

world that has come down to us in our blood, and of the camp-fire of our tribal ancestors, and of their and our original ancestor who built his camp-fire under the trees of the garden, eastward in Eden. Sitting in its glow we are home again, though we know it not, nor can tell whence cometh the delight. It is rest and freedom from care. The sheltering trees look down upon us with calm pleasure, and soothe us to sleep with their whispered lullaby—a song which the mother yet sings to the baby cradled upon her breast, without knowing who composed it or whence it came.

There was a rush for home, a tumbling together, and away we flew, two hundred and fifty miles due north, the last dozen of it in a caboose of an iron-ore train, which slacked up for us far out in the trackless forest. The tumbling Brule in front, the charming Chicagoan Lake back of us in the woods, a spring of the sweetest, coldest water at the root of an old hemlock; pines, birches, cedars, maples, all around. The first question that is asked me at home is, "How about the mosquitoes?"—a question which displays ignorance of this high-spirited siren. She is a stickler for etiquette. She demands precedence in the procession and attention to her music. She bites you because you invade her urban temples before she has finished her oratorios. You must wait till she has concluded her outing, sung her last madrigal, and gone over to bite the angels. There is nothing mean about her. She does not,