

say about the risks and hardships involved was wasted, and before the canal was officially opened by the State, the widow who could not read her passage ticket was pushing on five hundred miles farther to anticipate its commercial effect!

Two or more years passed, when I paid a tourist's visit to the then "booming" settlement of Superior City, and was walking with a friend along its wooden sidewalks, when I was startled by having my own name called by someone behind me, and on turning about, saw the widow of Michael Phelan in a calico wrapper on her knees, with her hands raised above that wonderful bonnet, asking for "Heaven's blessings upon the best friend she ever had in America!"

Begging her to rise and not compromise me in a strange place, because onlookers would think that she was pleading for me, rather than with Heaven, she explained that she was the owner of the corner lot on the opposite side of the street, upon which she had erected a store building and was realizing a handsome rental from a part of it, while occupying the remainder for keeping boarders, and having seen me go by, was afraid that before she could don her best dress as she used to do at the "Soo," I would have passed out of sight. Patrick Flynn had followed her from the "Soo" and was installed as caretaker of her property but she had not, and would not, prove forgetful of the memory of Michael Phelan, or less proud of the good character which he bore in the "Ould Country."

Declining the request of the widow to look over her title-deeds and give my opinion upon their legality, on the score that the steamer on which I was making the round trip was just leaving, I left the widow in the midst of her corner lots.

Not long after this I read, in a leading New York paper, of an official decision as announced at Washington, confirming the right of Mrs. Michael Phelan, of Superior City, Wisconsin, to pre-empt a quarter section of land, her right to do so without naturalization papers having been stoutly contested, but on appeal, her title to valuable property near the city had been sustained at the Interior Department.

Time passed along a few more years, when I was a passenger between two of the ports in Lake Superior upon the then peerless steamer North Star, with the veteran Captain B. G. Sweet in command. While passing along the main deck, a comely, ruddy-faced young woman accosted me and introduced herself as the eldest daughter of the Widow Phelan. "Indeed," said I, "and where is your mother?" "Oh," said she, "mother is down here on the main deck against my protest, who wanted to have her take a couple of state-rooms, and let us travel in the cabin like other people, for we can afford it, and I wish you would get mother to do so."

"All right," said I, "we will see what can be done." