

in the roof let out such smoke as happened to travel in its direction. Still the people seldom murmured. The fear of God, strong faith and bright hope were their rich possession.

As has been the case in all lands and all ages, women bore their full share of the burden. Besides attending to the children and household affairs, all spring and summer they worked in the fields early and late, burning brush, logging, planting and reaping. Much of the cooking, washing and mending was done before dawn or after dark, while the men slept peacefully. At noon they prepared dinner, ate a bite hastily and hurried back to drudge until the sun went down. Then they got supper, put the youngsters to bed, patched, darned and did a multitude of chores. "Woman's work is never done." For these willing slaves, toiling to better the condition of their loved ones and never striking for higher wages, sixteen hours of constant labor would be a short day. They knew no respite, no vacation, no season at the seashore, nothing but hard work and child-bearing. The Sabbath was the one oasis in the desert, the one breathing spell in the week.

When obliged to help out-doors, young mothers took their babies with them—babies were by no means scarce in Beckwith—to the fields and laid them in sap-troughs, while they worked near by. The larger children would hoe, pile brush, pick stones, rake hay, drop potatoes and be utilized in various ways. A fond mother near Franktown, hearing a strange noise at the trough holding her baby, ran to find a big snake crawling down the infant's throat! She caught the reptile by the tail and hurled it into the field, saving her child's life. The boy grew to manhood. The world owes a debt beyond human computation to the patient, industrious, unselfish women who have stood side by side with fathers, husbands and brothers in the stern battle for existence. The pioneer women of Beckwith were noble helpmeets, kind, hospitable, self-forgetful and trustworthy. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," so the public has heard little of