

ent occasions by the doctor of the village on his trips to surrounding lumber camps. The children suggested that they should trade their steeds for the time being. They did so, and when the boy became the possessor of the new dog, he began at once to flourish the whip and shout at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" The little girl objected. "Don't you beat my dog, he don't go for lickin', he only goes for pettin'?" "Whoa!" quoth the lad, and he turned and cast a look of scorn upon the little maid. "You don't need to tell me! If the doctor ever drove this dog he never went for pettin'. Hurrah!" And away he went. Certainly that time, at least, the dog didn't go for "pettin'."

What an indescribable sensation of fearsome hilarity you feel as you bound over the ground on a dog-sleigh! You are so near *terra firma* that a fall from the low coaster would not injure you; and yet you rather fear to try the experiment of tumbling, which is at all times imminent. I shall never forget a visit we paid, one fine frosty day in March, to a lumber camp three miles distant from the village. There were three of us on the sleigh, to which was hitched three dogs, one in front of the other two. We flew along a short distance over the tolerably flat portions of rock—tolerably rough would describe it better—then over the bank and onto the river, entered a creek with perpendicular rocks on either side, thence across a small lake, and into the woods. The shore of the lake was steep, so we jumped off and ran up after the dogs, and on again when we caught up, for the dogs didn't slacken their pace for an instant. Up hill and down dale in the woods we dashed, the shouts of the driver and the crack of the whip mingled with the barks of the dogs. Suddenly—and we held our breath—the dogs made a mad rush down a steep incline, stopped with a jerk that almost pitched us headlong, and—we had arrived at the lumber camp.

The shanty was a long, low building, made of logs, the cracks between which were stuffed with mud. We were ushered into a small room at the end of this building, which was dignified by the name of office. A bottle of ink and a pen which lay on the window-sill were, however, the only visible signs of the name. There were chairs for two of us, while the third balanced himself on an upturned stick of wood. A two-storied bed, built of rough pine boards, and strewn with all manner of wearing apparel, stood in the corner; a shelf on which were several suspicious looking bottles—of ink, the scaler assured us—and many dangerous looking weapons adorned the walls.

We had come for dinner, and were anxiously awaiting the summons which came presently from a man who thrust his head in at the outside door and bade us "come on." And so we came, and entered a long room, which to my surprise and delight, was decidedly clean and tidy. To the