

like her human counterpart at Newport or Saratoga, seek to monopolize everything. She leaves all her possessions to you for the most delightful months of the year, August, September, and October.

"Charlie's" ax is ringing, and down comes a hemlock. What's that for? Your bed, of course. The tent is spread. The corner selected for sleeping is piled with hemlock twigs, and a sweeter bed, or one more springy, is not to be had for love or money. First a rubber blanket, then a sheet, and then a woolen blanket, and sleep needs no wooing.

Everything here that is found is in unbounded opulence. Amid thousands of square miles of virgin forests, and with good axes in hand, why should we not have imperial camp-fires? The knack of the axman, when acquired in boyhood, is never lost. The blow that will go deepest and throw out the encumbering chip is an achievement of high art. And such fires as rewarded a half-hour's labor! The logs, cut from twelve to fifteen feet long, and piled high, have the promise and potency of three splendid fires, one, and the first, from the middle portion, and one more to be taken as required from each end. Three cords of good wood for an evening is no waste, and the air is cold enough to make the heat as agreeable as the flame is inspiring. While no desolation is so sad as a fire-swept forest or city, yet the destructive agent is the source and the revealer of all material beauty and glory.