many days been posted, maintaining a sharp outlook upon the stretch of prairie and the course of the trail north from the timber island.

The men last named were our old acquaintances, Dead Shot and Lynx Eye, now on duty as outlying scouts of Wakazoo, and spies upon the movements of any Shawnees going northward from Three Rivers. From their intimate association for the last two years, they conversed readily in the English language. The native, however, inclined to
use the abrupt and abbreviated vernacular of unlettered American border men.

No sooner had the two horsemen vanished from sight in their northerly course, than Lynx Eye, rising from his recumbent posture, said, "Me go see 'em trail. May be me tell who 'em be, and where 'em go." Dead Shot replied, "You are right. Be wary and quick. If you fail now, we will have a closer view on their return."

Lynx Eye crept forward through the underbrush. Then he sank from view, so that the keen eyes behind him could only mark his progress by the gentle waving of the tall grass out on the open prairie. But Dead Shot thus knew that the distance was being successfully traversed.

After the lapse of an hour, the scout on the watch was made aware of the approach of his comrade by a skilful imitation of a whippoorwill's notes. The last twilight was then merging in the darkness of an ordinary starlight night. As those notes were echoed back the native scout appeared, quietly seating himself beside the other. Deferring to the well-known reticement of all Indian messengers, Dead Shot allowed a few moments to elapse in silence. Then, facing the other, he put the inquiry: "Well, Lynx Eye, who were they?"

The latter as quietly replied, "Shawnees, Gray Wolf and two braves." Dead Shot hastily rejoined, "How is that? There were but two men passed on the trail. But tell me, who is Gray Wolf, and what have you seen on the trail?"

The dwarf answered: "Me tell Dead Shot all. Gray Wolf is young Shawnee chief, smart to talk, and him grow big on war path. Me see
tracks of two braves on trail, no more. Then me go up north to forks. You know, three: one go north to river, one other go more toward big lake. Him go to Horse Shoe Bend, to Wakazoo. The last one points toward sunset, to Paw Paw, where Pokagon stays. At Trail Forks, me see nuther horse track, coming up trail from Paw Paw. Three all take middle trail for Horse Shoe Bend. First them have small talk together, me know, cause me see tracks of horses stepping all 'round. One rider drop this. Me find him there."

Ceasing to speak the dwarf drew out from beneath his garment, an arrow with a flint head. The shaft, slightly flattened near the fastening, had drawn thereon in blue paint, a rude sketch of a wolf's head. Lynx Eye thereupon resumed his remarks: "Me know this, Gray Wolf use him, cause me hear talk of Wakazoo and Mishawaha. Gray Wolf much want to find Elkhart's daughter. Last year him want Mishawaha for wife. Elkhart say no; cause him want much big chief for her. Gray Wolf no give up. Him send one brave to spy her out at Paw Paw. If no find her, him was to come up to Trail Forks. Gray Wolf meet him with nuther brave. All now gone down to Wakazoo's settlement for sharp look after Mishawaha. Better than heap of scalps, Gray Wolf think, to steal her away from Wakazoo. Him spose Elkhart then give him to him for wife. Lynx Eye has spoken."

"Aye, by my faith," said the pale face, "and shrewdly spoken, too. I believe you have hit the mark. But what are we to do? Shall we follow them up on the trail?" The dwarf answered, "Dead Shot know best 'bout that. In course, if you go, me go too."

"You are always ready to follow my lead. But now I am in doubt,
I want Lynx Eye to say what he thinks."

"Me think best way to stay here, watch 'em when come back, fore much long."

"Well, we will stay then, and try for a close look as they return. 'Twill be some hours first, meantime we can go to eat and sleep."

"Lynx Eye thinks the talk is good. Him now much tired, and big hungry."

The colloquy here ended, for the two immediately withdrew further within the timber to a small circular hollow of some depth, but screened around its upper verge by a thickly clustered growth of bushes. Carefully parting these they descended the sloping slide. Uncovering some live coals, they placed thereon a few dry sticks, and soon had a clear blaze, with but little smoke to rise and thus betray their presence. Next they broiled some nice venison steaks, cut from the fresh saddle of a deer, stowed away under some boughs. After eating a hearty meal, and smothering down the fire, they slept soundly, wrapped in their blankets, till early dawn. Making a similar repast for breakfast, they resumed their watch in the forest skirts.

There they remained until towards noon when Dead Shot espied a flock of wild turkeys out on the prairie within easy rifle range. Mechanically his rifle came up to his shoulder for a shot, but the hand of Lynx Eye was hastily laid on his arm, with the low spoken caution—

"Dead Shot too much forget. Rifle make smoke and big noise. Arrow go still, but him kill all same."

The rifle was instantly lowered, while the dwarf, dropping
prone on the ground, crept half the distance toward the flock. Then cautiously lifting his head and shoulders above the grass, the arrow sped on its mission of death. A few minutes later and the native scout was again beside the other, exultingly holding up to view a fine turkey gobbler. Dead Shot, smiling approvingly, dismissed him to the hollow to dress and cook the turkey for their dinner, while he would maintain a careful watch upon the trail.

In due time Lynx Eye returned to their place of outlook, bearing the turkey neatly dressed and nicely cooked. Pointing to it, lying upon a square of bark, with a significant glance and motion towards the knife in the belt of the other, he remarked: "Good time as any, and good place to eat him here, can then watch over trail same time."

The turkey was eaten with a relish that only woodsmen know, and the watch was kept up until the sun was sinking below the western tree tops. Then three persons appeared in view on the northern trail, two of these urging their jaded and sweat-covered horses towards the timber island.
We have heard of those who fancied that they beheld a signal instance of the hand of the Creator in the celebrated cataract of Niagara. Such instances of the power of sensible and near objects to influence certain minds, only prove how much easier it is to impress the imaginations of the dull with images that are novel, than with those that are less apparent, though of infinitely greater magnitude. Thus, it would seem to be strange, indeed, that any human being should find more to wonder at in any one of the phenomena of the earth than in the earth itself; or, should specially stand astonished at the might of Him who created the world, when each night brings into view a firmament studded with other worlds, each equally the work of his hands!

Nevertheless, there is (at bottom) a motive for adoration, in the study of the lowest fruits of the wisdom and power of God. The leaf is as much beyond our comprehension of remote causes, as much a subject of intelligent admiration, as the tree which bears it: the single tree confounds our knowledge and researches the same as the entire forest; and though a variety that appears to be endless pervades the world, the same admirable adaptation of means to ends, the same bountiful forethought, and the same benevolent wisdom are to be found in the acorn as in the gnarled branch on which it grew.

The American forest has so often been described as to cause one to hesitate about reviving scenes that may possibly pall, and in re-
touching pictures that have been so frequently painted as to be familiar to every mind. But God created the woods, and the themes bestowed by his bounty are inexhaustible. Even the ocean, with its boundless waste of water, has been found to be rich in its various beauties and marvels; and he who shall bury himself with us, once more, in the virgin forests of this widespread land, may possibly discover new subjects of adoration, new causes to adore the Being that has brought all into existence, from the universe to its most minute particle.

The precise period of our legend was in the year 1812, and the season of the year the pleasant month of July, which had now drawn near to its close. The sun was already approaching the western limits of a wooded view, when the actors in its opening scene must appear on a stage that is worthy of a more particular description.

The region was, in one sense, wild, though it offered a picture that was not without some of the strongest and most pleasing features of civilization. The country was what is termed "rolling," from some fancied resemblance to the surface of the ocean when it is just undulating with a long "ground-swell." Although wooded, it was not as the American forest is wont to grow, with tall, straight trees towering towards the light, but with intervals between the low oaks that were scattered profusely over the view, and with much of that air of negligence that one is apt to see in grounds where art is made to assume the character of nature. The trees, with very few exceptions, were what is called the "burr-oak," a small variety of a very extensive genus; and the spaces between them always irregular, and often of singular beauty, have obtained the name of "openings"; the two terms
combined giving their appellation to this particular species of native forest, under the name of "Oak Openings."

These woods, so peculiar to certain districts of country, are not altogether without some variety, though possessing a general character of sameness. The trees were of very uniform size, being little taller than pear-trees, which they resemble a good deal in form; and having trunks that rarely attain two feet in diameter. The variety is produced by their distribution. In places they stand with a regularity resembling that of an orchard; then, again, they are more scattered and less formal, while wide breadths of the land are occasionally seen in which they stand in copses, with vacant spaces, that bear no small affinity to artificial lawns, being covered with verdure. The grasses are supposed to be owing to the fires lighted periodically by the Indians in order to clear their hunting-grounds.

Towards one of these grassy glades, which was spread on an almost imperceptible acclivity, and which might have contained some fifty or sixty acres of land, the reader is now requested to turn his eyes. Far in the wilderness as was the spot, four men were there, and two of them had even some of the appliances of civilization about them. The woods around were the then unpeopled forest of Michigan, and the small winding reach of placid water that was just visible in the distance was an elbow of the Kalamazoo, a beautiful little river that flows westward, emptying its tribute into the vast expanse of Lake Michigan. Now, this river has already become known, by its villages and farms, and railroads and mills; but then, not a dwelling of more pretension than the wigwam of the Indian, or an occasional shanty of some white adventurer, had
ever been seen on its banks. In that day the whole of that fine peninsula, with the exception of a narrow belt of country along the Detroit River, which was settled by the French as far back as near the close of the seventeenth century, was literally a wilderness. If a white man found his way into it, it was as an Indian trader, a hunter, or an adventurer in some other of the pursuits connected with border life and the habits of the savages.

Of this last character were two of the men on the open glade just mentioned, while their companions were of the race of the aborigines. What is much more remarkable, the four were absolutely strangers to each other's faces, having met for the first time in their lives only an hour previously to the commencement of our tale. By saying that they were strangers to each other, we do not mean that the white men were acquaintances, and the Indians strangers, but that neither of the four had ever seen either of the party until they met on that grassy glade, though fame had made them somewhat acquainted through their reputations. At the moment when we desire to present this group to the imagination of the reader, three of its number were grave and silent observers of the movements of the fourth. The fourth individual was of middle size, young, active, exceeding well formed, and with a certain open and frank expression of countenance that rendered him at least well-looking, though slightly marked with the small-pox. His real name was Benjamin Boden, though he was extensively known throughout the northwestern territories by the sobriquet of Ben Buzz - extensively as to distances, if not as to people. By the voyageurs, and other French of that region, he was almost universally styled Le Bourdon,
or the "Drone"; not, however, from his idleness or inactivity, but from
the circumstance that he was notorious for laying his hands on the pro-
ducts of labor that proceeded from others. In a word, Ben Boden was a
"bee-hunter," and as he was one of the first to exercise his craft in
that portion of the country, so was he infinitely the most skilful and
prosperous. The honey of Le Bourdon was not only thought to be purer
and of higher flavor than that of any other trader in the article, but
it was much the most abundant. There were a score of respectable fami-
lies on the two banks of the Detroit who never purchased of any one
else, but who patiently waited for the arrival of the capacious bark
canoe of Buzz, in the autumn, to lay in their supplies of this savory
nutriment for the approaching winter. The whole family of griddle cakes,
including those of buckwheat, Indian, rice, and wheaten flour, were more
or less dependent on the safe arrival of Le Bourdon for their popularity
and welcome. Honey was eaten with all; and wild honey had a reputation
rightfully or not obtained, that even rendered it more welcome than
that which was formed by the labor and art of the domesticated bee.

The dress of Le Bourdon was well adapted to his pursuits and life.
He wore a hunting-shirt and trowsers, made of thin stuff, which was
dyed green, and trimmed with yellow fringe. This was the ordinary
forest attire of the American rifleman; being a character, as it was
thought, to conceal the person in the woods, by blending its hues with
those of the forest. On his head Ben wore a skin cap, somewhat smartly
made, but without the fur; the weather being warm. His moccasins were
a good deal wrought, but seemed to be fading under the exposure of
many marches. His arms were excellent; but all his martial accoutre-
ments, even to a keen, long-bladed knife, were suspended from the ram­
mer of his rifle; the weapon itself being allowed to lean, in careless
confidence, against the trunk of the nearest oak, as if their master
felt there was no immediate use for them.

Not so with the other three. Not only was each man well armed,
but each man kept his trusty rifle hugged to his person, in a sort of
jealous watchfulness; while the other white man, from time to time,
secretly, but with great minuteness, examined the flint and priming
of his own piece. This second pale-face was a very different person
from him just described. He was still young, tall, sinewy, gaunt, yet
springy and strong, stooping and round-shouldered, with a face that
carried a very decided top-light in it, like that of the notorious
Bardolph. In short, whiskey had dyed the countenance of Gershom Waring
with a tell-tale hue, that did not less infallibly betray his destina-
tion than his speech denoted his origin, which was clearly from one of
the States of New England. But Gershom had been so long at the North-
west as to have lost many of his peculiar habits and opinions, and to
have obtained substitutes.

Of the Indians, one, an elderly, wary, experienced warrior, was a
Pottawattamie, named Elksfoot, who was well-known at all the trading-
houses and "garrisons" of the Northwestern Territory, including
Michigan, as low down as Detroit itself. The other redman was a young
Chippewa, or O-jeb-way, as the civilized natives of that nation now
tell us the word should be spelled. His ordinary appellation among
his own people was that of Pigeonswing; a name obtained from the rapid-
ity and length of his flights. This young man, who was scarcely turned
of five-and twenty, had already obtained a high reputation among the numerous tribes of his nation as a messenger or "runner."

Accident had brought these four persons, each and all strangers to one another, in communication in the glade of the Oak Openings, which has already been mentioned, within half an hour of the scene we are about to present to the reader. Although the rencontre had been accompanied by the usual precautions of those who meet in a wilderness, it had been friendly so far; a circumstance that was in some measure owing to the interest they all took in the occupation of the bee-hunter. The three others, indeed, had come in on different trails, and surprised Le Bourdon in the midst of one of the most exciting exhibitions of his art - an exhibition that awoke so much and so common an interest in the spectators as at once to place its continuance for the moment above all other considerations. After brief salutations, and wary examinations of the spot and its tenants, each individual had, in succession, given his grave attention to what was going on, and all had united in begging Ben Buzz to pursue his occupation, without regard to his visitors. The conversation that took place was partly in English, and partly in one of the Indian dialects, which luckily all the parties appeared to understand. As a matter of course, with a sole view to oblige the reader, we shall render what was said, freely, into the vernacular.

"Let's see, let's see, stranger," cried Gershom, emphasizing the syllable we have put in italics, as if especially to betray his origin, "what you can do with your tools. I've heer'n tell of such doin's, but never see'd a bee lined in all my life, and have a desp'rate fancy for larnin' of all sorts, from 'rithmetic to preachin'."
"That comes from your Puritan blood," answered Le Bourdon, with a quiet smile, using surprisingly pure English for one in his class of life. "They tell me you Puritans preach by instinct."

"I don't know how that is," answered Gershom, "though I can turn my hand to anything. I hear'n tell, across at Bob Ruly (Bois Brule\(^1\)), of sich doin's, and would give a week's keep at Whiskey Centre to know how 't was done."

"Whiskey Centre" was a sobriquet bestowed by the fresh-water sailors of that region, and the few other white adventurers of Saxon origin who found their way into that trackless region, firstly on Gershom himself, and secondly on his residence. These names were obtained from the intensity of their respective characters in favor of the beverage named. L'eau de mort was the place termed by the voyageurs, in a sort of pleasant travesty on the eau de vie of their distant, but still well-remembered manufactures on the banks of the Garonne. Ben Boden, however, paid but little attention to the drawing remarks of Gershom Waring. This was not the first time he had heard of "Whiskey Centre," though the first time he had ever seen the man himself. His attention was on his own trade, or present occupation; and when it wandered at all, it was principally bestowed on the Indians; more especially on the runner. Of Elk's foot, or Elksfoot, as we prefer

\(^1\)This unfortunate name, which it may be necessary to tell a portion of our readers means "Burnt Word," seems condemned to all sorts of abuses among the linguists of the West. Among other pronunciations is that of "Bob Ruly"; while an island near Detroit, the proper name of which is "Bois Blanc," is familiarly known to the lake mariners by the name of "Bobolo."
to spell it, he had some knowledge by means of rumor; and the little he knew rendered him somewhat more indifferent to his proceedings than he felt towards those of the Pigeonswing. Of this young redskin he had never heard; and while he managed to suppress all exhibition of the feeling, a lively curiosity to learn the Chippewa's business was uppermost in his mind. As for Gershom, he had taken his measure at a glance, and had instantly set him down to be what in truth he was, a wandering, drinking, reckless adventurer, who had a multitude of vices and bad qualities, mixed up with a few that, if not absolutely redeeming, served to diminish the disgust in which he might otherwise have been held by all decent people. In the meanwhile, the bee-hunting, in which all the spectators took so much interest, went on. As this is a process with which most of our readers are probably unacquainted, it may be necessary to explain the modus operandi, as well as the appliances used.

The tools of Ben Buzz, as Gershom had termed these implements of his trade, were neither very numerous nor very complex. They were all contained in a small, covered wooden pail like those that artisans and laborers are accustomed to carry for the purposes of conveying their food from place to place. Uncovering this, Le Bourdon had brought his implements to view, previously to the moment when he was first seen by the reader. There was a small covered cup of tin; a wooden box; a sort of plate, or platter, made also of wood; and a common tumbler, of a very inferior, greenish glass. In the year 1812 there was not a pane, nor a vessel, of clear, transparent glass made in all America! Now, some of the most beautiful manufactures of that sort known to civiliza-
tion are abundantly produced among us, in common with a thousand other articles that are used in domestic economy. The tumbler of Ben Buzz, however, was his countryman in more senses than one. It was not only American, but it came from the part of Pennsylvania of which he was himself a native. Blurred, and of a greenish hue, the glass was the best that Pittsburg could then fabricate, and Ben had bought it only the year before, on the very spot where it had been made.

An oak, of more size than usual, had stood a little remote from its fellows, or more within the open ground of the glade than the rest of the "orchard." Lightning had struck this tree that very summer, twisting off its trunk at a height of about four feet from the ground. Several fragments of the body and branches lay near, and on these the spectators now took their seats, watching attentively the movements of the bee-hunter. Of the stump Ben had made a sort of table, first levelling its splinters with an axe, and on it he placed the several implements of his craft, as he had need of each in succession.

The wooden platter was first placed on this rude table. Then Le Bourdon opened his small box, and took out of it a piece of honey-comb that was circular in shape and about an inch and a half in diameter. The little covered tin vessel was next brought into use. Some pure and beautifully clear honey was poured from its spout into the cells of the piece of comb until each of them was about half filled. The tumbler was next taken in hand, carefully wiped, and examined, by holding it up before the eyes of the bee-hunter. Certainly there was little to admire in it, but it was sufficiently transparent to answer his purposes. All he asked was to be able to look through the glass...
in order to see what was going on in its interior.

Having made these preliminary arrangements, Buzzing Ben — for the sobriquête was applied to him in this form quite as often as in the other — next turned his attention to the velvet-like covering of the grassy glade. Fire had run over the whole region late that spring, and the grass was now as fresh and sweet and short as if the place were pastured. The white clover, in particular, abounded, and was then just bursting forth into the blossom. Various other flowers had also appeared, and around them were buzzing thousands of bees. These industrious little animals were hard at work, loading themselves with sweets, little foreseeing the robbery contemplated by the craft of man. As Le Bourdon moved stealthily among the flowers and their humming visitors, the eyes of the two redmen followed his smallest movement, as the cat watches the mouse; but Gershom was less attentive, thinking the whole curious enough, but preferring whiskey to all the honey on earth.

At length Le Bourbon found a bee to his mind, and watching the moment when the animal was sipping sweets from a head of white clover, he cautiously placed his blurred and green-looking tumbler over it, and made it his prisoner. The moment the bee found itself encircled with the glass, it took wing and attempted to rise. This carried it to the upper part of its prison, when Ben carefully introduced the unoccupied hand beneath the glass, and returned to the stump. Here he sat the tumbler down on the platter in a way to bring the piece of honey-comb within its circle.
So much done successfully, and with very little trouble, Buzzing Ben examined his captive for a moment, to make sure that all was right. Then he took off his cap and placed it over tumbler, platter, honey-comb, and bee. He now waited half a minute, when cautiously raising the cap again, it was seen that the bee, the moment a darkness like that of its hive came over it, had lighted on the comb, and commenced filling itself with the honey. When Ben took away the cap altogether, the head, and half of the body of the bee was in one of the cells, its whole attention being bestowed on this unlooked-for hoard of treasure. As this was just what its captor wished, he considered that part of his work accomplished. It now became apparent why a glass was used to take the bee, instead of a vessel of wood or of bark. Transparency was necessary in order to watch the movements of the captive, as darkness was necessary in order to induce it to cease its efforts to escape, and to settle on the comb.

As the bee was now intently occupied in filling itself, Buzzing Ben, or Le Bourdon, did not hesitate about removing the glass. He even ventured to look around him, and to make another captive, which he placed over the comb, and managed as he had done with the first. In a minute, the second bee was also buried in a cell, and the glass was again removed. Le Bourdon now signed for his companions to draw near.

"There they are, hard at work with the honey," he said, speaking in English and pointing to the bees. "Little do they think, as they undermine that comb, how near they are to the undermining of their own
hive! But so it is with us all! When we think we are in the highest prosperity we may be nearest to a fall, and when we are poorest and humblest, we may be about to be exalted. I often think of these things, out here in the wilderness, when I'm alone, and my thoughts are active."

Ben used a very pure English, when his condition in life is remembered; but, now and then, he encountered a word which pretty plainly proved he was not exactly a scholar. A false emphasis has sometimes an influence on a man's fortune, when one lives in the world; but it mattered little to one like Buzzing Ben, who seldom saw more than half a dozen human faces in the course of a whole summer's hunting. We remember an Englishman, however, who would never concede talents to Burr, because the latter said, à l'Américaine, Européan, instead of Européan.

"How hive in danger?" demanded Elksfoot, who was very much of a matter-of-fact person. "No see him, no hear him - else get some honey."

"Honey you can have for the asking, for I've plenty of it already in my cabin, though it's somewhat 'arly in the season to begin to break in upon the store. In general, the bee-hunters keep back till August, for they think it better to commence work when the creatures," - this word Ben pronounced as accurately as if brought up at St. Jame's, making it neither "creatur'" nor "creatoore" - "to commence work when the creatures have had time to fill up, after their winter's feed. But I like the old stock, and, what is more, I feel satisfied this is not to be a common summer, and so I thought I would make an early start."

As Ben said this, he glanced his eyes at Pigeonswing, who returned the look in a way to prove there was already a secret intelligence
between them, though neither had ever seen the other an hour before.

"Waal!" exclaimed Gershom, "this is cur'ous, I'll allow that; yes, it's cur'ous - but we've got an article at Whiskey Centre that'll put the sweetest honey been ever suck'd altogether out o' countenance!"

"An article of which you suck your share, friend, I'll answer for it, judging by the sign you carry between the windows of your face," returned Ben, laughing; "but hush, men, hush. That first bee is filled, and begins to think of home. He'll soon be off for Honey Centre, and I must keep my eye on him. Now stand a little aside friends, and give me room for my craft."

The men complied, and Le Bourdon was now all intense attention to his business. The bee first taken had, indeed, filled itself to satiety, and at first seemed to be too heavy to rise on the wing. After a few moments of preparation, however, up it went, circling around the spot, as if uncertain what course to take. The eye of Ben never left it, and when the insect darted off, as it soon did, in an air-line, he saw it for fifty yards after the others had lost sight of it. Ben took the range, and was silent fully a minute while he did so.

"That bee may have lighted in the corner of yonder swamp," he said, pointing, as he spoke, to a bit of low land that sustained a growth of much larger trees than those which grew in the "opening," "or it has crossed the point of the wood, and struck across the prairie beyond, and made a bit of thick forest that is to be found about three miles farther. In the last case, I shall have my trouble for nothing."

"What t'other do?" demanded Elksfoot, with very obvious curiosity.

"Sure enough; the other gentleman must be nearly ready for a
start, and we'll see what road he travels. 'Tis always an assistance
to a bee-hunter to get one creature fairly off, as it helps him to line
the next with greater certainty."

Ben would say actyve, and sartain, though he was above saying
creatoore, or creatur'. This is the difference between a Pennsylvanian
and a Yankee. We shall not stop, however, to note all these little
peculiarities in these individuals, but use the proper or the peculiar
dialect, as may happen to be most convenient to ourselves.

But there was no time for disquisition, the second bee being now
ready for a start. Like his companion, this insect rose and encircled
the stump several times ere it darted away towards its hive, in an air-
line. So small was the object, and so rapid its movement, that no one
but the bee-hunter saw the animal after it had begun its journey in
earnest. To his disappointment, instead of flying in the same direc-
tion as the bee first taken, this little fellow went buzzing off fairly
at a right angle! It was consequently clear that there were two hives,
and that they lay in very different directions.

Without wasting his time in useless talk, Le Bourdon now caught
another bee, which was subjected to the same process as those first
taken. When this creature had filled itself, it rose, circled the
stump as usual, as if to note the spot for a second visit, and darted
away, directly in a line with the bee first taken. Ben noted its
flight most accurately, and had his eye on it until it was quite a
hundred yards from the stump. This he was enabled to do by means of
a quick sight and long practice.

"We'll move our quarters, friends," said Buzzing Ben, good-
humoredly, as soon as satisfied with this last observation, and gathering together his traps for a start. "I must angle for that hive, and I fear it will turn out to be across the prairie, and quite beyond my reach for to-day."

The prairie alluded to was one of those small, natural meadows, or pastures, that are to be found in Michigan, and may have contained four or five thousand acres of open land. The heavy timber of the swamp mentioned jutted into it, and the point to be determined was, to ascertain whether the bees had flown over these trees, towards which they had certainly gone in an air-line, or whether they had found their hive among them. In order to settle this material question, a new process was necessary.

"I must 'angle' for them chaps," repeated Le Bourdon; "and if you will go with me, strangers, you shall soon see the nicest part of the business of bee-hunting. Many a man who can 'line' a bee can do nothing at an 'angle.'"

As this was only gibberish to the listeners, no answer was made, but all prepared to follow Ben, who was soon ready to change his ground. The bee-hunter took his way across the open ground to a point fully a hundred rods distant from his first position, where he found another stump of a fallen tree, which he converted into a stand. The same process was gone through with as before, and Le Bourdon was soon watching two bees that had plunged their heads down into the cells of the comb. Nothing could exceed the gravity and attention of the Indians all this time. They had fully comprehended the business of "lining" the insects towards their hives, but they could not understand the
virtue of the "angle." The first bore so strong an affinity to their own pursuit of game as to be very obvious to their senses; but the last included a species of information to which they were total strangers. Nor were they much the wiser after Le Bourdon had taken his "angle"; it requiring a sort of induction to which they were not accustomed, in order to put the several parts of his proceedings together, and to draw the inference. As for Gershom, he affected to be familiar with all that was going on, though he was just as ignorant as the Indians themselves. This little bit of hypocrisy was the homage he paid to his white blood; it being very unseemly, according to his view of the matter, for a pale-face not to know more than a redskin.

The bees were some little time in filling themselves. At length one of them came out of his cell, and was evidently getting ready for his flight. Ben beckoned to the spectators to stand farther back, in order to give him a fair chance, and, just as he had done so, the bee rose. After humming around the stump for an instant, away the insect flew, taking a course almost at right angles to that in which Le Bourdon had expected to see it fly. It required half a minute for him to recollect that this little creature had gone off in a line nearly parallel to that which had been taken by the second of the bees, which he had seen quit his original position. The line led across the neighboring prairie, and any attempt to follow these bees was hopeless.

But the second creature was also soon ready, and when it darted away, Le Bourdon, to his manifest delight, saw that it held its flight towards the point of the swamp, into or over which two of his first captives had also gone. This settled the doubtful matter. Had the
hive of these bees been beyond that wood, the angle of intersection would not have been there, but at the hive across the prairie. The reader will understand that creatures which obey an instinct, or such a reason as bees possess, would never make a curvature in their flights without some strong motive for it. Thus, two bees taken from flowers that stood half a mile apart would be certain not to cross each other's tracks, in returning home, until they met at the common hive: and wherever the intersecting angle in their respective flights might be, there would that hive be also. As this repository of sweets was the game Le Bourdon had in view, it is easy to see how much he was pleased when the direction taken by the last of his bees gave him the necessary assurance that its home would certainly be found in that very point of dense wood.
Chapter I
Of O-GI-MAW-KWE MIT-I-GWA-KI (Queen Of The Woods)
By Chief Pokagon
Published In 1899

On my return home from Twinsburg, O., where I had attended the white man's school for several years, I had an innate desire to retire into the wild woods, far from the haunts of civilization, and there enjoy myself with bow and arrow, hook and line, as I had done before going to school. Judging from my returning love of the chase, and from various conversations with educated people of the white race, I have come to the conclusion that there is a charm about hunting and fishing, planted deep in the human heart by Nature's own hand, that requires but little cultivation to lead the best educated of even the most civilized races to engage heartily in the sport. Hence I have been forced to the conclusion that when our children are educated, and return from school to live among their own people, unless places can be secured for them away from the influences that cluster about them, the result of their education must necessarily in some cases prove disappointing to those who have labored so ardently in their behalf. In fact I have personal knowledge of a few cases where educated children of our race, instead of influencing their own people to a higher standard of civilization, have themselves fallen back into the ancient customs of their own people. This, however, should in nowise discourage our educators, or be regarded by them as an impeachment of the possibilities of our children; for I believe with all my heart that if white children were placed under like conditions and circumstances, the result would be similar.
I knew no other language but my mother tongue until past twelve years of age. In those days I took great pleasure in hunting, fishing, and trapping with an old man by the name of Bertrand. There are many white men yet living who were personally acquainted with that remarkable man. He was a person well calculated to please and instruct a boy in his knowledge of the habits of animals, and of places and things with which he was personally acquainted. He was of medium height, uncommonly broad shouldered, and well developed in body and limb. When laughing, or excited in talking, he opened his mouth so wide that his great double teeth could be plainly seen. He always appeared in the best of spirits, having the most hearty laugh of any man I ever knew. As old as I now am, I would walk twenty miles to hear such a laugh. His skin was dark for an Indian, notwithstanding he claimed to be one-quarter French. When speaking of himself, he always talked as if he was a white man. On public occasions among our people, owing to his strength and courage, he was regarded as a sort of police force. I recollect one day during a feast some "au-qua" (women) came running to him in great excitement, telling him some half-breeds had brought "awsh-kon-tay-ne-besh" (firewater) with them, and were giving some to little boys. He started for them on the double-quick, and before they realized what he was doing, he seized all their bottles and broke them against a rock. There were three in the party, and they all rushed for him with sticks and clubs. He knocked each one down in turn with a single blow of his fist. As they lay on the ground, a white man present said, "Bertrand, you struck those Indians awful blows." The old man straightened himself
up, saying, "Ae(Yes;) me tells you me did. Au-nish-naw-be-og (Indians) hab no idea how hard a white man can strike." For that timely reproof he was given a place at the head of the feast.

He prided himself in speaking English, which he always tried to do if any were present who he thought understood the language.

Among his white neighbors, he was always referred to as "the 'Injun' who murders the English language." A short time after my return from school I called on the old man. I told him that I had just returned from three years' hard study, and would like to have him take mother and me to some wild retreat where I might spend my vacation in hunting and fishing. He seemed highly pleased with the idea, and told me that he knew of a place up big "Sebe" that could be reached by boat in less than one day's sail, where there was an old abandoned wigwam. It was the wildest place that could be found within fifty miles, and there was an abundance of game and fish. Arrangements were made at once, whereby mother and I were to bring our goods to the river on the following day, where he would meet us with his big dugout canoe. As agreed, we all met on the banks of the beautiful "Sebe," loaded our goods into the boat, and pushed off from shore, he at the paddle and I at the helm, with mother and Maw-kaw, our family dog, as passengers. About noon, as we were quietly making our way up the stream, we caught sight of "mi-tchi-sib-wan" (an osprey) with folded wings plunging headlong with the roar of a rocket into the water a short distance from "o-tchi-man" (our boat), and while yet the water surged and foamed where she went down, she arose to the surface, and tried to rise in air, but could not, floundering about in a zigzag
course toward the shore. We gave chase with the boat, and as we over-
hauled the struggling bird we saw, to our surprise, that she had
clutched her claws into the back and near the head of "ogaw" (a pic-
kerel) so large that she could not raise it above the surface of the
water, and was trying in vain to loose her hold. The old man seized
his dipnet, scooped up both osprey and fish, and dropped them into the
bottom of the boat. He then grasped with all his might into the gills
of the fish, while I seized the osprey with both hands about the wings.
We then pulled the unhappy pair apart, - while the old dog continued
to whine as if a tom-tom was being beaten in his ears. "Well, vell,"
exclaimed the old man, "I kakkalate dat meby dis chase, and the funny
catch, do make you feel gooder than to be at school good many years."
He then dropped the fish into the bottom of the boat and asked, "Sime,
what one of these two do you feel badest for and villing to let go, -
dat bud or de vish?" I replied, "The bird, of course." He then asked
"nin-gaw" (my mother) the same question, who replied likewise. He
then said, "Dat be right; it's not in uman natre to veel bad for vishes,
so we will keep de vish, and eat 'im to-night, and let de bud go." I
then asked, "Can you explain why we feel more sorrow for bin-es-si (the
bird), when in fact she got fast in trying to kill the innocent gi-go
(fish)?"

He replied, "I tink meby I can. You know, Sime, dat de vish hab
no love at all; da eat um up one an uder, - eat um their own shilren,
- and we like to eat um vish, but no like um osprey." He then grasped
hold of the bird's tail-feathers and pulled them out, saying, "Now let
'im go; des quills am good for your cap like um mi-gi-si mig-wan (eagle
quills)." The old man now became much excited, and as we rode along, he would point to where he had trapped "jang-we-she" (mink), "wa-jask" (muskrat), and "a-se-pan" (coon). At times he would laugh out most heartily in telling how some animals had outwitted him, springing and upsetting his traps; then in telling how he had finally succeeded in catching them, would again laugh more heartily than before.

Just as "gi-siss" (the sun) was going down, we reached our landing-place. The shore on either side was fringed with rushes, flags, and golden-rod, and grasses tall between; and scattered here and there wild roses breathed their rich perfume, scenting the evening air.

Leaving "tchi-man" (the boat), we ascended the banks of the stream, and went some distance round an abrupt headland, beyond which lay "o-ga-be-shi-win aki" (our camping ground). It was indeed a strange, romantic place. A great wigwam there stood. Apparently it had been located so as not to be seen by any that might pass up and down "se-bin" (the stream). It was built of logs of giant size, and, one might well conclude, was intended for wigwam and "wa-ka-i-gan" (fort) as well. The grounds about were carpeted with "mash-kos-su" (grass). The underbrush had been cleared off years before, leaving the towering trees, which hung their archways of green high above the lawn. As we opened the door of the deserted wigwam, it creaked on its hinges like the cry of murder, which "pas-we-we" (echo) repeated in one continuous wailing through "mit-ig" (the woods). Old dog Maw-kaw, startled at the sound, bellowed out a howl-like cry, which, intermixed with the shrieking roar, died away, leaving a strange impress on the soul! Slowly we entered in. Birds flew all about the spacious room,
chirping a wild alarm, and brushing our heads with their wings to frighten us away. "O-was-is-swan" (their nests) hung from roof and wall throughout the room. Soon they quieted down, taking to their nests again, but watched us with suspicious eyes. In one corner of the room, was "mi-chi bo-daw-wan" (a huge fireplace), with chimney built of "mit-i-gons" (sticks) and "wa-bi-gan" (clay); in it, we built a hasty "ish-ko-te" (fire).

Unlike most men of our race, the old man would dress "gi-go" (the fish) and cook it, too. This, with "maw-da-min" (corn cakes) and salt, furnished a splendid meal, of which we ate, thanking the Great Spirit, the cook, and the bird that caught the fish. As night came on, with our blankets wrapped about us, we all lay down to sleep. By the embers' red light, bats were seen flitting about the spacious room, dodging here and there, and then out of sight, while, with a soft, whizzing sound, "ja-gash-an-dawe" (flying squirrels) passed and repassed above us in curved lines from wall to wall.

It was indeed an ancient, novel place. Long before the break of day, "ak-i-we-si" (the old man) rose and started homeward, as he had promised his family he would be home at noon. I seized my bow and arrows, telling mother I might not be in until after sunrise. "Go on," she said, "only leave Maw-kaw with me." After seeing the old man safely off "pin-dig-ki tchi-man" (in his boat), I carefully climbed to the top of the high headland we had passed around the night before, which like a sentinel, for untold centuries, had guarded the river's valley deep below. I there found an open field, which from all appearance, had been used during the Indian wars as a lookout for enemies.
Here by the faint light of the moon and the glimmering of the stars
I dimly surveyed the wild region about me.

It was a beautiful, quiet morning. All nature slept, until the
morning feathered bells rang out - "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor-will!" Slowly, but surely, the curtain of night was lifted
from the stage of the woodland theater; above me, one by one the
stars hid themselves, the moon grew pale; while all the warblers of
the woods opened their matinee, free to all, chanting from unnumbered
throats, "Rejoice and praise Him! Rejoice and be glad! Rejoice!
Rejoice!" Just as the sun tinged the topmost branches of the highland
trees, a white fog-cloud appeared above the winding river as far as
eye could reach. It looked as though the stream had risen from its
ancient bed, and was floating in mid-air. As in wonder and admiration
I gazed upon it, a gentle breeze bore it away far beyond the valley
from which it arose; and yet it still retained all the curves and
angles of the stream until it passed beyond my sight.

While enraptured, there I stood, beholding the beautiful scenery
hung by Nature's hand, and listening to the woodland choir, loud the
alarm birds (blue jays) screamed out their hawklike cries. Abruptly
the concert closed, and all was still! Looking up, I saw advancing
toward me across the open field, a herd of deer, feeding as they came.
Quietly stepping behind a bush, I selected the patriarch of the flock,
and as he passed broadside before me, in three heart-beats of time, I
three successive arrows sent into his side. He ran one breath, and
headlong, dying fell. Quickly bleeding and disemboweling him, I
carried him across my shoulders down a trail through the woods toward
the old wigwam. Coming to "mit-ig" (a fallen tree) of monstrous size,
I laid the deer thereon; and while resting there, I heard the sweet
voice of my mother, singing in her native tongue,-

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

I had heard her sing it many time before, but never did it reach
my soul so touchingly as then. Stooping low so as to get a view below
the branches of the trees, I could plainly see the old log cabin, and
my mother in front of it. I listened until she sang the whole of that
beautiful hymn. It so filled my heart with love divine that in my soul
I saw Jesus standing with one hand on the sinner's head and the other
resting on the throne of the Great Spirit, saying, "Come unto me."
After singing each stanza, and sometimes when half finished she would
pause and listen, as if she loved to hear the echoing angel of the woods
join in the refrain. As she closed the sacred song, I approached
cautiously behind her, and threw my burden down. She screamed aloud,
and turning quickly around, gazed a moment in silence, then laughed
until all the woods replied. She took hold of the arrows, still fast
in his side; praised me for my unforgotten skill; would feel his
newly grown, soft, and velvet horns, exclaiming, "Kwaw-notch, Kwaw-
notch maw-mawsh-kay-sh (beautiful, beautiful dear)! How could you
have o-daw (the heart) to take nin bim-a-dis-win (his life)?" After
breakfast she skinned the deer, and prepared the meat for jerked
venison for future use, according to our ancient custom.

While living in that secluded place, I felt a freedom and independence unknown to civilization. There, undisturbed, I could hunt and fish, contemplating the romantic beauties and wonderful grandeur of the forests about me. While in communion with the Great Spirit, I could feel, as my fathers had before me, that I was chief of all I surveyed.
The territory of Michigan was settled somewhat later than the other states that were to be carved out of the Old Northwest Territory. Bad publicity, terrible or non-existent roads, and more easily procurable land to the south retarded Michigan's settlement until a few hardy souls ventured into the almost unknown wilderness west of Detroit. Word soon spread of the fertile soil contained in the prairies and oak openings and by the early 1830's thousands of settlers were pioneering the lower tiers of Michigan counties. These settlers came predominantly from New York and other New England states but a significant portion originated in the southern states.

A considerable quantity of fiction has been written about this exciting period in Michigan's history, picturesquely describing the varied elements that composed frontier life. Enough material describing pioneer life is available to utilize this theme for an entire volume, but I have reluctantly culled many fine selections to retain the five that comprise this section.

The two short chapters included from Caroline Kirkland's *A New Home, Who'll Follow* (1839) portray in a half humorous vein the vicissitudes a woman of genteel culture faced on the initial move and, once there, in her humble log dwelling. Originally signed with the pseudonym of Mrs. Mary Clavers, this work enjoyed considerable popularity and ran through three editions by 1841.

The Family of Caroline Kirkland (1801-1864) had originally pioneered in the western portion of New York state, where in her late...
twenties she met and married her husband. Together they emigrated first to Detroit where they conducted a seminary and then to the frontier village of Pinckney. Here she experienced the raw pioneer life which she was to accurately but caustically portray in *A New Home*. She also wrote several other volumes based on her frontier experiences but none were of as fine a quality as her first.

Disillusioned the Kirklands moved back to New York in 1843. After her husband's death in 1846, Mrs. Kirkland managed to support herself and her family by the sale of her literary output. She achieved a degree of distinction among the other literary women of her period and at her funeral such noted authors as William Cullen Bryant and Nathaniel Parker Willis acted as pall bearers.

From rustic Pinckney we now move to the Saginaw Country at a slightly later date for a realistic description of that important pioneer function, the house raising. A certain degree of this type of communal effort was necessary for frontier survival. Such occasions as harvesting and sewing bees and house raisings provided not only the necessary manpower to accomplish the task but were also one of the few sources of celebration.

Eugene Thwing (1866-1936), author of *The Red Keggers* (1903) and the similar *The Man From Red Keg* (1906), received very little literary notice for his tales of the early Saginaw timber country. However weak the plot is they do contain some fine flashes of pioneer life descriptions. Thwing later in life wrote many war-time articles and several other non-fictional works but evidently turned his back on writing regional fiction.
Benjamin Franklin Taylor (1819-1887), the author of *Theophilus Trent or Old Times In the Oak Openings* (1887), was another, who like Mrs. Kirkland, pioneered in Michigan in the 1830's but found the life too rough and only stayed a few years. From his observations during these few years however he was to write as an old man the story of *Theophilus Trent*. Taylor received a degree of fame in his life time with his better known travel and Civil War sketches.

The scene of *Theophilus Trent* is laid in the area around Monroe in the 1830's and the hero Theophilus Trent is a new school teacher. After wandering around lost in the wilderness for a day, Trent comes upon the home of a settler from the South and receives a generous allotment of the typical frontier hospitality.

Similarly the selection from *Shoepac Recollections* (1856) by Major March provides another view of pioneer life. In this case the settlers, or squatters as the author terms them, hail from an eastern state. The primitive living conditions, the hard work of clearing the land, and the attitudes of these settlers are clearly revealed in this selection.

Major March was the pseudonym adopted by Orlando Bolivar Willcox (1823-1907), a career soldier, who was born in and lived intermittently in Detroit. Willcox, one of Michigan's most outstanding military men, graduated from West Point in 1843. During the Civil War he served with distinction originally as commander of the 1st Michigan Infantry and later as a division commander in Burnside's IX Corps. Willcox eventually attained the rank of Major General in the regular service.

That bane of pioneer life, the ague and fever is the subject of the final selection in this chapter. Though the selection was written
in a humorous vein the ague was no laughing matter for the Michigan pioneers. Nowadays we would characterize the symptoms as that of Malaria caused by the bite of a mosquito, but, as the selection reveals, during the medically primitive pioneer days each man had his own explanation for the sickness.

Puddleford and Its People by Henry H. Riley, originally published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, first appeared in book form in 1854. The volume ran through several editions in the Nineteenth Century and earned its author a considerable reputation.

Henry H. Riley (1813-1888), emigrated from New York State to Kalamazoo in 1842. Six months later he was admitted to the Bar and began the practice of law in Constantine which remained his home. Judge Riley served locally as Prosecuting Attorney and as a State Senator for two terms. Puddleford is a satirical and mildly critical view of early Constantine and actual local figures appear as thinly veiled characters.
At length came the joyful news that our moveables had arrived in port; and provision was at once made for their transportation to the banks of the Turnip. But many and dire were the vexatious delays, thrust by the cruel Fates between us and the accomplishment of our plan; and it was not till after the lapse of several days that the most needful articles were selected and bestowed in a large waggon which was to pioneer the grand body. In this waggon had been reserved a seat for myself, since I had far too great an affection for my chairs and tables, to omit being present at their debarkation at Montacute, in order to ensure their undisturbed possession of the usual complement of legs. And there were the children to be packed this time, - little roley-poley things, whom it would have been in vain to have marked - "this side up," like the rest of the baggage.

A convenient space must be contrived for my plants among which were two or three tall geraniums and an enormous Calla Ethiopecta. Then D'Orsay must be accommodated, of course; and, to crown all, a large basket of live fowls; for we had been told that there was none to be purchased in the vicinity of Montacute. Besides these, there were all our travelling trunks; and an enormous square box crammed with articles which we then in our greenness considered indispensable. We have since learned better.

After this enumeration, which yet is only partial, it will not seem strange that the guide and director of our omnibus was to ride
"on horseback after we." He acted as a sort of adjutant - galloping forward to spy out the way, or provide accommodations for the troop - pacing close to the wheels to modify our arrangements, to console one of the imps who had bumped its pate, or to give D'Orsay a gentle hint with the riding-whip when he made demonstrations of mutiny - and occasionally falling behind to pick up a stray handkerchief or parasol.

The roads near Detroit were inexpressibly bad. Many were the chances against our toppling load's preserving its equilibrium. To our inexperience the risks seemed nothing less than tremendous - but the driver so often reiterated, "that a'n't nothin'," in reply to our despairing exclamations, and what was better, so constantly proved his words by passing the most frightful inequalities (Michiganicé "siblings") in safety, that we soon became more confident, and ventured to think of something else beside the ruts and mud-holes.

Our stopping-places after the first day were of the ordinary new country class - the very coarsest accommodations by night and by day, and all at the dearest rate. When everybody is buying land and scarce anybody cultivating it, one must not expect to find living either good or cheap; but, I confess, I was surprised at the dearth of comforts which we observed everywhere. Neither milk, eggs, nor vegetables were to be had, and those who could not live on hard salt ham, stewed dried apples, and bread raised with "salt risin'," would necessarily run some risk of starvation.

One word as to this and similar modes of making bread, so much practised throughout this country. It is my opinion that the sin of bewitching snow-white flour by means of either of those abominations,
"salt risin'," "milk emptin's," "bran 'east," or any of their odious compounds, ought to be classed with the turning of grain into whiskey, and both made indictable offences. To those who know of no other means of producing the requisite sponginess in bread than the wholesome hop-yeast of the brewer, I may be allowed to explain the mode to which I have alluded with such hearty reprobation. Here follows the recipe:

To make milk emptin's. Take quantum suf. of good sweet milk - add a teaspoon full of salt, and some water, and set the mixture in a warm place till it ferments, then mix your bread with it; and if you are lucky enough to catch it just in the right moment before the fermentation reaches the putrescent stage, you may make tolerably good rolls, but if you are five minutes too late, you will have to open your doors and windows while your bread is baking. - Verbum sap.

"Salt risin'" is made with water slightly salted and fermented like the other; and becomes putrid rather sooner; and "bran 'east" is on the same plan. The consequences of letting these mixtures stand too long will become known to those whom it may concern, when they shall travel through the remoter parts of Michigan; so I shall not dwell upon them here - but I offer my counsel to such of my friends as may be removing westward, to bring with them some form of portable yeast (the old-fashioned dried cakes which mothers and aunts can furnish, are as good as any) - and also full instructions for perpetrating the same; and to plant hops as soon as they get a corner to plant them in. "And may they better reck the rede, Than ever did th' adviser."

The last two days of our slow journey were agreeably diversified with sudden and heavy showers, and intervals of overpowering sunshine.
The weather had all the changefulness of April, with the torrid heat of July. Scarcely would we find shelter from the rain which had drenched us completely - when the sunshine would tempt us forth; and by the time all the outward gear was dried, and matters in readiness for a continuation of our progress, another threatening cloud would drive us back, though it never really rained till we started.

We had taken a newly opened and somewhat lonely route this time, in deference to the opinion of those who ought to have known better, that this road from having been less travelled would not be quite so deep as the other. As we went farther into the wilderness the difficulties increased. The road had been but little "worked," (the expression in such cases) and in some parts was almost in a state of nature. Where it wound round the edge of a marsh, where in future times there will be a bridge or drain, the wheels on one side would be on the dry ground while the others were sinking in the long wet grass of the marsh - and in such places it was impossible to discern inequalities which yet might overturn us in an instant. In one case of this sort we were obliged to dismount the "live lumber" - as the man who helped us through phrased it, and let the loaded waggon pass on, while we followed in an empty one which was fortunately at hand - and it was, in my eyes, little short of a miracle that our skilful friend succeeded in piloting safely the top-heavy thing which seemed thrown completely of its centre half a dozen times.

At length we came to a dead stand. Our driver had received special cautions as to a certain mash that "lay between us and our home" - to "keep to the right" - to "follow the travel" to a particular point,
and then "turn up stream:" but whether the very minuteness and reiteration of the directions had puzzled him, as is often the case, or whether his good genius had for once forsaken him, I know not. We had passed the deep centre of the miry slough, when by some unlucky hair's-breadth swerving, in went our best horse — our sorrel — our "Prince," — the "off haus," whose value had been speered three several times since we left Detroit, with magnificent offers of a "swop!" The noble fellow, unlike the tame beasties that are used to such occurrences, shewed his good blood by kicking and plunging, which only made his case more desperate. A few moments more would have left us with a "single team," when his master succeeded in cutting the traces with his penknife. Once freed, Prince soon made his way out of the boghole and pranced off, far up the green swelling hill which lay before us — out of sight in an instant — and there we sat in the marsh.

There is but one resource in such cases. You must mount your remaining horse if you have one, and ride on till you find a farmer and one, two, or three pairs of oxen — and all this accomplished, you may generally hope for a release in time.

The interval seemed a little tedious, I confess. To sit for three mortal hours in an open waggon, under a hot sun, in the midst of a swamp, is not pleasant. The expanse of inky mud which spread around us, was hopeless, as to any attempt at getting ashore. I crept cautiously down the tongue, and tried one or two of the tempting green tufts, which looked as if they might afford foothold; but alas! they sank under the slightest pressure. So I was fain to regain my low chair, with its abundant cushions, and lose myself in a book. The
children thought it fine fun for a little while, but then they began
to want a drink. I never knew children who did not, when there was no
water to be had.

There ran through the very midst of all this black pudding, as
clear a stream as ever rippled, and the waggon stood almost in it! -
but how to get at it? The basket which had contained, when we left
the city, a store of cakes and oranges, which the children thought
inexhaustible, held now, nothing but the napkins, which had enveloped
those departed joys, and those napkins, suspended corner-wise, and
soaked long and often in the crystal water, served for business and
pleasure, till Papa came back.

"They're coming! They're coming!" was the cry, and with the word,
over went Miss Alice, who had been reaching as far as she could, try­
ing how large a proportion of her napkin she could let float on the
water.

On, the shriekd and the exclamations! how hard Papa rode, and how
hard Mamma scolded! but the little witch got no harm beyond a thorough
wetting, and a few streaks of black mud, and felt herself a heroine
for the rest of the day.

Chapter 16

Mr. Clavers at length returned; and the progress of the village,
though materially retarded by the obliquities of Mr. Mazard's course,
was still not entirely at a stand. If our own operations were slow and
doubtful, there were others whose building and improving went on at a
rapid rate; and before the close of the summer, several small tenements
were enclosed and rendered in some sort habitable. A store and a
public-house were to be ready for business in a very short time.

I had the pleasure of receiving early in the month of September,
a visit from a young city friend, a charming lively girl, who unaffec-
tedly enjoyed the pleasures of the country, and whose taste for long
walks and rides was insatiable. I curtained off with the unfailing
cotton sheets a snow-white bower for her in the loft, and spread a
piece of carpeting, a relic of former magnificence, over the loose
boards that served for a floor. The foot square window was shaded
by a pink curtain, and a bed-side chair and a candle-stand completed
a sleeping apartment which she declared was perfectly delightful.

So smoothly flowed our days during that charming visit that I had
begun to fear my fair guest would be obliged to return to ___ without
a single adventure worth telling, when one morning as we sat sewing,
Arthur ran in with a prodigious snake-story, to which, though we were
at first disposed to pay no attention, we were at length obliged to
listen.

"A most beautiful snake," he declared, "was coming up to the back
door."

To the back door we ran; and there, to be sure, was a large rattle-
snake, or massasauga, lazily winding its course towards the house, Alice
standing still to admire it, too ignorant to fear.

My young friend snatched up a long switch, whose ordinary office
was to warn the chickens from the dinnertable, and struck at the reptile
which was not three feet from the door. It reared its head at once,
made several attempts to strike, or spring, as it is called here, though
it never really springs. Fanny continued to strike; and at length the
snake turned for flight, not however without a battle of at least two
minutes.

"Here's the axe, cousin Fanny," said Arthur, "don't let him run
away!" and while poor I stood in silent terror, the brave girl followed,
struck once ineffectually, and with another blow divided the snake,
whose writhings turned to the sun as many hues as the windings of
Broadway on a spring morning - and Fanny was a heroine.

It is my opinion that next to having a cougar spring at one, the
absolute killing of a rattlesnake is peculiarly appropriate to consti-
tute a Michigan heroine; - and the cream of my snake-story is, that it
might be sworn to, chapter and verse, before the nearest justice. What
cougar story can say as much?

But the nobler part of the snake ran away with far more celerity
than it had displayed while it "could a tail unfold," and we exalted
the coda to a high station on the logs at the corner of the house - for
fear none of the scornful sex would credit our prowess.

That snake absolutely haunted us for a day or two; we felt sure
that there were more near the house, and our ten days of happiness
seemed cut short like those of Seged, and by a cause not very dissimilar.
But the gloom consequent upon confining ourselves, children and all,
to the house, in delicious weather, was too much for our prudence; and
we soon began to venture out a little, warily inspecting every nook,
and harassing the poor children with incessant cautions.

We had been watching the wheelings and flittings of a flock of
prairie hens, which had alighted in Mr. Jenkins' corn-field, turning
ever and anon a delighted glance westward at the masses of purple and crimson which make sunset so splendid in the region of the great lakes. I felt the dew, and warning all my companions, stepped into the house. I had reached the middle of the room, when I trod upon something soft, which eluded my foot. I shrieked "a snake! a snake!" and fell senseless to the floor.

When I recovered myself I was on the bed, and well sprinkled with camphor, that never failing specific in the woods.

"Where is it?" said I, as soon as I could utter a word. There was a general smile. "Why, Mamma," said Alice, who was exalted to a place on the bed, "don't you recollect that great toad that always sits behind the flour-barrel in the corner?"

I did not repent my fainting though it was not a snake, for if there is anything besides a snake that curdles the blood in my veins it is a toad. The harmless wretch was carried to a great distance from the house, but the next morning, there it sat again in the corner catching flies. I have been told by some persons here that they "liked to have toads in the room in fly time." Truly may it be said, "What's one man's meat - " Shade of Chesterfield, forgive me! - but that anybody can be willing to live with a toad! To my thinking nothing but a toady can be more odious.

The next morning I awoke with a severe head-ache, and racking pains in every bone. Dame Jennings said it was the "agur." I insisted that it could be nothing but the toad. The fair Fanny was obliged to leave us this day, or lose her escort home - a thing not to be risked in the wilderness. I thought I should get up to dinner, and in that hope bade
her a gay farewell, with a charge to make the most of the snake story for the honor of the woods.

I did not get up to dinner, for the simple reason that I could not stand — and Mrs. Jennings consoled me by telling me every ten minutes, "Why, you've got th'agur! woman alive! Why, I know the fever-agur as well as I know beans! It a'n't nothin' else!"

But no chills came. My pains and my fever became intense, and I knew but little about it after the first day, for there was an indistinctness about my perceptions, which almost, although not quite, amounted to delirium.

A physician was sent for, and we expected, of course, some village Galen, who knew just enough to bleed and blister, for all mortal ills. No such thing! A man of first-rate education, who had walked European hospitals, and who had mother-wit in abundance, to enable him to profit by his advantages. It is surprising how many such people one meets in Michigan. Some, indeed, we have been led to suppose, from some traits in their American history, might have "left their country for their country's good:" — others appear to have forsaken the old world, either in consequence of some temporary disgust, or through romantic notions of the liberty to be enjoyed in this favored land. I can at this moment call to mind several among our tenmile neighbors, who can boast university honors, either European or American, and who are reading men, even now. Yet one might pass any one of these gentlemen in the road without distinguishing between him and the Corydon who curries his horses, so complete is their outward transformation.

Our medical friend treated me very judiciously; and by his skill,
the severe attack of rheumatic-fever, which my sunset and evening impru-
dences had been kindling in my veins, subsided after a week, into a
daily ague; but Mrs. Jennings was not there to exult in this proof of
her sagacity. She had been called away to visit a daughter, who had
been taken ill at a distance from home, and I was left without a nurse.

My neighbors showed but little sympathy on the occasion. They had
imbibed the idea that we held ourselves above them, and chose to take
it for granted, that we did not need their aid. There were a good many
cases of ague too, and, of course, people had their own troubles to
attend to. The result was, that we were in a sad case enough. Oh!
for one of those feminine men who can make good gruel, and wash the
children's faces! Mr. Clavers certainly did his best, and who can more?
But the hot side of the bowl always would come to his fingers - and the
sauce-pan would overset, let him balance it ever so nicely. And then
- such hungry children! They wanted to eat all the time. After a
day's efforts, he began to complain that stooping over the fire made
him very dizzy. I was quite self-absorbed, or I should have noticed
such a complaint from one who makes none without cause; but the matter
went on, until, when I asked for my gruel, he had very nearly fallen
on the coals, in the attempt to take it from the fire. He staggered
to the bed, and was unable to sit up for many days after.

When matters reached this pitch - when we had, literally, no one
to prepare food, or look after the children - little Bell added to the
sick-list, too - our physician proved our good genius. He procured a
nurse from a considerable distance; and it was through his means that
good Mrs. Danforth heard of our sad condition, and sent us a maiden of
all-work, who materially amended the aspect of our domestic affairs.

Our agues were tremendous. I used to think I should certainly
die in my ten or twelve hours' fever - and Mr. Clavers confidently
asserted, several times, that the upper half of his head was taking
leave of the lower. But the event proved we were both mistaken; for
our physician verified his own assertion, that an ague was as easily
managed as a common cold, by curing us both in a short time after our
illness had assumed the intermittent form. There is, however, one
important distinction to be observed between a cold and the ague -
the former does not recur after every trifling exertion, as the latter
is sure to do. Again and again, after we seemed entirely cured, did
the insidious enemy renew his attacks. A short ride, a walk of two or
three miles, and we were prostrated for a week or two. Even a slight
alarm, or anything that occasioned an unpleasant surprise, would be
followed by a chill and fever.

These things are, it must be conceded, very discouraging. One
learns to feel as if the climate must be a wretched one, and it is not
till after these first clouds have blown over, that we have resolution
to look around us - to estimate the sunny skies of Michigan, and the
ruddy countenances of its older inhabitants as they deserve.

The people are obstinately attached to some superstitious notions
respecting agues. They hold that it is unlucky to break them. "You
should let them run on," say they, "till they wear themselves out."
This has probably arisen from some imprudent use of quinine, (or "Queen
Ann,") and other powerful tonics, which are often taken before the sys-
tem is properly prepared. There is also much prejudice against "Doctor's
physic;" while Lobelia, and other poisonous plants, which happen to grow wild in the woods, are used with the most reckless rashness. The opinion that each region produces the medicines which its own diseases require, prevails extensively, - a notion which, though perhaps theoretically correct to a certain extent, is a most dangerous one for the ignorant to practise upon.

These agues are, as yet, the only diseases of the country. Consumption is almost unknown, as a Michigan evil. Indeed many, who have been induced to forsake the seaboard, by reason of too sensitive lungs, find themselves renovated after a year in the peninsula. Our sickly season, from August till October, passed over without a single death within our knowledge.

To be sure, a neighbor told me, not long ago, that her old man had a complaint of "the lights," and that "to try to work any, gits his lights all up in a heap." But as this is a disease beyond the bounds of my medical knowledge, I can only "say the tale as't was said to me," hoping, that none of my emigrating friends may find it contagious: - any disease which is brought on by working, being certainly much to be dreaded in this western country!
Chapter XIX
Of The Red-Keggers
By Eugene Thwing
Published In 1903

Ros Whitmore had prospered during the two years since Farmer Hawkins had engaged him to clear the stumps from a section of his farm. He and his good wife Jule were hard workers and missed no opportunity to provide and save for their large and growing brood. The little cabin which they had erected out at The Corners, in the Sturgeon district, when they were among the first pioneers of the region, had long been too small. The time had come at last for building a house more suited to their needs and their position. The Whitmores were popular far and wide among young and old. It was a foregone conclusion that Ros's house-raising bee would eclipse anything of the kind seen in the township.

For weeks Ros had been selecting and bringing from the forest the best long, smooth pine-trees he could find whose diameter at the base was from a foot to fourteen or sixteen inches and tapered to eight or ten inches at a distance of twenty to twenty-four feet from the ground. As he intended to build a good "block" house, he flattened the logs with a broadax, cut them into proper lengths, and squared the ends to make them ready to be placed in their proper position in the house. For the less pretentious houses and for the lumbershanties the ends of the logs only were squared, and on raising-day the logs were put up with the bark on. Thus they were rather uncouth in appearance, but answered the simple needs of the majority of small farmers. When properly chinked with clay or plaster, these log dwellings were warm and
dry in winter, which was a great desideratum. Ros, however, was deter-
dined on a very different kind of house. He and his large family had
lived long enough in the little rough log cabin of a pioneer. His new
house would be one of the finest of its kind within twenty miles, almost
as good as that of Farmer Hawkins. All the logs were nicely hewed and
squared. The house was to be one and a half stories high, with real
sawed rafters, shingles for the roof, siding for the gable ends, and
all chinks filled with real lime plaster.

As soon as the logs were cut, trimmed, and ready to be put in
place, Ros set a day for the raising, and every able-bodied man within
reasonable distance was invited to be present and lend a helping hand.
The Saturday following the breaking of the rollway had been selected
as a convenient time for the many who had been engaged on the river and
had not yet settled down to the regular spring work on their farms.

Raising-bees were always great occasions. The crowd never failed.
Drawn by the certainty of a generous spread and plenty to drink, as
well as by cordial neighborly feeling, and the unwritten law which
governed such events, nearly all who could come did come. The jug was
a potent factor. Custom had established it as an indispensable adjunct
of every raising-bee, and many young farmers who would have been ashamed
to be seen going into Pete's place, partook openly, and often too
freely of his "Mystic Brand" at these gatherings, frequently taking
their first lessons in dram-drinking. At the wind-up of a raising-bee
the sober men were usually a small minority, and often serious accidents
befell those whose nerves had been rendered unsteady before the heavy
work of the day was finished. Ros was himself a temperate man, and
did not approve of the use of liquor, but at a time like this he felt compelled to yield to popular custom and demands. To omit so important an item would be regarded as an unpardonable breach of hospitality, so he provided himself with several jugs of "Pete's best," which, as the latter confidentially informed him, had been specially procured the day before for this occasion. His wife, also, made generous preparations for the great crowd which was sure to be on hand. "Aunt Jule's dinners were famous for their quality as well as for their quantity, and there were many willing hands to help her, because the women were glad of any excuse to be present as participants in the activity.

Barney had recovered from his bruises sufficiently to attend the raising. Indeed, his presence was regarded as well nigh indispensable, because of his cool head, his ready wit, and his universal popularity. Few, however, were prepared for the announcement made by Sam Hawkins the day before the raising that he also intended to go and help in the work, and that he would do as much as anybody to help Ros Whitmore put up his house.

"As to that, we'll wait an' see," remarked Tom Moore to Barney, and then he asked, "What idee hes he got in his head, d'ye think? 'Tain't likely he's grown fond o' work all on a sudden."

Barney's eyes flashed, and he clenched his fists, but he merely replied, "Faith, ye'll have to ask me somethin' asier."

On Saturday morning Sam was astir fully two hours earlier than his wont. Both his father and mother marvelled at his unaccustomed activity, but were glad to see it aroused in a good cause. Sam said very little to anyone. He was ill-natured and nervous, and seemed to be enlisted
in the day's undertaking not because he liked it, but in spite of his dislike of it. Yet no one had urged, or even invited him to attend the raising, taking for granted that it would be useless to do so.

Farmer Hawkins and Mother Hawkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Maloney rode over to Ros Whitmore's immediately after breakfast. Barney and Norine walked there together, while Sam went by himself, and arrived after all the others. Nearly two hundred men, women and children had gathered on the clearing. Work was about to begin. Two layers of logs were already in place upon the foundation, and others were on the skids waiting to be moved up to form the third tier. The ever-present jug had taken its first round and was about to be placed in the cool shade of a hollow tree near by as Sam sauntered up.

"Seems I'm just in time," he remarked, taking in the situation at a glance. "Pass that jug this way before you set it down. It's good stuff. I can vouch for that, don't you know."

"How's that? What d'ye know about it, more'n anybody else?" asked Arch Fellows, who held the jug, eyeing Sam curiously.

"Oh, you know - that is, I heard Pete say he was going to fetch up from his cellar some of his best stock for this occasion," replied Sam, coloring with sudden embarrassment.

"Reckon ye got thet a leetle mixed, me boy," responded the other, handing Same the jug. "Pete told Ros Whitmore es how he'd jes' ordered this lot, special, from his agent for this raisin'. But it's good stuff, es you say, sure enough."

Sam took a deep draught of the liquor.

"Hurry up, Sam!" exclaimed Joe Reon in a half whisper at his side.
"Here comes Barney. Ros hes appointed him his assistant superintendent for this job an' asked him to shet off the drinkin' until after the house is up - if he can."

Sam set the jug down with a fierce oath, and seemed on the point of defying Barney then and there, but just beyond Barney he saw the minister talking with Ros Whitmore, and he quickly edged away through the crowd.

"Pile in here, boys," called Barney, whipping off his own coat. "Begorra, this 'll be a foine big house, an' we must be after finishin' it before sundown."

Each man was given his place, and the work began in earnest. Five or six tiers were set and made fast without interruption. Then someone started the jug on its rounds again.

"Ye'd better lave the jug alone till the house is up," expostulated Barney; but it was of no use, for the fire had been kindled and the blaze must be kept up. Nobody was content to be left out after some had had their turn, so it was impossible to proceed with the work until all who wished had partaken a second time of Pete's "best."

While the lower tiers were being placed, the work was comparatively easy and safe. The skids rested at a gentle incline, one end on the ground and the other on the highest tier. The heavy logs were moved up this incline by the use of ropes pulled by those above, assisted by the strong arms of those below, who pushed as long as they could reach the rising log. As the walls grew higher and the incline of the skids correspondingly steeper, the work became more difficult, and the element of danger entered. Cool heads, strong arms and backs, and steady
nerves were essential. Moreover, the quality of the work depended upon the carefulness used in setting the logs true and fastening the ends securely. Many a house and barn had suffered from neglect in these particulars, caused by too much attention to the jug.

Sam worked gingerly, and skipped from place to place with apparently no reason, never sticking to any one task more than a few minutes. He was gruff and irritable, and seemed to be dissatisfied with everything. Barney, on the other hand, worked with steady persistence, always at the hardest places, and ready to help wherever there seemed to be any danger of a log slipping. His hearty words of encouragement and exhortation, and his merry laugh and quick wit, inspired all with a greater willingness to work; but he could not persuade them to let the jug alone.

An old lady, a dear old soul, known by all as "Granny," lived in a shanty near by, and although more than eighty years of age, she was possessed of great vigor, and took as much interest in the house-raising as did Ros Whitmore himself. She watched the work from the laying of the first log, and as one by one the tiers went up, and time after time the "Mystic Brand" went around, she began to notice that the corners of the building were showing the effects of too much stimulation on the brain. The condition of "her boys," as she called all the men, worried her greatly, and finally she walked up to a group that had just gathered for another round of drinks and addressed them:

"Look here, boys, don't you think you ought to let me have the jug for a while? Some of you will surely get hurted. Besides, don't you see what poor work you are doin' on Ros's house? Jes' let me keep
it till after dinner, anyhow, and then if you must have it I'll give it to you again."

"Hear what Granny says?" laughed Ned Blakely. "She wants you to give up the jug till arter dinner, an' I guess she's about right."

"I've got er holt o' this jug now, an' don't intend to let go yet," said Jake Vogel, good-humoredly. "But Granny's right, jest the same, an' she can hev it as soon as I get enough," and suitin' the action to the word, he took a long "pull" of the stuff. "There," he remarked with a laugh, as he held the jug out to Granny, "I'll be good now. Ye got ter limber up a bit on these neighborly occasions, ye know. I've been ter lots of 'em, an' guess I know when it's time ter stop."

"Jake's a hog," said Tim Underwood, and reaching for the jug before Granny could get it, proceeded to demonstrate that he belonged to the same genus.

Barney and Ros were both getting out of patience, but the good-nature of the crew prevented any outbreak, and as they were all volunteers, extreme measures could not be taken. Even Parson Allen deemed it wise to refrain from remonstrance which would be listened to with perfect good-humor and respect, and the disregarded when his back was turned. Barney was constantly on the alert, and more than once he had sprung to the aid of some half-drunken workman just in time to save him from injury when he got into a dangerous position and had not wit enough to take care of himself. Finally Granny secured the jug, but by that time it was as empty as charity at a charity ball. By the time the noon hour arrived the house was about two-thirds up, and the
work was beginning to go better, because one jug was empty and the other had been surreptitiously removed from its hiding-place and smuggled away.

The feast of the day was ready promptly at twelve o'clock, and the hungry men sat down to dinner at a long table made of boards and placed in the shade. White cloths covered the rough pine boards, and great heaps of substantial good things crowded each other from one end to the other. The women and girls bustled about to wait upon the workers, leaving their own repast until later.

Apparently all thought of the jug had been dropped, but as the men returned to the building, on their way a dozen or more of them ranged themselves along in front of Granny's place, and, to this good dame's utter disgust, demanded the article they sought. She argued with them for a while, but seeing argument useless, she finally produced it - empty. There were some who, forgetting that this was just its condition when surrendered to her, accused the dear old soul of dealing unfairly with them. However, Red-Keg being only a few miles distant, a courier was despatched with the jug with orders to lose no time in getting it refilled and back to the place.

The sun was well down in the west when the plates, or finishing logs, were to be put into their places to form the last tier upon which the roof was to rest. In order to raise these heavy logs, longer skids were employed, so that the incline should not be so steep. As before, two ropes were fastened at the top of the building, the lower ends were placed around the log at each end, and men were stationed at the top to pull on the ropes, while others remained below to
assist in the lifting as far as they could reach. This dangerous work, which called for clear heads and steady nerves, was undertaken by men some of whom were scarcely able to stand erect upon the ground, so demoralizing had been the effect of the fresh supply of Pete's "Mystic Brand." Only those who had refrained from indulgence realized the gravity of the situation.

When the last log had been lifted and pulled to a point just above the heads of the men below, it was evident that the weight was too great for those above to master, but by a desperate effort they succeeded in pulling it up still farther.

"Boost 'er up, boys! I can't hold on ter this rope much longer!" bawled out Joe Reon at the top.

"Put the rope 'round yer waist," yelled Tim Underwood from below, laughing tipsily; "then ef the log comes down, you'll hev ter come with it. Haw, haw!"

The log dropped back a little till it was again within reach of those on the ground.

"Hurrah, boys, shove 'er up!" shouted Arch Fellows, giving it a boost, and away went that end of the log, while the other end, held above by Sam Hawkins, remained stationary.

This left the log in a most dangerous position, and cool heads were needed to avert a disaster, but the men became dazed, and the danger dawned upon their sodden minds too late.

"My God! boys, what are ye doin' down there?" yelled Joe Reon, who had actually tied the rope around his body as suggested, and was now struggling with all his nerveless strength to prevent the inevitable;
"I'm fallin', an' the top log is comin' with me! Look out!"

Barney and Ros, seeing that some one was going to get hurt, both rushed toward the spot where the falling log must strike. Barney was there first, with quick brain and steady nerve taking in the situation at a glance. At the risk of his own life he pushed two men aside who would have been struck by the log in its descent, and then dodging under it, caught the man who was falling just in time to save him from striking his head on a sharp pine stump near by.

Sam, who held the rope at the other end of the log, braced his feet securely and held his end well in place, but just as the shout went up at the daring rescue Barney had made, Sam suddenly let his end go, which, released from duress, slid like lightning down the skid just as Barney was passing under it with Joe Reon still in his arms.

Every one supposed that the log was secure in Sam's hands, and no one had looked for it to fall. But Norine, who had been watching Barney's every movement, had come near to the scene unnoticed, and with quick eye she saw Sam let go of his rope, and almost before the log began to fall she screamed:

"Barney, quick, jump back!"

Without stopping to learn the reason, Barney obeyed his sweetheart's warning instantly, springing backward close to the wall just in time to avoid receiving the whole crushing weight of the log upon his head.

Ros Whitmore was not so fortunate. He had followed close behind Barney at the first sign of the danger. When Barney sprang back, Ros attempted to do the same, but he stumbled and fell to the ground. The heavy log came down upon his right leg and broke the bone below the knee.

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Meanwhile, Sam stood above, watching the scene below, but forgot the slack of the rope, which he had gathered in as he had pulled up his end of the log, and which lay in loops and coils about his feet. As the log slid down the skids it jerked the rope with it, and the slack quickly becoming entangled around Sam's feet, pulled him uncenemoniously from his position. No one was there to help him. Barney was still holding to Reon, whom he had the instant before caught in his fall. The rest were rushing to help Ros. Sam struggled for a brief moment to release himself from the ropes, and then, with a yell of rage and terror, came tumbling down. A large tub of mortar for filling the chinks between the logs had been started close to the wall just below Sam. The lime had just been slaked, and the sand was ready for mixing. Into this tub Sam fell headlong. The force of the fall was broken, but when Sam emerged from his lime bath he was a sight to behold. Sputtering, and spluttering, and howling, he rushed down to the brook near by and jumped in bodily, and began at once the task of cleaning the stuff out of his eyes and mouth.

A part of the crowd followed, forgetting even Ros's sad injury in this new diversion, and the more Sam raved and swore, the more the spectators laughed and jeered, for Sam was generally disliked by his neighbors, and they did not hesitate to blame him for his own plight. There was no excuse, they said, for his letting go of the rope, if he had his wits about him, and that was the least that could be said. There were some who said nothing, but shook their heads gravely and turned away.

Barney had taken Joe Reon to Granny's cabin, where he had found
the fellow to be more scared than hurt, and then he hastened to look after Ros, stopping on the way to see if Sam had been injured. When he saw the fun the rest were having at Sam's expense he withdrew to Whitmore's cabin, whither Ros had been carried. Already his brave and energetic wife had stripped the injured leg, and, with the help of Mother Hawkins and Parson Allen, was preparing splints and bandages. She knew just what to do, and wasted no time in useless lamentations or complaints.

"It is a very unfortunate interruption of Ros's home-building," said Allen to Barney, quietly; "but we may be thankful it is no worse. He will have the use of his leg again in time with the good care Jule will take of it. She is the best doctor he could have."

Barney said nothing in reply. He did not dare to trust himself, and the sight of little Tilly Whitmore standing by her father's bed and holding his hand tightly in hers while the big tears rolled quietly down her pale, agonized little face, was too much for him altogether. With a choking sensation in his throat, he hurriedly assured Ros that he would see to finishing the house, and that Ros needn't worry, and then broke away from the painful scene and went back to the work outside.

Sam and the rest of the men soon returned, all by this time being pretty well sobered up. Barney looked his enemy in the face as he passed him and saw the demon in the fellow's eyes, but said nothing. Sam was too badly bruised to resume work, and after a short rest started for home. The jug went around no more that day.

As Barney and Norine walked home together after the work was finished and the sumptuous supper eaten, they were unusually quiet.
After walking almost half the distance, Norine, unable longer to keep her dreadful thought to herself, exclaimed:

"Oh, Barney! That's what he came for. He did it on purpose. I saw him -"

"Hush, darlint!" interrupted Barney, who had the same conviction. "Ye can't be sure. Let's not think of it. Let's talk about yer own swate self."

"And imagine," she continued, in only half obedience, "you thought I was going to the dance with him."

"Faith, I'm thinkin' that was quare meself. But he'll not be there at all, niver fear, an' we kin have our fun better without him, eh, swateheart - that is, ef we can have fun at all when we'll be thinkin' of poor Ros lyin' home with a broken leg, an' his little mite of a girl cryin' her swate eyes out for him - all on account of that - that - hellyun!"

Having thus relieved a part of his pent-up rage through the safety valve of that one expressive word, Barney drew Norine closer to him, and spent the remainder of the time in trying to make her forget everything except himself and happiness.
The young man wished to wash. "Jerush'! Jerush'!" - two inflections and one emphasis - screamed the mother.

"Marm?" burst in at the door, and the speaker after it.

"You rense the skillet, - no, the spider, skillet's hed inyuns in 't, the spider nothin' but taters, - the Kunnel wants ter wash."

The girl seized the spider much as if she had a runaway kitten by the tail, and whisked it away from a gossip with a poor old bake-kettle, a few dead coals and ashes scattered upon its thick-skulled cover, brought the water and a little gourd of soft-soap, apologetically thus:

"Cake-soap's gone - smelt good, and Matilda Ann she used the last on her hair when she went ter the shows with Bill Pollock."

"You keep still," exclaimed Matilda Ann, catching the last word; "bits of girls like you should be seen, not hearn."

"You're allus tellin' bout bein' seventeen. It was nothing but 'n accident; Maw says so. It might 'a' ben me jes as well."

"Now you have made a show o' yerself, yer'd better bring the Kunnel a tow'l." This with considerable dignity.

"I'll make 'nother show," retorted Jerusha, who was just at "the hateful age," and in a provoking singsong, "I k'n do what you can't, anyway," and she whirled about like a top, until her scanty skirt ballooned, and down she squatted, - a big, round calico cheese with the
girl's saucy head on the top of it. The towel came apologetically also: "Hain't washed in two week; poundin'-barr'1 tumbled to bits in the hot sun, and Paw took the pounder to drive stakes, and the hogs tore up 't other tow'1. Mebby you k'n find a gray spot, and that'll be clean." As Jerusha presented her shoulder-blades, Theophilus wriggled one hand, then the other, in the pocket with his handkerchief.

"Drat the cat!" sounded Maw's voice from the lean-to. "Matilda Ann, how did the cat git inter the flour-barr'1?" Then there was a scraping of the sort that sets the children's teeth on edge, and the hospitable woman came in with quite a saucerful of flour, and said genially, "I kin make you a cake, Kunnel, arter all." Theophilus smiled as infants do when fanciful mothers say they hear an angel whisper, - his stomach turned over like a tired man in his sleep, - but he smiled pitifully.

"Go to the stub, Mathilda Ann, and bring the pork, an' be sure you button the stub door. I see yesterday thet it wobbled."

Theophilus must learn before he died what "the stub" was; and so he asked Mathilda Ann, who told him, substantially, that it was a section of a great hollow white-wood tree, set upright, roofed with a broad board, a door cut out of the side, and re-attached with a couple of old boot-strap hinges and a button, wherein, upon shelves sustained by wooden pins, articles of food were stored. A companion tower stood on the other side of the cabin for a smoke-house.

The mother dusted out the spider with her elbow, greased it with a little flap of pork, put in the dough, slashed it across with a knife, gave it a compensation pat with her hand, and careened the utensil
propped up with a stone before the splendid fire. The baking cake and the steeping sassafras—though Theophilus had never used the latter as a beverage but always as a browse—gave forth a pleasant smell, not to mention certain small slices of pork spluttering in a kettle. Theophilus must be pardoned, for he was as hollow as the long-handled gourd hanging by the brown water-pail.

"Jerush, go to the stub and git the honey, and don't mux it. I 'most forgot your Paw cut a bee-tree last week."

"Hitch right up, Kunnel, the table's sot." Theophilus sat in solitary state, the conversation lulled, every eye was upon him but the father's, who was making goose-yokes and a figure-four trap. The mother slowly rocked in the chair with the swinging tail and squeaking mice, and watched him. Matilda Ann leaned lazily against the jamb, the toes of one bare foot resting on the insted of the other, and watched him. The hounds sat up, one each side of his stool, swallowed in concert with him, followed the destination of every morsel with their great melancholy eyes, and watched him. Foxhounds always look as if they could shed tears if they felt like it. As for Jerusha, she sat upright as a tenpin on the other side of the table, and watched him. Theophilus gave her one of his pedagogic annihilation looks, but she only giggled. She did not know enough to be awed.

"Jerusha, behave, or I'll send you to bed."

"Maw, I ain't doin' nothin' but seein' the Kunnel eat." Apart from this episode, it was a silent ceremonial. Theophilus left a bit of the cake and a finger's width of pork "for manners." Jerusha swept the deck and the supper was a wreck.
The young man found himself in the chimney-corner performing a very childish trick, Jerusha being sole spectator. Taking the great awkward tongs, he laid the tip of a wet finger upon the leg that would lift by the leverage of the handle, and then turning the tongs adroitly, Jerusha exercised her magnetic power upon the leg that wouldn't lift; and, if the girl ever thought of him again, it was as the wonderful schoolmaster who could make the tongs' legs follow his finger "jes ez he wuz a-min'ter."

Tongs were abandoned, tongues were going, and girlish laughter lightly rippled the surface of general conversation. Theophilus was patting a dog and trying to locate his own bedroom, when the trap-maker said, "Kunnel, it spiles huntin' dogs to much 'em;" and the hearer booked the word for subsequent examination. Paw told bear stories and Maw followed with witch stories; upon which Jerusha dragged her stool as near the schoolmaster as she could get it, and her mother said, "Paw'll fix a goose-yoke an' make you tote it, ef you don't quit bein' so skeery like."

"You never ketch't turkeys, I s'pose, Kunnel," Theophilus assured him he had little acquaintance with them except on a plate. "Well, them fowl's the biggest fools on airth. You build a rail-pen kivered over the top with rails too, an' leave a little place in the fence like an oversize cat-hole, big enough for a turkey to go through with his head down. Then lay a trail o' corn from 'way outside through the gap inter the pen, and them creeters jes nat'rally go peckin' along spang inter the trap. You're a-watchin' 'way off, but you need n't run to shet 'em in, fur don't you b'lieve they'll run roun' and roun' the
pen an' never think o' bobbin' thar pates at that hole to git out? I never could sense the meanin' on 't, but I reck'n thar's a kind o' a sarment in 't better 'n a slazy preacher ken preach. Things is most dangersome wen folks hold thar heads highest; let 'em watch thar feet, an' thar'll go a heap safer."

