

cleared. The axes gleamed brightly in the air. The measured strokes fell thick and fast, awaking strange echoes in the dim and distant forest aisles. The white chips flew through the air, and ghastly wounds gaped in the trunks of the ancient pines. Now a venerable forest chief shivered through all his branches, swayed for a moment in incertitude, like blind Ajax fighting with his unseen foe, then, with a shuddering groan, tottered and reeled crashing down, shaking the earth and air in his fall. As he lay there, a prostrate giant that had wrestled with the storms of a hundred winters, felled by the hand of man in a single hour, the act seemed like murder. As Lawrence stood with his foot on the fallen trunk of his first tree, but a moment before standing grand and majestic and lordly as a king's son, like Saul among the prophets, he seemed guilty of sacrilege—of slaying the Lord's anointed. He followed in fancy its fate :

Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Drag down the weary winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

But after a time his conscience became seared and calloused to this tree murder, and as he swung his glittering axe through the air and it bit deep into the very heart of some grand old pine, stoical beneath his blows as a forest sachem under the knife of his enemy, a stern joy filled his soul, as he felt that he with that tiny weapon was more than a match for the towering son of Anak. It realized the fairy tales of his boyhood, and he played the *role* of Jack the Giant-killer over again.

The fallen trees were cut into logs of suitable length by huge saws worked by a couple of brawny sawyers. When the snow fell, these were drawn to the river side by sturdy teams of oxen. The logs were loaded on the sleds by being