

We had a hard forenoon's job dragging our load over the "Carry Road" next day. It was near eleven o'clock when we passed "Spoff's" (Mr. Flint's). In consideration of our long hair, 'coon-skin coats, moccasined feet, and generally dilapidated condition, we had hoped to keep out of sight of Mrs. Flint. But I saw her at a window, laughing, as we toiled past.

"Pete" came out and shook hands with us. We asked if he remembered the "seventy-five cent." Plainly he did.

It seemed *good*, and odd too, to get out among civilised folks again, where there were houses.

Once more on the ice below the falls we *slid* on at a good pace. At Spencer's we stopped to leave the axe and settle for the pork, etc., we had taken from the logging-camp. We told him what we had used. Spencer said four dollars. This sum we promised to send him, as soon as we should dispose of our fur; and we did so.

Hurrying on, we left the Magalloway, at its union with the Androscoggin, at about four o'clock. We had expected to camp here, but finally concluded to push on to Upton, twelve miles down the Umbagog. This was far too much for us. We were fearfully tired when, at last, we reached Godwin's at about nine in the evening. We had come nearly twenty-seven miles that day, including the "Carry Road."

They laughed well at our woodsey appearance at the Lake House,—most of all that black-eyed table-girl. But we cared for none of these things.