So from one thing to another the talk flitted. Then the girls popped old corn in the spider, and when the great white flakes snowed over the floor, girls and hounds all scrambled together. Then there was a lull, except an occasional small musket-shot from the fireplace, for there was no clock to tick off the silence, until the mother broke out in a softly way, singing to herself. Her voice, once a sweet, girlish tone, was faded like her dress, and a little sharpened with much worry and some scolding. It was the "Babes in the Woods," and in crooning eleven stanzas she sang the tune eleven times. It would have grown familiar even to a strange ear, but it was one of Theophilus's earliest recollections. He had shed tears for those hapless babes "a-wanderin" up and down;" he had meditated signal punishment upon the cruel uncle; he had seen "Old Sickles' Wax Figures," and heard the chirp of robin redbreast that "kivered them with leaves," as the old lady rendered it, and he told her.

How she brightened, lifting both hands in her pleased surprise! "An' so you seen them bless-ed poppets! I've hearn on 'em, an' ef thar's one thing I'd like to do more 'n another afore I die, it's to see them poppets," - how cheap human happiness may be sometimes! - and she resumed her crooning with considerably more animation, when a rasping, reedy sound, like the squawk of a duck, burst from the
lean-to, confounded the vocalist, and she exclaimed, "Jerush, come out o' thar!" and Jerush appeared, the family comb in her hand, and a strip of paper drawn across the teeth. Her mother was bound to finish the ballad, when the father snuffed out loftily, "Thet's chicking feed," and snuffed the singer out also. "S'pose I take down the old fiddle an' give you a tune. Play, Kunnel?" He disclaimed the accomplishment.

"P'r'aps you play keards, but thar ain't a full deck in the shanty."
Theophilus Trent, A.B., was as delighted as the girls at the prospect of a tune, but even in the momentary excitement an uncomfortable doubt as to his bedroom intruded, accompanied by a regretful wonder whether anybody in the whole world remembered him that night. The last was idle, if not wicked; for did not his mother sit in the far East that minute, with her heart in the West? After much throttling and twanging of the fiddle Paw struck up "Roy's Wife" and no one stirred a foot; but when he dashed off in "Money Musk," the stools were kicked aside, the dogs ran under the table, and mother and daughters went whirling like the colored glass fragments in a kaleidoscope, - Matilda Ann with much natural grace, Jerusha with much lawless freedom, the mother retracing, and not so awkwardly, the steps of her vanished youth.

The tall father stood in a corner, eyes closed, head thrown back and to one side, the heel of the fiddle hugged under his chin, and the bow as lively as a rapier in a French duel; while the rest of the family flung their feet about as if perpetually kicking off loose shoes and caring little about ever finding them again, while the measured barefoot thump sounded like a dance of the churn-dashers. Waltzes as old as the first fiddle followed; then a solo jig by Matilda Ann
concluded the saltatory entertainment.

As for Theophilus, sitting in a corner, a fiddlestring ran direct from his head to his toes, and they kept time to the music. He had never danced, - at least not much, and then under his father's immediate supervision, the bow being applied to the dancer and not to the fiddle.

Then the father played "Old Rosin the Beau;" and as the last note of "The Arkansas Traveller" was pulled off the strings, he said, "Jerusha, bring the jug." She produced the clay-colored crockery with its corn-cob cork and a nicked yellow-ware teacup, and he passed them about. All declined but Jerusha, who inclined, if she could have it "sweetled," but she couldn't; and he, swinging up the jug in a backhanded way, and with "Here's luck to yer, Kunnel! and - "finished the sentence with two gurgles and a smack. This reprehensible feat accomplished, he took a corn-cob pipe from his hatband, a leaf of tobacco from a bunch hanging on the wall, ground it in the hollow of one hand with the knuckles of the other, crowded it into the pipe-bowl, crowned it with a live coal, drew up a stool by the hearth, began to pull, and clouds of rank smoke rolled round his head like the coming up of a storm.

Then between whiffs he spoke: "I'm minded ter tell ye, Kunnel, a beaver story tht's hard to beat and sure as shootin'. Tew year ago me'n another feller trapsed up North fur big game (puff) sich as b'ar, deer, and ef so be a painter or two, but they ain't plenty. Wall, we wuz trudgin' along one day (whiff), our kits gittin' purty heavy, when we come ter a beaver-dam and the cutest kind o' a pond, but thar warn't stick or stock in sight, an' never hed ben (puff), fit ter work inter a dam. It tuk us back, an' our packs let up so we kudn't scacely feel
'em. Whar did thet tim'er come frum them beaver used? So we (whiff) splored roun' an' went mor'n harf a mild 'long a little ditch thet wuz never dug with no shovel, an' we foller ed an' foller ed, ontill we struck a clearin' bigger 'n a couple of door-yards, whar staddles and saplin's an' purty sizable trees hed ben cut. Them stumps (pipe out) stood thick as hatchel teeth. We zamin ed the cuts. No tomahawks done it, ner pig-stickers, ner axes; it wuz jest teeth, and beaver teeth too.

"You see, them beavers foun' a dam-site an' no tim'er, tim'er an' no dam-site. How to git them tew c'modities tergether! But they wuz ekol to 't. They kudn't tug thet tim'er, but mebby they kud float it, an' they did. Lookin' over the lay o' the land ez we hed, they foun' thet ef they shud scratch out a kind o' canawl an' let in the water, they could snake thar raw mater'al to whar 't wuz wanted. They scratched, and they did. The dam hedn't ben built more 'n six mon's; an' me an' my mate got down on our marrer-bones an' s'arched tell we foun' the hard groun', all scratched whar they'd dragged them trees, - an' a sight of 'em thar wuz, - yis, jest ez plain ez Ingen trails in peace-times. We stud, me an' him, an' looked at each other like two ijits, an' never opened our dinner-traps; an' we guv it up, a' it keeps guv'n up.

"Thet night 'twar full moon, an' we crep' out to see the beaver. They wuz makin' some repa'rs, an' I he a right smart chance ter draw a bead on a beaver; but I kudn't. Kud you? It warn't no 'buck fever,' sich as green hunters hev when they sight thar fust deer an' shake so they kudn't hit a meetin'-house at ten rod; it's a specie of nervous ager thet ketches 'em. I felt 't would be a kind o' murder to kill a
beaver, an' I felt 'nough sight more like taking off my old cap to 'em
than shootin'.'"

He knocked the ashes out of the pipe on his thumbnail and went out.
The mother picked things up a little, chucked the rag-bag under a bed,
and swept the hearth.

"Wash your feet off, gals."

One got the skillet, the other a kettle, and disappeared; each
returning in five minutes with a pair of clean brown feet, shapely as
a statue's by a great sculptor, and stood on the hearth, turning those
feet, top, sole, and heel, and drying them in the firelight. Fire was
made before looms.

The old man opened the door to let himself in, and his mouth to
let a yawn out at the same instant, and said, "Hustle, gals; it's goin'
on ten, an' the stars are shinin' all to oncet, ez Methodies sing at
campmeetin'."

"How did he know the time?" thought the young man, as, drawing his
watch, it showed fifteen minutes to ten. He never wasted his time try-
ing to evolve anything from his "inner consciousness," as a tribe of
fresh thinkers is given to saying. That starting the mental mill to
grind a grist that was never put into the hopper is very fascinating
to aesthetic, metaphysical, be-spectacled millers. But poor Theophilus
had no other way of finding out how that man knew the time of night,
and so he asked.

"W'y, by the shiftin' o' the stars, - some thet's risin' an' some
thet's most sot. They are sorter boss fellers; but the rest, the hull
bilin' of em, do nothin' but wink. I know my stars - clock stars I
call 'em - by sight, but not by name; but what's the odds? You know 'em all, I s'pose."

"Here is this ignorant man," mused Theophilus, "and he has learned to read after his fashion the dial of the sky; and its un tarnished lettering is more significant to him than the characters on the face of a kitchen clock. He has not filled the heavens with fanciful mythological shapes. He knows nothing about the Great Bear, but the 'Dipper' he knows, and the 'P'inters' he knows; but Marak and Dubhe are Greek to him. He can walk in the wilderness, of a clear night, and not be lost. He is astronomer enough for his own poor personal needs."

The moment had come. "Thar's the spar' bed, Kunnel," pointing to one particularly fat, - with straw, - and draped in a red and yellow quilt; "you k'n bunk when you're a-min'ter." The speaker shook himself out of his roomy boots. The mother tucked her head into an unbordered nightcap of neutral tint, set so close about the face that it seemed escaping from a pudding-bag. The father cast off his one suspender. The mother pulled a long brass pin, apparently out of the back of her neck; but really it was to the pillowcase of a dress what the king-bolt is to a wagon, - pull it out, and down comes the vehicle. The girls stood on the hearth, changed feet, and stared. Theophilus watched every move with anxious observation.

He hoped the old man would cover the fire, or the chimney tumble in and extinguish it. But to his confusion, the man, muttering, "Ef I hain't forgot the wood!" pattered out, brought in an armful of limbs and sticks dry as the young man's mouth, tumbled them on to the fire, and trailing one leg of his pantaloons across the floor after him,
tumbled himself into bed, and the mother crept after. "Two went to bed, and then there were three."

The hearth was a flare of light, and not a shadow anywhere save in the young man's thought. There the girls stood, changed feet, and watched him. He wondered if it would be a greater loss to the family should the cabin catch fire and burn down right there, than it would be a comfort to him in not having to go to bed as if in a public square in the daytime. He deliberately drew off one boot, then the other; his cravat followed his coat. Then he sat down and wished he was lost in the woods.

Quick-witted Jerusha snickered, indulged in a little pirouette on one foot, comprehended the situation, enjoyed it, and sat down also. Matilda Ann posed with one shoulder against the jamb and looked conscious but contented. A snort by way of overture, and a medley of quarrelsome snores snarled and growled from the occupied bed. This created a diversion, and the girls laughed like a chime of merry bells.

If he could only shake himself, be disrobed and between sheets in a second, as those girls could! The desperate moment had come. He loosened a string or two, freed a button or two, gathered the garment up as if he had himself safe in a bag, so that he could shell himself as a thumb-nail can empty a pea-pod, abruptly exclaimed, "Miss Matilda, don't I hear something in the lean-to?" and to Jerusha, "A drink of water, please," and blindly plunged for the "spar' bed." Matilda was rattling among the pots and the pans, Theophilus was just ready to swirl the yellow "drapery of his couch about him," when something touched his ear. Turning a startled eye, he caught sight of a huge
weapon like an old-style Sioux war-club. There stood Jerusha, extend-
ing a long-handled gourd of water, with which, in her rougish haste to
catch him before he escaped to sleep, she liberally drenched him.

Theophilus began to say something in a sputtering way, but she was
camped on a stool before the fire, shaking as with an ague. It might
have been the play of the fitful light upon her person, or it might
have been a convulsion of repressed laughter. Theophilus had misgivings,
but he slept as only youth and health can sleep.

The instant before he dropped into oblivion, he vigorously deter-
mined to be up and dressed and serene before an eye belonging to either
of his next neighbors flew open. The dumb and sightless hours went by,
and he woke in a fright lest he had out-slept the night. A great glare
did indeed fill the cabin, but it was the newly-made fire of early
morning, and the old man, the builder, sat smoking and nodding beside
it. Theophilus stole a look at his nearest neighbors, - so near that
he might have pulled Jerusha's ear. Two tumbled heads of hair lay upon
the lean pillows, one bare arm showing white on the sad-colored quilt.

By a merciful dispensation both faces were toward the wall and both
girls asleep. The teacher slipped cautiously out of bed, and no sword
was ever returned to its scabbard with more military promptness than
were those lean legs encased in the pantaloons. The rest was the work
of a minute, and he was ready for the innocent enemy; but none too
soon.

"Gals, rout out!" growled the father. The heads turned inland,
and each owner rose upon a naked elbow and surveyed the situation.
Theophilus would have fled ignobly out of doors, but for the fear he
might be pelted with derisive giggles. He thought of the Sphinx, and tried to decoy a far-away look into his eyes as if beholding distant ages, and be as nearly like that solemn presence as possible. Two hands pulled two frocks lying upon the bed toward two chins, four hands drew two skirts over two heads, and the twain, giving little tugs here and little kicks there, as if dressing their plumage, sat upright and clothed; a few more downward kicks under the bed-covering, swung themselves sidewise one after the other, and there were four feet in a row. Finally, giving themselves a little shake, they stood upon the floor dressed cap-a-pie, even as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter. Jerusha made a little claw of each hand and combed her tangled tresses. Matilda Ann smoothed her hair with her open palms, and, the toilet made, the daughters of the household were abroad.

Theophilus declared his intention to resume the journey at once, giving several reasons, but omitting the only one that really influenced his decision. Is not that the way of the most of us, and is it honest, or only diplomatic? He firmly withstood the general protest. Even the dog wagged his tail of invitation. The East was red with the new day, a tavern only eight miles distant, he wanted - indeed, he wanted many things, but the principal one was to get away. Yes, he must go.

"'T'll be a good spell, Kunnel, afore you git breakfast'. They'll treat you better'n we ken at the tavern, though the woman's the man o' the house; but the gals'll git you a snack right now." "What of?" thought Theophilus. Yet he thankfully declined it all.

He had measured his host, and made quite sure a proffer of money, much as he seemed to need it, would "rile" him, as he would express it;
so the traveller heartily thanked, what visiting ministers used to pray for, "the united head of this family," and then he gave each of the girls — what was very rare in those regions of monetary rags — a silver coin of generous diameter, — there went two of his three pocket-pieces, — at sight of which Matilda flushed and smiled, Jerusha laughed, both dropped a quaint little courtesy, plumb down, while their eyes, brighter than the coins, about equalled them in circumference, with the wonder of it.

Friendly good-byes were his portion as he went out with his host to find the ponies just finishing a wrestle with two plump little sheaves of oats.

"Kunnel, I hev n't told you my name; it's —" "Oh, I know it already, Mr. Spicer; I saw it in your Bible."

"Yes, Heck Spicer; an' my pups is named arter me, — one's Heck and 't other's Spicer."

The old man had said the night before that he must braid a whip-lash, for the colts had chewed the old one about up. The schoolmaster had purchased a silver-mounted carriage-whip before he left Bodkins, not because he needed it, but for show. He had no use for it whatever, and would never have done much more than affectionately touch a horse with it, unless the animal were securely tied, or had been consigned to the knacker. Theophilus, as a sort of parting gift, asked the old man to accept the whip. To be sure, he might quite as appropriately have presented him with an opera-glass. Spicer, to give him his name for once, himself perceived the unfitness of the gift as clearly as if he had a bank account, and he refused it. The schoolmaster insisted,
saying, "If Jerusha marries and has a phaeton, give her the whip in memory of this time." He never asked himself why he selected Jerusha. Perhaps it was because human nature relishes a bit of amiable mischief now and then.

"That'll do better; but then she'll never hev a - a - what did ye call it? - some kind of a kerridge - any more'n I'll hev a planner. But ef you say so, I'll hev the old woman wind it up in a nice clean cloth, an' I'll put up a peg for 't at the head of our bed, to hang it on agin sicht time ez - but that'll never come - and look at it and say, 'Thet's the Kunnel's whip he gin, and we wish the Kunnel luck.'"

In five minutes Theophilus was gone, another "good luck" roared at him as he went.
"When will Guilford come home, mamma?" said Mabel, one evening as we were all sitting around the sewing-table.

"I wish, Mabel might tell me," replied my mother. "He grew weary of the apron-strings, I suppose; and became too much of a man for 'chores.'"

"Too much of a man!" exclaimed Mabel, "why, he is only twelve years of age - not much older than Walter, and he never will grow tired of us, I know."

"Twelve years!" said Maud, "he is twelve centuries! Has he not running in his veins all the blood of all the Howards?"

We were laughing at this when the door opened and there appeared an unknown character in a strange costume for our town - not yet opulent enough for beggars. A little old stunted giant in rags, at least out at the elbows and out at the knees, his hat torn on the crown, and slouched over his dirty face. No one recognised this unique personage.

"Friends," came a low voice, "can you give me something to eat and a" -

Here the low voice broke down completely.

"Take off your hat, young sir," said Mrs. March, not knowing what else to say.

The hat was removed.

"Guilford! Guilford!" shouted Mabel, and she ran up to the ragged urchin and threw her arms about his neck.

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Mrs. March, too, caught him in her arms and strained him hysterically to her breast. "My boy! my Guilford! my son! what in the world has happened thee? Where have you been? How comes this so?"

"Farming," answered Guilford.

Then he came and sat down between Maud and me in front of the bright fire-place, while Mabel ran out to tell the news to Bowes.

"I have had enough of farming," said Guilford.

"Good! good!" laughed and cried Mabel, who reappeared with Bowes, wiping her hands on her apron again and again. She always did this when excited.

Bowes ran up wildly to her "little man," kissed him and rushed out nearly tearing her apron to pieces. Then Bowes flew away to the cow-yard, shouting

"The little man's come! Brindle, the little man's come!"

And she patted Brindle on the shoulder. But that dignified quadruped bouchedafed no reply. She gave one or two uneasy switches with her tail, and finally tossed her horns wickedly around towards the little crazy woman. And Bowes called her an old thing, or hussy, or something severe, and hurried back to the kitchen, where she found Mabel zealously hunting after some potatoes to put on to roast for the hungry returned prodigal. Then Bowes and Mabel had a very satisfactory talk on the exciting cause of so much stir about the house, and in a little while they came in with cold meat, hot baked Mackinaw potatoes, Bowes's bread, and Brindle's butter.

As soon as he had finished his supper everybody drew near the fire, Bowes and all, to hear Guilford's story. But as he was frequently
interrupted, and he himself frequently strayed off in his narration, we shall convey it to the reader in a more straight-forward manner of our own, though the story may suffer by the telling.

Farmer Jumps and Guilford reached the farm-house at about nightfall. The sweet smell of the woods pleased Guilford now in a new sense, he began to feel a sort of proprietorship in it, it was to be his atmosphere.

Great was the manifest surprise of Dame Jumps on beholding our little hero. How a well-dressed city boy should ask her old man Jumps to come out and live on the farm, was a nine days' wonder: she continued all the evening to gaze at him with astonishment.

"Why Jumps, what on a'irth are you going to do with him?"

"Make a farmer of him."

"Wall, I do declare! Wall, did you ever? Wall, I never!" was all that she could add.

There were three little Jumpses, though one, the eldest, was a pretty long leap, a tall stem of a youth, that looked as if he had sprouted forth in a night. This was Joram Jumps. He was about fourteen years of age. Then came a boy of twelve, and a flaxen-haired limp girl of ten. The children seemed to regard Guilford with the wonder of their mother, added to a little awe of their own, and they moved about like mutes, treating their city guest with an occasional stare.

The interior of our beautiful peninsula was but thinly settled, and the country around Farmer Jumps's was almost a wilderness. His house was a mere cabin of logs, chinked with a clayey mud, composed of one story, and that contained but the common room in which the family
ate, sat, slept, shook with fever and ague, and held periodical prayer
meetings for the pioneers of the neighborhood.

Some short cakes were baking in a spider over the coals as Guilford
entered. An iron tea-kettle was singing a cheerful welcome and waving
its little fleecy banners of steam, and by the time Jumps had turned
off the cattle and re-entered, the cabin, was filled with the rich odor
of frying pork and potatoes, and Dame Jumps, assisted by her daughter,
whose name was Susannah, was setting the table for supper.

The crockery-ware, said Guilford, consisted of the odds and ends
of many different old sets, of as many different colors, originally
brown, blue, white - even yellow was not wanting. These relics of
antiquity were ostentatiously set up, each piece separately, on its
edge, on the shelves of a red cupboard. It seems that above everything
in the house, except her feather bed, Mrs. Jumps valued her "cheena,
" as she denominated this rubbish of broken wares; and it is a curious
fact, that people always bother themselves and fret away their lives
on what they foolishly fancy gives them the most happiness. So it was
with the dame, as, with a trembling care, Suz handed down the plates,
cups, and saucers for the table, her mother fumed and scolded at her,
at every turn, lest she should break the cheena.

Before the table was set, Suz had quite fully enlisted, though
unknowingly, the sympathy of Guilford. This sympathy was still further
excited when all drew up to the table; for when Mrs. Jumps came to
pour tea from a black tea-pot with a cover that would be ever coming
off, and when Mrs. Jumps deposited sugar in the cups, she put the
least in Susannah's - poor Suz was the only one at the table who cared
for sugar at all. But Guilford managed so as to give the little pouting girl his own cup. This won her over to him; so that after supper, and she had helped her mother to clear away the dishes, and received the same amount of abuse as before supper, on account of the cheena, she got the two brothers together, and all three of the farmer's children settled around Guilford very sociably for the evening, in the light of the fire, candles being reckoned an extravagance. It may be needless to say what everybody knows - that all town boys are regarded by their country cousins as a sort of superior race. This inly acknowledged superiority, however, the country lads are ever ready to dispute. To Guilford's knowledge, on the occasion before us, these farmer lads were soon ready to defer, for the purpose of more fully extracting information on sundry matters in which they stood in ignorance.

Accordingly Guilford interested them deeply in his accounts of caravans, circuses, militia-trainings, fire engines, skates, schools, kites, tops, jewsharps, and marbles. They were disappointed, however, to find he knew so little about ginger-bread, a goodly array of which, in bird-like, beast-like, man-like, and woman-like forms, they had once seen in a shop window. There had been a lurking disposition at first, on the part of the young Jumpses, to humble my brother next day - so Susannah afterwards revealed; - but his frankness, and the satisfactory information he gave, on the whole, changed their intentions; and far from desiring now to expose his ignorance of the various secrets of woodcraft, they resolved to aid him all in their power to learn farming. As for Suz, she was perfectly charmed, as she told me long afterwards, with his gentleness and superior understanding. To her, Guilford was
of a new order of being, and at once she began to "slick up," as she said.

Then bed-time came. Guilford had observed but one bed, and wondered whether Jumps and his wife and family and he were all to sleep in it. But Mrs. Jumps soon solved that problem, by drawing from beneath the bedstead a truckle bed large enough to hold the three boys; and a couch was made for Susannah on a long blue chest— which, by the way, had probably held their worldly goods and chattels when they emigrated from Vermont.

Mr. Jumps being the last to retire, blew out the light, that is to say, covered up the fire, leaving the hearth in sole possession of a speckled cat, and a pan of buckwheat batter, placed there to "rise" for breakfast. But no sooner did silence prevail in the loghouse, than Guilford heard a long dismal howl, that arose from the woods in the midst of which they lay. Soon came another, longer, and mingled with fellow-howls, each one seeming to draw nigher and nigher to the door, till at length it seemed to be besieged with a roar of dismal howlings.

Guilford drew the coverlid over his head; but his bed-fellows only laughed at his fears. Ashamed of betraying himself in such wise to these country bumpkins, he uncovered his head. A perfect blast of roars and threats, mingled with whines and screeches of disappointed yet greedy rage saluted his ears.

"What is it?" demanded he in a whisper.

"Nothing but wolves. Go to sleep."

"How do you like country music, boy?" asked Mrs. Jumps with a
coarse laugh.

Mr. Jumps interposed now, and soothed the alarm of Guilford by telling him that the animals were of a small, harmless sort, and though they had howled, apparently, at the door every night since he had squatted there, yet on getting up to drive them away he never found them anywhere near, so that now the family took no notice of them.

At daybreak the household was astir. Guilford arose with his bed-fellows, and Mr. Jumps set him at once to work. He was dispatched with Tobias, or Toby, as they called the younger lad, after the cows. They were soon found, and easily driven home; but Guilford returned with his feet and legs wet to the knees in the heavy dew. Then he assisted Joram at chopping wood for the house, so that breakfast-time found him already fatigued. Even Susannah laughed a little at his pale looks, but soon checked herself, for fear of breaking a piece of the yellow cheena she was taking from its throne on the red cupboard. My brother was not at all discouraged; he had a stout heart, and breakfast refreshed him. After the morning meal, all went to a small clearing not far from the house - not more than forty acres of the Jumps estate was as yet under cultivation. The work before them now was follering, as the squatters called it, or clearing the land of felled trees or brushwood. Serviceable logs were drawn off, and that which was left they gathered into great heaps, and set on fire. Jumps and Joram busied themselves with the logs, and made the woods ring again with the blows of their axes, and the sound of their voices as they shouted over the oxen.

When dinner-time came, Dame Jumps appeared in the angel avocation of blowing a trumpet - that is to say sounding a long tin horn. She
showed herself at the corner of the cabin, and with the instrument applied to her mouth with one hand, while the other arm she held akimbo at her side to assist in the mighty effort, she brayed forth a Jericho-shaking blast. There was no resisting this call, it said in Mrs. Jumps's most decided manner:

"Dinner's ready, and waits for no man."

Guilford was hungry and ate heartily. He deserved some reward for his plight. His hands were scratched, his face blackened, and his eyes filled up with cinders. Suz expressed her sympathy by bringing a tin wash-basin, and water—none of the cleanest—from a spring near by the house, distilling through the black vegetable mould into a barrel which was half alive with insects, while occasionally, a lingering frog who had come up to sun his body out of the torpor of an October day, plumped himself down with a splash as you approached.

After dinner the party betook themselves to the clearing again, where they worked away till near nightfall, when Toby and Guilford were again dispatched for the cows; no trifling errand, as the animals wandered far during the day—water in the woods being plenty—and the boys were both fatigued.

And the evenings, how different they at Green Run from our sweet, quiet, yet lively evenings in the library at home! The good humor and refinement of my mother, the high-toned, soft spoken morality of Maud, the incessant raillery of Mabel; these were exchanged for the blunt good sense of Mr. Jumps, the trumpet clangor of Mrs. Jumps, and the vacant wonderment of the young Jumpses.

A fortnight or more the male inhabitants of the cabin were engaged
in the clearing, during which time the fatigues were too great to admit of much conversation at night. On some very pleasant evenings, however, the fascinating Indian summer atmosphere would tempt them to sit out in front of the door, one on a bench, another on the stump of a log, and while the evening came on, soothed into quiet by the chirrup of the cricket, and the monotonous drone of the tree toad, and lit up by the fire-flies in the bush, Jumps would hush the ever prevailing complaints of his wife, and the stupid questionings of his sons, and moralize learnedly over his pipe to the more intelligent Guilford.

"If I weren't a farmer, I never would be one; no, it's the last calling on airth for a man in this country. Now here's my boys and that gal, what do they know? hardly enough to come in when it rains. Now, let me advise you to adopt a course."

"Yes, sir," said Guilford, "what course would you adopt, Mr. Jumps?"

"Well, every man that gits tired doin anything else, or breaks down in life, always thinks he can make a farmer of himself, just as easy as rollin off a log, but it ain't no tarnal easy. A man ought to have a turn for it, with a constitution like a horse. He must work like a dog, and be weather-wise as the Prophet Elijah. And that ain't all nuther - he must adopt a course."

"Yes sir," said Guilford - who knew already that "to adopt a course," was the Jumps philosophy - his panacea for every ill. Jumps rarely condescends to explain himself after uttering this indisputable dogma. And so now, he arose, entered the house to rekindle his pipe, and reappeared with a live coal, which he shifted rapidly from his right hand to his left, and as swiftly from his left hand to his right,
mainly endeavoring to plant it in the bowl. The refractory coal dropped on the floor. Jumps took the tongs to it.

"Yes!" resumed the smoking philosopher, "a man may think he knows all about farming and get his fingers burnt after all. Now if it weren't for fear of going through the woods like an over particular gal, and taking up with a crooked stick after all, I'd change my" -

At this moment Joram broke in.

"Dad, don't you think I'd make a smart minister of the gospel?"

Mr. Jumps, senior, did not reply. He rose up hastily, knocked the ashes from the bowl of his pipe on the nail of his thumb, went in the cabin, covered up the fire, and - went to bed.

"Every fool thinks he can be a preacher, too," quoth Guilford to himself.

Guilford was not too young to perceive some of the hopeful peculiarities of thought and feeling among the squatters.

First, they were of the opinion that their lot in life was a little the hardest on the face of the earth.

Second, to vex the patient souls of this primitive people, there must always needs be something wrong in the daily course of events - peculiarly theirs to suffer - the world around them of course exempt, as everybody else's world always is, and always was, of a couleur de rose.

The cow was always dry; the ox always wanted shoeing; an utensil was always broke, or a neighbor had borrowed it just when it was wanted; the weather never suited the crops, and the crops neither suited the weather nor came up to their expectations; there never was time to do
what was required to be done now; Mrs. Jumps thought she worked herself to death, and had no comforts; Susannah was always out of shoes, and yet would wear them, though they cost a fortune; the boys want jack-knives, jewsharps, new caps, and school-books - they never could be prevailed upon to study when they got them. In short, Mr. and Mrs. Jumps had left the pleasantest home, the dearest friends, the most lucrative business, the best schools, the grayest parson, and the greenest hills, at home in good old Vairmount, to come to Michigan, where they had no neighbors, no parson, no hills, and the children were growing up without education, they were all working themselves to death, and, after all, didn't seem to get on. With reference to the last complaint, we may as well anticipate a few years, and state, that notwithstanding this melancholy list of grievances, the Jumpses continued to exist, nay, to thrive, from year to year, till, as we shall see, in due time, they had the best farm in the county, and the Jumpses became one of the "first families."

Guilford observed this very satisfactory account, which it gave them such evident delight to draw, and thought that as it is only necessary to see an evil in order to avoid falling into it ourselves, he himself would do better; therefore, he continued to hold on steadily to his course.

But Mr. Jumps seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in making Guilford March work.

"You have adopted a course, my little fellow," he would say, "and you must stick to it through thick and thin."

Accordingly, there was little peace or rest for the poor boy,
until night came. He began to fancy himself growing dull, like Joram and Toby. The thought horrified him; yet all the boys he saw were of the same species. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," sure enough, thought he.

He took sudden flight one morning when he had been sent after the cows, without Tobias, who had cut his foot. He left his best suit of clothes behind him, with the secret of his flight, in Susannah's keeping, and appeared before us in the manner already related.

My mother's plan for curing Guilford of a desire for farm-life had succeeded - aided as it was by fortuitous circumstances, of which the good lady never had dreamed.

"My son, you will go to school to-morrow."

"Yes, my dear mother, as soon as I have wood enough chopped to last Bowes all day."
During my first fall's residence at Puddleford, I frequently heard a character spoken of, who seemed to be full as famous in the annals of the place as Squire Longbow himself. He was called by a great variety of names, and very seldom alluded to with respect. He was termed the 'Fev-Nag,' the "Ag-an-Fev," the "Shakin' Ager," the 'Shakes,' and a great variety of other hard names were visited upon him.

That he was the greatest scourge Puddleford had to contend with, no one denied. Who he really was, what he was, where born, and for what purpose, was a question. Dobbs had one theory, Short another, and Teazle still another. Dr. Dobbs said 'that his appearance must be accounted for in this wise - that the marshes were all covered with water in the Spring, that the sun began to grow so all-fir'd hot 'long 'bout July and August, that it cream'd over the water with a green scum, and rotted the grass, and this all got stewed inter a morning fog, that rose up and elated itself among the Ox-er-gin and Hy-der-gin, and pizened everybody it touched.'

Dr. Dobbs delivered this opinion at the public house, in a very oracular style. I noticed several Puddlefordians in his presence at the time, and before he closed, their jaws dropped, and their gaping mouths and expanded eyes were fixed upon him with wonder.

Dr. Teazle declared that 'Dobbs didn't know anything about it. He said the ager was buried up in the sirth, and that when the sile
was turned up, it got loose, and folks breath'd it into their lungs
and from the lungs it went into the liver, and from the liver it went
to the kidneys, and the secretions got fuzzled up, and the bile turn'd
black, and the blood didn't run, and it set everybody's inards all a-
tremblin'.

Without attempting the origin of the ague and fever, it was, and
always has been the scourge of the West. It is the foe that the West
has ever had to contend with. It delays improvement, saps constitutions,
shatters the whole man, and lays the foundation for innumerable diseases
that follow and finish the work for the grave. It is not only ague and
fever that so seriously prostrates the pioneer; but the whole family
of intermittent and remittent fevers, all results of the same cause,
press in to destroy. Perhaps no one evil is so much dreaded. Labor,
privation, poverty are nothing in comparison. It is, of course, fought
in a great variety of ways, and the remedies are as numerous as they
are ridiculous. A physician who is really skillful in the treatment
of these diseases is, of course, on the road to wealth, but skillful
physicians were not frequent in Puddleford, as the reader has probably
discovered.

I recollect that during the months of September and October, sub-
sequently to my arrival, all Puddleford was 'down,' to use the expression
of the country; and if the reader will bear with me, and pledge himself
not to accuse me of trifling with so serious a subject, I will endeavor
to describe Puddleford 'in distress.'

I will premise by saying that it is expected that persons who are
on their feet during these visitations, give up their time and means
to those who are not. There is a nobleness of soul in a western community in this respect, that does honor to human nature. A village is one great family — every member must be provided for — old grudges are, for the time, buried.

I have now a very vivid remembrance of seeing Sile Bates, one bright October morning, walking through the main street of Puddleford, at the pace of a funeral procession, his old winter overcoat on, and a faded shawl tied about his cheeks. Sile informed me 'that he believed the ager was comin' on-ter him — that he had a spell on't the day before, and the day before that — that he had been a-stewin' up things to break the fits, and clean out his constitution, but it stuck to him like death on-ter a nigger' — he said 'his woman and two boys were shakin' like all possess't, and he rally believed if somebody didn't stop it, the log cabin would tumble down round their ears.' He said 'there warn't nobody to do nuthin' 'bout house, and that all the neighbors were worse off than he was.'

Sile was a melancholy object indeed. And in all conscience, reader, did you ever behold so solemn, wo-begone a thing on the round earth, as a man undergoing the full merits of ague and fever? Sile sat down on a barrel and commenced gaping and stretching, and now and then dropped a remark expressive of his condition. He finally began to chatter, and the more he chattered, the more ferocious he waxed. He swore 'that if he ever got well, he'd burn his house, sell his traps, 'bandon his land, pile his family into his cart, hitch on his oxen, and drive 'em, and drive 'em to the north pole, where there warn't no ager, he knew. One minit,' he said, 'he was a-freezin', and then he was a-burnin', and
then he was a-sweatin' to death, and then he had a well day, and that didn't 'mount to nothin', for the critter was only gettin' strength to jump on him agin the next.' Sile at last exhausted himself, and getting upon his feet went off muttering and shaking toward his house.

The next man I met was Squire Longbow. The Squire was moving slower, if possible, than Bates. His face looked as if it had been just turned out of yellow oak, and his eyes were as yellow as his face. As the Squire never surrendered to anything, I found him not disposed to surrender to ague and fever. He said 'he'd only had a little brush, but he'd knock it out on-him in a day or two. He was jist goin' out to scrape some elder bark up, to act as an emetic, as Aunt Sonora said if he scraped it down, it would have t' other effect - and that would kill it as dead as a door-nail.'

I soon overhauled Jim Buzzard, lying half asleep in the bottom of his canoe, brushing off flies with an oak branch. Jim, too, was a case, but it required something more than sickness to disturb his equilibrium. Jim said 'he warn't sick, but he felt the awfulest tired any dog ever did - he was the all-thunderest cold t'other day, he ever was in hot weather - somethin' 'nother came on-ter him all of a suddint, and set his knees all goin and his jaws a quiv'rin', and so he li'd down in-ter the sun, but the more he li'd, the more he kept on a shakin', and then that are all went off agin, and he'd be darned to gracious, if he didn't think he'd burn up - and so he just jumped inter the river, and cool'd off - and, now he feel'd jist so agin - and so he'd got where the sun could strike him a little harder this time. What shall a feller do?' at last inquired Jim.
'Take medicine,' said I.

'Not by a jug-full,' said Jim. 'Them are doctors don't get any of their stuff down my throat. If I can't stand it as long as the ager, then I'll give in. Let-er-shake if it warnts to - it works harder than I do, and will get tir'd bym-by. Have you a little plug by-yer jest now, as I haven't had a chew sin' morning, as it may help a feller some?' Jim took the tobacco, rolled over in his canoe, gave a grunt, and composed himself for sleep.

This portrait of Buzzard would not be ludicrous, if it was not true. Whether Socrates or Plato, or any other heathen philosopher, has ever attempted to define this kind of happiness, is more than I can say. In fact, reader, I do not believe that there was one real Jim Buzzard in the whole Grecian republic.

But why speak of individual cases? Nearly all Puddleford was prostrate - man, woman, and child. There were a few exceptions, and the aid of those few was nothing compared to the great demand of the sick. It was providential that the nature of the disease admitted of one well day, because there was an opportunity to 'exchange works,' and the sick of to-day could assist the sick of to-morrow, and so vice versa.

I looked through the sick families, and found the patients in all conditions. One lady had 'just broke the ager on-to her by sax-fax tea, mix'd with Columbo.' Another 'had been a-tryin' eli-cum-paine and pop'lar bark, but it didn't lie good on her stomach, and made her 'emy most crazy.' Another woman was 'so as to be crawlin', -- another was 'getting quite peert' -- another 'couldn't keep any thing down, she felt so qualmy' -- another said, 'the disease was runnin' her right
inter the black janders, and then she was gone' - another had 'run
clear of yesterday's chill, and was now going to weather it,' and so
on, through scores of cases.

It is worthy of note, the popular opinion of the character of this
disease. Although Puddleford had been afflicted with it for years, yet
it was no better understood by the mass of community than it was at
first. I have already given the opinion of Dobbs and Teazle of the
causes of the ague; but as Dobbs and Teazle held entirely different
theories, Puddleford was not much enlightened by their wisdom. (If
some friend will inform me when and where any community was ever en-
lightened by the united opinion of its physicians, I will publish it
in my next work.) Aunt Sonora had a theory which was a little old, but
it was hers, and she had a right to it. She said 'nobody on airt
could live with a stomach full of bile, and when the shakin' ager come
on, you'd jest got-ter go to work and get off all the bile - bile was
the ager, and physicians might talk to her till she was gray, 'bout
well folks having bile - she know'd better - 'twarn't no such thing.'

Now Aunt Sonora practised upon this theory, and the excellent old
lady administered a cart-load of boneset every season - blows to elevate
the bile, and the leaf as a tonic. However erroneous her theory might
have been, I am bound to say that her practice was about as successful
as that of the regular physician.

Mr. Beagles declared 'that the ague was in the blood, and the
patient must first get rid of all his bad blood, and then the ager would
go along with it.' Swipes said 'it was all in the stomach.' Dobbs said
'the billerous duck chok'd up with the mash fogs, and the secretions
went every which way, and the liver got as hard as sole-leather, and
the patient becom' sick, and the ager set in, and then the fever, and
the hull system got'er goin' wrong, and if it warn't stopped, natur'd
give out, and the man would die.' Teazle said 'it com'd from the
plough'd earth, and got inter the air, and jist so long as folks
breath'd aguery air, jist so long they'd have the ager.' Turtle said
'the whole tribe on 'em, men-doctors and women-doctors, were blockheads,
and the surest way to get rid of the ager, was to let it run, and when
it had run itself out, it would stop, and not afore.'

Here then, was Puddleford, at the mercy of a dozen theories, and
yet men and women recovered, when the season had run its course, and
were tolerably sure of health, until another year brought around another
instalment of miasma.

How many crops of men have been swept off by the malaria of every
new western country, I will not attempt to calculate! How many, few
persons have ever attempted! This item very seldom goes into the cost
of colonization. Pioneers are martyrs in a sublime sense, and it is
over their bones that school-houses, churches, colleges, learning, and
refinement are finally planted. But the death of a pioneer is a matter
of no moment in our country - it is almost as trifling a thing as the
death of a soldier in an Indian fight. There is no glory to be won
on any such field. One generation rides over another, like waves over
waves, and 'no such miserable interrogatory,' as Where has it gone? or
How did it go? is put; but What did it do? - What has it left behind?

Anyone who has long been a resident in the West, must have noticed
the operation of climate upon the constitution. The man from the New-
England mountains, with sinews of steel, soon finds himself flagging amid western miasma, and a kind of stupidity creeps over him, that it is impossible to shake off. The system grows torpid, the energies die, indifference takes possession, and thus he vegetates - he does not live.

And, dear reader, it does not lighten the gloom of the picture, to find Dobbs, and Teazle, and Short quarrelling over the remains of some departed one, endeavoring to delude the public into something themselves have no conception of, about the manner in which he or she went out of the world. Not that all the physicians are Dobbses or Teazles, but these sketches are written away out on the rim of society, the rim of Western society, where the townships are not yet all organized, and a sacred regard to truth compels me to record facts as they exist.
CHAPTER IV
FROM TERRITORY TO STATE

As the flood of immigration poured into Michigan during the 1830's, many towns were plotted out by pioneer entrepreneurs. Some were located in what their proprietors thought was a likely place to prosper because of water power or other geographical considerations. Some existed on paper only and never were actually settled. Whether or not a town prospered was not always the result of natural conditions however. Some localities with well placed advocates were able to persuade the legislature to ordain them as county seats while others were fortunate enough to be on the route of one of the prospective railroads.

As this selection from The Wilderness and The Rose illustrates, the determination of the route of these early railroads was sometimes a matter open to speculation. Also early townspeople can be observed in another seemingly characteristic activity, that of moving their buildings from one location to a more favorable one. The Wilderness and the Rose by Jerome J. Wood (1846-1903) was published in 1890. Unfortunately not much is known about Wood other than the fact that he was born and died near Hudson in Lenawee County, where the scenes of this tale are laid.

Albert Lathrop Lawrence (1865-?) in his novel The Wolverine (1904) provides a view of a little known facet of American history but one with far reaching consequences for the history of Michigan. The Michigan-Ohio boundry dispute or the Toledo War as it is sometimes referred to was an important issue as Michigan prepared for statehood under the guidance of her fiery young governor, Stevens T. Mason. The
eventual compromise, in which Ohio was allotted the disputed sliver of land allowing her a port on Lake Erie and Michigan was given the Upper Peninsula removed the final obstacle for her admittance into the Union but many Michiganders at the time felt they had been given a bad bargain. Only later when the tremendous metallic and timber wealth of the Upper Peninsula had been revealed was Michigan to realize what a fine bargain she had received.

Albert Lathrop Lawrence was born in Coldwater but resided in Lansing most of his life. There he engaged in writing short stories, two novels, and served as an officer in a printing firm.

The Upper Peninsula which Michigan scorned in 1837 is the scene of a backwoods party at a somewhat later date in the selection from The Launching of a Man (1899). Obviously the life of the Michigan settler was not only one of unmitigated labor but had its festive occasions as well.

The author of this tale, Stanley Waterloo (1846-1913), was born in St. Clair County near Lake Huron. After graduating from the University of Michigan in 1869 he became a reporter and eventually editor and owner of several Chicago and St. Louis newspapers. The Launching of a Man was but one of several fairly successful novels penned by Waterloo. His most popular was The Story of Ab (1897), a juvenile novel about prehistoric man, the plot of which Jack London was to later emulate in A Son of Adam.
Chapter X
Of The Wilderness And The Rose
By Jerome J. Wood
Published In 1890

In the spring great activity prevailed in Keene. An intense excitement stirred the settlers. The tide of migration westward demanded better facilities for transportation. The Southern railroad was projecting its line west of Adrian; already the surveyors had reached Keene.

"I tell yeou what, eour fortun's made th' minit that road strikes this place," Brother Jonathan said with emphasis.

"Th' Lord has deemed it best to send this blessin' to us," said Deacon Jones.

"Corner lots'll go a whoopin' er I'm no jedge," the little justice said.

"This is altogether th' most excitin' time since th' war of eighteen twelve," chimed Peg-leg Brown.

"I've heern tell they was a running 'nother line 'bout ten miles south through Lane," Brother Jonathan said.

"Tain't no good, though, this yere Keene's right in th' direct line west of Adrian."

""N Lanesville, what does that little, stinkin' place amount to anyway?"

"They don't stand no show at all."

"Th' nat'ral 'vantages of this place's too great for that."

"They mount jist's well hang up their fiddle."

"Jest's sure's you live."
"Imagine th' consequence this 'ere place'll be," Brother Jonathan suggested.

"All owin' to an overpowerin' providence," the Deacon said.

"There's no knowin' what them Lanesville fellers will be up to, though."

"Sho, I ain't a bit afeerd o' them."

"What's this 'ere road agoin' to?"

"Tew Kalamazoo er Checawgo."

"They say that Checawgo, or Chicogo, as some calls it, is destined to be a great city."

"Th' liveliest place in th' West now, by all odds."

"Built right in er swamp, too."

"Medina's th' smartest place I know on in these parts. They've got a store thar that does more business than th' rest o' th' country put together an' now they've started a mill, too, an' they come from 'way down in Ohio an' Indiany to git their grists ground."

"I thought Canandaigua had got th' start of 'em."

"Oh, git out! they are a movin' th' houses from Canandaig' to Medina."

"And Morenci, how about her?"

"Morenci an' all th' rest o' em'll 'mount to nothin' when th' railroad gits to Keene."

**Immigration was coming into the country at a lively rate. Stages from the railroad terminus at Adrian were laden with passengers seeking homes and fortunes in the New West. Business at the Franklin tavern was booming. The new era of prosperity had set in.**
railroad would be the clincher to make Keene a commercial mart of prominence. It would soon be at high tide.

The promoters of the rival, Lanesville, were not idle, however. A leading light of the place had a confidential talk with one of the engineers running the line for the railroad. The Lanesville man was a shrewd chap, ready to drive a sharp bargain.

He said to the surveyor: "Now you might jest's well come in out o' th' wet an' take care o' yourself in locatin' this 'ere railroad o' yourn."

"Yes, but how can I deflect the line two miles south to get to Lanesville; we're making for Hillsdale now, and that's even farther north than Keene is?"

"But if we made it an object to ye, an' got it run through here as th' most feasible route, in your eye, you ought to do it an' look out fer yourself."

"What sort of a condition would you make?"

"Make it in corner lots, right here in th' heart o' th' town, an' if th' railroad comes it's bound to be a city, an' yer fortune's made sure fire."

"I think I can see some advantages about the place that I never saw before," the engineer said.

"That's it, that's it, work yer courage up an' go in. These corner lots's yours when th' road's here."

It was an infinite astonishment to the inhabitants of Keene when it was soon after announced that the railroad would go through Lanesville.
"That beats all creation," said Brother Jonathan.

"A cross we'll have to bear," said Deacon Jones.

"Something beyond my jurisdiction," the little justice said.

"This air road'll be as crooked as a ram's horn," said Coonskin Joe.

"Th' greatest disap'ntment to me since Long Tom 'scaped th' clutches of th' law," said Peg-leg Brown.

"What shall we do in th' midst of th' 'fliction?'" the Deacon said.

Wa-al, neow, if th' mountain won't go tew Mahomet, why, by th' beard of th' prophit, Mahomet will go tew th' mountain. I'll move; I'm 'bout Yankee 'nough fer that," Brother Jonathan said.

"What, move yer hotel to Lanesville?"

"Sartin."

"How?"

"Jest put th' buildin' on skids, an' th' oxen'll yank it over there. Ther'll be no interruption of business."

"An' keep tavern by th' way?"

"Ya-as. It'll be th' wayside inn."

"Haw-haw! haw-haw!"

"I'll bet a York shilling there's a nigger in th' woodpile somewhere."

"How's that?"

"In gittin' this road to Lanesville."

Mr. Bony Jenks spoke up and said: "I heerd a man say as how if this 'ere railroad come through here they'd ship everything out o' th' country, an' butter, eggs an' sich'd be scarcer'n hens' teeth, an'"
thar wouldn't be nothin' left fer th' folks to eat, 'twould be so
tarnal scarce an' dear. Seemed to me like th' man what said it was
clean agin us, an' arter all thar 'pears to be suthin like sense in
what he says."

"Sho," said old man Brown, the store-keeper, "I take jest an
opposite view, an opposite view entirely. Here we've come into this
country to raise stuff, an' if th' railroad comes an' does all th'
haulin' what'll th' hosses an' oxen have to do, I'd like to know?
An' if there ain't nothin' for th' hosses to do what'll be th' use of
raisin' hay an' all that kind o' fodder when th' country's cleared up?
I tell you there's somethin' to look at in that direction."

"Yeou git eout," Brother Jonathan said, "when th' railroad comes
this country'll be developed an' no mistake. We've jist got teu git
on th' line of development at Lanesville. This 'ere hull settlement's
got to git thar pritty quick."

"A-a-men, brother!" drawled the Deacon.

Brother Jonathan was as good as his word. It being definitely
determined that the railroad would go through Lanesville, he made
preparations for removing his tavern to the coming metropolis. The
question of location agitated the inn-keeper.

"I've half a notion teu locate my - er hotel on th' main corners
on th' east side o' th' crick, Lovina."

"Hotel, hotel," repeated Mrs. Bellamy, "'pears teu me it's gittin;
pritty stylish for plain folks like us that's allers kep' a tavern teu
be talkin' 'bout hotels."

"Wa-al, we mount jest's well begin fust's last. Here's this 'ere
Lanesville goin' tew be a great city, an' eour hotel'll be th' fust an' most important one. We'll be there all ready tew greet th' railroad when she comes; so we've got tew put on some style, th' occasion demands it."

"There's suthin in that, but it seems tew me that th' west side'd be th' best; most places is grow'd up on the west side of th' streams, I don't know why."

"S'pose it's on account of westward th' star of empire's takin' it's way. Gits to goin' an' can't stop till it gits clear across th' crick; but here at Lanesville th' cars'll take wood an' water on th' east side, an' there's where th' town'll be, else I'm no prophet or th' son of one, an' there's where I'll set my stakes. They think they're some punkins there already. Last week, at th' shootin' match on th' flats, old Si Hawks put up th' chickens an' turkeys. Hank Stump an' Bill Flint was there a matchin' pennies on th' head of a bar'l, th' same slick game they played on th' natives at Rollin' an' Coontown. They was pards, of course. Their onderhanded game was to use double-headed pennies. In throwin' or matchin' on th' head of a bar'l, the coppers had tew be picked up by one of the pards. If it was played on a board, or table, the coin could be brushed off by any of the players and the deception diskivered. If yeou see 'em a matchin' pennies 'round the head of a bar'l, look out for 'em sartin' sure; these pards is a linin' their pockets with "Bungtown coppers."

Neow, tain't for me to give it away. I'm in the hotel biz, an' depend somewhat on th' entire public.

"How kin men do like that an' be respectable?"
"If yeou get th' money yeou'll be respectable anyhow. Some men are up tew all sorts o' tricks. Why there's Bony Jenks, who's traveled all over New York an' New Jersey, so they say, an' he was took in the slickest way ever heerd of. He was again' along th' road tew Coontown one day when he notices a chap a practicin' turnin' some walnut shells a top of a stump. It looked so simple-like that it 'tracted Bony's 'tention an' th' innocent an' lamb-like stranger 'splained tew him that 'twas suthin' he'd seen deoun East, an' he was a practicin' tew do it hisself. Th' thing was to tell which shell th' ball was under an' at th' same time he awkwardly showed th' little joker under the shell. As scarce as change was with Bony, he says, 'Bet yew four shillin' I kin tell,' an' the stranger he covered Bony's money. An' when our feller citizen lifted th' cup joker war'n't there. He had picked up th' wrong walnut shell, and' was terribly cut up at bein' taken in an' done for by so green a lookin' stranger who was evidently layin' for suckers."

"How was it done?"

"Entirely by slight o' hand. There's ever so many skin-games what seem tew thrive in a new country. There's th' strap game an' three-card monte, all calculated to deceive th' onwary."

"I don't see how they find victims."

"Oh, they allers find someone who thinks they knows more'n they do, but I'll tell yeou what, an' it's th' result of life-long observation an' 'sperience, yeou bet yeou life it never pays tew bet on another man's game."

"I shall worry th' life out o' me a thinkin' that yeou are liable
tew git me into all sorts o' trouble by fallin' into these traps sot for the onwary."

"Tut, tut, woman," said the landlord, and he went out of doors whistling and his spouse restored her amiability somewhat by saying: "Th' sins o' this life, as th' preacher said, are visited on th' sons of men, I'm thankful it don't take in th' wimmen, tew."

Brother Jonathan got his hotel building up on skids and rollers. By hitching log-chains to the underpinning of the building it was all ready to move being, virtually a house on wheels. According to previously concerted arrangement his old friends and neighbors, when the preparations were all made, were on hand in force with ox-teams to haul the caravansary to its new location down the valley.

"Haw, Buck! haw, Buck, haw! Ge up, Bright! gee up, gee!" were the commands of Deacon Jones as he maneuvered his bovines into place, with a large ox-goad plying over their heads.

"The Deacon wouldn't part with them steers for nothin'," said Bony Jenks.

So wonted had the landlord become to the spot where he had set his stakes that he was taking a farewell view of the surroundings, and was interrupted in the communion with himself by old Brown, the store-keeper, who sadly exclaimed: "This seems kinder tough to have this 'ere settlement broke up, but if you go, I go, too. It's one go, all go, sheep."

"They say th' school-teacher's goin' into business at Lanesville," the Deacon said.

"Suthin' tuggin' at his heart-strings to draw him thar. Don't
know but I'll be inclined to go myself," the little justice said.

"Wal, if th' court goes, I goes too; b'sides, I think that gal's had an attachment served on her by th' school-master, an' I want to see it satisfied," said Peg-leg Brown.

Deeming these remarks to be of a personal nature, the landlord did not deign to notice them and merely said, in a general way: "Wa-al, we shall leave th' road behind us an' will be glad tew see ye all come. One thing's sartin, th' latch-string of th' Franklin House'll allers be a hanging eout for yeou."

The journey down the road to Lanesville was a unique one. The cattle tugged and pulled at the command of the drivers; the chains creaked and the timbers snapped, but it was fairly easy work for the united oxen; and, though they halted often, the task was finally done.

As the building was moved up on the new site all hands united in a hearty cheer, joined in also by the residents of Lanesville, who had been attracted to the spot.

The landlord's family had retained possession of the building while it was in transit, and, by the time that the teams were unhitched, Mrs. Bellamy and her pretty daughter, Matilda, aided by the hostler, passed a luncheon of cider and doughnuts to the party constituting the moving-bee.

Cup in hand, Deacon Jones mounted a stump, conveniently at hand, and holding his glass aloft, said: "Here's to Brother Jonathan, who knows how to keep a hotel, an' to his good wife an' pritty dorter; here's long life and prosperity to them, and to th' Franklin House."

"Drink hearty, boys, drink hearty!" exclaimed the open-hearted
boniface, from his inmost soul.

"Here's to 'em all," said the crowd in unison, and the new house was christened.

"When I git things straightened around a bit, I want all yeou boys tew come an' see us. We'll have a shake-down - a reg'lar old-fashioned time," the landlord said.

"You bet your boots we will," they said.

The new hotel was ready for business none too soon, for gangs of men were already putting up trestle work for the track across the river-bottoms, and other gangs were approaching the place from the East, grading and clearing the way for the laying of the strap-rail used in the days of primitive railroading.

When this was accomplished and the stringers, upon which the strap-rail was to be laid, were down, it was discovered that the supply of the latter article would reach only to Clayton. Here was a dilemma, indeed. It would be months before another supply could be secured. The inhabitants of Lanesville, as well as the constructors of the road, were impatient at the delay. The inventive ingenuity of man ever keeps the adage good, that where there's a will there's a way.

"Seems tew infernal bad that this 'ere road is tied up an' won't be able to git here this year," the landlord said.

"Wal, I dunno 'bout that, I've got an idea; think I'll see th' boss. I b'lieve we kin git some hard-maple strips at th' saw-mill, an' spike 'em on in place of th' strap-rail fer th' keers to run on, an' it'll answer every purpose," a carpenter engaged on the trestle-work said.
When he approached the superintendent with the project, he readily fell in with the plan, and it was speedily put into execution.

"Hang me, if I didn't think we'd have an exasperatin' delay, said the official.

The experiment proved successful. Amid the plaudits of the small, but excited populace, the "Comet," with two coaches attached, streamed into Lanesville. It was a diminutive affair, we would say now, and would compare with a threshing engine of to-day; but, nevertheless, 'twas the pioneer of the mighty engines that now speed across the continent.

Excitement was at its greatest height when the train rolled up in front of the Franklin House. Peg-leg Brown stood near the track. He was infected with enthusiasm, and swung his hat wildly in the air. He shouted: "Saw my leg off short! Clar th' track, th' bulgine's comin'! All git aboard for Pittsford, Osseo an' Hillsdale; if you can't git aboard git a slab!"
There was promise now of stirring times in the Territory. General Cass had returned to Washington, leaving fiery young Mason to act as Governor. The plot which Perry had discovered to rob Michigan of a strip of land on her southern boundary had aroused the people to a fighting pitch. Ohio was determined to run the line marking her boundary where she wished it, even if her surveyors had to be protected by the entire military force of the State. Upon the receipt of this piece of news, Perry was summoned to the Capitol.

"How many men can you muster in your company at a moment's notice?" asked Mason, when the Captain of the Bradies presented himself.

"Sixty, at least," replied Perry.

"And the other company?"

"An equal number, I have no doubt."

"Who is your lieutenant? Would you trust him to lead your company, if you were called to a higher position?"

"Yes, Governor," replied Perry, wondering what was in store for him. "You know something of Antoine Beaucoeur. He is my lieutenant."

"Good!" exclaimed the Governor. "These Bradies - they can be relied upon - you are positive - " Mason was feeling his way.

"They will obey your orders, Governor, and fight to the bitter end, if that is what you wish to know - and fate has no better end in store for us," replied North, warmly.

"Ah, the men of Michigan are made of royal stuff!" exclaimed young
Mason. "Captain, I am going to ask you to give up your command to serve on my staff. I want you there - the Territory needs you there. You accept? - then hereafter it will be Major North."

"Thank you, Governor," said Perry. He wondered why his immediate thought was of Marie. Long since he had given her up, except as now and then he weakly dreamed of what might have been. Did the Governor's presence suggest mademoiselle? It was a common thing to connect their names; and there was never an interview with Mason but the girl came to Perry's mind, and often with a jealousy he could not understand.

Four days later the Bradies were encamped on the banks of the Maumee in company with several hundred troops. Their position commanded Toledo - the towns of Vistula and Port Lawrence having recently been united under this name. A gallant sight was presented when their dashing young Governor, surrounded by his staff dressed in buckskin and splendidly mounted, reviewed the troops which he had assembled to guard the interests of his Territory. Up the river a few miles was Governor Lucas, backed by the Ohio militia to the number of several hundred, which rumor increased to ten thousand, and the Governor's own proclamation made "a million of free men!"

In a council which the Wolverines held soon after their arrival it was decided that definite knowledge of the enemy's plan must be obtained. Information was required which could be gained only by sending someone into the enemy's lines.

"By gad, I'll go myself!" exclaimed impulsive young Mason, starting to his feet. Kings had played the part of spy before now - why not a governor? This readiness to face any danger was fast making the
young man the idol of his people.

"No, no," said experienced General Brown. "You are too well known. There are a score of men with Lucas and his followers, who have met you in Detroit. You would be recognized and made prisoner, and it would play the devil with our plans - if it did not prove serious to your person. Surely another can be found who will volunteer to undertake this mission."

Mason's face darkened with disappointment, for the dangers of such an errand fired his very soul, and he found it hard to forego the excitement held in promise by the work. One of his best traits, however, was a readiness to be advised by older heads; and now, as he so often did, he yielded to his counselors. In the silence which followed the officer's last words, the Governor's eyes passed from face to face around the council board, till they met the return gaze of his junior staff-officer. There was a quick exchange of intelligence between the two, and then Perry stepped forward.

"I will undertake the mission," said he, quietly, "if you wish me to do so."

"Major North - I know of none better qualified, General," said the Governor. And so it was decided.

Perry held a last consultation with his Chief and the General out under the stars. Then, with an escort of half a dozen men, he was ferried to the opposite bank of the river. Mounting horses there, they took the road leading to the southeast, and galloped away for several miles. When they halted it was before a farm-house, the owner of which was known to favor the Michigan cause. The startled inmates
were aroused from their slumbers, and a horse and light wagon pressed into service, together with a load of vegetables and some poultry. A little farther on Perry dismissed his escort, and mounting the light wagon, continued his way alone toward the enemy's camp, disguised as an enterprising truck-farmer.

He had made a long detour to gain their flank, and just as the sun was rising, drove into the Ohio camp with his produce. He had no trouble in gaining admission within the lines; for the last few miles farmers had joined him from time to time, bent on an errand which seemed the same as his. A long line thus formed was allowed to proceed at once into camp, where each wagon was quickly surrounded by militiamen eager to make as appetizing a breakfast as possible. The same tactics were played on all the helpless farmers. While a single private engaged the owner's attention in driving a sharp bargain, a dozen others helped themselves to his goods and disappeared.

It served Perry's purpose to enter a resolute protest against such treatment, and he carried the matter boldly to headquarters, where he became the spokesman for a large group of indignant farmers. "Identify your goods, and they shall be restored to you," was the answer which they received. Unfortunately for those who really cared, one dressed fowl very much resembles another, and potatoes have not such marked personalities that they may be distinguished with certainty; less than this the officer would not act upon. Besides, he showed a decided preference in taking testimony - a militiaman's uniform was a badge of truth and veracity, while the garb of a rustic marked a liar every time.

However, Perry gained an accurate knowledge of the force marshalled
against the Wolverine troops, and decided that with his comrades lay
the advantage only in that they would have the choice of position.

A council would be held in the evening, when action was to be
taken regarding future movements, and Perry determined to have an ear
there if possible. Country people had accepted the war-like demon-
stration as an event demanding a holiday, and were out in numbers
exceeding the military. Very little discipline had been maintained
during the day, but at night pickets were posted, and all civilians
excluded from the lines. Before the change, Perry had hidden himself
in a clump of bushes, where he could hear every word. A man in uniform
sat near, and through an open window discharged tremendous volleys of
tobacco juice into the very bushes that concealed him. In infinite
danger of being hit by the enemy's fire, Perry bravely held his position
till the council adjourned.

During the proceedings he repeatedly heard the voice which had
plotted with Gettler in Gaspard Beaucoeur's home that night many months
before. They called the voice "Major;" and the office was convinced
that the Michigan troops would not fight, but were merely putting up
a bluff; - all of which recalled that other conversation. Everyone
wished to avoid bloodshed if possible; and after a free discussion, it
was decided to make a flank movement to the left of the Wolverine lines,
send out another detachment by boat from Cleveland to threaten communi-
cations with Detroit, and so compel the stripling Governor to retreat
with his forces from the position he had taken.

Perry was now ready to return to his Chief, having gained the
information he had come for. But his first movement drew the attentions
of a dog, which set up a furious barking.


"Nothin' but a rabbit, I'll swear," said a second soldier. "Wish 'twas a coon, now! Here, you, Old Hickory!" continued the second voice, seizing the dog by the muzzle and spinning him about. "Let up on that 'ere music!"

Then the officer at the window thrust his head out, not two feet from Perry's and called gruffly - "What's all this noise about?"

For a moment there was silence.

"Nothin' but a fool dog an' a jack-rabbit, Colonel," replied one of the soldiers, who fancied he understood the situation.

"Sure 'tain't a Wolverine?" questioned the Colonel, with a bit of humor in his tones.

"Put-cher-dog in the guard-house - he's disturbin' meet'n'," said another voice in the dark.

A laugh greeted these sallies, after which quiet was restored. With Perry's second attempt he cleared the bushes, but before he had gone a dozen feet he was roughly seized by a soldier. Curbing his inclination to knock the fellow down, the captive made some surly reply to the question that was put to him.

"I've run y'u out o' camp twice to-night," said his captor, with an oath. "I've a good mind t' run y'u through now with this bayonet!"

"Now y'u won't do that, Mr. Soldier," whined Perry, cringing from the other, adopting the tactics which promised best to serve his needs.

"Y'u kin put me out ag'in, an' I'll come back ag'in, too, s'long's
y'u keep my hoss an' waggin. Y'u're a lot o' thieves! That's what y'u are. An' I'll say it if I die fur it. Y'u begun this mornin' by stealin' my turnips and chickens, and now y'u want 'o keep my hoss an' waggin!"

His captor drew him toward a comrade who held a lantern. Others gathered about.

"He's the feller what carried complaint to the Gov'nor this mornin'," said one.

"Ride 'im out o' camp, boys," cried another, at the same time thrusting a long-barreled rifle between Perry's legs. In a moment the prisoner was in the air - the next instant the man who had seized the muzzle of the rifle was sprawling on the ground. Apparently the fellow at the rear had lifted his end too high, for Perry had fallen forward, dealing the man before him such a blow that he would be slow to play a joke again.

"Now stop y'ur foolin', boys," whined their victim. "If y'u'll give me my hoss an' waggin I'll go 'way an' won't bother y'u no more."

"Give 'im his hoss an' waggin, Dick," cried a soldier, facetiously, at the same time dealing the countryman a thrust that sent him staggering against the man addressed.

There was a general guffaw.

"I hain't got his hoss an' waggin," returned Dick, and he sent the countryman back, apparently with usury, for the fellow who received him tumbled to the earth as if struck by a cannon-ball.

They were having a lot of fun, but two of their number had retired from the game.
"What's all this disturbance?" demanded an officer, stepping into the group.

"I want my hoss an' waggin," repeated Perry. "Y'u're a lot o' highwaymen - that's what y'u are -"

"Is your horse a sorrel, with a white face and one white foot?" asked the officer, with an encouraging air.

"Yes, sir," replied Perry, for any horse would answer his purpose - and he was willing to forget about the wagon, if it would hasten his departure any.

"Come with me," commanded the friendly officer, and the countryman obeyed. "Is this your horse and wagon?" the officer demanded, after he had conducted Perry half through the camp to a stable by the roadside.

"Yes, sir," answered Perry, and indeed it was the very turnout that had brought him there in the early morning.

"Here, Corporal," called the officer, "conduct this fellow beyond our pickets."

Five minutes later Perry was jogging along the road northward, fairly started on his return. He left the horse to choose his own way and gait, confident the beast would carry him directly to his stable. Perry had had no sleep for thirty-six hours, and sorely felt the need of rest; stretching himself in the bottom of the wagon, he was soon fast asleep.

As long as the jolting continued he slept soundly, but the moment that ceased he awoke to find the sorrel had done his part well. Ex-changing now for his own fresh horse, - one of the thoroughbreds which the late Governor Porter had brought into the Territory from Pennsylvania,
- Perry was not long in completing the remaining distance, and day broke as he was being ferried across the Maumee. Camp was soon astir, and when admitted to Governor Mason and General Brown, a dozen men awaited him, military and civil officers of the Territory, besides politicians - an eager audience that hung upon his words.

"We must organize a naval force to meet this expedition from Cleveland," declared Mason, when Perry was done speaking. "Thank Heaven, Michigan has loyal lake captains who will be equal to this emergency! I reckon I'd better prepare the despatches at once. General, how will you meet the movement on our right?"

"I think these Buckeyes will discover our right reaches farther than they have any idea," declared the General. "Wherever they cross the line, I promise you, they'll find our troops there facing them."

And he was as good as his word.
"We are going to be very gay," announced Barbara jauntily, as she poured the breakfast coffee one cold, glittering morning. "I have accepted an invitation on behalf of father and me and our distinguished guest from 'below.'"

"I shall be glad to go anywhere with Judge Sloan and his daughter," said Sargent, "but it's uncanny somehow - this constant reference to the depths from which I come."

"Up here, Mr. Sargent," Judge Sloan interposed, with the entirely unnecessary information, "Up her, every stranger is inevitably located as from 'below' - meaning south from upper Michigan."

"Nothing could come from above," said Barbara, "nothing save the north wind, for there is only Lake Superior."

"As you very justly remark," the Judge spoke with his usual slow dignity, using one of the forms of words which had become habitual to him - and somehow they were interjected into ordinary conversation with ludicrous effect - "it is embarrassing to be continually spoken of as from 'below,' but I assure you no offense is intended."

"Or taken," heartily assented Sargent, "but about that gayety, Miss Sloan? The idea of going anywhere with the thermometer from ten to twenty-five below zero appeals to me with force. Will you tell me what is in store for us?"

"We are going to an entertainment in the Fletcher District," answered Barbara. "This evening at early candle light, the Fletcher
mansion, the first house built in all this region, will be opened to entertain the neighborhood. All the beauty and chivalry of the surrounding country will be there, to say nothing of such strangers as are visiting us. And," contined she, "we will take Michael and his 'wee wicked fiddle' along with us so that we may have a dance, if the Court please," turning prettily to her father and making a comic gesture of homage, and laughing as the two men at table smiled, for she had the august Judge completely under domination.

"I fear the evening will be somewhat tedious," said Judge Sloan, glancing longingly toward his chair by the fireplace, and his book and pipe on the table near it.

"But, father," Barbara expostulated, "Mr. Sargent has never been at the Fletchers', nor seen anything so perfectly typical of our Northern Michigan life, as is their home. I think it is but due to him as a guest that we should give him opportunity to see, not only the Fletchers and their house, but our social surrounding just as they are. Mr. Sargent has not stirred from our place, except for walks in the woods, since the day of his arrival."

"Your observations are quite justified, my dear," the Judge confessed. "We must take Mr. Sargent to Fletcher's; the visit will certainly interest and amuse him - for a time at least -" and the good man sighed the sigh of the patient parent of a grown-up daughter.

And so it came that the sound of sleigh bells called the little group of well-wrapped people to their door that frosty evening, just as the red glow was fading in the west. Michael held the reins of the restless horses, and Michael's fiddle was under his seat in the sleigh.
Fur-booted and fur-wrapped, veiled and hooded, Barbara sprang into the sleigh like a wood sprite weighed down only by her weight of garb. And Sargent sat down beside her. Judge Sloan, a mere bundle of comfortable clothing, under his daughter's watchful care, occupied the seat in front beside Michael. Heavy buffalo robes were tucked about the party, and the horses gave the bells a shake.

"They feel good, them horses," said Tilda, as she stood in the door holding a lighted lantern of tin with holes bored in it, to show the light through, the pattern being wrought to imitate the befeathered head of an Indian chief. The road was tolerably well broken for the sleigh, and it seemed but a short ride over the eight miles which intervened between "Honey Creek," Judge Sloan's place, and the old house of the Fletchers.

The moon "shone fair on field and fell," as the sleigh dashed up in front of the great log Fletcher house. Beside the road, beyond the house, extended a long, low, open shed, already fairly occupied by teams which had brought guests in sleighs, "jumpers' and bobsleds. Attached to one of the bobsleds was a yoke of oxen, and from the shed came the sound of much snorting and stamping of feet, varied by an occasional bellow. The bells had announced the arrival of the new party, the door of the house opened, a flood of light streamed out, they were welcomed hospitably and hurried inside upon a scene which was certainly inspiriting.

It was a fine old log house, that of the Fletchers, the main part of it long built, but built exceeding well. It had been, originally, but a rectangle, its side facing the road, with a big doorway in the
middle, and a big window on either side. There had been partitions
then, the large room with a fireplace at one end, and two bedrooms
and a kitchen at the other. As time passed and children and prosperity
came to the pioneer couple, an addition had been made to the house in
the form of a wing set against its rear. In this wing were all the
bedrooms and the big kitchen. The house in its new form was a "T,"
but this did not show from the road. The partitions in the original
house had been removed, and it was now one great room with the enormous
fireplace at one end, and was the general sitting-room and living-room
of the big family.

The fireplace was just as it had been twenty years before. In
front of it the wide brick hearth extended far out into the room, and
from one side of the huge chimney still swung the iron crane from which,
before the wing and stove stage, had hung the kettles in which hulled
corn, and frumenty, and samp had been cooked, and all the stewing and
boiling of the old days had been done, to gain a flavor not excelled
by any product of the stove in the new kitchen. Upon the hearth before
the fire and in the tin oven which formerly stood there, had been
cooked such "Johnny-cake" and bread as the older men said they could
get nowhere nowadays. From the crane had once hung the griddle, where
big buckwheat cakes were baked, and on the hearth above the raked-out
red coals had once stood the three-legged revolving gridiron on which
venison steaks were broiled. To the left of the fireplace the old-
fashioned dye-tub, with its indigo dye and its soaking yarns, still
occupied a place, making an excellent seat for any of the younger mem-
bers of the family, and on the right stood the pile of firewood, such
as had been brought in nightly for nearly a quarter of a century.

There is art in piling up the firewood brought in at night. The great backlog, of hickory or hard maple, must be lugged in first, for it is first to be utilized in the morning. It must be laid three or four feet from the wall, and the space between it and the wall filled with the split ash and beech and smaller logs used for constant replenishing of the fire. When this space is filled about even with the top of the backlog, the forelog, smaller but also of hardwood, must be brought and laid well in front of the backlog. Above this and heaped high up against the wall the remainder of the fuel necessary may be laid without any order. All this because of the fire building of the morning, when he whose duty it is to get up and build the fire with the thermometer away below zero, half dresses hurriedly, rushes to the fireplace where nothing is visible but white ashes, pulls out the heavy andirons, seize the great iron shovel standing ever at hand, scrapes the ashes away from the back of the fireplace and exposes a great mass of huge living coals, the backlog of the day before. He pulls them to the front, clears out the hollow at the back, heaves into the place so made the backlog brought in the night before, covers it with ashes, shoves the andirons up against it, one on either side, heaps the blazing coals between them, throws on a bit or two of light wood, lays the forelog in front squarely across the andirons, and then, between it and the chimney back, above the already blazing fire below, lays more or less criss-cross, so that air and flame may circulate, the sticks which made the ordinary fuel. There is a roaring, warming, comforting fire in no time.
Six or eight inches from the floor, in the jamb at the right of the fireplace, there was a space which shone whitely of deep abrasion and indentation; this was where a generation had kicked its frozen cowhide boots on in the morning. In the heavy oaken floor, a little at one side, was a smooth dark hollow, charred in at one time; this was where a "smudge," made in a tin pan to drive away mosquitoes, had, some summer night, burned too fiercely and fired the floor beneath.

Above the fireplace was a mantel shelf, black with smoke and age, and upon it were various articles in common use. At the other side of the room was another shelf, well elevated. Upon its middle stood a high clock with an imitation mahogany frame, the lower part of the door ornamented with a painted flower-pot holding a tremendous bouquet of red roses and other flowers. On one side of the clock stood a big green camphor bottle, and on the other a bottle of "cholagogue," a sovereign remedy for fever and ague, as malaria was still designated, danger from which yet lurked in the swamps, in the spring and fall. Further along, on each side were coal-oil lamps, though formerly candles, made by dipping, had occupied their places. To-night there were blazing lamps on each of the two shelves, and on brackets set in the wall. At each end of the clock-shelf stood a vase with more flowers upon it. Never, even in summer, were real flowers placed in such vases. They were purely ornamental; and not to be desecrated by use. Upon the walls were pictures, two colored prints, one of Henry Clay, the other of Frelinghuysen, and there was another, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and one of an old English landscape. The overflow to northern Michigan had been mostly from New England and New York. There were chairs and
rocking chairs ranged about the sides of the room, and in one place stood an old cherry "bureau," in the top drawer of which was kept the smaller finery of the girls, in the second that of the men and boys, while the one beneath was locked and belonged to "Mother," as one of the children had told Barbara during the evening, telling her also that in it was a little baby's cap which had grown yellow, and that there were some old dresses and ribbons, and pressed flowers and a red-stone breastpin, and a little book, and that "Ma" cried sometimes when she went there.

The beams of the low ceiling of the room came down almost to the heads of the tall young lumbermen and farmers and wood-cutters, who, dressed in their best and awkward in consequence, were paying their court with bashful zeal to the beauty and grace of Fletcher's District.

When Judge Sloan's party entered there had been a moment of confusion, but the measured chant that could be heard outside very soon began again. A young man and woman stood at one end of the room with their hands clasped higher than their heads, and under the angle formed by their arms, the merry-faced girls and strongfeatured, laughing men marched one by one, singing to an air certainly older than the settlement of America.

"The needle's eye,
It doth supply
The thread that runs so true.
There's many a lass
That I've let pass,
But now I have caught you!"

The song and march went on monotonously over and over for a few minutes, and then there was a great shout of laughter, a little pause,
and the song began again, with a new girl blushingly holding up the hands of the young gallant who had chosen her. In her turn she must now choose a partner — and a kiss was always exchanged between the two — the signal for the shouting and the laughing.

Sargent glanced at Barbara as she stood by the fire demurely looking on.

"Let us join the players," he said. "Had I known about 'The Needle's Eye' I should have begged that we might start for this place before dinner."

But it would have been easier for the camel to get through the eye of the needle, or for the rich man to obtain the Kingdom of Heaven, than for Sargent to secure what he craved from this particular needle's eye. Barbara promptly introduced him to a blooming maiden with saucy black eyes, and sent the couple helplessly on their way around the room. Joining her father, who was duly installed in the place of honor on a pine settle by the side of the pioneer and host, Barbara watched the play with a delighted sympathy which had in it no shadow of condescension or mock modesty, and yet she seemed to Sargent to be far away from the joyous laughing circle in which he found himself. He gave himself up to the moment, however, and soon became the center of the riot and fun of the merry-makers. It could not well be otherwise, he entered with such zest into the spirit of the occasion, and as he towered even above most of the stalwart woodsmen, his magnetic personality and his striking, laughing face won all at once. They liked him, and he felt it and was very glad of it. If he could not have Barbara, he could, at least, be a thorough boy for an hour or so. Besides, the
black-eyed girl was certainly very pretty.

Soon the song was changed, and the company took hold of hands and began circling around a pink cheeked and pink gowned girl standing alone in the center of the space made by the singing players. It was a long time before the play ended.

"So the farmer sows his seed
And scatters far what he may need,
Stamps his foot and waves his hand
And turns around and views the land!"

So sang the chorus of careless young voices, the lines which have later wandered even into the kindergartens, suiting the action to the words, the great feet of the men, shod in cow-skin, coming down on the bare floor with a loud bang, and the more-lightly clad feet of the girls making a pattering noise by their side. Round and round they whirled, the bright faces flushed in the lamp light, and "clap! clap!" went big brown hands and smaller ones as the game unwound itself, always coming to a climax of kissing and then beginning all over again.

Barbara went with the young women of the Fletcher family into the new kitchen, and helped them set out the supper on long tables made of boards set across wooden "saw-horses" and covered by coarse, well-bleached linen. Here, from time to time, came trooping admiring elderly women, doing homage to the wonders of the Fletcher cuisine.

There were two immense game pies, cold, as was everything on the table excepting the boiling coffee, a boiled and roasted ham, with cloves stuck all over it, and roasted chickens and turkeys, great platters of bread and butter and pans of doughnuts, plates of pickles and glasses of jelly and jam, and on every other space a pie of mince
or apple, or a cake of famous construction. Pitchers of coffee stood along the middle, each with a smaller jug of rich cream beside it, and the table was, when the girls had finished setting it, a cheering sight.

At eleven o'clock the whole merry group came pouring in, and the supper was no play. When the company returned to the big room there sat Michael, dreaming away over his violin, playing snatches of strange old minor tunes, mingled with "Sir Roger de Coverley," and other dancing airs. Then, with a flourish of his bow, he was off with the enlivening strains of "Money Musk."

And now Sargent caught the hand of Barbara for just a moment in his own, and begged her to dance with him. And she consented and they stood up opposite each other and went down the middle together and outside alone and wound their way from one end to the other in breathless and joyous abandon, and, although there was no kiss to the play, it was nevertheless the most enjoyed of all that evening, by these two young people, at least.

There was much bustle and merriment when the time came for departure. Team after team was driven up before the door, and load after load of merrymakers hid themselves between the robes. The horses came from the shed, frost-fringed and prancing, and dashed away impatiently for their distant stables. Even the solitary ox-team, drawing a jumper, was full of fire and the oxen clashed their white horns together impatiently and started off in a cumbrous trot; while the log-chain jangled and banged from the yoke to the iron pin at the other end of the sleigh-tongue, and the bright night was full of clamor in all
directions. The Sloan party left with the others, though more quietly.

From a sleigh behind them came a chorus of voices joining in the singing:

"Buffalo gals, ain't ye comin' out to-night?
Comin' out to-night! comin' out to-night!
Buffalo gals, ain't ye comin' out to-night,
To dance by the light of the moon?"

By contrast, as they passed a cross road, there came floating to them across the field from another sleigh, the words of Toplady's wonderful old hymn:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Close together beneath the warm robes Sargent and Barbara sat silently. His arm stole about her, but its pressure was a farce. He almost dared, but dared not. Her head was close to his, though, and her warm breath was upon his face. It was an hour of bliss. All the way back that night, the bells sang a sweet song to Sargent, and who can tell what they said to Barbara?
Throughout the middle third of the Nineteenth Century while the settlers were carving farms out of the Michigan wilderness, the Michigan frontier first extended itself from the east to the west and then gradually pushed north through each succeeding tier of counties. Meanwhile another type of frontier experience was being enacted to the north - the harvest of the virgin timber which thickly covered most of Michigan. This timber industry provided one of the more important economic sources for Michigan in the nineteenth century and gave rise to a host of legends and traditions many of which have survived to become a part of the nation's folk heritage.

Michigan fiction is rich in prose glorifying the timber industry and the hardy and picturesque men who performed its difficult and dangerous labor. Here again it has been difficult to narrow the field but perhaps the three selections chosen will illustrate the gamut of available sources.

Silver Jack Driscoll, one of the half-legendary heros of lumbering fame, is represented as the narrator of the legend of "The Lone Pine Tree of the Au Gres." The story appears in The Shanty Boy or, Life In a Lumber Camp (1889), by John W. Fitzmaurice, a partly narative and partly documentary description of the authors experience among the lumberjacks.

Fitzmaurice moved to Calhoun County in 1865 where he was ordained a minister. He left this occupation for the field of journalism and moved to the Saginaw Valley in 1870. The crusading Fitzmaurice was
the editor of several East Saginaw newspapers and later became a noted temperance speaker.

Stewart Edward White (1873-1846) one of Michigan's better known and more successful novelists penned the following selection as Chapter XVI of The Blazed Trail (1902). This tale of Michigan lumbering established White's reputation as a writer and in conjunction with The Riverman (1908) provides some of the finest fictional accounts of the difficult but thrilling life of the lumberman.

White was born in Grand Rapids and after securing an education at the University of Michigan traveled the country working at a series of varied and exciting jobs. He wrote The Blazed Trail while working in a lumber camp during a harsh northern winter. Stewart Edward White is an outstanding representative of the tremendously popular "He-man" or "red blood" school of fiction of the first quarter of the twentieth century. Unfortunately most of his works were set in areas outside of Michigan.

The final selection, from Hewers of Wood: A Story of the Michigan Pine Forests (1903), is set in the Shiawasse River Valley. Here William G. Puddefoot has successfully captured on paper the rough element that made up the character of the Michigan lumberjack. There is little information available on Puddefoot himself other than the implication that he was an itinerant preacher in northern Michigan.
"It wos in the winter of '66," Jack began, "when I, a lump of a boy of twenty, first struck the Au Gres river. I'm no slouch yet pard, in the woods, but work tells on one who has followed shanty life for twenty years, and will gen'ally leave a man a good deal like that old Norway stump younder, kind o' dead and blackened, 'specially if he takes his share o' 'Saginaw angle foot.' Well, thar war a jolly camp full of us that thar winter, counting about eighty men in all - thar's the remains of the old bunk camp, over yander. We had a young chap called Charlie Monroe, for camp 'push,' an' we were a puttin' in for John McGraw, of Bay City. The pine war the best 'cork' an' 'white,' you ever saw. Well, you jest can bet that winter's work war a good one. We had a short haul, an' on our log road the sleighing was fust rate, so that by the middle o' March, we had over fifteen millions banked, right along whar we are now a sittin'. The river war brim full of logs for half a mile, and we looked ahead to an early break up of camp.

"It seems only like yes'erd'ay as I sit here and think of that are winter's work.

"We had a wild, rollickin' crew, all young men, full of life and day's work. Two fiddlers kept things lively in camp, and we had a boss cook, with good 'chuck,' considering them war the times when a man war supposed to be satisfied with a piece of frozen bread, and a chunk of cold fat port, washed down with a drink of river water. Our wages
war wages in them days, and it was worth while a lookin' at a winter's 'stake' when spring came.

"But our foreman was the daisy of a boy! Poor Charley Monroe! Yourn was a short life and a merry one while it lasted.

"There was a pretty considerable heavy snow fall that winter, and the prospects were good for an early flood, so that the 'drive' would start in very soon in the spring. B'ar and deer meat was plenty, and, though we had to 'tote' from the mouth of the river, where Alabaster is now, the winter flew so fast, that early spring was upon us before we knew it.

"But it's about Charlie Monroe, our foreman, I was goin' to tell ye, chummy. He was a lala from 'way back, you bet. Why, thar wasn't anythin' in woods work Charlie didn't know. About twenty-six, five foot ten in his shoe pacs, straight as a young Norway, and han'some as a full-blooded hoss, was Charlie.

"Thar was somethin' about him that made every man in camp love him, an' I tell ye we had some tough blisters among us from Saginaw an' Bay City. Charlie was none of yer "bull punchers," that stand an' yell an' swar, and drive, from mornin' till night, no siree! Charlie wa'nt, but one of them chaps who always said: 'Boys, I guess we'd better take hold right here,' an' you bet the boys would jest 'hump' themselves, when Charlie yelled, 'get thar!''"

"Say, Jack," I interrupted, "Is this yarn a long one? If so hadn't we better take the rest of it in camp?"

"O, if yer don't care to hear it, pard, I can quit a tootin' my horn right here, now!"
"All right, Jack, let her roll!"

Jack meditatively sucked his long expired pipe, for a few moments, having apparently refreshed his memory by the exercises he continued:

"There war wot them literare fellers would call a romance about Charlie's past hist'ry, some pints of which I got from a 'tote' teamster, what knowed Charlie in Bay City. It seems as how his ol' man war well to do in York state, an' had a large lumber yard in Albany. Charlie war rather tough and kinder broke the old man up, till at last things ended in a high old row, an' the ol' man divided the house with Charlie, ginin' him the outside for his share.

"Well, Charlie came to Michigan, and went right inter the woods, whar in a few winters, he war able to take hold of anythin', an' he soon got a camp to run. He swore off whisky, an' seemed to have a pride in lettin' folk ses see he could be a man once more.

"Old John McGraw - God bless him, for he war the poor man's friend - got holt on Charlie, an' when I went to work for him out yer, he had ran camp three winters. Of course thar was a woman mixed up in Charlie's story. He had fell in love with a Bay City gal, named Allie Farnham, whose folk ses war poor but 'spectable. I never seed her in my life but once, but she was a beauty, pard, an' jes' as good as she war pretty."

"Her folk ses war down on Charlie, an' wouldn't let her keep company with him, but that same summer, afore Charlie came to the woods, they had slipped off an' got married, so that when little more than a month old bride, they had to separate.

"Camp wa'nt the nicest place in the world for a wife in them days,
though the wives of the foreman, cook and scaler, are often in camp
with their husbands now, so Charlie didn't have his wife out with him.
But the arrangement was that she was to come out to the Au Gres by
stage, an' then ride in ter camp on one of the 'tote' teams, when we
began 'breakin' out the jam in the spring, an' lookin' forward to
this, Charlie had coaxed the cook to bring his wife out to camp. No
woman but a wife dead in love with her husband, would have tried such
a thing, for the thirty odd miles 'twen this an' AuGres, war over
roads that war a terror, now I tell ye.

"Well, as I war a sayin' winter rolled away fast, an' our crew
war fat an' sassy. The spring thaw began to set in, an' all the little
creeks an' streams flowin' inter the Au Gres river war a hustling
down thar water fast, an' it was, hour by hour, a raisin' in the river,
so that the 'drive' war upon us long before we war a lookin' for it.

"Charlie hung off as long as he could, for we had about two
millions more we wanted to put in, an' the logs war mostly all skidded.
Besides our log road war in prime order, an' with twelve teams a haulin',
we war more than snakin' them in..

"Well pard, as I said, the water was on us before we war anythin'
like ready, an' I tell ye, these here banks was a brimmin' full. It
war somethin' grand to look at, you jes' bet! Did ye ever see the
break up of a 'rollway' on one of these rivers, guve'nor?"

"I have not yet, Jack, but I intend to see one this spring."

"Then you never saw a 'drive' come down?"

"Never experienced that pleasure yet."

"Pleasure? Pleasure be hanged! All day up ter yer middle in
water, with the ice a floatin' 'round yer. Birling a log, with the
slush and water churning out through the holes in yer drivin' boots.
Wrappin' yerself in yer blanket, an' tryin' to get a little sleep on
the bank in yer frozen clothes. Gettin' up before day, all stiff an'
frozen, to eat a piece of cold pork an' bread, an' then grab yer pike
lever, an' jump on a log. That's the pleasure, for about sixty days,
found in river drivin' in spring."

"Well Jack, if that's the size of it, I would rather not have any,
but go on with your story.

"Lem'e see, what was I? O yes, when the water was a risin'.
Well, everythin' war at sixes an' sevens in camp. The blacksmith
hadn't the pike levers ready, an' the ropes and snatch blocks, for
breakin' out the jam, hadn't got in from the front yet.

"Charlie Monroe war terrible worked up, not expectin' the 'drive'
to be on him so soon. I tell ye, pard, it war a sight ter see, an'
足够的 make a stout man weakin. If thar's lots of snow this winter,
yer don't want ter miss seein' a 'jam' break up. Take yer chance on
some big lumberin' river, an' ye'll see a sight ye'll not forget for
the balance of yer life time. Why if ye havn't seed it, I can't give
yer any idear of what it's like. Jes' imagine that thar river a piled
full of logs, sixteen or eighteen tier deep, for a couple o' miles.
The water a foamin', and spurtin', an' rollin' like mad, over, under
an' about the solid mass o' timber. Logs tumblin' pell mell over each
other, poundin' a base drum solo to the deafenin' roar of the water!
Men on either bank yellin' like mad! The foreman, an' his best hands,
are out on the center, fast'nin' on the 'breaking out' cable, stretched
across the river, an' hooked on ter the jam log. The teamsters a
yellin' an' swarin' at thir hosses, till at last she begins ter give,
an' the foreman yells:

"'Here she comes! The jam is broke! Watch out!'"

"Logs, in solid masses, five deep, go plunging an' a rollin' down,
end over end, sideways, lengthways, everyway, snappin', crashin',
poundin' each other, with a roll an' a roar, that only heavy timber
can make in a river run mad. That's 'breakin' out the jam,' pard, an'
don't ye forget it! Talk about a Saginaw whisky drunk, why it's nothin'
to a breakin' out drunk. Thar's whar ye can get reelin' full, with wild excitement, an' never have ter smell a cork!"

"Well done, Jack! Your description is a picture in itself, but
forge ahead with your story."

"Right ye are, chummy, an' beg pardon for flyin' off the handle
that way, but I tell ye it warms up my heart when I think of them days.
Do ye know that's the reason why log drivers go on ter the river year
arter year? It's the wild excitement keeps them warm, and helps them
to stay in the water 'mong the floatin' ice all day. Thar's a wichery
about the cussed thing, we can't get away from.

"Well, it war a bright Sunday mornin', when what I'm a goin' to
tell ye took place. It had rained more or less durin' the past week,
all up north an' down our way, an' the water war a commin' down with a
vengeance. We didn't sleep much that night, an' by break o' day, all
hands wos down here on the river bank. I tell ye it war a sight to
see! The top logs had begun to float, an' had already formed little
jams, that kinder served to back up the water.
"'We must break that are jam some way, boys,' shouted Charlie.

"We wan't obliged to work, it bein' Sunday, an' for the first time in camp, the men paid no attention to the foreman's hint to go to work. Besides it was all a man's life was worth to face the music of that thar roarin' river.

"'Boys, them are logs must be started down! Double pay to the men who will foller me!' an' taken' hold of a pike lever, Charlie was in a minute out on top of the jam.

"Well ye know, pard, it wouldn't do to see the boy out thar all alone, an' whar one man goes, 'nother ort ter foller. I war only a boy, but I had a man's pluck, so I grabbed a pike, an' yellin' 'foller yer leader!' was soon outside with Charlie. Six more of the boys follored us, all good men. Poor fellers, how well I remember them! There war Pat Donoughue, Steve Riddley, Josh Ballette, Sandy McPherson, Mike Eagan, an' a Injin we called B'armeat. The 'face' of the rollway wos jes' a little below here, an' the logs war all up stream, for nearly three miles - for there wos several camps puttin' in, along here besides we. Well, the eight on us chaps got down on the 'face,' to start the jam logs, but as none on us had on 'spikes,' it war skittish work. I remember as well as though it war yes'erday, how we stood, heavin' on the jam log, with a young Niagara falls a pourin' over us, an' log arter log a jumpin' down, almost on top o' us. It war a dare devil thing to do, but we wos jes' crazy with excitement, an' would have stormed the mouth o' hell, if we had been told ter. But 'break the jam!' wos the word, an' break it we war bound ter, so we heaved on the jam log, which if we got her loose, would let the whole darned
pile down. Every man 'cept me war a good river driver, so that it
didn't take long to heave out that jam log.

"'Here she comes boys, watch out!' shouted Charlie, an' in a min-
ute the whole darned solid mass began to move. Down it came, kinder
slow at first, but fast enough to keep us a jumpin' from log ter log,
to get ashore.

But we war too late, an with a roar an' a rush, the whole shootin'
gallery wos upon us, an' the last I remembered was a hearin' the boys
on shore yellin':

"'Watch out! She's on yer!' "

"When a man's under water, with a thousand saw logs a rollin'
over him, seconds are like ages. How long I war down I don't rightly
know, but I war fully conscious of the close call I war havin'.
Everything I ever did in my past life, good or bad, seemed ter come
right up afore me, with the swiftness and clearness of a lightnin'
flash. The fear of death seemed to be lost sight of entirely, an' my
only sorrow was that I had lost a good pike lever. I remember wonderin'
how the boys would divide up the truck in my 'turkey,' an' who would
take my bunk. All this time - how long or short I can't tell - I war
tumbled about in every direction, now strikin' my head agin a log, now
being bumped by one. Part of the time a scrapin' agin the bottom ov
the river, an' agin a comin' up to the surface, in the boilin' mad
waters.

"How I didn't drown, I'll never tell ye, for I don't know, but I
finally found myself in a sort o' eddy, a floatin' quietly among a lot
o' logs, to one of which I war clinging frantically, tell I fully

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recovered my presence o' mind and made for the shore.

"In a few minutes I had got back my breath, an' on lookin' down the river, I saw the camp boys among the whirlin' logs, an' kinder thought they wer' a lookin' for us. I had landed fully a harf mile below the camp, down by that thar clump of cedar ye see yander, an' though the main jam had passed, the river still roared with the flood, an' rushed along for all it was worth, filled with logs. Probably not more than ten minutes had passed since the jam had broke, an' in that thar time fully twenty millions of logs had been swept down.

"Presently I heard a shout lower down, which rose above the thunderin' row the river war a makin'. I was yet too weak to walk, or even stand, but raisin' myself on my elbow, I saw six of the lads a comin' towards me, bearin' suthin' on a litter made of cedar boughs. It wasn't long afore they reached me, an' they halted long enough to let me see the dead body ov poor Charlie Monroe.

"'Is he dead, boys?'

"'I should say he was, Jack,' said Larry Cox, 'every bone in him's broke!'

"Leanin' on an arm of a boy on each side of me, we made our way to camp, whar we placed the man we all so dearly loved, on a table in the cook camp. Why sir, when we examined him, I don't believe thar wor a whole bone in his body, an' cuts an' wounds all over him enough to kill fifty men, only cur'us enough, his face wan't teched, an' he lay thar jes' as tho' he'd fell asleep. We laid him out as decently as we could, and then went into the bunk camp to smoke and think.

"About noon the rest ov the boys got back, arter a useless search
for the other six, and I may here tell yer, neither hide nor hair o' one ov 'em war ever seed, from that day ter this. They had been ground ter powder! I alone out of the eight had escaped to tell the story, an' strange to say, only a trifle hurt.

"But the worst was yet till come. It war Sunday in camp, and the sorrerfullest Sunday I ever put in in my life. The day lagged along, till the horn went for supper, but none ov us had much appetite for 'chuck,' although the cook an' his kind wife had tried to get up sum' thin' extra for the boys. But the shock war a hard one on us all, for we had got through the winter without any one bein' hurt in camp, an' now all to once seven of our best men had passed in their checks! Still, 'though we didn't then know it, the worst wos yet to come.

"Along about nine er'clock the 'tote' sleighs came in, bringin' the ropes an' other truck for breakin' out the jam, which if we had had 'em in the mornin' would have saved seven lives. But worse than all, there war a passenger aboard Bill Corbette's sleigh - a woman - who wos none other than Charlie Monroe's wife!

"When we found out from the tote teamster who she war, we all made a break for the barn like a passel of cowards, but I tell yer pard, I wouldn't have faced that thar woman, to tell her the story of Charlie's death, for John McGraw's big mill. Then it wos that the cook's wife came in handy, and a good, kind woman she war. When the poor little wife inquired the first thing, whar her Charlie wor, that thar cook's wife jes' took her in her arms an' led her past whar the dead war lyin', an' brought her inter the little bed-room at the end of the cook camp.
How that cook's wife told her the story, I dun know, but presently the whole camp rang with her screams, the dreadfulest ye ever heard, so that us fellers buried our heads in the hay, so's we wouldn't hear them orful cries.

"'By Judas Priest, boys, I can't stan this,' siz Joe Dusenberry, a big feller from Maine, with the tears a streaming down his face, 'I can't stan' this. Let's go over an' try an' do somethin'.'

"Off Joe started, an' we all followed in Injin file. But what a sight did we see! The poor young woman war a clinging to the body of her dead husband, an' a screechin':

"'O Charlie, Charlie come back to me!'

"It wor awful, pard!

"We couldn't of course do anythin' but look on, but pard, I never want to look on such a sight again!

"The young wife war close til her confinement, an' that night in that thar old camp you see thar, ther' war a dead baby an' a dead mother along of the dead father! Her last words war: 'bury me with Charlie.'

"We held a camp consultation that same night, with the scaler for chairman, an' it war decided for the time to bury the bodies all together, under this very pine tree, which cur'us enough, Charlie had marked for cuttin' the very day before. See here is the marks of his scorin' axe yet. But here it still stands, and will stand, for all the camp boys on the Au Gres knows the lone pine tree, an' no one will ever put an axe nor a saw inter it.

"That summer, the ol' man, Charlie's father, sent up and had the bodies removed to Albany, where he gave them a fine big funeral, but I
orfener use'ter think he might have been a little kinder when Charlie was alive. Do you know Dan Cullighan, of Roscommon, pard?"

"I do not, Jack."

"Well, Dan made a purty song on the death of Charlie Monroe. Almost every came in Michigan has some chap what knows it.

"Why, Jack, I've heard it a dozen of times, but never knew the full story before."

"Well, that's all thar is of it, an' it has given me the horrors to tell it to-night. Howsomever, we are not far from Sandy McIntyre's camp, so le's peg out an' get through now we are well rested."

I have striven to give the foregoing story as near in the dialect and style, as told me by "Silver Jack." If the endeavor to imitate the language of the woodsman has robbed the tale of some of its pathetic features, for the reader, I will regret it very much. As told to me in the phraseology of the camp, it certainly affected me strongly.
As soon as loading began, the cook served breakfast at three o'clock. The men worked by the light of torches, which were often merely catsup jugs with wicking in the necks. Nothing could be more picturesque than a teamster conducting one of his great pyramidal loads over the little inequalities of the road, in the ticklish places standing atop with the bent knee of the Roman charioteer, spying and forestalling the chances of the way with a fixed eye and an intense concentration that relaxed not one inch in the miles of the haul.

Thorpe had become a full-fledged cant-hook man.

He liked the work. There is about it a skill that fascinates. A man grips suddenly with the hook of his strong instrument, stopping one end that the other may slide; he thrusts the short, strong stock between the log and the skid, allowing it to be overrun; he stops the roll with a sudden sure grasp applied at just the right moment to be effective. Sometimes he allows himself to be carried up bodily, clinging to the cant-hook like an acrobat to a bar, until the log has rolled once; when, his weapon loosened, he drops lightly, easily to the ground. And it is exciting to pile the logs on the sleigh, first a layer of five, say; then one of six smaller; of but three; of two; until, at the very apex, the last is dragged slowly up the skids, poised, and just as it is about to plunge down the other side, is gripped and held inexorably by the little men in blue flannel shirts.

Chains bind the loads. And if ever, during the loading, or
afterwards when the sleigh is in motion, the weight of the logs causes
the pyramid to break down and squash out; - then woe to the driver, or
whoever happens to be near! A saw log does not make a great deal of
fuss while falling, but it falls through anything that happens in its
way, and a man who gets mixed up in a load of twenty-five or thirty of
them obeying the laws of gravitation from a height of some fifteen to
twenty feet, can be crushed into strange shapes and fragments. For
this reason the loaders are picked and careful men.

At the banking grounds, which lie in and about the bed of the
river, the logs are piled in a gigantic skidway to await the spring
creshets, which will carry them down stream to the "boom." In that
enclosure they remain until sawed in the mill.

Such is the drama of the saw log, a story of grit, resourcefulness,
adaptability, fortitude and ingenuity hard to match. Conditions never
repeat themselves in the woods as they do in the factory. The wilder­
ness offers ever new complications to solve, difficulties to overcome.
A man must think of everything, figure on everything, from the grand
sweep of the country at large to the pressure on a king-bolt. And
where another possesses the boundless resources of a great city, he has
to rely on the material stored in one corner of a shed. It is easy to
build a palace with men and tools; it is difficult to build a log
cabin with nothing but an ax. His wits must help him where his ex­
perience fails; and his experience must push him mechanically along
the track of habit when successive buffettings have beaten his wits out
of his head. In a day he must construct elaborate engines, roads, and
implements which old civilization considers the works of leisure.
Without a thought of expense he must abandon as temporary, property which other industries cry out at being compelled to acquire as permanent. For this reason he becomes in time different from his fellows. The wilderness leaves something of her mystery in his eyes, that mystery of hidden, unknown but guessed, power. Men look after him on the street, as they would look after any other pioneer, in vague admiration of a scope more virile than their own.

Thorpe, in common with the other men, had thought Radway's vacation at Christmas time a mistake. He could not but admire the feverish animation that now characterized the jobber. Every mischance was as quickly repaired as aroused expedient could do the work.

The marsh received first attention. There the restless snow drifted uneasily before the wind. Nearly every day the road had to be plowed, and the sprinklers followed the teams almost constantly. Often it was bitter cold, but no one dared to suggest to the determined jobber that it might be better to remain indoors. The men knew as well as he that the heavy February snows would block traffic beyond hope of extrication.

As it was, several times an especially heavy fall clogged the way. The snow-plow, even with extra teams, could hardly force its path through. Men with shovels helped. Often but a few loads a day, and they small, could be forced to the banks by the utmost exertions of the entire crew. Esprit de corps awoke. The men sprang to their tasks with alacrity, gave more than an hour's exertion to each of the twenty-four, took a pride in repulsing the assaults of the great enemy, whom they personified under the generic "She." Mike McGovern raked up a saint
somewhere whom he apostrophized in a personal and familiar manner.

He hit his head against an overhanging branch.

"You're a nice wan, now ain't ye?" he cried angrily at the unfortunate guardian of his soul. "Dom if Oi don't quit ye! Ye see!"

"Be the gate of Hivini!" he shouted, when he opened the door of mornings and discovered another six inches of snow, "Ye're a burrd! If Oi couldn't make out to be more of a saint than that, Oi'd quit the biznis! Move yor pull, an' get us some dacint weather! Ye awt t' be road monkeyin' on th' golden streets, thot's what ye awt to be doin'!"

Jackson Hines was righteously indignant, but with the shrewdness of the old man, put the blame partly where it belonged.

"I ain't sayin'," he observed judicially, "that this weather ain't hell. It's hell and repeat. But a man sort've got to expec' weather. He looks for it, and he oughta be ready for it. The trouble is we got behind Christmas. It's that Dyer. He's about as mean as they make 'em. The only reason he didn't die long ago is becuz th' Devil's thought him too mean to pay any 'tention to. If ever he should did an' go to Heaven he'd pry up th' golden streets an' use the infernal pit for a smelter."

With this magnificent bit of invective, Jackson seized a lantern and stumped out to see that the teamsters fed their horses properly.

"Didn't know you were a miner, Jackson," called Thorpe, laughing.

"Young feller," replied Jackson at the door, "it's a lot easier to tell what I ain't been."

So floundering, battling, making a little progress every day, the strife continued.

One morning in February, Thorpe was helping load a big butt log.
He was engaged in "sending up"; that is, he was one of the two men who stand at either side of the skids to help the ascending log keep straight and true to its bed on the pile. His assistant's end caught on a sliver, ground for a second, and slipped back. Thus the log ran slanting across the skids instead of perpendicular to them. To rectify the fault, Thorpe dug his cant-hook into the timber and threw his weight on the stock. He hoped in this manner to check correspondingly the ascent of his end. In other words, he took the place, on his side, of the preventing sliver, so equalizing the pressure and forcing the timber to its proper position. Instead of rolling, the log slid. The stock of the cant-hook was jerked from his hands. He fell back, and the cant-hook, after clinging for a moment to the rough bark, snapped down and hit him a crushing blow on the top of the head.

Had a less experienced man than Jim Gladys been stationed at the other end, Thorpe's life would have ended there. A shout of surprise or horror would have stopped the horse pulling on the decking chain; the heavy stick would have slid back on the prostrate young man, who would have thereupon been ground to atoms as he lay. With the utmost coolness Gladys swarmed the slanting face of the load; interposed the length of his cant-hook stock between the log and it; held it exactly long enough to straighten the timber, but not so long as to crush his own head and arm; and ducked, just as the great piece of wood rumbled over the end of the skids and dropped with a thud into the place Norton, the "top" man, had prepared for it.

It was a fine deed, quickly thought, quickly dared. No one saw it. Jim Gladys was a hero, but a hero without an audience.
They took Thorpe up and carried him in, just as they had carried Hank Paul before. Men who had not spoken a dozen words to him in as many days gathered his few belongings and stuffed them awkwardly into his satchel. Jackson Hines prepared the bed of straw and warm blankets in the bottom of the sleigh that was to take him out.

"He would have made a good boss," said the old fellow. "He's a hard man to nick."

Thorpe was carried in from the front, and the battle went on without him.
Chapter XVIII
Of Hewers Of Wood
By William C. Puddefoot
Published In 1903

A lumber camp is the gathering place of strange characters; and
Camp Number Ten, with its unusual number of workmen, had its full share
of the varieties of human nature.

There was laughing Paddy Flynn, who saw fun in everything - and
everybody laughed with Paddy. There was Hugh McNaughton, a giant High­
lander, noted for his skill in felling trees just where he chose they
should fall, and for his lack of skill in using the English tongue.
For these blunders of speech he was laughed at so constantly that his
naturally sullen disposition was intensified, so that his fellow High­
landers called him Hugh Vooree, which means Quarrelsome Hugh. But they
never addressed McNaughton himself by that name.

Then there was Aleck Swanson, the biggest and strongest man in
the camp, and the only one who did not drink. In this he was a wonder
to his countrymen, who were noted for their drunkenness. But Aleck was
saving money to bring his wife and little ones over from Sweden, and
had already chosen a farm. He was determined to quit the lumber busi­
ness because of the general wickedness which existed in most camps.
There were exceptions, to be sure, but living as they did without the
softening influence of women, the men too often became brutal in their
excesses when they left the camp to visit the villages.

In the camp there was a good deal of chaffing and plenty of coarse
jokes, but the men as a rule took and gave without hard feelings. It
was tacitly understood that religion was tabooed. Irish Ribbonmen and
Orangemen, French Canadians and Swedish Lutherans, with a large sprinkling of Devil-may-care-Nothingarians, made up the company. So everyone took his share in the rough play. Few of the men, however, made serious fun of Aleck. They knew his strength and courage, and most of them had seen him roused to anger.

It happened one day that McNaughton was felling a tree, which lodged badly; and a Swede who was working with him said laughingly, "That was a bad one, Vooree."

McNaughton was angry with himself for his failure, but to be called quarrelsome by a foreigner, as he himself called the Swedes, put him in a towering rage. He lifted his double-edged axe to strike the Swede, and without doubt would have killed him, but suddenly he felt his wrist grasped as if by a vice. Aleck Swanson, who was passing, had taken the whole thing in and sprang like a wildcat for McNaughton.

McNaughton was no child, but even his mighty strength was no match for Aleck.

"Drop your axe!" Swanson cried.

"Never!" should McNaughton.

The men gathered around the two, and Tom Larkin, the foreman, hurried up. But before he could reach them McNaughton was seen to turn pale. The sweat stood in great beads on his face, and when about to faint he dropped his axe and leaned against the nearest tree. Aleck had twisted slowly but surely until McNaughton's shoulder was nearly dislocated, and he slipped down limp as a rag. But from this time Aleck had to watch McNaughton all the time lest he should do him harm.

The breaking up of camp is almost as sudden as the moving of a
circus. In a surprisingly brief time all the good lumber is stripped from the buildings leaving the mere framework standing. Wagons are loaded by many hands and what to-day is a busy scene to-morrow will be a desolate and deserted place, "like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." But Camp Number Ten broke up sooner than any one had calculated or desired.

Tom Larkin had promised the boys a parting dance and spree for the last night. As a rule whiskey was not allowed in camp. Except when the men smuggled it in there was nothing stronger than coffee to be had. But for this final dance fourteen gallons of whiskey were provided, and soon after supper the fun began.

Hilda, when she heard of it, felt much anxiety about Jack's presence, but she put her foot down resolutely when young Jack begged to go. So that young man went to his bunk, but not to sleep. He lay listening hour after hour to his father's fiddle and the heavy clump, clump of the dancers on the floor.

And Meggie begged and prayed her father not to go. He had promised, but her enemy, the foreman, was too subtle for her, and a foretaste of the whiskey made poor Freckles forget his word.

In the big, barnlike sleeping-room of the camp, with its tiers of bunks, its lamps on the side walls and one hung high in the middle, its big stove surrounded with Russia iron, an improvised platform had been built for Jack and his tireless fiddle. He was in his element and played, and cracked jokes, and called out the figures of the dances, as if he expected a fortune in the morning.

It was indeed an enlivening scene, with fifty strapping pairs hard
at it and the building shaking to their mighty tread. The whiskey flowed like water, and, as the night advanced, the men took to wrestling and rough tricks of fun and strength. There were all the elements of a riot; it only needed some one to touch the match and an explosion was sure to follow.

For a rest they called on Jack for some singing, and he sang comic songs, and told stories, and they listened like children, especially when he sang a mournful ditty called "Lost on the Lady Elgin," which appealed to their half-tipsy sensibilities.

Presently he struck up a medley, for Jack was a perfect music-box, but, being himself for once just a little under the influence of the whiskey which the men had insisted on his "tasting" (for Jack had not forgotten Hilda's words), he forgot, if indeed he had even known, the history of the tunes he played. So, when he glided from a rattling jig into the air of "Boyne Water," there was a yell from Pat Burgle:

"Here, let up on that!"

"And phat for should he let up?" cried Dan Clark, the Orangeman.
"Sure it's a good chune. Would ye like to hear me sing it?" and he began:

"A bullet from the Irish came
Which grazed King William's arrum.
They thought his majesty was slain,
But it did him little harrum:

At this point Pat Burgle struck up, "The Wearing of the Green."

Now if they had been good Americans, or even if there had been no whiskey in the case, they might have had a good laugh over this, but they were Irish, and at the fighting stage of intoxication, and the
words and music were like red flags to a bull. Even then it seemed for a moment as if all might go well, for Paddy Flynn called out,

"Arrah, boys, don't be making Paddy Fitzsimmons's mothers of yerselves!"

This caused a laugh; but the whiskey had done its work only too well. Some one threw a shoepack that struck McNaughton in the face, and in an instant the French Canadians, the Highlanders and Irish were together, while on the other side of the room the Orangemen, the Swedes and the mixed crowd stood by each other.

Jack sat on his platform as pale as a ghost, while, without another word, the men flew at each other, some with axe-handles, and some with heavier peavey handles. Billets of wood flew thick and fast. The lamps were shattered and a blow from a peavey smashed Jack's fiddle into splinters and toppled him off on the floor. He felt himself in the grasp of a giant, and, although no coward, thought that his time was come. But it proved to be Aleck the Swede, the only sober man in the room, who thought of his own children and of Hilda and her little folks, and pushed Jack safely out into the cold night air before he returned to take his part in the battle.

The foreman tried in vain to end the fight. McNaughton was in the thick of it, battling like a lion. Thinking that if he were down, the fight might be stopped, the foreman beckoned to Aleck to tackle him.

McNaughton saw the motion, and with his Highland blood up and full of drink, he fairly shrieked as he bounded toward Aleck. Aleck advanced as quickly as Hugh, giving no time for a blow, and they clinched. At that moment a flying billet of wood struck the big lamp and the room
was in total darkness. Nothing could be heard but oaths, groans, ejaculations and the deep breathing of men in deadly grapple.

McNaughton was no match for the cool Swede who hugged him like a bear, but in their struggles they overturned the stove, sending the blazing logs in all directions. In an instant the oil from the broken lamps was on fire and the whole building was ablaze. The flames mounted the studding where the lamps had hung and the tiers of bunks showed many a cautious man who had climbed up to bed during the earlier part of the disturbance with head craned out at the sudden light.

And now a strange thing happened. Men who were drunk and fighting like tigers a moment before, were sobered as if by magic, and were helping one another to escape. So Aleck drew McNaughton out of the fire and smothered the flame that had seized his oilsoaked garments. The burned and wounded were carried into the cook's hut, which fortunately was far enough away to be safe from the fire, and word was sent to the doctor. He arrived at daybreak, and was busy till noon that day, stitching up cuts and plastering faces. The teams went out with nearly empty wagons. No one who saw the fight will ever forget the sudden ending of Camp Number Ten.
Native copper had been prehistorically mined by the aboriginal inhabitants of the Upper Peninsula. This red metal discovered in huge deposits was to supply another important source for Michigan's economy. Such highly successful mines as the Calumet and Hecla were to push Michigan's copper production higher than that of any other state throughout much of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

A detailed description of life in the early mining industry is provided in James North Wright's *Where Copper Was King* (1905). The primitive techniques and dangerous working conditions as well as the undisguised racial prejudice are clearly depicted.

James North Wright (1839-1910) was born in Connecticut and arrived in the Lake Superior area in 1859. Working his way up in the mining industry, he started as a clerk in the Minnesota Mine and then went to the Quincy Mine. Finally he was promoted to be General Superintendent of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company in 1872.

In *Fireweed*, Mildred Walker portrays the bleak life in a typical Upper Peninsula mill town in the 1920's. The story centers around the boring routine and poverty that stultifies and eventually traps a young family in an area where the entire economy is dependent on the mill.

After marrying a young surgeon, Mildred Walker (1905- ) moved to a small lumber town on Lake Superior in 1927. Here she lived for three years and gathered the material for *Fireweed*. *Fireweed* (1934), her first published novel, was written while she was a graduate student at the University of Michigan. It won the Avery Hopwood Award for 1934.
Since this auspicious beginning Mildred Walker has written a long list of regional novels set in the various areas of the country in which she has lived.
Chapter III
Of Where Copper Was King
By James North Wright
Published By 1905

Hayden soon became acquainted with the officers and their assistants at the mine, - a task easy of accomplishment, as they numbered not more than two score in all. He also rapidly became familiar with his duties at the draughting-room. He was a thorough student, and although he lacked experience in the profession he had chosen, his training had been so good, that, by the aid of exceptionally quick perceptive powers, he easily mastered the work assigned him, and did it well. He had not yet been set underground, and he waited with some impatience for the time to come when he should be allowed to take up that portion of the work, which he had looked forward to with the greatest interest.

One evening, as they were leaving the office, Captain Eastman said to him that some "levels" were to be given for a party of miners drifting in the bottom of the mine, and that in the morning he would like to have him go down with Mr. Edmunds, his first assistant, and do the work. Hayden was delighted with the prospect, and promised to be early at the "changing-house" on the morrow. That he might cause no delay, he was there a half-hour before the whistle blew for seven o'clock, and was obliged to wait a whole hour for Edmunds, who was often behind time in getting to his work.

Edmunds, or "Lute," as he was familiarly called, was a character who merits description. As he was now seen by Hayden, hurriedly approaching the changing-house, he resembled more an Indian or half-breed
than a white man. He was tall and lank, and walked with a quick, nervous stride, his toes turned in, or pointing straight before him, as though he were accustomed to keeping a narrow trail. His face was thin, his skin brown, and tanned by the sun and wind until it resembled parchment. His eyes were small, but dark and piercing. His beard was long and never trimmed, and his long black hair, pushed behind his ears, hung down over his neck. He stooped as he walked, and rarely raised his eyes from the ground.

For dress he cared nothing; and his life, which had most of it been spent on the frontier and in the forests, had made him so utterly negligent of everything of the sort, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he was persuaded to clothe himself to meet the changing seasons with decency and comfort. His favorite foot-gear was "German" socks and moccasins. He put on the latter early in the fall, and wore them until the melting snows compelled him to lay them aside in the spring. Then he put on rubber overshoes over his socks, and wore them all summer.

He was an inveterate smoker, and his pipe was never out of his mouth except when necessity compelled it.

His professional knowledge was good, but his habits were so careless and slovenly, that his work was apt to be inaccurate and faulty; and Captain Eastman usually examined his computations before allowing them to be recorded.

Edmunds was a incessant reader, and, in this way, had acquired a large stock of general knowledge. He interested Hayden, who was much amused by his eccentricities, and surprised at the accuracy of his
memory and his fund of information on many subjects. He was friendly and sociable, always ready to talk, and fond of discussion; so that they had already become pretty well acquainted.

Just behind Edmunds followed a stout, dull-faced Finn, with the tripod thrown across his shoulder, and the instrument under his arm. Lute looked around just in time to see him slip on the muddy path, and nearly fall to the ground. He called to him sharply:

"Look out there, you stupid blockhead, don't you drop that instrument into the mud."

Then he asked Hayden if he had been there long, and, without waiting for an answer, said: "I was a little late myself, but this damned Finlander misunderstood the captain's orders last night, and had already gone underground, and I had to get him up again, and send him back to the office for my instruments."

They went into the changing-house, and proceeded to put on their underground attire. When all were ready, and Hayden found himself for the first time arrayed in woolen shirt, duck suit, hobnailed boots, and hard hat, to which was fastened a tallow dip incased in clay, while three more dips dangled from the buttons of his coat, and with a little round, wooden box, as thick as a broomstick, in his pocket, filled with matches, he felt a self-importance and pride such as never before had possessed him.

A short walk brought them to the shaft-house. From the shaft's mouth, a thin cloud of vapor and smoke was slowly rising, and from time to time dull sounds smote upon their ears, - sounds which seemed to come from the remotest depths of the cavernous abyss; and then a
a fainter sound of dripping water was heard, as it trickled and dropped from the seams and crevices of the hanging-wall rock to the rough bed-planks below.

Edmunds threw back the cover of the man-hole, and told the Finn to go ahead, and Hayden to follow him. He then stepped in after them and lowered the door again over his head. It fell to its place with a heavy thud, which echoed and re-echoed through the great openings below. Having closed the door, and thus checked the strong draft which swept up the ladderway, Lute drew from his pocket the round wooden match-box, and, having lighted his candle, reached down and lighted the one on Hayden's hat.

At this time, "man-engines" and "man-cars" had not been introduced into the mines of the Lake region, and the only method of getting in and out of them was the primitive one of ladders.

Lute placed himself between Hayden and the Finn; and with a few words of caution to Hayden, in which he told him to keep a firm grasp with his hands on the rungs of the ladder, and not to let go his hold until he felt firm footing for his feet - for if a rung should be broken or missing his foot would find it out first - they commenced to descend. The Finn, accustomed to the descent by long service in the mine, made nothing of his load, and went down at a rapid rate; and Lute, with his long legs, wiry muscles, and little flesh, had no difficulty in keeping close to him. Hayden had been a good athlete at college, but climbing a sloping ladder was a new kind of exercise for him, and it required some exertion on his part to keep up with the others. Yet he would not be outdone by them, at least in so simple a matter as
climbing down a ladder; so when they stopped for a moment at the sixth level, they found him close behind them.

Down to this point, and, indeed, for a few levels below, the copper-bearing portions of the vein had been "worked out," and the levels and "backs" had been abandoned to the rats and the mould. In many places here the levels were choked and filled with great masses of fallen rock, and timbers that had rotted and fallen away, or had been crushed by the weight that had been put upon them. The air in these places was dead and foul. Men seldom went into them, as indeed they had no occasion to do. In fact, they were forbidden to do so unless ordered, for the danger from falling rock was great; while the danger of setting fire to the accumulations of timber and decayed wood was a constant menace to the mine itself, and to the men who were in it.

Lute had stopped to see how Hayden was enduring the unwonted labor, but upon his assurance that the felt no fatigue and was thoroughly enjoying it, they continued their descent. The ladders, which near the surface were wet and slimy, were now dry, and there was no longer any sound of dripping water in the shaft. The air was drier, and the currents hardly perceptible. The temperature was more even, and they noticed the smell of fresh powder-smoke rising in the ladder-way; they heard, too, the dull reverberations of the blasts away below them, like the booming of distant cannon, sometimes at intervals, and again following one another in quick succession.

Hayden became elated with the novelty of the situation, and, as his spirits rose, he quickened his step and began to whistle a lively air. Suddenly he was startled by a loud hallooing and shouting from
the Finn. He stood still on the ladder, and looked down to see what
was the matter. Edmunds also had stopped, and was looking at the Finn
in amazement. The latter had put down his load and was gazing up at
them, gesticulating with both hands and talking in loud and excited
tones, but in such a diabolical mixture of bad English and unknown
Finnish, that it was utterly impossible to understand what he was trying
to communicate. At length, however, a light seemed to dawn upon
Edmunds, and his temper, which was easily excited, flared up at the
Finn.

"You roaring idiot, what are you doing there, blowing away like
a spouting whale? Do you think you are going to fall off the ladder
and into the shaft, because a man in the mine happened to whistle a
bit, or are you afraid a wad from a missed hole in some of these old
backs will blow out and hit you while you are passing? Pick up your
load now, and travel on, or I'll drop one of these rocks down on to
your thick stupid head."

The poor man, more frightened than ever, hastily took up his
instruments and slid down the ladder, talking to himself the while in
a lingo wholly unintelligible to the others. To Hayden's inquiry,
"what on earth ailed the fellow?" Lute replied, that a strong super­
stition prevailed among the miners that it was an unlucky thing to
whistle in the mine, consequently they never did it, nor allowed
others to, if they could help it. There was no harm in singing, but
whistling was sure to bring them bad luck.

The man did not stop until he had reached the bottom of the ladder
at the twelfth level. Her he waited for them. They had now reached
the depth where active mining operations were in progress, and Edmunds led the way into the level over which "stopers" were breaking down the vein. Their lights glimmered dimly in the smoky air, like stars seen through a cloudy sky; and the measured ring of their hammers, as they struck the drills, fell upon the ear in sharp cadence.

"Halloo, there!" shouted Edmunds in a loud voice.
"Halloo!" came the answer from above.
"Let nothing down," cried Edmunds.
"All right."
"Has Captain Wick been here this morning?"
"Yes, was in 'ere with Cap'n Bill, not more 'n a 'alf 'our ago."
"Which way did they go from here?"
"Dunno, couldn't say, but b'leeve a must 'ave gone down er shaft to the fourteenth, as we 'eared Cap'n Bill say 'ee must measure up Dick Trevarrow's drift south er number two."

With this information they started to retrace their steps to the shaft, but found their way partially blocked by a party of timbermen who were pulling a large stull timber into the cutting-out stope beyond them. With tackle and blocks made fast to a brace secured over the level, they were hauling it in sailor fasion over the rough bottom of the drift, to the tune of -

Heave! Heave! Ho! Ho! Heave! Heave! Ho! Ho!
Heave! Heave! Ho! Ho! Heave! Heave! Ho! Ho!

Many of the men had deep, musical voices, and as there were both bass and tenor singers among them, the effect was weird and pleasing.

Waiting until the men had seen them, and had desisted from their
work to let them pass, they climbed over the timber and went on their way. Down the shaft for two more "lifts" brought them to the lowest level of the mine. From this level the new openings were being pushed in each direction. The several shafts were "sinking" below it, and from each of them the levels which should connect them all together were being extended north and south.

At this level, a few feet from the shaft, a party of miners were seated upon bits of board or blocks of timber, eating their luncheon. They were Cornishmen, and the Cornish miner is always a good liver. Each man had a tin dinner-pail, which he had placed upon a rude support of bits of broken stone, and under it had lighted the ends of three or four tallow dips, with which he was warming his tea. From a tray which fitted into his pail, he produced a "pasty" (meat pie), liberal slices of bread and butter, several boiled eggs, and a huge piece of saffron cake. With soiled hands and faces begrimed with smoke and dirt, but with appetites sharpened by hard labor, these sturdy miners, down in the dark caverns of the earth, ate like country squires at feast; then for a brief space they smoked their pipes in quiet contentment. Little was said by them, though occasionally rough jokes were bandied about. Rats would run squealing past them, and often stop at a little distance away to eat the bits of bread and meat which the men would throw to them. The men always petted and fed them; and at times the rats would become quite tame, and eat almost from their hands. They would come so near that certain ones were recognized and named, always with high-sounding titles, such as the "Duke of Wellington," "General Grant," or the "Queen of Sheba." They were never frightened
or driven away, for a superstitious belief (very much like that among sailors, that rats always leave a sinking ship) formerly prevailed among miners, that when the rats left a mine it was time for the men to get out of it too.

These men recognized Edmunds, as it was his business to make the underground surveys and he was often among them.

They greeted him with a "Good mornin', Master Edmunds, how are ye gettin' on?"

"All right, boys, how are you? Did you see the captains pass this way?"

"Yes, they was 'ere not ten minutes ago, but said they couldn't wait, and told us to tell 'ee whe 'ee come, that the drift they wanted the levels on was the thirteenth, north er number four. Will 'ee sit down a bit, Master Edmunds, and touch er pipe er bit?"

"No, thank you, boys, we must get up to the thirteenth, and over to number four, or we will not get out before afternoon. I'm sorry I have missed the captain, as I don't know just what he wants done. He said last night he would meet me at the shaft. What party is working that drift, do you know? Are the day-shift men there now?"

"Yes, I s'pose, for we 'eered Cap'n Wick tell Cap'n Bill that he b'leeved they men had run they drift too high, and he hordered 'em to stop work till you coomed round."

With this information, Edmunds and his little party began the ascent to the next level. He was vexed at missing the captain and having to retrace his steps, with the consequent loss of time and added labor that it entailed.
Hayden soon found that going up was not so easy a matter as coming down, and, for the first time in his life, he was surprised to find that his weight was so great! The Finn was the only one that appeared not to notice the change; he went up at about the same speed with which he had come down, even with the load on his back. Edmunds had had too much experience not to know the folly of haste at such work, so he climbed slowly, and apparently without much effort or fatigue.

Having reached the level above, they proceeded through it to the north, passing the number three shaft, and then the number four. About one hundred feet beyond this shaft a winze was being sunk to the level below, and it was now some fifty feet deep. The rock from it had not been trammed away for three or four days, and lay scattered about in the level, making the walking over it rough and difficult. Immediately around the mouth of the winze it was piled up to the height of two or three feet, requiring a good deal of stooping on the part of the men to avoid striking their heads against the roof of the level. To make it worse, the miners had just hoisted up three or four buckets full of muddy, slimy water, and dumped it over the rock.

Edmunds and Hayden by much caution had picked their way safely over it. The Finn, some distance behind them, was clumsily plodding along under his load and had just reached the top of the pile, when they heard him cry out. Edmunds turned quickly, just in time to see the man's foot slip from under him, and leave him sprawling at full length among the stone. His tripod was flung back against the wall of the drift, and his instrument, striking once against the collar planking, slid off and fell heavily into the winze. The Finn, too
frightened and dazed to think of anything better to do, picked himself up, and stood staring stupidly about him.

Edmunds had seen his precious property disappear, and had instantly realized the probable damage and delay it would cause him. He was a passionate man, and never minced words when his temper was roused; but the thing had come so suddenly, had been so quickly done, that for a moment he was unable fittingly to express the rage and disgust that boiled within him. For an instant only he glared with flaming eyes at the stupid fellow, and then, reaching out both hands, he made a mad rush to catch him by the collar. But the Finn, though slow of gait and heavy of wit, had the instinct of an animal for self-defence and protection. He saw at once that lightning was unchained, that a thunderbolt was about to burst forth; but he had no intention that it should fall on him. So, just as he was expected to receive the shock, with all his solid, stolid bulk he threw himself with surprising agility flat on the ground, and rolled quickly to the side wall of the level, and lay there, crowded close against it.

The effect of this sudden disappearance of his victim was different from what the surveyor had anticipated, for, finding no obstacle to arrest the force of his reckless onslaught, he tripped, stumbled, and then fell headlong, face downwards, among the rocks and mud.

Edmunds slowly raised himself to his feet, stunned a little, but swearing like a Turk, and fuming like a maddened bull. His appearance was ridiculous in the extreme. His clothes and face were covered with mud, and blood was dripping from his nose and from a cut in his forehead. His hands were bruised and bleeding. His rage before he
fell had been furious; now it was cyclonic! As soon as he was able to
stand firmly on his feet again, he looked for the Finn, but that indi-
vidual, with all his dulness, was too shrewd a fellow to be found by
him within battling distance, after such a catastrophe. It happened
that the hoisting-bucket was down, and the fellow, with the nimbleness
of a cat, had sprung to the rope, and lowered himself to the bottom,
where he now was, in close companionship with three of his sturdy
countrymen.

Failing to discover him, Edmunds at once suspected the manner of
his disappearance. He stepped to the platform, and leaning on the
windlass, looked down into the pit. There he saw his enemy, safe from
harm, though not sheltered from the torrent of invective and abuse
which Edmunds proceeded to pour out upon him.

"You d---d, web-footed, fish-eating, blubber-soaked porpoise, what
are you doing down there? It's well for you that you went down when
you did, for if I had caught you here, I would have flung you down head
foremost, as you did my transit. Have you found it, you blockhead? Is
it smashed to smithereens, you crocodile? Come, fish around and find
it, and bring it up to me. If it's broken, you shall pay for it, or I
will take it out of you. You ought to be skinned and your tough hide
tanned to make shoepack leather."

To all this the Finn answered never a word, and his companions
also preserved a discreet silence. Edmunds, knowing well that they
would never come up while he remained there, and having by this explo-
sion appeased his wrath in large measure, told Hayden, that as it would
now be impossible for them to proceed with their work, there was nothing
left for them to do but to return to the surface. So, retracing their steps to the shaft, they began the climb. Edmunds, as before, climbed slowly, - a fortunate thing for Hayden, for to one unaccustomed to it this mode of exertion is very laborious. It is only by practice that one learns, in climbing ladders, to avoid unnecessary strains, to sustain one's weight in the easiest manner, and to incur the least amount of fatigue.

As it lacked an hour of noon there was no need for haste, and after climbing for a couple of "lifts," Edmunds would sit for a few minutes to rest, and, as he said, "to catch his wind." During one of these intervals, his ruffled spirits having once more resumed a tranquil state, he alluded apologetically to what had passed, and said that he feared Hayden might form a wrong opinion of him because of their brief acquaintance, and his limited knowledge of his peculiarities. He was not of a vindictive disposition, he said, and his temper, which was often quickly aroused, usually spent itself as quickly, and left no trace behind; "and after all," he continued, "the poor devil was not to blame, he couldn't help it. Why, I slipped myself as I was passing the winze, and came near falling in. I suppose the captain will want to discharge him, but I'll see to that that, I won't have him discharged. I would rather have him as a helper now than another man. This thing will make him careful, and he will never have an accident of that sort again."

Hayden assured him that he knew that he meant the man no harm; that it must have been exceedingly exasperating; and that he himself would have been very angry, had such an accident happened to him; -
and so they resumed their climb.

In fact, however, Hayden had been so intensely amused with the whole performance, which he thought as good as a play, that it had been with the greatest difficulty that he had been able to control himself, and to keep from exploding with laughter. So now, as he slowly followed Edmunds up the ladder, he laughed long and heartily, though necessarily without noise. During the monotonous climb from level to level talking was more or less difficult, and each was left to his own reflections.

As they were ascending by way of the pump-shaft, they could hear the trickling of the water as it ran down under the ladders, and was led through gutters into the "sumps," or cisterns, made to receive it. By their side was the heavy iron water column which led to the surface, and above it worked the clumsy wooden pump-rods, now moving slowly back and forth, and forcing upwards a dirty stream to the daylight and fresh air above them.

Hayden from time to time questioned his companion as to the methods employed for getting the water out of the mine, and asked the reason for certain appliances which he did not fully understand. To all these questions Edmunds replied as best he could, and often stopped to explain more minutely such points as were complicated or obscure. Hayden was greatly interested in it all, and was determined to understand thoroughly every part of the underground work and manipulation. Thus it was nearly noon, when, coming up into the second level, they found the two captains sitting on a tool-box, leisurely smoking their pipes, while they consulted together about the work of the day.

"Halloo, Lute," said Captain Bill, as soon as the surveyor had
emerged from the ladder-way, "we've been hoping to come across ye all the morning. Did yer put the levels in for the drift men in the bottom north of number four?"

At the first mention of the work which he was expected to have done, Edmund's wrath blazed up again. It was a matter of pride with him to keep faithfully all appointments, and the responsibility for a failure was always something to be put on another's shoulders, if possible. In this case he was so clearly not at fault that the captain's question acted like a spark to a magazine, and the explosion followed quickly.

"No, I have not taken the levels; we went there for it, and just as we were ready to begin work, that miserable, benighted, coffee-colored devil of a Finlander you sent me dumped my instrument into the winze. It's a pity the old leatherhead had not tumbled in after it. What did you send me such a stupid fool for? He couldn't understand anything I said to him, and is no good anyway for any work I have to be done."

"Well, Lute," said Captain Wick, "why didn't ee tell me what ee wanted? I thought yer only wanted a man to pack yer tools for 'ee, and 'ee's good 'nuff for that anyway. Where is 'ee now? Damme, man, I'll discharge un soon as ever 'ee cooms to surface."

"I don't know where he is; the last I saw of him, he was in the bottom of the winze, squatting down behind three other blubber-eating donkeys. I suppose he's there yet. At any rate you won't see him again to-day."

"Won't I, though?" responded the captain, beginning to get excited
in his turn. "I'll find un before 'ee goes 'ome to-night, and I'll send un to the hoffice with 'iss time, first thing to-morrow mornin'. I tell 'ee I will!"

"Who told you to give the man his time? I didn't tell you to discharge him."

"You told me 'ee's no good, and said I no business send ye such a man. If 'ee's no good for ye, 'ee's no good for we. I tell 'ee, 'ee shall 'ave 'iss time, 'ee shall go to-morrow mornin.' Damme, man, think I'll 'ave a man workin' in this 'ere mine that'll drop engineer's hinstrument down er shaft? Why 'ee might er broke th' 'eads av they men in er bottom, if th, skulls hadn't been too 'ard to crack."

"I say, Captain, I won't have him discharged. It wasn't his fault."

"It wasn't his fault!" shouted the captain. "You said 'ee flung yer hinstrument down er winze; pray tell em 'oose fault was it, if it wasn't 'iss? Was it yourn? Damme, man, if I know how to make 'ee out at all!"

"No, it wasn't his fault," reiterated Edmunds. "It was the fault of his stupid countrymen, working in the winze. You see the trammers hadn't taken away the rock for two days, and the night men had hoisted their water, and dumped it on the pile; and, in trying to get over it with his load, the fellow slipped and fell, and the instrument was knocked out of his hand, and slid into the winze. It's a wonder he didn't go in himself, for I came very near falling in. It's a shame to leave things in that way. The fellow was not to blame at all; I wouldn't have him discharged. I have no doubt he has a wife and a big family of children in the old country, depending on him for their
bread, and it would be a downright cruelty to discharge him for that."

"Well, then, I'll discharge they men in er winze; they no business to dump they water on th' rock-pile."

"No, you won't discharge the men in the winze; it wasn't their fault; if you let your trammers leave the rock until it fills up the level, what are they going to do with their water? They can't dump it anywhere else, and they can't leave it in the winze! It looks to me, Captain, as if it was more your fault than any one's else!"

"Well, damme, man," shouted the now irate captain, "what the 'ell do 'ee want me to do, - discharge myself?"

At this juncture, Captain Bill, seeing that the discussion had proceeded far enough, and having, by reason of it, reached a pretty clear understanding of the affair himself, namely, that it was purely an accident for which no one could be held accountable, deemed it best to terminate the dispute before anything more serious should come of it. So, rising hastily, he ordered Captain Wick to "climb," and, quickly following him, they all took to the ladders and began ascending at a pace much more rapid than that at which Edmunds had led Hayden thus far.

The latter soon found that the captains were a hard pair to follow, and that his wind was being put to the test as never before. Edmunds with his lean body and sinewy legs, accustomed to the ladders, quickened his steps without difficulty. Faster and faster they went, until their pace became almost a run.

It soon dawned upon Hayden that he was their victim, and that they were trying to tire him out before he could reach the surface.
He resolved to outwit them if possible. He had always been good in athletic sports, and he had very soon learned, as they were slowly climbing the levels below, the easiest position to take in ascending. He said nothing, but followed them quietly, keeping close to Edmund's heels. He soon discovered that the surveyor was puffing and wheezing like a locomotive, that he was putting forth his utmost exertion to keep up with the captains, and that his feet struck the rungs of the ladder with a nervous and uncertain tread. This encouraged him, for he had no difficulty in following; except for his quickened breathing, he gave no evidence of fatigue, and his muscles were supple and firm. He saw, too, that the captain had reached their limit of speed, and he felt no fear that he should fail in the race.

On they pushed, and, as their steps rang out in unison, the ladders creaked and groaned with every fall of their feet. Edmund's breathing became more labored and hurried with each step, and his feet fairly trembled as they struck the rounds of the ladder. The captains, too, were breathing harder, as Hayden could hear above the sound of the creaking ladder.

With a hasty glance upward he saw a glimmer of daylight through the open man-hole at the shaft-house. It was not more than forty feet above them; but would Edmunds be able to reach it? Hayden feared for him, but not for himself; for the surveyor had begun to lag, and the space was lengthening between him and Captain Bill, who was next ahead of him. They were rapidly nearing the top, but the space between Edmunds and the captain was increasing fast, and his trembling legs fairly shook the ladders. He seemed about to give out, when Hayden
shouted to him to push on, as he was almost up; and he threw all his rema

ning strength into one last frantic effort to reach the goal.

Captain Wick shot through the man-hole with Captain Bill close after him. Edmunds, with one spasmodic lunge, threw his arms through the opening, and his head and shoulders dropped limp and helpless on the floor of the shaft-house. The two captains seized him by the arms, pulled him up, and set him on a block of wood, where he remained in a state of collapse for ten minutes or more.

Hayden had bounded lightly through the man-hole as soon as Edmunds was pulled out of it. Captain Bill grabbed him by the hand. "You have done well, old fellow," he said. "We were determined to give you a good rattle, and we did it, but by gill, you're a trump! Why, you're a perfect horse! I believe you'd break down the captain and me. We'll never try that on you again. But poor Lute, I don't know but we've killed him! Halloo, there, Lute, how are you gettin' on? Are you dead, old fellow?"

Lute had now recovered himself somewhat, and straightening up, he answered:

"No, I'm all right. It was because I didn't eat any breakfast this morning. I was faint for want of food. I could have followed you up from the bottom at that rate, if it hadn't been for that."

The captains looked knowingly at each other and smiled, but made no reply, while Lute slowly rose to his feet, and proceeded to follow them to the changing-house.

Hayden's reputation with the mine captains and for all underground operations was established, once and for all. He was triumphant. He
had gained a complete victory, a victory over a prejudice: the pre-
judice of strength against skill, of brawn against brain.
In September, Joe went on the night shift at the mill, learning to be a saw filer. Young Farley stopped by one day to leave word for him. Celie looked out the window to see the bright blue car in the road. She smoothed her hair into place and opened the door. The sight of young Farley still gave her a feeling of excitement.

"Come in," she smiled.

Young Farley came just to the doorway. He looked at the snug, bare little house. Fifteen months of living had subdued the newness of the furniture. The sun had faded the vivid green and purple lamp shade. Christina had braided a rug from Ole's old woolen trousers and shirts. It had the place of honor in front of the davenport. The mirror young Farley had given them hung over Joe's homemade radio. Celie had put some bright leaves in a pitcher on the table. She had just finished sweeping the room. She watched his glance, proudly. Young Farley's eyes came quickly back to Celie.

"Well, marriage agrees with you, Celie."

"You seem to like it all right yourself." She was the old Celie back of the counter at the company store.

He had grown heavier and more ruddy. He looked less like a piano-player at the Tricorne and more like the boss of an operation, a boss in the moving-pictures, perhaps. The mill had done more for him than it had received in return. He laughed.

"Say, Cele, why don't you help out waiting on table for Charlotte.
She likes your looks, and you know how I feel about you."

Celie stood very straight in her doorway.

"I'm too busy here, Mr. Farley."

Young Farley sensed he had made a mistake. He had no intention of offending her. He had just come all the way up from the office to see Celie.

They needed a dependable man on the night shift for filer. He had thought of Joe, himself. It pleased him when he thought of things. Once an idea occurred to him he backed it in the face of any opposition from Stumpf or Weil, the head office man, to the very teeth of his uncle and the Detroit office. Authority was growing on him.

Thinking of Joe made him think of Celie. He had taken a notion suddenly to go and see her. In a way that drove Edelfart, the neat little Norwegian in his office, to muttering, young Farley went out and jumped into his car, calling out, "I'll go up there now and tell him."

"At ten in the morning!" muttered Edelfart aloud.

Now, looking at Celie with the morning sun on her, in her house dress that was too short, she made him a little confused about his errand.

"Celie, what I stopped in for was to tell you I've decided to give Joe a chance on the night shift, learning saw filing. It's a good job and that'll get him out of the woods."

"I'll tell Joe," Celie said. "There's Rose Marie crying, Arthur - I mean Mr. Farley - I've got to go."

No word of thanks, no time even to flirt a bit. Young Farley got
into his car in a hesitant mood. He was getting too damned sensitive, that was all. Folks in the town didn't like him so well, but that was natural, he was from the outside. The old man wanted him to do more managing . . . these people couldn't be managed, dumb Swedes and Finns . . .

Joe didn't care much about leaving the limey at first. He liked the trips through the woods even at the slow pace of the log train. He tipped back in his chair with his feet on the stove while Celie cleared away the supper dishes.

"Y'know, Celie, you can't even smoke a cigarette when you're down at the mill. Y'gotta check in and out to be sure you ain't stealin' time on the comp'ny. That's why old Hiram Block pulled out and took to running that garage of his so he could be independent."

"Yes, Joe, but you gotta think of your future," Celie said solemnly.

"Yes," said Joe slowly, "that's right, Celie, and I been thinkin' of it right along. If I was to leave here and get a job away, running the limey's as good as anything. If I take this job in the mill and be a saw filer I'd have as good a job as your dad, almost, Celie, and I could go from here to a mill anywhere in the country and be a saw filer."

Celie scalded the coffee pot, silently. Here was the thing that had been down in their minds all this time; that she had been waiting to talk about. Her hands trembled a little in her excitement.

"You'd always have to live in mill-towns, then, Joe." Her words sounded loudly in the little kitchen.
"Yeah, but there's worse places, Cele, than livin' on this lake where the fishing's good and there's hunting and it's so healthy for the kid. Sometimes when I'm running the limey, Cele... you get a lot of thinkin' done on that job..."

Cele thought guiltily how she had blamed Joe in her mind for being so happy-go-lucky, not getting another job as he said he would. And, here, Joe had been thinking all this time.

"... you know, Cele, I'm getting to like it here."

Cele looked at him quickly. He was getting to look like his father more and more. Folks even said Lin Linsen was a little cracked, and he did look half crazy when he'd stop in to see them and tell them about the trout he'd caught. His blue eyes would flash and his white hair would lop down over his forehead the way Joe's black hair did. Other times he was silent, a good enough worker when he worked, but he didn't have a spark of ambition. Whenever he wanted, he'd lay off. He'd be out in the woods half the time when the hunting-season came. Folks always said Joe was so different; he must have got his ambition from his mother who'd died when he was a little fellow. It scared Cele to catch the resemblance in Joe. She was silent. She scoured the sink busily, then she burst out,

"I thought you didn't want to live here all your life either, Joe, an' you haven't worked on your radio for ever so long." She didn't look at him but her voice was accusing and a little shrill.

Joe puffed at his pipe.

"Yeah, but, Cele, what would you have in the city that you don't have here?"
Celie raised her eyes from the sink.

"Oh, Joe, maybe this house is your idea, but it isn't mine. Maybe you like living on the edge of the woods and going to a show where they haven't even got talkies. Maybe you want Rose Marie to grow up with the Bouveard kids and learn to swear like a lumberjack, Joe Linsen, but I don't."

Celie's voice was more than shrill. It had in it a half sob that went into the walls of the box-like house and became part of their timber. In some other day when the Point was bare of people and the winds blew through the deserted buildings that tone would sound forth to become part of the age-old moan of Superior as it washes the shore. Celie and Joe were suddenly two tiny figures in a drama as old as the country of the sticks and older.

"Well, what would you do?"

"I'd take this night job and then in the daytime you could go into Clarion and hunt a job. I bet you didn't half look, Joe."

At the suspicion in her tone, Joe's face grew sullen.

"Say, I work when I work. When would you say I'd sleep?"

"Oh, Joe, you weren't so worried about your sleep when we used to go to dances."

A bitterness rose between the two, tiny at first, but real. Little Rose Marie sucked in the bitterness with her mother's milk as, perhaps, Celie had drawn it in from Christina.

But without more words, Joe went to work on the night shift. Like his father, he was born for the outdoors. In the white pine days he would have been in the lumber camp, but times had changed in the upper
peninsula and he was Celie's man. He hated working down at the mill under the too shiny, too yellow light. The fine white particles of sawdust, everywhere, seemed to get in his throat. The saws even scared him a little, though he did not admit this fear himself. The sound of the file against the saw made shivers at the back of his neck. The first few days he grew frantic for a cigarette. He kept feeling in his pocket for the package. When he came back up the hill from the mill, he saw the limey pulling out. He felt cramped... tied. He began to think about himself and his lot as he had never done before. He had to look sharp at this new job and keep his eyes on the fine edge of the saws. He frowned a little and narrowed his eyes to watch more closely. A tiny line grew in his forehead that was new to his face.

The first day, he came home with no appetite. Celie was just up and his dinner was her breakfast. She cooked eggs and ham and potato cakes and coffee. She ate a slice of bread with her coffee and that was all. Joe wouldn't eat either.

"Now you ought to get to bed, Joe," Celie said. "I'll fix it for you. Wait till I get Rose Marie out, first."

Joe laid down as he was. He stretched his arms up under the pillows. The under side of Celie's pillow was still warm. A queer half light came in the windows around the edge of the shades. He could hear Rose Marie making tiny squeals in the kitchen. Celie tip-toed around, but every now and then she would forget and her high heels would come down sharply on the floor. He turned over and put his face in the pillow. Just as he fell into a half-sleep Rose Marie's tin

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rattle jangled to the floor. He woke with a start, tense from head to foot. He was at the mill again and had dropped one of the big saws with a great clatter. He got up and pulled on his boots.

Celie was bathing Rose Marie on the kitchen table by the sunny window. She looked up in surprise.

"Why, Joe, you must go on back to bed." She spoke as she might to a child. Her mind was on Rose Marie's weight.

"I thought you'd say I ought to be on my way in to Clarion to hunt a white collar job."

"Oh, Joe, you know better!" Celie flushed.

"Well, I don't feel like it anyway. And I can't sleep. I'm going over to the fox farm and see Hels." A burst of cold air came in as he opened the door.

"Go on, then, quick, Joe. Rose Marie'll catch her death."

Joe sauntered over to the shack where Hels Helsen was cooking horse meat for the foxes. The half rancid smell filled the small shack. Joe sat down on his heels by the open door.

"Hi, Joe, ain't you working no more?"

"Oh, I'm on the night shift, filin'." Joe lit a cigarette.

His face in the strong light was strangely discontented. His heavy black hair fell over his forehead. His eyes were tired and rested moodily on the mash simmering in the rusted iron kettle. It was still a boy's face, a little sullen, impatient at being tied to an old man's job.

Hels was a short, stocky man in a plaid jumper, staged trousers and boots. His face and hands had been grimy so long that the grime
was a pigment in his skin. He had been out in bad weather a good part of his life. The rough wind across the lake, the snow blowing into drifts and the cold rain of early spring had roughened his face and taught him to carry his head down between his shoulders, as though he had a wry neck.

He had made snowshoes in the old days, learned the trade from an Indian at the Soo. He'd had a fling at the mill, he could tinker with machinery like a millwright, but he had no knack for steady work. Then he bought a few acres of ground at the top of town and a pair of fox a few years back. Once he sold a keg of moonshine to a lumberjack for the price of another fox. Now he had eighteen. Two white ones had come from Alaska and had cost him "plenty," as he told the curious. The love he had never lavished on the half-breed woman that lived with him fell to this pair of Alaskan fox. He gave the mash another stir and added a slab to the fire.

"C'm here," he grunted to Joe and stalked ahead on his stocky legs to the wire cage that fenced in the white fox. He pounded on the ground near their burrow with a stick until the sly, nervous creatures appeared. He watched them, not allowing himself a smile, but the satisfied stance of his squat figure as he stood surveying them was in itself a smile.

They sniffed the air with their pointed noses raised, stood motionless, trailing their plumy tails.

"Look at 'em brushes," muttered Hels. "Wait'll I get a litter off'n 'em." Joe leaned against the wire and watched the foxes. Raising fox was all right. It was a job, like any other, but he'd rather trap
'em; beat 'em at their own game, the sly devils. He oughta have some traps out like he used to as a boy; might even get a beaver. There was a law against it, like there was everything else, whisky an' fishing for trout in the fall and livin' where a man wanted to.

Hels gave him a jab in the ribs with his elbow.

"What d'ye say, huh? Got some powerful stuff." He winked.

"Just a short one, Hels." He followed Hels up to the house, half tar paper, half boards that had been thrown together. He stood in the doorway, looking down over the roof tops of the village to the mill stacks and the lake while Hels went inside.

Not such a bad place, he'd told Celie, and it wasn't.

Hels came back and poured some of the colorless liquid into a tin cup.

"Whoa, Hels, I gotta work all night, don't forget." A warm stream flowed into him. He felt better already. He had another drink with Hels.

"Pretty good moon, eh, Joe?"

"Surest thing." This was the life: independent, outdoors trapping, a little drink to warm you up. All women were like Celie. They wanted to get into town, but they had to go where their men lived . . . surest thing! Joe was sleepy. He got up from the stoop.

"S'long, Hels. I'll be up to steal those white rats of yours one of these days." He went back to his house. It must be time for dinner.

As he came through the kitchen, there was no sign of a meal. Celie was ironing some dresses for Rose Marie.

"What about dinner?" asked Joe, a little thickly.
Celie looked at him indignantly.

"Joe Linsen, it's three o'clock and I've seen you sitting up there on Hels Helsen's stoop having a drink with him."

Joe went into the bedroom whistling, without making any reply. That was the way to get Celie going. . . surest thing!

"Joe, shh, Rose Marie's just gotten off."

Joe threw himself across the bed. The house was no place for him in the daytime. It was for women. Worn out with his day of doing nothing, Joe fell asleep.

Celie went down to the store for groceries. She was angry with Joe as she had never been before; angry and frightened. This was where love got you in the end. She didn't love Joe anymore, anyway. That was all over. She was like the girl in The Love Trap story that ran in the papers.

She went into the big barny store feeling that it was a refuge. Maybe she could get a job here again. She could leave Rose Marie with her mother pretty soon. She'd work here and save every cent of her money and get away . . . anywhere, to Clarion, to Chicago, maybe. That was what she'd planned once; why hadn't she done it?

"Oh, hello," she said to Mrs. Munsen. "Fine, she's growing so. Thirteen pounds and four ounces. Curly, I guess, at least it looks like it now. Oh, Joe's fine. He's filing on the night shift."

She bought her groceries and went down to the meat counter. With Mrs. Munsen and Thelma Konki she was a little on her guard when she came to the store. She knew they looked at her clothes to see whether she was still wearing her old ones and always told her that the place
was so changed she wouldn't know where to lay her hand on things.

Mr. Quinn's face lighted when he saw her.

"'Lo, Celie, girl," he said with his Swedish accent.

"One pound of wieners, butch," she said, smiling, "and some sauerkraut; you know, enough."

"How 'bout a little chicken, Celie? Dem wieners don't get you fat. You look kinda tired, Cele. Maybe you take bein' married too hard?" No one else was at the meat counter except Nellie Hann's little boy, and the pain was bad in his back. He could take time to stop and talk with Celie Linsen.

"Oh, no, butch." Unaccountable tears filled her eyes suddenly.

"Ach, Celie, I didn't mean to make you cry, ish!" Old Quinn was so upset his kindly wrinkled face reddened.

"You step out more, Celie, you don't want to be an old woman before you be a young girl. I miss the way you used to run around in here. Mind now, you child, you walk out of here like you used to, real spry. An' come in and get a chicken for Sunday. I make you a special, eh, Cele?"

Celie took her packages and hurried out of the store. Her heels pounded on the board floor the quick brisk rhythm they used to make. Old Quinn watched her go. Something was wrong with Celie Linsen. Such a pretty girl . . . she'd settle down like the rest. Old Quinn was not a mill worker. He'd been a camp cook for years. He had learned sympathy along with his woman's work, or maybe it was that great grandmother that had had learning and been a teacher back in the old country.
"Hey, butch, three quarts milk and Ma says two was sour last time so she wants two fer nothin', d'ye hear?"

Old Quinn turned wearily toward the ice box. He was almost too old to remember how he came to stay in the Point. He hated the daily rabble of children who shouted their orders to him and got him so mixed up. Celie Henderson was like a cool drink of water. She made him think of the old country when he was a young man and a fool.

He'd come over to America with ten other young fellows on a contract with the iron mines, on the other side of the peninsula. That was too hard for him. He drifted over to the mills. Work was too hard there, too. His heart wasn't just right. Then the cook in the camp was killed in a fight. Old Quinn took his place back in 1910, he still remembered the date, and here he was. Old Quinn coughed. He'd go to see the doctor tonight, maybe. That pain . . .

Celia was glad to hurry out of the store. She had forgotten to bring a compact with her, but she knew her eyes were red. Once, Celie would never have left the house without a compact, without making sure her lips were a bright scarlet. She didn't have so much time to think about herself, now.

How could old Quinn know, she wondered. The mill whistle blew while she was on her way home. Men came up the hill like troops of an army. Lights blinked on in the box-like houses. It was still light, but there was light to burn. There was Selma Lichtenberg busy in her kitchen. As she passed her mother's house she could see Christina by her stove. Christina had gone on living right there. She had twelve boarders, now. She was a little more silent, a little more grim, but
otherwise just the same. "Oh, I work awhile," was all she said when Celie urged her to live with them. "Old people by themselves, young people together, that's the best way."

As Celie passed Hensen's, Mrs. Hensen was getting an armful of wood from the woodpile.

"'Lo, Celie, I see you go by and I tried to make you hear me. I wanted you should stop in and have coffee with. You can, tomorrow, can?"

Thanks, Mrs. Hensen," said Celie.

The whole town was in action. The pumps at the corners had a group waiting to fill their pails. Suppers were on the stoves in the little houses. The men were home. There was plenty of work in the mill, plenty of youth in the village. The bustle of life in the three streets of the Point was louder than the sough of the trees beyond the town or the melancholy swish of Superior. It caught Celie in its rhythm and quickened her feet.

She wondered if Joe were still asleep. She ran into the house through the kitchen. It was still and full of soft shadows in the dusky light. In the parlor, Rose Marie was sleeping on the davenport. She went into the little bedroom. Joe still lay crossways on the bed.

"Joe . . ." She bent over him. He was sleeping spread-eagled, his boots had pulled the spread into a knot. The pillow was damp by his mouth. In his exhaustion, he had slobbered like a baby.

Celie had held her hate tight to her. She had planned to herself all afternoon how she would leave him and make her way by herself. Seeing him there, asleep, the hate ebbed away from her. She tried to
"Joe, wake up, you're spoiling the spread." She spoke crossly. "Joe!" She bent over him. His tousled black head, his shoulders, his lips parted a little against the damp pillow, moved her. "Joe!" She kissed his lips. Her fingers pushed back his hair. There was alcohol on his breath, but Celie was not Ole Henderson's child for nothing. A strange new feeling for him rose in her. Celie Linsen had left her adolescence behind. A girl grows into a woman early in the country of the sticks.

Joe raised his head, bewildered.

"What time is it, Cele?" He had forgotten the miserable, wasted day he had put in, his resentment against Celie. Like a child, all that was yesterday. Men stay children a long while up north.

Celite rushed out to the kitchen to heat up the hash she had made for noon. She pushed the coffee over to the hottest place on the stove. She cut thick slices of bread and spread them with butter for Joe's lunch pail.

"You'll be late, Joe," she called in to him.

"Oh, no, I won't. You watch your old man!" Their voices rang in the house with a lilt to them. Rose Marie woke and cried. Celie hurried Joe off and sat down to feed her. The kitchen was warm and bright. The wood in the range crackled. Men labored for that wood, women grew old while they labored, but the wood in the end supported them, the wood of the tall trees.

Rose Marie nursed quietly, drawing in not bitterness, but strength, tonight. Celie Linsen kicked off her highheeled pumps that hurt a
little. It felt good to stretch her stockinged feet out to the oven ledge. There was a darn halfway up her stocking and a fresh run. Celie looked past it. She was thinking about Joe. She put Rose Marie to sleep on their bed and laid down beside her. It was lonesome without Joe.

About midnight, Celie woke. Something was wrong. She turned the lights on in the room. For fifteen months she had lain by Joe's long, hard body. His shoulder against her own had meant security. Without him, the woods came too close to the house. She heard the unreal cry of the foxes. A rattle-trap car back-fired far down the street. She went over to the window and peeked out at the side of the shade. Over on the bluffs at Farley's place, the lights streamed out. For the first time since young Farley had taken her out, Celie had no envy in her. Hers was here in this little house and down in the mill where Joe was. She was wide awake. She stepped into her pumps and went out to the kitchen.

The house was too still. She wanted to keep doing something. She went hurriedly, timidly out to the woodshed and came back with an armful of wood. She opened the drafts and added new fuel. The black stove was company. She washed the dishes in the sink, and turned to the pile of washing under the table. She might as well do it up now as anytime.

When she went outdoors with her pan of washed clothes, she was no longer timid. It was only the house, alone, that crowded down on her. She hung the clothes on the line. A cool wind blew them out full, blew through her hair and against her face. She felt gay as she hadn't
felt since Ole died. It was growing lighter. There were still stars in the sky, very pale, very far away. The moon was already fading. At the bottom of the town, by the lake, rose the four stacks of the mill. Red smoke and sometimes a spark shot out of them into the sky.

Celie remembered how Christina had said, "I like it when the mill runs nights. It don't seem so lonely, then." Suddenly Celie knew what her mother meant. Christina had always seemed so old to her. It was queer to be feeling the same things she did.

Celie thought she heard music over towards Farley's place, but she didn't care. She went inside. It was three o'clock. Joe'd be laying off pretty soon. She decided to put the sauerkraut on to cook and make a cake. After all, it was Joe's heavy meal.

As the whistle for the day-shift screamed out in the gray dawn, Celie took her pail and went down to the pump. She was a little tired now. Norm Lichtenberg came by and pumped for her.

"You're up pretty early, Cele."

"Why not, Joe's filing on the night shift."

Joe came up the hill, tired with the unaccustomed tension of the night's work. He had never been tired like this out in the woods. The fine line between his eyes was drawn there again upon his forehead. There was no kick in going home in the morning, either, the way there was in the evening. Celie'd be just getting up. Joe stooped under the line of clothes in the yard and went in through the kitchen. The table was set. The hearty smell of sauerkraut and wiener came to him from the stove. Rose Marie was in her high chair and Celie was feeding her cereal. Joe hung up his things.
"Hello," he had remembered again. He wasn't sure how Celie would greet him.

"Dinner's ready, Joe. I'm running a night shift, too, only I don't know how to change Rose Marie over." She giggled. "Do you think moonlight would be as good as sun for her, Joe?"

Joe stopped washing his hands. "You mean, Cele, you've been up all night and you're going to bed after dinner, too?"

Celite was wiping Rose Marie's mouth. "Of course. What's the difference when you sleep?"

Mrs Nurmi, who lived next door, stood at her kitchen window.

"I never knew Celie Linsen to get her wash out sooner'n me before," she told her daughter sorrowfully. "However did she do it?"
CHAPTER VII
RURAL LIFE

Agriculture has played an important part in the history of Michigan since the late 1820's when the opening of the Erie Canal facilitated the emigration of settlers and made it possible to ship the fruits of their harvest to the eastern markets. Throughout the nineteenth century agriculture remained Michigan's primary economic base and well into the twentieth century the majority of her people lived in a rural setting.

Michigan's fiction writers have created several fine novels portraying life on the farm. For some it was a joyful constructive experience while for others it provided only a dismal demoralizing memory.

Geoffrey Dell Eaton in his powerful novel *Back Furrow* (1925) paints one such depressing portrait of Michigan farm life at the turn of the century. Eaton falls within the tradition of such authors as Hamlin Garland and Theodore Dreiser, the novelists of frustration. 5 *Back Furrow* remains Eaton's first and only novel as he died shortly after its publication.

This novel was accepted for publication by G.P. Putnam's Sons while George Haven Putnam was abroad. Upon his return, Putnam was so shocked at Eaton's critical portrayal of rural manners that he forbade all future publicity and sale in any of his book stores. So the novel remains little known but is considered by some as a milestone in the development of American realism. 6

An almost completely different picture of rural life is provided by Della Lutes however. The selection from *County Schoolma'am* (1941)

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is typical of her delightful sketches of her childhood in Jackson County in the 1870's and 1880's.

Della Lutes (Thompson) (d. 1942) was born on a farm in Summit Township in Jackson County. At the age of sixteen she started her working career as a country school teacher. At an early age she was a contributor to several Detroit newspapers and eventually developed a career as a woman's magazine editor. Beginning in 1936 with the publication of the best seller The Country Kitchen, Della Lutes was to write six reminiscent novels portraying the happier side of farm life.
In a cluster of hills of mid-Michigan lay a fifty acres farm, with the original old worm rail fences marking it off from the neighboring and larger farms, which stood on more level ground, the slopes bordering the small farm being left to wood lots. These gave it an added touch of isolation which was hardly relieved by the double row of trees flanking the narrow and seldom traveled road that marked the western limits of the farm.

But there were few trees on the farm itself, the woodlot being reserved to the steepest, stoniest hill. The fight for existence on a small piece of ground, mostly glacial tillite and full of boulders, stones and freshet gullies, permitted little of the land to be wasted. Even the angles of the rail fence were carefully cleared of all brush, except the wild raspberry and blackberry vines. A plow could not turn into these spaces, so they were put to their only possible source of profit. Wire fences would have given more acreage to the fields, and the rude cultivation of the berry bushes showed acknowledgment of this - but the rails zigzagged their course, save for a few breaks where barbed wire, strung on trees, indicated work of repair.

The house occupied a central position near the road which fronted the place. It was old, and its coat of paint probably as old as the house itself, though it was spotted in places where, more recently, new siding had replaced the old and had been given a single coat of white. It was flanked by a woodshed, wagon-shed-and-granary in com-
bination, smokehouse, outhouse, corncrib, chicken house, pig sty and a barn, all in an equal state of dilapidation. In front of the house stood a rock-lined well where a windlass dropped a bucket sixty feet to an ice-cold spring, which often yielded drowned mice, crickets, fallen treetoads and leaves.

On both sides of the house were rickety porches, "stoops," facing east and west. In the summer the building was surrounded by lilac bushes, rambler roses, "lemon" lilies and marigolds, which gave it a picturesque appearance, for all its own ugliness. In winter it was barren and the snow over the manure, heaped around to keep it warm within, sloped up the sides, making it appear more squat and desolate.

But summer and winter the windows remained cracked and broken, the loose shingles of the roof admitted water, and that which ran from the eaves seeped from the cistern into the cellar, which was redolent with the odor of rotting cabbages, turnips, and potatoes, with cider and vinegar barrels, and with spoiled cans of fruit.

A phoebe built its nest every year on one of the beams, using a broken cellar window as means of exit and entrance. Only that part of the house which constituted the "parlor" and living room was cellared. Besides these rooms there were, "downstairs," a bedroom and a pantry; above, two bedrooms and a store-room.

The parlor, facing north, was seldom used. It contained a bed for infrequent guests, and a round stove, which was employed when the weather became excessively cold, in addition to the stove in the living room. There was also in the parlor a bookcase, a deer's head badly stuffed, a shelf of bric-a-brac and two horse-hair chairs. In the
bookcase stood such volumes as Horace Greeley's history of the Civil war, *The Life of General Grant*, agricultural reports from Washington, *The Arabian Nights*, *The Civil War In Song and Story*, a huge Bible filled with newspaper clippings of births and deaths, cooking recipes, pressed flowers, and dusty locks of hair tied with faded silk ribbons. A small Old Testament and a small New Testament, a Sears-Roebuck catalogue, and a pile of sportsmen's magazines, most of them several years old, completed the collection.

In the living room was a cracked range which served both to heat the house and for the preparation of meals. It was a huge old cast-iron affair with many lids, big oven, and a warming shelf overhead. Its hearth was fully two feet from the floor, and the whole thing was mounted on firm iron legs. Between the back entrance and a door, which opened to an inside flight of steps into the cellar, there was a table, spread with a white cloth of quaint red design, before which, at meal times, were placed several old fashioned wood-bottom chairs. Over a couch, stuffed with straw, there was a shelf holding a silver cup - "second prize" in a rifle meet of fifty years before, a tobacco jar, and a very old clock which struck extremely rapid notes. Screwed into another wall were the headplate and antlers of a deer, and resting thereon was a hammer, "sidelock" shot-gun which had seen many years of service.

The carpet on the floor, like all of the others in the house, was of woven rags, and it was spotted and always smelling of tobacco juice. The wood-box behind the stove smelled also of tobacco, and of tree bark. The odor of the whole room: of burning wood, tobacco, wood bark,
cooking food and human bodies, so characteristic of many farmhouses of that time, was not unpleasant; a musty tang that always meant "home" to the country folk, the neighbor, the rural mailman, and the teacher of the district school.

The wall was papered but it hung loose in many places; the pattern is common enough even now, that of tiny scrolls and still tinier specks, conceived by some enterprising person to the end of making fly specks only a part of the design.

There were no pictures on the wall except for two lithographed calendars, and a wee picture framed with and surmounting a mirror.

The bedrooms were all much the same, housing black walnut beds with straw "ticks" and patchwork quilts.

The store-room above was filled with many things, and was a favorite haunt for the cat when it was bent on catching mice - which confined themselves to this room and to the cellar, whence they made their nocturnal forays. In this room strings of herbs hung to the walls, with seed corn and old clothes. Despite the broken window and the door, partly opened, to accommodate the cat, there was a strong smell of all the dusty things, the most noticeable of which was that from catnip - which probably led to many gratuitous mousing expeditions. In the room were also bags of nuts and popcorn, bundles of old clothes and rags for making carpets, several piles of old newspapers, and a reloading set for shotgun cartridges. A palace for a pair of busy young hands and eyes on rainy days.

On a July morning a boy stood on the rear porch of the farmhouse, looking through the scant apple orchard at the figure of his grandfather.
"cultivating" the potatoes in the field beyond. He heard his commands to the horse, his profanity when the little blades of the cultivator caught on rocks and threw man and implement to one side. . . .

He came up behind the old man and though the latter was aware of his presence he neither turned nor spoke until the end of the row was reached. His task required every bit of his attention, but when he came to the fence he stopped the horse.

"Hello, Ralphie," he said. "What have you been doin' this mornin'?"

"Nothin'."

"This work tuckers me all out," said the old man. He took his hat off and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. Under his arms great damp circles showed in the blue cloth of his shirt.

"The sun's gittin' hot. I can't stand this work many years longer. After I start this row, run down to the corner and under that scrub oak you'll find the water bottle. Fetch it back so I can have a swig when I come back. I wish we'd git rain." He adjusted the cultivator and spoke to the horse, and man and beast went plodding down the field.

There had been no rain in weeks and the potatoes had been affected. The drought was already beginning to brown and curl the leaves of the plants. In the spring there had been so much rain that the seed had soured and rotted in the ground, and only about two-thirds of them had sprouted. Others had been put in their places and they were just now showing above the surface; they would be late and small.

When the boy returned with the demijohn containing the water bottle the old man had reached the other end of the field and was turning to
come back. The boy became speculative. How many times, he asked himself, did his grandfather or himself walk up and down a row of potatoes each year? He began to count up. Three times when plowing. Of course, dragging and marking covered three rows at a time, but the field had to be cross-dragged and cross-marked, and so nearly once to each row. And then in planting seeds he and his grandfather walked the length of the field to plant two rows each. The they had to be cultivated six or eight times a season, a row at a time; and gone over some by hand where the implement failed to catch the weeds, two rows at a time; and then they had to be sprayed with Paris green five or six times, again two rows at a time. Generally they picked the bugs once or twice a year in addition. In the fall they had to dig the potatoes, two rows at a time. And then they had to pick them. That was the job! The boy thought of how they went bending over, half of the time plowing along on their knees. Never did anything so tire him.

Twenty times or more to each season each row had to be gone up and down. And then came blights and droughts, and like as not the crop was only about half what it ought to be. And then, the year they had such a good crop, such fine potatoes, they couldn't get ten cents a bushel and the potatoes had to be fed to the hogs.

What a terrible lot of work! And how hard the work was! No walking was so rough. City visitors coming to fish for trout mopped their faces after walking across a plowed field. Well, the walking was rough. The boy decided that wading through two feet of snow was easier than walking across a plowed field, and he walked a mile to school many times during the winter in one, two, and sometimes nearly
three feet of snow.

In running the plow, cultivator, and drag, how his grandfather had to brace his body all of the time, toeing out with his feet! Ralph had noticed that the city men never walked like the farmers. The upper half of the farmer's body curved both forward and back, his hands, unused to idleness, flopped grotesquely around, his haunches were always braced, his legs slanted forward; and he always toed out. The city man's foot was directed straight.

His grandfather came up swearing; the horse had stepped on several plants and the cultivator in glancing from the rocks had uprooted several more. The old man had had to stop and replace these.

"Damn farmin'!" he said. "No man works so hard with so little pay. And blights and droughts, plants burnin' up and seed sourin' in the ground. Sometimes I think there ain't no God."

Ralph winced a little at these words. The old man was generally devout and the boy was brought up on the Bible. "Elmer Fox makes money," said he timidly.

"Yes, he makes money. And what from? From his hired men, that's what. Hires 'em in the summer, eight dollars a month, cheaper if he can git 'em, and fires 'em in the winter. He's got two hundred acres, flat ground, gang cultivators, disc harrows, three horses, mowers, binders, drills, and everything else. Him and his men each farms three rows where I farm one."

He threw the cultivator around sharply and started down the row again, swearing. Ralph wondered a bit at the incongruity of prayers at every meal and this extreme profanity. Sometimes the old man got
"full." He watched his grandfather's body sag, sway, and brace. He saw the scant gray hair under the black felt hat. Without knowing why, Ralph felt tears come into his eyes.

The old man was a mixture of things human. He loved the boy to the verge of foolishness, yet he rarely bought him anything; he was kind to the animals, yet he tied the horse to a tree and beat the animal with an ox-chain because it had run away. He was seldom considerate of his wife, and any word of complaint, any attempt at argument on her part was ruthlessly cut short with a harsh word or so. This, despite the fact that she rarely said anything at all.

Again the old man came up the row and stopped at the end. He pulled out the old silver watch tied by a leather thong to a buttonhole in his shirt.

"Eleven o'clock," he said. "I can't stand this any longer. I'm tuckered out." His knees wavered as he unhitched the horse. After turning the animal loose in the pasture the two went into the house.

"A dram of whisky will about fix me," said the old man. He went to the cupboard. In a moment or two his vigor returned, but he sat smoking until his wife announced dinner.

The three sat at the little table, which was pressed against the wall. Vegetables were steaming: new potatoes, "string" beans, peas. There were salt meat, homemade bread, golden butter, and honey. There were several kinds of desserts: pie, cake, cookies.

Everything was nicely cooked. The meal was, in fact, excellent. It was at meals that the old man became most expansive. Only at such times, or during an occasional hunting or fishing trip did he praise
country life.

"Nothing like living on a farm. Have our own vegetables and eggs and butter. Ever'thing fresh. None of your city junk. No peaked faces on this place. No one to tell you when to start working or when to stop."

Yet the old man never rose later than six, summer or winter; generally above five in the summer and during haying time he was up at four. He frequently cut hay with his scythe until nine at night, when darkness compelled him to quit. The farm was too hilly and stony for a mowing machine or binder; the hay and grain were cut by hand, with scythe or cradle, and all of the corn was cut, stalk for stalk, by hand also.

Ralph often thought about the work connected with the hay. A whole field was reserved for hay, and another for pasture, just to feed the horse, that the horse might draw the plow, drag and wagon. What a lot of work to feed the horse! Then there had to be oats for the horse; another whole field, though they sold half of this crop. Then corn for the horse and the hogs, cornstalks and pumpkins for the cattle. It seemed that they spent half of the time and land supporting the animals.

Ralph was thinking of something of the kind now, when his grandfather interrupted his thoughts.

"Here, Ralphie, dig into this salt pork. It'll grow hair on your belly. And you'll weed the corn the better for it this afternoon."

The old man, though he relished his meals and became more cheerful over them, rarely praised his wife. "Ruth is a good old woman," he
might say once in a while, but no more than that. When he thought about her he must have appreciated what she did; he was simply accustomed to having her around, doing things. He saved and planned not half so carefully as she. It was her savings from the eggs and butter that represented the little reserve supply for the infrequent purchases of clothing, for doctor bills and emergencies, for buying certain necessities during the winter. It was she who picked berries with Ralph and sold them in the town, and it was she who gave the boy an occasional five or ten cent piece to spend or to hide away in a secret place underneath the corncrib. The three lived in a highly symbiotic relationship the whole season through, but the hardest lot was the woman's.

The short, pathetic romance of the days following the Civil war, when Ralph Dutton, garbed in a blue uniform, came back to woo her, was but a dim memory. When Memorial day came and the old man dressed for parade in town she would sometimes sigh.

If the endless drudgery of the household occasionally appalled her she gave little evidence of it. Her slight body was in a continual rush about the house. Considering the fact that the men brought in dirt and were slovenly with their spitting, throwing their clothes about, and leaving newspapers scattered around, and that an itinerant son came home and sprawled lazily about the place several months each winter, cluttering up things worse than ever, she kept the house fairly neat and clean.

She spoke little, complained little, and Ralph was greatly astonished to hear her exclaim one day, while his grandfather was in the
fields, "Oh, Lordy, Goddy, if I could only get away from this for a while!" These words summed up her grievances in a pitiful, weak, hopeless voice.

As long as Ralph could remember she had never been away from the place over night. There were always the stock, the garden, the poultry, the window plants, the milk, the butter, to be looked after. Sometimes his grandfather went to Detroit, or Grand Rapids, or Kalamazoo, or Battle Creek for several days, but she never got away. Once, indeed, the old man had gone to Washington to a G.A.R. reunion.

She had a number of quaint, homely, oftentimes vulgar, but really not offensive expressions. "Hedgeons!" she would sometimes exclaim. Announcing meals she would say, "Hurrah for dinner!" or, if she was a little tired, simply, "Hurrah!"

At the table Ralph and his grandfather did nearly all the talking, which was not much, and his grandfather did most of that. Sometimes the old man would start on politics and damn Grover Cleveland up and down as a "sneaking rebel," though Cleveland had long been out of office. The worst combination of epithets he could hurl at a man in the public eye was that the office holder was a "Democrat, a Catholic, and an Irishman." The old man himself was of Scotch descent, his wife English, both of a very early pioneering stock.

This day he was visiting his spleen on town veterans who were drawing a larger pension than he, claiming that they had never seen the front, and that some of them were even "bounty jumpers." Some of his complaints on the score were not far from wrong.

"Think of old Al Thurston drawin' thirty-five dollar, and me
drawin' only ten. Why, he jumped bounty and went to Canady, and his
dammed regiment never got below the Kentucky boundary. It wasn't nothin'
but a brass band anyhow, and half of 'em deserted when Morgan's men
come over the Ohio river on a raid."

He pushed his chair back conclusively, filled his pipe, and went
out to the porch. Ralph followed him, and together they went to the
cornfield.

"Maybe I'll go back to cultivatin' about three o'clock," said the
old man. "I got about two hours' work there yet, and I'd like to git
it done afore sun-down, but it's too damn hot now for such work."

In slacker times he was accustomed to rest or take a nap after
dinner, but not during the growing season when crops needed the utmost
of care. If he was tired he simply did something easier.

They reached the lower end of the cornfield and each fell to
weeding a row, pulling those weeds immediately about the hills which
the cultivator could not get without also uprooting the corn. Ralph
often wondered why it was that weeds were so much hardier than the
corn. Why couldn't the corn, he asked himself, choke the weeds out?
Or why couldn't the corn grow as naturally as weeds and save people
all the work of farming?

He didn't know that corn and potatoes, or any other grain or vege-
table, were simply weeds nurtured and evolutionized to a point of greater
productivity and tastefulness, although he had often noticed irrele-
vantly that wild apple trees grew much smaller fruit than those in the
orchard.

Nor did he know that the choking-out process was actually used by
many farmers who drilled their own corn instead of planting it in rows, 
just as they drilled their wheat and oats. Weeds grow feebly under 
such conditions, but he had never noticed that. He knew that several 
farmers drilled corn but he knew also that his grandfather scoffed at 
that way of growing corn and so, Ralph scoffed at it likewise.

Down the row they went on their knees, plowing along in the dirt. 
At first they had a race in which Ralph beat his grandfather, getting 
a whole row ahead of him, but the boy slowly tired and though he spurted 
now and then, the old man gradually caught up and finally left him far 
behind. Ralph could not help stopping occasionally to admire the 
flowers on the wild morning glory vines, which, from the hills, so 
quickly spread their tendrils across the rows. Three days after culti-
vating they would be across, and always they climbed and twisted about 
the growing cornstalks. They were a nuisance, but they were pretty.

There was another weed which he liked in spite of himself. It 
was a tender plant whose leaves were always jewelled by little globules 
of moisture and sparkling like tiny diamonds; like the wild morning 
glory he sometimes disliked to pull it out of the earth. Ragweed he 
hated, and he hated even more the little, white-flowered milkweed 
plant whose roots ran straight into the ground for a foot or two, and 
at which he furiously tussled and tugged, only to have the root break 
off. He was sure that this plant could never be defeated, that the 
root would grow another plant in a day or two.

He began to be very hot and sweaty, and finally he attempted to 
stand up to let the breeze go over him. It was such a delight to 
stand in the little, vagrant breezes when one was hot and sweaty. It
was almost worth working to feel that refreshing coolness. It was especially nice under the arm-pits. But when he tried to stand he couldn't; pains shot through his legs and back, and he started over again, coming very slowly to a standing posture.

"What's the matter Ralphie; got a crimp in you?" called his grandfather. "A spry little feller like you ought to stand it better'n n'old feller like me."

"A long stick bends easier'n a short stick," said Ralph, trying to grin. It was the stock answer to the stock accusation.

He rested until his grandfather could start a new row with him. But when the old man came up, he looked at his watch and decided to cultivate the rest of the afternoon, and he told Ralph to run along and play with his bow and arrow.

Ralph forgot his tiredness and raced up the hills to the house. He got his bow and arrow and his "toadstabber" knife, and then ran down the lane to the woods. Through them he went, stopping now and then to watch birds, or to sit under a tree sometimes to watch a fox-squirrel down a rail fence, but each diversion he followed by going farther on. There was a pond, a mile forward, near the railroad, where he might find some frogs to shoot, he told himself.

But the real reason for going there was to lie under a tree and watch the trains go by; usually two passenger trains and a couple of freight trains went, in opposite directions, by his vantage point every afternoon between the hours of three and four.

He wondered about the people in the passenger trains, where so many persons were going and coming from, when so rarely he heard of
people going on them from his district. But it was the freight trains which especially fascinated him. They seemed so ponderous, so powerful. They stirred unknown emotions within him. There was one engineer on one of them who always waved to Ralph when their afternoon chanced to be the same, and Ralph waved eagerly back, the unknown emotion tugging stronger within him. He would rather be that engineer than be even his grandfather!

That engineer did not go by this afternoon, and Ralph sat quietly for nearly two hours, thinking wistfully of far-off things which he had heard about and could only imagine, making out pictures from the twisting thin clouds, high in the blue sky, or depicting to himself an Indian encampment between a roll in the hills and imagining the braves strutting about, decked profusely with feathers.

Suddenly he realized it was late and he returned reluctantly to take the cows to the stable. He often thought how pleasurable it would be if no one had to work and every one could sit under the trees and dream and think.
The first Sunday in December my father and mother drove me over to Higgins Corners to leave me at my new boarding place. It was a cold raw day with whipping winds which dried the mud left from bleak November rains, making ruts and ridges over which the buggy jounced and jolted. I was very proud of my father in spite of his old gray overcoat and beaver cap, for his feet were encased in the handsome new boots - no more suitable to the temperature of this day than were my high cloth tops with many buttons, but both contributing heavily to our self-esteem. And likewise of my mother, who wore the same old gray woolen shawl in which I had seen her shoulders wrapped for as many years as I could count - and the new black velvet bonnet. Over this, however, she had tied a knitted fascinator which protected ears and neck, and on her feet were the new felt shoes with red flannel lining.

Together, we made a handsome showing as the entire Mitchell family came out to meet us: Tom Mitchell and his wife Maggie; Grandma Turner, Maggie's mother; and Bessie, a girl of nineteen. The hired man observed from the vantage of a barn door, but reserved greeting until later. Dogs were included in the welcome.

They had waited dinner for us although it was half-past one when we arrived. My father went with Mr. Mitchell to put the horse away. Mrs. Mitchell led the way in and Bessie took us off to her own room to leave our things. Bessie's bedroom, which was over the dining room below, was far handsomer than any we had and Bessie herself wore a
pretty dress of blue and green plaid. I was glad of my new coat as I
carefully hung it away.

"You're going to sleep here," she said, detaining me as my mother
hurried out, "with me." She smiled like a pretty child conferring a
favor. I was not accustomed to roommates. Cory and I often slept
together, but with the reticence inherited from both my father and my
mother I hesitated before this intimacy with a stranger. She put her
arms around me and laid her head against my shoulder. A shiver of
self-consciousness at my height possessed me, followed by resentment
at my own embarrassment.

"It's an awful sad time for me," she half whispered, on the edge
of tears. "I'll tell you about it tonight."

I glanced swiftly around the room. There was a drum heated by a
pipe from the stove below which insured warmth. There were the usual
rag carpet, high-headed walnut bed, bureau and commode, chairs and
other furnishings. There was much so-called "fancywork," embroidered
splasher and pillowshams, "mottoes" worked on canvas with wool, and
there was a shelf of books. I glanced at them hurriedly - St. Elmo,
Beulah, The Jealous Husband. My mother would not have approved them,
nor would my former teacher who advised Emerson's Essays.

"I made all these things myself," she offered, indicating the
embellishments, and I thought uncomfortably of Julia and her knitting
and Bertha M. Clay.

We went down to dinner.

In writing these annals of country-schoolma'am days, I cannot omit
or even pass lightly over the food which played so large a part in our
country lives. Men put practically all their time into planning, cultivating, and harvesting food of one kind or another. Women spent a large portion of their days in its preservation and preparation. And eating was no small item of pleasure. Women vied with one another in preparing their contributions to the table. Not only for the satisfaction and nourishment of their own families but to set before company. Having company and going visiting were the only social release one had and these were indulged generously. And so I must include the saga of food along with that of our social and workaday lives.

That there will be a certain sameness in the food mentioned is not to be denied. This was produced almost entirely from the home fields with the occasional addition of such alien matter as codfish, salt mackerel, Bologna sausage, oranges and bananas, coffee, tea, molasses, and sugar from the store. Even for these, products of the farm were exchanged. The pork barrel was the one infallible year-round, utterly dependable food supply which held its honored place in every farmer's home for nearly seventy years after the first cellar was dug in Southern Michigan. Many farmers still rely on the pork barrel, and for the entire century between the first record of fall butchering and now, the pork barrel has been the symbol of pastoral plenty. In the '80s it was at the height of its implication. There was of course plenty of other meat: poultry to break the monotony; fresh pork, lamb, and beef in season; game for the price of a little shot and considerable exercise. And the earth simply gave a grunt as its time came on, and brought forth agrarian opulence.

Every farmer raised much the same main crops: potatoes and apples
to fill the bins; corn for the cribs, enough to satisfy the stock, the poultry, and the family when made into meal; wheat and oats, barley and rye, for home and market; buckwheat to provide buckwheat cakes from November to May; turnips, pumpkins, and squash; cabbage to make into kraut and to bury head down in the dirt, for boiled dinners. Carrots were sometimes raised for cattle. If humans wanted to risk their stomachs by eating them - it was their affair. They were not planted for that purpose. Mangel-wurzels were just coming into favor. Pumpkins were plenty for both man and beast. Some ran more to small vegetables than others - onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, and similar "garden sass," depending on who there was to attend to it. A farmer had no time to putter with such - but ate it fast enough when cooked. Women and boys, however, had to do the weed pulling and cultivating. Their experience was much like that of the Little Red Hen: almost anybody was willing to do the consumption.

With so generally similar a pattern on which to draw, it was the woman's job to vary her skill in cookery. Miz' Mitchell's meat stew would differ just enough from Miz' Ostrander's so that Miz' Ostrander would smack her lips and say, "What did you put in this stew, Maggie? You got the same kind of meat 'n' everything that I did, but it's got a leetle mite more taste to it than mine."

Maggie, her brown eyes large, confiding, and seemingly innocent of mendacity, would say, "Why, I don't know, Marthy. I make it just the same every time." Forgetting to mention the two leaves of mace and three grains of allspice carefully removed before serving.

Actually, however, there was but little variance in the manipula-
tion of food. Potatoes were potatoes; you cooked them with or without their jackets and dressed them with pork or bacon gravy, milk gravy, codfish gravy, or butter; you baked them and drenched them with the same coats; or you mashed them. The difference all lay — and it was all the difference in the world — in how the thing was done. The touch, the art of cooking.

Our first dinner, then, in the Mitchell home differed but little basically from a thousand other dinners I had seen and shared during my life. Even to the augmented family by which we were met when we assembled. The Mitchells had a son, Rod, who owned the next farm. The Mitchell home stood about a quarter of a mile west of the school and Rod's was the same distance beyond. Rod and his family — wife Rosa and two children — had come to dinner, apparently a weekly custom. With the hired man, this made an even dozen of us around the table; a round of eager faces, strained a little because the new schoolma'am sat amongst them.

There was, in accordance with the season of the year, baked spare-rib. Mr. Mitchell had butchered the week before and kindly weather had made it possible to keep the pork frozen and fresh.

Now a well-baked rib, from a 250-pound young hog, lying with its bony structure curved upward like the balanced hull of an unfinished ship, and leveled off with a bed of dressing, is a noble sight. This was no exception. The huge platter sat before Mr. Mitchell at the head of the table like an oblation — but not vain — before a god of plenty.

Mr. Mitchell was a tall man of about fifty — tall and lean. He
was long of arm as of leg, and the slender carving knife of razor edge would easily reach to the farthest rib, but Mr. Mitchell, after a moment's quizzical examination of the job before him, rose and towered over his task. With the knife poised in his right hand, and the fork in his left, he addressed my father with mock solemnity. "Thompson," he said, squinting narrowly, "I think we're going to like your girl. I hope she'll like us. I hope we'll all be friends. The Bible tells about breakin' bread together, but if it ain't too bold to say so, we'll go the Bible one better. We'll eat spareribs together. And if we can do that - if you can stand seein' me gnaw a fourteen-inch rib from end to end, while I watch you strip another - we'll get along."

"No worse 'n watermelon," said my father dryly, "ain't no seeds to spit out." And they laughed.

Mr. Mitchell bent over his task. We watched, our eyes glued upon the deft manipulations of his shining blade. After all, Tom Mitchell not only was his own butcher but kept his hand in by an almost continuous performance in the community for practically the first two months of winter.

Swiftly, and all but silently save for the soft slur of steel through tender flesh, one after another of the long well-padded ribs, crispy brown at the edge, was served with an adhering slice from the parent bone. Each was transferred to the plate before him, followed by a generous spoonful of dressing odorous with sage and onion, lush with the hot sweet drippings from the pork; mashed potatoes beaten to a cream with butter, and seasoned to the tongue; mashed rutabagas tinctured and topped with the rich encrustations from the bottom of
the roasting pan, and plenty of pepper freshly ground.

The plates were passed and exchanged. Bread was passed, and butter; pickles went around—mustard, sweet, and dill; black currant jam and quince preserve addressed the palate unctuously. We did not do much talking. How could we? Our performance—as I look back on it now—seemed like some pagan rite, gustatory and intent.

Mr. Mitchell urged second helpings. "Ma," he said, squinting his narrow eyes at his wife, "didn't this hog have more 'n one set of ribs?"

Mrs. Mitchell, embarrassed, told him these were so full of meat she thought one would be enough. Everyone assured her that it was, but she was unhappy. To be lacking in generosity at the table, to be thought short of lavishness, was a cardinal offense in the eyes of a farm woman of her time.

"'Nough's 'nough," stated Gran'ma Turner sententiously, and using her napkin with an air of familiarity short only of ostentation, while Ed Holden, the hired man, to add further comfort said, "Ain't no use makin' a hawg of our own selves!" We agreed.

Eight-year-old Jerry, Rod's boy, with his face greasily glowing from ear to ear, remarked gravely that it was a pity a sparerib couldn't play music like a mouth organ. Susan, his senior by a couple of years, said in quick imaginative retort that hers did play music. She said that was why she ate it this way, illustrating expressively with sharp white teeth up and down the length of her portion of the procine anatomy. "It plays, 'Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,'" she declared. Her elders laughed.

"Mine," said Gran'ma Turner, laying her well-striped bone on her
plate, "plays 'Robin, the Bobbin, the Big-Bellied Ben,' and I'm going to quit."

"Mine," began Jerry, "plays-

"That'll do." Rosa, his mother, frowned. They bent to their plates. "You eat your dinner and don't talk."

"Ain't likely to talk too much," observed their father, cleaning his plate with a piece of bread, "with a dinner like this. Ain't nobody, Ma," he turned smiling to his mother, "can make stuffing like you can!"

Pie and cheese and replenished cups of coffee finished our meal. Mr. Mitchell and Ed each had a mustache cup with gilt lettering. My father's lip was bare anyway but Miz' Mitchell said she was sorry she didn't have another. One and all they poured the hot coffee into their saucers to cool before drinking.

Soon after dinner my father and mother went. They said they hated to eat and run but it was a long way and there were chores to do. Besides, it was growing cold.

We stood in the yard to see them go, this family of which I was now to be a part and I. The old horse was eager to go and the buggy lunged and clattered over the frozen ruts. Suddenly I ached with homesickness. They looked old and forlorn. Winter would soon be upon us in earnest. Roads drifted. Eight miles was a long way to go unless the sleighing was good, which it might not be until Christmas. I longed to run after them but I knew I must make the best of it. When they took a calf away from its mother and put it into new pasture they said it would get "wonted." I must get wonted. Mrs. Mitchell put her
arm around me and we went inside.

Bessie and I returned to the parlor, where she played the organ - an elegant affair of scallops, scrollery, and mirrors - and sang to me. Her voice was true and sweet but her theme was sad.

Hearing also a sound behind us, I turned and there was Mrs. Mitchell standing in the door frankly wiping tearful eyes with her apron. Mr. Mitchell could be seen in the room beyond, his face well shielded behind an open newspaper. Gran'ma Turner had disappeared.

Mrs. Mitchell came in; Bessie got up and shut the door; it had the appearance of prearrangement. Then she came back and sat beside me on the lounge. Mrs. Mitchell sat opposite, straightening and smoothing her full gathered skirt with an air of intent. My heart began to pound. I wondered what this portentous stage setting could mean.

"We thought we ought to tell you," she began, and I looked at Bessie appalled. Good heavens! It couldn't be another Milly story, could it -

"Bessie," she said, maternal anxiety and tender sympathy flowing from her like an almost perceptible aura, "has had trouble."

Well! I thought, a little resentfully, she doesn't stand up to it as well as Milly did.

Mrs. Mitchell went on to tell me how, when Bessie was seventeen and a half, a young man - his name was George Borden - stranger to the community - had come up from Ohio to work in the hay and harvest fields for the summer. He seemed a likely young fellow and Mr. Mitchell had hired him. He had boarded at Rod's and Rosa had encouraged Bessie's frequent visits. George took her places - had a horse of his own, the
keep of which was included in his pay, and a buggy. Dances at Clarke's and Round Lake - Bowery dances - Fourth of July celebrations in Jackson, riding on Sunday night. She had seemed very happy. Then one day Mr. Mitchell heard that the young man went on a bender every Saturday night in Jackson and visited questionable places the like of which were not mentioned before women. He told Bessie, and ordered her not to be seen with him. He sent the young man packing. George Borden went a couple of miles away and hired out to another man. The long and short of it was that he denied the whole thing up hill and down and Bessie believed him. Then she ran away with him down into Ohio and married him. Within six months she found out all that her father had learned and more was true - and she wrote her father begging to come back. He went after her and brought her home. He told the young man if ever he showed up in this neighborhood again he'd be mistook for a scarecrow and get his dam' head blewed off. Then he got the marriage annulled; the decree had been given a few days before I arrived, and here was Bessie, a pretty little flower, - bruised and beaten, - a bird with a broken wing. Bessie laid her head against my arm and quietly sobbed. I put my arm around her - but I thought of Milly.

Mrs. Mitchell said we'd better go to bed. "Main reason we wanted you to come here to board," she said at the door, "is comp'ny for Bessie. The young folks ain't been very nice about comin' to see her or askin' her to go places. She was turrible lonely and she'd thought mebbe she'd go back to school. It'd be comp'ny."

In bed Bessie snuggled her head against my shoulder, wept a while, ceased, and slept. A dog somewhere in the distance barked intermittently
and lonesomely. I thought of our own Shep probably curled on an old sheepskin on the stoop, bound I would not weep. After a while, I, too, slept.

We rose before dawn. The familiar smell of soapsuds met us on the stairs. It was Monday and so wash day.

"Mr. Mitchell and Ed's gone down to Rod's to help with his butcherin'," Mrs. Mitchell greeted us, "and you girls' breakfast is in the warming oven. Bessie, you get it. I'll fry your cakes."

Our dinners were already put up, each in a shiny new tin pail. For Bessie, although two years older than I, was going to school. "I think," Mrs. Mitchell had confided to me in a moment when we were alone, "that it'll be better for her. She broods too much. You'll do her good."

The grandchildren stopped on their way. Susan said, "I've got a tart. In my dinner pail."

"Have you?" Her grandmother dried wet red hands on her apron in order to retie the little girl's crocheted hood. "That's nice. Teacher hasn't any tart. Nor Bessie either."

"I can't never make up my mind," Susan, impervious to the lack of others, pursued her own concern, "whether to eat my tart now, on the way, or whether to save it and eat it at noon when the other'll see me."

Grandma Turner, whom the children called "Gram" to distinguish her from their other grandmother, had entered in time to hear Susan's quandary. She laughed and set about frying her own cakes while Mrs. Mitchell returned to her washing. "Better eat it now," she advised.
tolerantly, "and then you'll have it. A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush."

"'Tain't a bird," said Jerry, practically corrective, "but it looks like a bird's nest only it's got jell into it 'stead of eggs."

There was a slight pause, possibly to digest the vision. Then Susan, whose remarks seemed generally malpropoos, although pungent, remarked, "Jerry threwed up." Her glance gathered us up, speculative and slightly malicious. "He threwed up because Ma made him wear his ear muffs."

"She didn't make me. I didn't wear 'em." Jerry pushed back woolen cap to reveal red but uncovered ears. "See?"

"What made you throw up?" Grandma Turner brought her breakfast plate of pancakes, fried potatoes, and a generous slice of pork to the table. She addressed herself to Jerry. She also sat down and helped herself to apple butter and syrup. She poured herself a huge cup of black, boiling coffee. "Was you sick?"

"He always throws up," Susan explained censoriously, "when he don't want to do anything. He does it in school too." This last was addressed to me - a hint of unpleasant defense. He did not deny it. I even felt a fleeting sense of smugness in his air.

"It's a gift," declared Grandma Turner admiringly, practically emptying the sugarbowl into the cup and adding cream. "I've often felt like it myself," she added frankly, "but I was brought up different. 'Willful waste,' my father said, 'makes woeful want.' Even when we's sick, he'd say it."

Susan returned to paramount issues. "Whewley ain't got any tart
neither," she offered. "Nor Kelsey."

No one seemed to wonder about Whewley and Kelsey except me. Grandma Turner, however, looked surprised.

"Whewley?" she repeated. "I didn't know she went to school. Nor Kelsey either."

"They don't," stated Susan concurring, "generally - except to visit. Same as other women."

"Well," Grandma Turner wanted to know with satisfying curiosity, "why ain't they got any tarts then? Don't they like 'em?"

"Kelsey does, but Whewley don't. She'd rather have pie."

"What they startin' out to school today for?" Grandma Turner's glance, inclusive of the rest of us, was tolerant, amused. Mrs. Mitchell smiled, but went about her washing. I glanced out the window. Where were this Whewley and Kelsey? Bessie and I tied on our scarves, put on our mittens, and picked up our dinner pails. Susan and Jerry both had theirs.

"They're going to school today," said Susan with a shrewd glance for my benefit, "to see how they like the new teacher. They properly won't stay long."

Still bewildered, I looked out the now opened door. "Aw," said Jerry with a grin, "she's just pretendin'. She pretends they're big girls - bigger 'n Bess. They ain't real."

Susan flew at him. She all but knocked his dinner pail from his hand. She did knock his cap off his head and out of it dropped the ear muffs.

"They are real! They're realer than your old Jode Perkins!"
Jerry dashed out the door chagrined and red of face, Susan after him.

"You never saw such young-uns." Mrs. Mitchell wrung a pair of heavy blue overalls into an almost waterless twist with a swift, strong twirl of the arm and laid them on a table. "They pretend more things than the rest of us sees real. Why, that Whewley and Kelsey are realer to Susan than I am!"

"And Jerry," added Grandma Turner with obvious pride in Jerry's delinquency, "pays a heap more attention to Jode Perkins than he does to me even!"

"But why 'Whewley'?" I asked. "It's such a funny name."

"Whewley," explained Mrs. Mitchell, smiling as she dabbed soft soap on the crotch and neck of a pair of long fleece-lined underwear, "always comes in or goes out with a whew. You know how you come in with a whew?"

I did. "Well," she added, "I can see exactly how Whewley does. And Kelsey is fat and good-natured. Susan gets out of patience with her."

"Jode Perkins," said Grandma Turner as she gathered up dishes, "is a young feller about seventeen. Jerry worships him. I hope he'll behave himself."

Mrs. Mitchell laughed at Grandma Turner's anxiety. "He will," she said tolerantly. "He's what Jerry wants to be when he's seventeen."

I was fascinated by Whewley and Kelsey, not to speak of Jode Perkins. I almost dreaded them. They were going to be fearful monitors of my days. I hoped so to comfort myself that they would not need to stay at school.
Michigan as a peninsula bounded by four of the Great Lakes naturally has a strong maritime tradition. A once important fishing industry, an important means of transportation, and a source for a thriving recreation industry are a portion of the legacy of the Great Lakes. These inland seas nearly as much as the lumbering industry have contributed to the folklore of Michigan. Legends and tales of famous storms and wrecked shipping have provided a major source for these folk tales.

One such legend purportedly springs from an ancient Indian belief - the legend of the Indian drum. This legend relates that on the northern edge of Lake Michigan can be heard the booming of a giant drum whenever a ship goes down. One boom is sounded for every life that is lost. The wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald and the popular ballad by Gordon Lightfoot have provided a current revival for the legend.

This legend provided a background for a novel of mystery and adventure on Lake Michigan by a team of Michigan authors, William Briggs MacHarg and Edwin Balmer. MacHarg and Balmer, both University of Michigan graduates and both of whom spent many summers in the Grand Traverse region, collaborated on several such detective and mystery stories but The Indian Drum (1917) is the only one still remembered. The chapter selected depicts a Great Lakes car ferry in the middle of Lake Michigan during a tremendous storm and the crew's exciting attempts to jettison the cargo.

West of the Straits lies legendary and mysterious Beaver Island.
Known in the middle of the nineteenth century as the Kingdom of St. James, the island was peopled by a splinter group of Mormons. Their leader and patriarch was James Strang, a strange charismatic figure, half genius and half rogue. James Oliver Curwood provides a fictional glimpse of Strang and life on Beaver Island in *The Courage of Captain Plum* (1908).

This was Curwood's first novel and although he was to churn out twenty-six books in nineteen years it was one of the few that had a Michigan setting. Curwood like other Michigan novelists such as Stewart Edward White, Rex Beach, Harold Titus, and James B. Hendryx belongs to the "red blood school" or the "God's great out-of-doors" school of fiction which enjoyed a tremendous popularity during the first third of the twentieth century. He, like the others, turned his back on the Michigan outdoors for the wilder scenery of Canada and the Yukon.

James Oliver Curwood (1878-1927) was born and died in Owosso. There he erected a magnificent edifice, Curwood Castle, which survives as one of Michigan's leading literary landmarks. Curwood, a strange enigmatic character, was extremely brave in some situation yet almost paranoid in others. He cultivated a strong constitution and expected to live to be a hundred but died suddenly of blood poisoning at the age of forty-nine.
Alan ran aft along the starboard side, catching at the rail as the deck tilted; the sounds within the hull and the tremors following each sound came to him more distinctly as he advanced. Taking the shortest way to the car deck, he turned into the cabins to reach the passengers' companionway. The noises from the car deck, no longer muffled by the cabins, clanged and resounded in terrible tumult; with the clang and rumble of metal, rose shouts and roars of men.

To liberate and throw overboard heavily loaded cars from an endangered ship was so desperate an undertaking and so certain to cost life that men attempted it only in final extremities, when the ship must be lightened at any cost. Alan had never seen the effect of such an attempt, but he had heard of it as the fear which sat always on the hearts of the men who navigate the ferries - the cars loose on a rolling, lurching ship! He was going to that now. Two figures appeared before him, one half supporting, half dragging the other. Alan sprang and offered aid; but the injured man called to him to go on; others needed him. Alan went past them and down the steps to the car deck. Half-way down, the priest whom he had noticed among the passengers stood staring aft, a tense, black figure; beside him other passengers were clinging to the handrail and staring down in awestruck fascination. The lowest steps had been crushed back and half uptorn; some monstrous, inanimate thing was battering about below; but the space at the foot of the steps was clear at that moment. Alan leaped over the ruin of
the steps and down upon the car deck.

A giant iron casting six feet high and yards across and tons in weight, tumbled and ground before him; it was this which had swept away the steps; he had seen it, with two others like it, upon a flat car which had been shunted upon one of the tracks on the starboard side of the ferry, one of the tracks on his left now as he faced the stern. He leaped upon and over the great casting, which turned and spun with the motion of the ship as he vaulted it. The car deck was a pitching, swaying slope; the cars nearest him were still upon their tracks, but they tilted and swayed uglily from side to side; the jacks were gone from under them; the next cars already were hurled from the rails, their wheels screaming on the steel deck, clanging and thudding together in their couplings.

Alan ran aft between them. All the crew who could be called from deck and engine room and firehold were struggling at the fantail, under the direction of the captain, to throw off the cars. The mate was working as one of the men, and with him was Benjamin Corvet. The crew already must have loosened and thrown over the stern three cars from the two tracks on the port side; for there was a space vacant; and as the train charged into that space and the men threw themselves upon it, Alan leaped with them.

The leading car - a box car, heavily laden - swayed and shrieked with the pitching of the ship. Corvet sprang between it and the car coupled behind; he drew out the pin from the coupling, and the men with pinch-bars attacked the car to isolate it and force it aft along the track. It moved slowly at first; then leaped its length; sharply with
the lift of the deck, it stopped, toppled toward the men who, yelling to one another, scrambled away. The hundred-ton mass swung from side to side; the ship dropped swiftly to starboard, and the stern went down; the car charged, and its aftermost wheels left the deck; it swung about, slewed, and jammed across both port tracks. The men attacked it with dismay; Corvet's shout called them away and rallied them farther back; they ran with him to the car from which he had uncoupled it.

It was a flat car laden with steel beams. At Corvet's command, the crew ranged themselves beside it with bars. The bow of the ferry rose to some great wave and, with a cry to the men, Corvet pulled the pin. The others thrust with their bars, and the car slid down the sloping track; and Corvet, caught by some lashing of the beams, came with it. The car crashed into the box car, splintered it, turned it, shoved it, and thrust it over the fantail into the water; the flat car, telescoped into it, was dragged after. Alan leaped upon it and catching at Corvet, freed him and flung him down to the deck, and dropped with him. A cheer rose as the car cleared the fantail, dove, and disappeared.

Alan clambered to his feet. Corvet already was back among the cars again, shouting orders; the mate and the men who had followed him before leaped at his yells. The lurch which had cleared the two cars together had jumped others away from the rails. They hurtled from side to side, splintering against the stanchions which stayed them from crashing across the center line of the ship; rebounding, they battered against the cars on the outer tracks and crushed them against the side
of the ship. The wedges, blocks, and chains which had secured them banged about on the deck, useless; the men who tried to control these cars, dodging as they charged, no longer made attempt to secure the wheels. Corvet called them to throw ropes and chains to bind the loads which were letting go; the heavier loads — steel beams, castings, machinery — snapped their lashings, tipped from their flat cars and thundered down the deck. The cars tipped farther, turned over; others balanced back; it was upon their wheels that they charged forward, half riding one another, crashing and demolishing, as the ferry pitched; it was upon their trucks that they tottered and battered from side to side as the deck swayed. Now the stern again descended; a line of cars swept for the fantail. Corvet's cry came to Alan through the screaming of steel and the clangor of destruction. Corvet's cry sent men with bars beside the cars as the fantail dipped into the water; Corvet, again leading his crew, cleared the leader of those madly charging cars and ran it over the stern.

The fore trucks fell and, before the rear trucks reached the edge, the stern lifted and caught the car in the middle; it balanced, half over the water, half over the deck. Corvet crouched under the car with a crowbar; Alan and two others went with him; they worked the car on until the weight of the end over the water tipped it down; the balance broke, and the car tumbled and dived. Corvet, having cleared another hundred tons, leaped back, calling to the crew.

They followed him again, unquestioning, obedient. Alan followed close to him. It was not pity which stirred him now for Benjamin Corvet; nor was it bitterness; but it certainly was not contempt. Of all the
ways in which he had fancied finding Benjamin Corvet, he had never thought of seeing him like this!

It was, probably, only for a flash; but the great quality of leadership which he once had possessed, which Sherrill had described to Alan and which had been destroyed by the threat over him, had returned to him in this desperate emergency which he had created. How much or how little of his own condition Corvet understood, Alan could not tell; it was plain only that he comprehended that he had been the cause of the catastrophe, and in his fierce will to repair it he not only disregarded all risk to himself; he also had summoned up from within him and was spending the last strength of his spirit. But he was spending it in a losing fight.

He got off two more cars; yet the deck only dipped lower, and water washed farther and farther up over the fantail. New avalanches of iron descended as box cars above burst open; monstrous dynamo drums, broad-banded steel wheels and splintered crates of machinery battered about. Men, leaping from before the charging cars, got caught in the murderous melee of iron and steel and wheels; men's shrill cries came amid the scream of metal. Alan, tugging at a crate which had struck down a man, felt aid beside him and, turning, he saw the priest whom he had passed on the stairs. The priest was bruised and bloody; this was not his first effort to aid. Together they lifted an end of the crate; they bent — Alan stepped back, and the priest knelt alone, his lips repeating the prayer for absolution. Screams of men came from behind; and the priest rose and turned. He saw men caught between two wrecks of cars crushing together; there was no moment to reach them;
he stood and raised his arms to them, his head thrown back, his voice
calling to them, as they died, the words of absolution.

Three more cars at the cost of two more lives the crew cleared,
while the sheathing of ice spread over the steel inboard, and dissolu-
tion of all the cargo became complete. Cut stone and motor parts,
chasses and castings, furniture and beams, swept back and forth, while
the cars, burst and splintered, became monstrous missiles hurtling
forward, sidewise, aslant, recoiling. Yet men, though scattered singly,
tried to stay them by ropes and chains while the water washed higher
and higher. Dimly, far away, deafened out by the clangor, the steam
whistle of Number 25 was blowing the four long blasts of distress;
Alan heard the sound now and then with indifferent wonder. All destruc-
tion had come for him to be contained within this car deck; here the
ship loosed on itself all elements of annihilation; who could aid it
from without? Alan caught the end of a chain which Corvet flung him
and, though he knew it was useless, he carried it across from one
stanchion to the next. Something sweeping across the deck, caught him
and carried him with it; it brought him before the coupled line of
trucks which hurled back and forth where the rails of track had been.
He was hurled before them and rolled over; something cold and heavy
pinned him down; and upon him, the car trucks came.

But, before the, something warm and living - a hand and bare arm
catching him quickly and pulling at him, tugged him a little farther
on. Alan, looking up, saw Corvet beside him; Corvet, unable to move
him farther, was crouching down there with him. Alan yelled to him
to leap, to twist aside and get out of the way; but Corvet only
crouched closer and put his arms over Alan; then the wreckage came upon them, driving them apart. As the movement stopped, Alan still could see Corvet dimly by the glow of the incandescent lamps overhead; the truck separated them. It bore down upon Alan, holding him motionless and, on the other side, it crushed upon Corvet's legs.

He turned over, as far as he could, and spoke to Alan. "You have been saving me, so now I tried to save you," he said simply. "What reason did you have for doing that? Why have you been keeping by me?"

"I'm Alan Conrad of Blue Rapids, Kansas," Alan cried to him. "And you're Benjamin Corvet! You know me; you sent for me! Why did you do that?"

Corvet made no reply to this. Alan, peering at him underneath the truck, could see that his hands were pressed against his face and that his body shook. Whether this was from some new physical pain from the movement of the wreckage, Alan did not know till he lowered his hands after a moment; and now he did not heed Alan or seem even to be aware of him.

"Dear little Connie!" he said aloud. "Dear little Connie! She mustn't marry him - not him! That must be seen to. What shall I do, what shall I do?"

Alan worked nearer him. "Why mustn't she marry him?" he cried to Corvet. "Why? Ben Corvet, tell me! Tell me why!"

From above him, through the clangor of the cars, came the four blasts of the steam whistle. The indifference with which Alan had heard them a few minutes before had changed now to a twinge of terror. When men had been dying about him, in their attempts to save the ship,
it had seemed a small thing for him to be crushed or to drown with them and with Benjamin Corvet, whom he had found at last. But Constance! Recollection of her was stirring in Corvet the torture of will to live; in Alan - he struggled and tried to free himself. As well as he could tell by feeling, the weight above him confined but was not crushing him; yet what gain for her if he only saved himself and not Corvet too? He turned back to Corvet.

"She's going to marry him, Ben Corvet!" he called. "They're betrothed; and they're going to be married, she and Henry Spearman!"

"Who are you?" Corvet seemed only with an effort to become conscious of Alan's presence.

"I'm Alan Conrad, whom you used to take care of. I'm from Blue Rapids. You know about me; are you my father, Ben Corvet? Are you my father or what - what are you to me?"

"Your father?" Corvet repeated. "Did he tell you that? He killed your father."

"Killed him? Killed him how?"

"Of course. He killed them all - all. But your father - he shot him; he shot him through the head!"

Alan twinged. Sight of Spearman came before him as he had first seen Spearman, cowering in Corvet's library in terror at an apparition. "And the bullet hole above the eye!" So that was the hole made by the shot Spearman fired which had killed Alan's father - which shot him through the head! Alan peered at Corvet and called to him.

"Father Benitot!" Corvet called in response, not directly in reply to Alan's question, rather in response to what those questions stirred.
"Father Benitot!" he appealed. "Father Benitot!"

Some one, drawn by the cry, was moving wreckage near them. A hand and arm with a torn sleeve showed; Alan could not see the rest of the figure, but by the sleeve he recognized that it was the mate.

"Who's caught here?" he called down.

"Benjamin Corvet of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman, ship owners of Chicago," Corvet's voice replied deeply, fully; there was authority in it and wonder too — the wonder of a man finding himself in a situation which his recollection cannot explain.

"Ben Corvet!" the mate shouted in surprise; he cried it to the others, those who had followed Corvet and obeyed him during the hour before and had not known why. The mate tried to pull the wreckage aside and make his way to Corvet; but the old man stopped him. "The priest, Father Benitot! Send him to me. I shall never leave here; send Father Benitot!"

The word was passed without the mate moving away. The mate, after a minute, made no further attempt to free Corvet; that indeed was useless, and Corvet demanded his right of sacrament from the priest who came and crouched under the wreckage beside him.

"Father Benitot!"

"I am not Father Benitot. I am Father Perron of L'Anse."

"It was to Father Benitot of St. Ignace I should have gone, Father! . . ."

The priest got a little closer as Corvet spoke and Alan heard only voices now and then through the sounds of clanging metal and the drum of ice against the hull. The mate and his helpers were working to get
him free. They had abandoned all effort to save the ship; it was settling. And with the settling, the movement of the wreckage imprisoning Alan was increasing. This movement made useless the efforts of the mate; it would free Alan of itself in a moment, if it did not kill him; it would free or finish Corvet too. But he, as Alan saw him, was wholly oblivious of that now. His lips moved quietly, firmly; and his eyes were fixed steadily on the eyes of the priest.
Scarce had the words fallen from his lips when there sounded a
slow, heavy step on the stair outside. The young girl snatched her
hand free and caught Nathaniel by the wrist.

"It is the king!" she whispered excitedly. "It is the king! Quick
-you still have time! You must go - you must go -"

She strove to pull him across the room.

"There - through that door!" she urged.

The slowly ascending steps were half way up the stairs. Nathaniel
hesitated. He knew that a moment before there had passed through that
door one who carried with her the odor of lilac and his heart leaped to
its own conclusion who that person was. He had heard the rustle of the
girl's skirt. He had seen the last inch of the door close as Strang's
wife pulled it after her. And now he was implored to follow. He sprang
forward as the heavy steps neared the landing. His hand was upon the
latch - when he paused. Then he turned and bent his head close down
to the girl.

"No, I won't do it, my dear," he whispered. "Just now it might
make trouble for - her."

He lifted his eyes and saw a man looking at him from the doorway.
He need not further proof to assure him that this was Strang the king
of the Mormons, for the Beaver Island prophet was painted well in that
region which knew the grip and terror of his power. He was a massive
man, with the slow slumbering strength of a beast. He was not much under fifty; but his thick beard, reddish and crinkling, his shaggy hair, and the full-fed ruddiness of his face, with its foundation of heavy jaw, gave him a more youthful appearance. There was in his eyes, set deep and so light that they shone like pale blue glass, the staring assurance that is frequently born of power. In his hand he carried a huge metal-knobbed stick.

In an instant Nathaniel had recovered himself. He advanced a step, bowing coolly.

"I am Captain Plum, of the sloop Typhoon," he said. "I called at your home a short time ago and was directed to your office. As a stranger on the island I did not know that you had an office or I would have come here first."

"Ah!"

The king drew his right foot back half a pace and bowed so low that Nathaniel saw only the crown of his hat. When he raised his head the aggressive stare had gone out of his eyes and a welcoming smile lighted up his face as he advanced with extended hand.

"I am glad to see you, Captain Plum."

His voice was deep and rich, filled with that wonderful vibratory power which seems to strike and attune the hidden chords of one's soul. The man's appearance had not prepossessed Nathaniel, but at the sound of his voice he recognized that which had made him the prophet of men. As the warm hand of the king clasped his own Captain Plum knew that he was in the presence of a master of human destinies, a man whose ponderous red-visaged body was simply the crude instrument through
which spoke the marvelous spirit that had enslaved thousands to him, that had enthralled a state legislature and that had hypnotized a federal jury into giving him back his freedom when evidence smothered him in crime. He felt himself sinking in the presence of this man and struggled fiercely to regain himself. He withdrew his hand and straightened himself like a soldier.

"I have come to you with a grievance, Mr. Strang," he began. "A grievance which I feel sure you will do your best to right. Perhaps you are aware that some little time ago - about two weeks back - your people boarded my ship in force and robbed me of several thousand dollars' worth of merchandise."

Strang had drawn a step back.

"Aware of it!" he exclaimed in a voice that shook the room. "Aware of it!" The red of his face turned purple and he clenched his free hand in sudden passion. "Aware of it!" He repeated the words, this time so gently that Nathaniel could scarcely hear them, and tapped his heavy stick upon the floor. "No, Captain Plum, I was not aware of it. If I had been -" He shrugged his thick shoulders. The movement, and a sudden gleam of his teeth through his beard, were expressive enough for Nathaniel to understand.

Then the king smiled.

"Are you sure - are you quite sure, Captain Plum, that it was my people who attacked your ship? If so, of course you must have some proof?"

"We were very near to Beaver Island and many miles from the mainland," said Nathaniel. "It could only have been your people."
"Ah!"

Strange led the way to a table at the farther end of the room and motioned Nathaniel to a seat opposite him.

"We are a much persecuted people, Captain Plum, very much persecuted indeed." His wonderful voice trembled with a subdued pathos. "We have answered for many sins that have never been ours, Captain Plum, and among them are robbery, piracy and even murder. The people along the coasts are deadly enemies to us — who would be their friends; they commit crimes in our name and we do not retaliate. It was not my people who waylaid your vessel. They were fishermen, probably, who came from the Michigan shore and awaited their opportunity off Beaver Island. But I shall investigate this; believe me, I shall investigate this fully, Captain Plum!"

Nathaniel felt something like a great choking fist shoot up into his throat. It was not a sensation of fear but of humiliation — the humiliation of defeat, the knowledge of his own weakness in the hands of this man who had so quickly and so surely blocked his claim. His quick brain saw the futility of argument. He possessed no absolute proof and he had thought that he needed none. Strang saw the flash of doubt in his face, the hesitancy in his answer; he divined the working of the other's brain and in his soft voice, purring with friendship, he followed up his triumph.

"I sympathize with you," he spoke gently, "and my sympathy and word shall help you. We do not welcome strangers among us, for strangers have usually proved themselves our enemies and have done us wrong. But to you I give the freedom of our kingdom. Search where
you will, at what hours you will, and when you have found a single proof that your stolen property is among my people - when you have seen a face that you recognize as one of the robbers, return to me and I shall make restitution and punish the evil-doers."

So intensely he spoke, so filled with reason and truth were his words, that Nathaniel thrust out his hand in token of acceptance of the king's terms. And as Strang gripped that hand Captain Plum saw the young girl's face over the prophet's shoulder - a face, white as death in its terror, that told him all he had heard was a lie.

"And when you have done with my people," continued the king, "you will go among that other race, along the mainland, where men have thrown off the restraints of society to give loose reign to lust and avarice; where the Indian is brutified that his wife may be intoxicated by compulsion and prostituted by violence before his eyes; where the forest cabins and the streets of towns are filled with half-breeds; where there stalk wretches with withered and tearless eyes, who are in nowise troubled by recollection of robbery, rape and murder. And there you will find whom you are looking for!"

Strang had risen to his feet. His eyes blazed with the fire of smothered hatred and passion and his great voice rolled through his beard, tremulous with excitement, but still deep and rich, like the booming of some melodious instrument. He flung aside his hat as he paced back and forth; his shaggy hair fell upon his shoulders; huge veins stood out upon his forehead - and Nathaniel sat mute as he watched this lion of a man whose great throat quivered with the power that might have stirred a nation - that might have made him president instead
of king. He waited for the thunder of that throat and his nerves keyed themselves to meet its bursting passion. But when Strang spoke again it was in a voice as soft and as gentle as a woman's.

"Those are the men who have vilified us, Captain Plum; who have covered us with crimes that we have never committed; who have driven our people into groups that they may be free from depredation; who watch like vultures to despoil our women; wild wifeless men, Captain Plum, who have left families and character behind them and who have sought the wilderness to escape the penalties of law and order. It is they who would destroy us. Go among my own people first, Captain Plum, and find you lost property if you can; and if you can not discover it where in seven years not one child has been born out of wedlock, seek among the Lamanites - and my sheriff's shall follow where you place the crime!"

He had stretched out his arms like one whose plea was of life and death; his face shone with earnestness; his low words throbbed as if his heart were borne upon them for the inspection of its truth and honor. He was Strang the tragedian, the orator, the conqueror of a legislature, a governor, a dozen juries - and of human souls. And as he stood silent for a moment in this attitude Nathaniel rose to his feet, subservient, and believing as others had believed in the fitness of this man. But as his eyes traveled a dozen paces beyond, he saw the young girl gesturing to him in that same terror, and holding up for him to see a slip of paper upon which she had written. And when she had caught his eyes she crumpled the paper into a shapeless ball and tossed it just over the landing to the ground below the stair.
"I thank you for the privileges of the island which you have offered me," said Nathaniel, putting on his hat, "and I shall certainly take advantage of your kindness for a few hours, as I want very much to witness one of your ceremonies which I understand is to take place today. Then, if I have discovered nothing, I shall return to my ship."

"Ah, you wish to see the whipping?" The king smiled his approval.

"That is one way we have of punishing slight misdemeanors in our kingdom, Captain Plum. It is an illustration of our intolerance of evil-doers." He turned suddenly toward the girl. "Winnsome, my dear, have you copied the paper I was at work on? I wish to show it to Captain Plum."

He walked slowly toward her and for the first time since her warning Nathaniel had an opportunity of observing the girl without fear of being perceived by the prophet. She was very young, hardly more than a child he would have guessed at first; and yet at a second and more careful glance he knew that she could not be under fifteen - perhaps sixteen. Her whole attire was one to add to her childish appearance. Her hair, which was rather short, fell in lustrous dark curls about her face and upon her neck. She wore a fitted coat-like blouse, and knee skirts which disclosed a pretty pair of legs and ankles. As Strang was returning with the paper which she handed to him the girl turned her face to Captain Plum. Her mouth was formed into a round red O and she pointed anxiously to where she had thrown the note. The king's eyes were on his paper and Nathaniel nodded to assure her that he understood.

"I am like a gardener who compels every passing neighbor to go into
his back yard and admire his first sprouts," laughed the prophet jovially. "In other words, I do a little writing, and I take a kind of childish joy in making other people read it. But I see this is not in proper shape, so you have escaped. It is a brief history of Beaver Island written at the request of the Smithsonian Institute, which has already published an article of mine. If you happen to be on the island to-morrow and should you return to this office I shall certainly have you read it if I have to call all of my sheriff's into service!"

He laughed with such open good-humor that Nathaniel found himself smiling despite the varied unpleasant sensations within him. "Do you write much?" he asked.

"I get out a daily paper," said the king rather proudly, "and of course, as prophet, I am the translator of what word may be handed down to us from Heaven for the direction and commandment of my people. I hold the secret of the Urim and Thummin, which was first delivered by angels into the hands of Joseph, and with it have revealed the word of God as it appears in a book which I have written. Ah - I had forgotten this!" From among a mass of papers and books on the table he drew forth a blue-covered pamphlet and passed it to his companion. "I have only a few copies left but you may have this one, Captain Plum. It will surely interest you. In it I have set forth the troubles existing between my own people and the cyprian-rotted criminals that infest Mackinac and the mainland and have described our struggle for chastity and honor against these human vultures. It was published two years ago. But conditions are different to-day. Now - now I am king, and
the oppressors in the filth of their crime have become the oppressed!"

The last words boomed from him in a slogan of triumph and as if in echoing mockery there came from the open door the chuckling, mirthless laugh of Obadiah Price.

"Yea - yea - even into the land of the Lamanites are you king!"

At the sound of his voice Strang turned toward him and the sonorous triumph that rumbled in his throat faded to a low greeting. And Nathaniel saw that the little old councilor's eyes glittered boldly as they met the prophet's and that in their glance was neither fear nor servitude but rather a light as of master meeting master. The two advanced and clasped hands and a few low words passed between them while Nathaniel went to the door.

"I will go with you, Captain Nathaniel Plum," called Obadiah. "I will go with you and show you the town."

"The councilor will be your friend," added Strang. "To-day he carries with him that authority from the king."

He bowed and Nathaniel passed through the door. Looking back he caught a last warning flash from the girl's eyes. As he hurried down the stair he heard the councilor pause for an instant upon the landing and taking advantage of this opportunity he picked up the bit of crumpled paper, and read these lines:

"Hurry to your ship. In another hour men will be watching for an opportunity to kill you. You will never leave the island alive - unless you go now. The girl you saw through the window sends you this warning.

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CHAPTER IX
MICHIGAN HUMOR

Michigan authors have often employed humor as a means of presenting their message. Some like Caroline Kirkland and Henry H. Riley have written in a satirical vein while others like Jerome Wood and Benjamin Taylor have relied on a whimsical treatment of their subject. For other authors humor has been the major element of their technique. The selections included in this section were chosen for their humorous qualities and as typical examples of the evolving types of regional humor.

M. Quad's "The First House In Michigan" a selection from Quad's Odds (1875) stands as an example of the type of humor that enjoyed a tremendous popularity during the last third of the nineteenth century. Such successful humorists as Bill Nye, James M. Bailey, the Danbury Newsman, and Charles Bertrand Lewis (Quad) comprised the "crackerbox philosopher" style of humor.

Charles Bertrand Russell (1842-1924) was born in Liverpool, Ohio and at the age of fourteen started his long newspaper career in the office of the Pontiac Jacksonian. After working on several Lansing papers he moved to the staff of the Detroit Free Press in 1869. Here he gradually made a name for himself with his humorous columns. Quad's Odds, his first book, was followed by several other popular titles primarily gleaned from his newspaper columns.

Roy K. Moulton was another newspaper journalist who found in humor a successful writing technique. It was while writing for the Grand Rapids Press that Moulton developed the fictitious town of Hoppertown.
Though it is stated in the preface to *The Blue Jeans of Hoppertown* (1908) that Hoppertown could be anywhere, the frequent allusions to "the Rapids" give the impression that Hoppertown is located in the Grand Rapids area.

*My New Home In Northern Michigan, And Other Tales* (1874) by Charles W. Jay is not strictly a book of humor. Rather it relates Jay's experiences while attempting to pioneer a farm in the Benona area of Oceana County. However the story of "How the 'Old Settler' Settled My Potato Bugs" is regional humor at its best.

After a disappointing career as an editor and public speaker, Charles W. Jay (1815-1884) came to Oceana County in the early 1870's to try a change of occupation. There he attempted the fruit-raising business but by his own admittance was a failure at this also. Jay did however became somewhat of a local celebrity in frontier Oceana County, contributing humorous articles to the local papers under the non de plume of O.P. Dildock.
The First House In Michigan
From Quad's Odds
By M. Quad
Published In 1875

Not long since, I stood before the first house ever erected in Michigan. A thousand sad memories gurgled up.

It isn't every person who can appreciate these old relics and call out all the tender fancies connected with them. I have known old houses more or less ever since my birth, and I can appreciate a dozen of 'em at once.

It made me feel lonely to stand before that old first house. It seemed a sacred thing in my eyes.

The man who built it, a hundred years ago, wasn't there any more. No, I looked around and could see nothing of him. However, I could appreciate his pioneer struggles, his griefs and heartaches, just the same, and the fact of his absence was excused as I gazed at the ancient hut, fast going to decay. It wasn't a first-class house any more. The door had rotted away, some of the logs were crumbling to dust, and there was a general tearful look to the whole concern. I sat down on a log and wept.

It is a sad thing to sit on a log and be overwhelmed with memories of the past - of a hundred years ago. There that old first house was fast falling to decay, and the general public didn't seem to care a picayune about it. Two boys were probing a woodchuck's den not fifty rods away, and a red-headed man was washing a one-horse wagon in a pond whose waters almost touched the sacred logs.

I went over to him.
He seemed like an emotional man - like one whose heartstrings would yank a little as fond memory played on them a tune of long ago.

"It is a sad thing to look upon the first house erected in Michigan, isn't it?" I queried.

The man with red hair looked up and grinned, and as he rubbed away at the mud-stained spokes, he replied:

"Want to buy a dog, stranger?"

"A dog, sir? Man, have you no soul - no heartstrings! I am plunged in sadness as I look upon these old logs. I think I hear a funeral bell tolling the death of the past!"

"It's one of those blasted locomotives down at the bend!" he replied, raising his head to listen.

"Hark! Doesn't the breeze rustling the tender limbs of the beeches seem to sing sad requiems o'er the dead past?"

"Sounds to me like a feller whistling, over there by the slaughterhouse!" replied the unfeeling wretch.

I went back to the house and wept anew.

Who built that house? Was his name Smith or Robinson or Brown? Was there any living witness of his pioneer hardships and privations?

The red-headed man came over and inquired:

"So, you wouldn't like to buy a dog?"

"Murderer!" I shouted, how dare you come within this circle of memory's influence and basely ask me to purchase your dog!"

"I can recommend him for coon!" he quietly observed.

"See there! man - gaze on those venerated logs!" I said, as I caught his arm. "Is it possible that you can stand here and think of
dogs and one-horse wagons and postal currency when I am trembling with emotion caused by the recollections of the silent, speechless dead who came here and hewed out the whispering wilderness and erected that cabin?"

"Do you have these spells often?" he inquired in a harsh, cruel tone.

I pointed to his one-horse wagon, but he wouldn't go.

I wept some more.

"Haven't any navy plug about you?" he inquired, as I looked through my tears at the precious logs.

"Wretch! go away - go hence and afar! If your heart cannot throb and your soul yearn, go away and let me feel my feelings!"

"I'll be hanged if I do!" he replied as he sat down. "I believe I'd better keep an eye on you!"

I walked around that sacred house, and that monster sat there and whistled: "Shoo, Fly!" I peered in at the door - at the smoke-stained rafters and the crumbling logs, and he sang: "If ever I cease to love!"

I sat down and was listening to the sad whispers of the soft wind when another man came down to the pond.

He was leading something.

It was not a horse.

It was not a dromedary.

It was not a cow.

The boys got into a fight over the woodchuck.

The red-headed man sang: "Ten Thousand Miles Away."

The beast hung back and brayed.
I went away from there, but even as I walked slowly away, fond memory calling out to me not to leave her, the red-headed man tore a pole off the roof of that sacred old structure, and I heard him yell out:

"Hang to the halter, Tom, while I wollop the infernal old cundurango up strong!"
Mrs. Anson Judson has got a new rubber tired trap at this writing, but we ain't seen her catch anything in it yet. Col. Eri bought some chestnuts off a Dago down to the Rapids the other day. It seems as though he ought to patronize home industries and get his chestnuts here at hum by taking the Gazette. A new piano tuner has blowed into our midst and taken a job stretching wire for the telephone company. Miss Euphemia Mudge, our only Vassah graduate, went over to West Hickeyville yesterday to attend the rah rah game. Uncle Ezra Harkins had chicken for dinner yesterday and Constable Ezra Hand is working on the case with only a slight clew.

Jed Frink, our gentlemanly blacksmith, has put a new sucker on the town pump free gratis for nothing and it is expected he will be the logical candidate for some office or other in the near future. The last time Elmer Spink was down to the Rapids he dropped a lead nickel in a horseless pianner and it played a tune all right. He was pretty slick about it, too, but in order to relieve his conscience he explained to the bartender what he had done. "That's all right," said the bartender, "and I'm certainly much obliged to you for you have saved my life. If I ever found a good nickel in that pianner I would drop dead."

Old Cap Whipple set with his feet in the oven too blame long the other evening and when he woke up his wooden leg was burnt about an inch on the end. He is now giving fancy charcoal drawing lessons on
the cement sidewalks about town. Many a feller can draw a picture who can't draw a salary. Hi Huggins says he expects to go over to Hank Tumms' tomorrow evening after supper. Hank says Hi may come after it, but won't get it. A Chinee from down to the Rapids is thinkin' of startin' a lundry in this man's town. They say a Chink can live on 2 cents a day, but he would have to live on less than that if he start-ed a lundry here. Mrs. Hank Tumms reports that jell didn't jell very good this season.

One of the pool balls suddenly flew off the table and disappeared during a game in the Golden Nugget saloon five weeks ago and its where-abouts was a mystery until yesterday, when Amariah Tilson, our tonsorial artist, found it in Grandpa Bibbins' whiskers. "Am" got a drink fer takin' it back to the Golden Nugget and says he is going to examine all whiskers in the future. Who knows but some day he may find a pianola or a forty-five candle power automobile?

It don't pay to rub a cat or a plug hat the wrong way. T. Egbert Peavey expects to leave soon for the Rapids to accept a lucrative position as second mandolin in a barber shop.

Amos Butts, livery, feed and sales stables and undertaking with neatness and dispatch, also folding chairs to rent, says he has got a roan gelding which went better than three-ten on a kite shaped track to trade for three bushel of potaters and a cord of wood. If the other feller will throw in a wringer, grindstone, a box of red herrin' and a set of false teeth suitable for middle-aged gent, Amos will throw in a bridle, laprobe, one bushel corn, set of hobbles, one good meat grinder, secondhand zinc board, one hose nozzel (slightly wore), two
volumes of Swede Borgian religion and first-class wire dishrag. Here's a chance for a dicker, gents.

Mrs. Anson Judson told a friend that she cut Mrs. Hank Tumms dead the other day. Constable Ezra Hand is workin' on the case, but he ain't found no murder clew as yet. Grandpa Bibbins has got a new set of false teeth made out of second hand pianner keys he got at a bargain down to the Rapids.

The Rev. Mr. Hudnutt says there is one good thing about an atheist. He never goes to sleep in church. Mrs. Ansel Hanks' wen is improving considerable at this writing. The new trimmer at Miss Amy Stubb's millinery emporium has two colors of hair, dark near the scalp and yaller at the ends. Elmer Spinks expects to hang her a May basket next spring. It is rumored that Grandma Whipple, who has been on the verge of death for nine years, has eloped with Uncle Ezra Harkins, who is one hundred and ten years old, and has smoked and chawed all his life. He will not do all the chawin' in the future if the rumor is true. Later - Grandma Whipple and Uncle Ezra Harkins both say that they haven't eloped as we go to press, but it is rumored anyhow and we ain't going to spoil a good news item for a couple of old pelters that don't take the paper.

William Tibbitts, the grocery dealer, who doesn't advertise in the home paper, has had his whiskers shaved off. He sold 'em to a plaster contractor down to the Rapids, three car loads having went forward yesterday.

Grandma Whipple, who has been very low the past two months, is engaged in shinglin' the fire engine house at this writing. A woman
from down to the Rapids saw the sign "Wide Awake Hose Company" over
the door of the engine house the other day and went in and tried to
buy a pair of stockin's. All the rubes don't live in the small towns.

There is so much sparkin' going on in this man's town at this
writing that the insurance companies are threatening to raise the
rates, as they think property here is a poor risk. It is rumored in
polite society circles there were so many couples at Deacon Stubbs'
place last Sunday evening that the youngest Miss Stubbs and her steady
had to sit on the pianer.

Silas Spillaker of Hardscrabble township called in last week and
stopped his paper. Well, the paper ain't like yarb tea. He don't
have to take it if he don't want it. He was sore because we didn't
publish his picture the last time he took Peruna. Constable Ezra Hand
threatens to raid the trunk game in the back room of the drug store as
it disturbs the Odd Fellers lodge which meets upstairs. Miss Lutie
Bibbins is taking music lessons on the catarrh from Amariah Tilson,
our barber. Ah there, Am. Mr. Hi Spink has got a new bare skin over-
coat and his wife has got a neckscarf and muff made outen pure vermin
fur.

Uncle Ezra is one of our most extinguished citizens. He is one
hundred and nine years old and says he expects to live to see Bryan
elected. We wouldn't call an old man like that a liar because we
don't believe in getting personal, but we will say Uncle Ezra can
stretch the truth about as far as the next one without breaking his
arm. Let us hope he lives long enough to pay up this subscription to
the Gazette.
Bud Hicks says he has been pinched so often he is black and blue. Constable Ezra Hand got fooled nice down to the Rapids the other day when he bought a cream puff to eat. He says it must have been pretty bad as it was soft and squishy as thunder on the inside so he threwed it away without sayin' anything. He says he never hollers when he gets stung.

Deacon Stubbs of our meetin' house started on a tour down to the Rapids yesterday and there is much fears for his safety, as nobody has received any picture post cards yet. His wife told him before leavin' not to blow out any gas nor in any money. The deacon, however, confided in some of his friends that he was goin' to have a good time and see the sights if it cost him ten shillin'. Deacons at hum and deacons abroad is two kinds of deacons. The last time the deacon went to the Rapids he was bound to see all the public institutions and wandered into the pest house. He returned home, came down the the smallpox and it cost the taxpayers of this village $476.39 to keep him in quarantine and idleness. Nothin' like enjoyin' yourself at somebody else's expense.

Blond trimmers seem to be all the go nowadays. Miss Amy Stubbs has had seven of them at her millinery emporium hand running lately. Elmer Spink says most men like blond women and blond women like most men. Grandpa Bibbins' false teeth was cracked by the frost last Thursday night.

The concert by the Hoppertown Silver Cornet band was postponed until next week because Hank Tumms lost all the wind outen the bass drum and had to send it down to the Rapids to have it filled again.
Also the valves in Seth Stimson's B flat cornet got froze. They told him to breathe into the cornet fer to thaw it out and he done so, after which he cornet played intoxicatin' music.

Grandpa Bibbins had his whiskers trimmed in a feed box in Tibbitts' store last week. T. Egbert Peavey is going the pace that kills according to reports from down to the Rapids. He didn't get to bed before 9 o'clock any night last week. He is getting to be quite a dramatical cricket, having attended three movin' picture shows within a month. The Rev. Hudnutt has got a good job planing off the bottoms of the church doors with a safety razor so they will open easy and folks won't have so much trouble getting in.

Miss Amy Stubbs lost most of her bangs last week when wh was calling on Mrs. Jed Frinks and was playing with Mrs. Frink's cat, which is one of the best ratters in this vicinity. Grandma Whipple is shinglin' the schoolhouse at this writing and it is feared she is near her journey's end. Mrs. Anson Judson was going to join the Daughters of the American Revolution and was searchin' through her family tree when she found five ancestors had died in state's prison, four in the asylum and nine in the poorhouse. She has given up joining the Daughters of the Revolution and will joint the Larkin Soap club instead, where you don't have to have any pride of ancestry or hope of posterity.

Chet Binks kicked because he found a suspender button in the hash at the Hotel Hoppertown last week. He probably wanted a whole suit of clothes. There is no satisfying some people. Miss Phyllis Swank and Jay Higgins expects to surprise their friends by eloping next Wednesday evening. This will probably cause some little gossip, as Jay is believed
to have three wives living and one in Battle Creek.

James Stebbins has got a wen on his nose and every time he wants to look crossways he has to turn around. Grandpa Bibbins says when a feller gets a new linen handkerchief out of the store it is like wiping your nose on a pane of glass. Old Cap Whipple expects to rent out the knot hole in his wooden leg for a butter mold at the Hotel Hoppertown. The party who stole Miss Amy Stubbs' switch off the clothes line Monday and kept her from goin' to the state fair, is knowed and will save trouble for himself by giving up the property instanter and ad infinitum.

Mr. Elmer Spink has got the yaller janders at this writing and looks more like a lemon than ever. Miss Stubbs got hugged three times on the sleighride last Thursday evening and now she agrees with Dr. Munyon that there is hope, especially as it is leap year.
How The "Old Settler" Settled My Potato Bugs
From My New Home In Northern Michigan, And Other Tales
By Charles W. Jay
Published In 1874

I knew him by his swinging stride and his long rifle, the moment he emerged from the old Indian trail into the clearing.

It was the Old Settler. He came out from Northern Indiana twenty years before, as one of the first lumber camps formed in these wilds by the Chicago Saw Mill Company. He managed, at the end of two years' service in the camps, to get forty acres of land for about the same number of dollars, put up a little log cabin with his own hands, cleared off ten acres, and settled down in contented independence.

The honesty of this Old Settler would bear a heavy discount in any mart outside of Wall Street. But there he would be sure of sympathetic and congenial natures. He is a Jay Gould, circumscribed in his genius by lack of material for extended operations. The first spring I came into the settlement, he sold me ten bushels of seed potatoes, at double the market price, every one of which was frozen to the hardest possible solidity. When a week later I discovered this fact, and suggested that he make some sort of reparation, he indignantly remarked:

"Why, stranger, do you take me for a durn'd fool! I'm a poor man. You wear store clothes and keep hosses, and they say hereabouts that you are lousy with greenbacks. But you musn't go for to try to put on style among honest folks here in the woods. Pay you back that money! Not if this individual knows hisself. Who can best afford to lose them 'taters, me or you? When I was up on the Manistee last winter, a loggin', I licked a feller about your size, with one hand tied behind me."
The logic of these remarks would not bear close criticism, but the huge fist which the speaker swung around, in rather careless proximity to my head, by way of emphasis, had a mollifying effect upon my anger. I assured him I was only joking. The Old Settler magnanimously accepted the apology, invited himself to dinner, borrowed three dollars to pay his taxes, and struck out again into the forest. And now he visits me regularly, and in the absence of all neighborly companionship, he is at times rather welcome than otherwise.

When the snows had all melted last Spring, and had poured the last of their tributes into the treasury of the great lake, and the genial days came out from the shadow of the long, fierce winter, I set about my innocent agricultural labors.

Albeit of an indolent organization, and a dreamer rather than a laborer in the great problem of life, still I find myself, in my new mode of existence, compelled to work in self-defense. There is neither store, church, nor tavern, nor any of the accessories of civilization within many miles of my lowly dwelling. The winds sigh mournfully through the forests; day unto day and night unto night speaketh a voiceless language of the past, in the solemn loneliness of these grand old woods. The sounds of labor are few and far between, and seem but the muffled echoes of the general silence.

To avoid the saddening thoughts of death and eternity, which such surroundings force upon the meditations of one accustomed all his life to the remorseless din and struggles of great cities, I went to work like another Abel, who was a tiller of the ground long before the ornamental potato bug was mercifully invented. I prepared an acre for
early rose, cut, planted, and covered six bushels thereon, and all with these soft hands of mine. The very first forenoon of this work satisfied me that I was the discoverer of a valuable acquisition to medical science. There is some secreted virtue in a Northern Michigan hoe handle, that raises blisters in a few minutes, as large as life, and twice as natural.

Rapacious quack, I have patented the discovery. The subscriber is too smart a Jersey Yankee to make public "a great blessing to mankind," without the preliminary caution of securing the profits.

Well, to make a short story long, my potatoes grew up out of the furrow, drank in the air and the sunshine, and I was happy in the consciousness of rewarded skill and industry. No fond mother ever so watched over the dawning beauty of her first-born, as did your servant, beloved reader, over the developed glory of them 'taters! Alas, for the cruel sequel! One day

The bugs they came down, like wolves on the fold,  
And eat of my vines all their stomachs could hold!

It was at this fatal juncture that my evil genius, the Old Settler, emerged from the forest, and came upon the scene, as related at the opening of this history. Coming up to where I was sitting moodily upon a stump, feeling like Marias at the ruins of Carthage, only more so, his keen eye took in the situation at once, but his diplomatic caution suggested the disguise of an inquiry:

"What mout the matter be?"

"Look at what was, only yesterday, the most beautiful potato patch in the settlement. In forty-eight hours from this it will be a sandy, herbless waste."
"Bugs, eh?"

"Yes."

"Is that all? Why, stranger, you can kill every blasted critter of 'em, sure as shootin', before 9 o'clock to-morrow mornin'."

In the hour of despondency, the feeblest support gives hope a ray of confidence. I grasped with gratitude the hand of the Old Settler, and eagerly inquired how the work of extermination could be effected.

"Mister," said he, "you're a new beginner, and don't know much about farmin'. But you're a clever feller, as far as I've seen, and I'm willin' to give you my 'sperience. Go and get a bushel of fresh lime, what's just outen the kiln. Pound it up as fine as powder, and early in the mornin', when the dew is thick, dust them are vines all over, and by noon there won't be a durn'd live 'tater bug in the hull patch."

With a gush of feeling that uprooted all my previous prejudices, and flushed tearfully in my eyes, I again grasped the hand of the kindly old man, with a mental oath of eternal friendship; hitched up "Prince," and drove like Jehu, the son of none, to Stony Creek, eight miles distant; got back at dusk with the lime, and worked and sweated all night in reducing it to powder. I stole out exultingly in the early grey of the morning, and gave a magnificent dusting to the whole patch!

My triumph was of the kind supposed to be loved by the gods, for it died young. Even as I waited and watched, the dust began to seethe and bubble, and a smoke steamed up, and the vines squirmed, and writhed, and soon lay prone upon the ground!
"Fine afternoon," exclaimed the Old Settler, as he strode into the patch where I was contemplating the ruins.

I looked in the man's face sternly for a full minute, expecting to see him quail in the consciousness of guilt, in full sight of the injury he had done me. But the steel blue of his eye remained unclouded with shame, as he observed, in a satisfied tone:

"Well, stranger, you see the lime has cleared the kitchen. Bugs all dead, I b'lieve?"

"Yes," I bitterly rejoined, "and vines, too. Did you know it would kill the vines?"

"Why, of course I know'd it would kill the 'taters. Any durn'd fool, who had the sense he was born with, oughter to know that! But then look at the satisfaction of carcumwentin' the cussed bugs!"

I here tightened my grasp upon the hoe handle, set my teeth hard, and breathed determinedly. But a spirit of Christian forbearance came in time to save me from the contemplated violence. I thought of the feller he had licked up on the Manistee, and grinned horribly a ghastly smile as I lifted my eight-dollar beaver from my head, and handed it to the Old Settler with a bow, and the exclamation of -

"Take my hat!"

To my surprise and consternation, the matter-of-fact nature of my tormenter seemed to take the offer as of good faith, and as a reward for acceptable service rendered! He stretched forth his long muscular arm, and before I could withdraw the offer, he had it safely in hand. He then lifted his own rimless, greasy, dilapidated "slouch" from his head, tucked it under his arm, put my "pride of New York" on his shaggy
nob, and looked happy. He soon took it off, examined with pride and satisfaction the beautiful finish of the interior, replaced it upon his head, and spoke thus:

"Thank you, mister. This is the first present I've had this many a year. Some of the folks here in the woods think you are a man of too big feelin' for such as us. I've always found you to be a clever feller, without a bit of the gentleman about you, and I'll stand up for you while there's a hemlock tree on Point Sable, or a ten-pound pickerel in Bear Lake."

Thus leaving his sense of gratitude to console me in his absence, the Old Settler struck out toward the forest, in the direction of his cabin. On reaching the top of the hill, he halted for a moment, again removed my new hat, again scrutinized the beautiful interior, smoothed the body affectionately with his coat sleeve, replaced it, and was soon lost to sight, and not particularly dear to memory.
NOTES


Mulder, Arnold. "Authors and Wolverines." Saturday Review of Literature, 4 March 1939, pp. 3-4, 16.


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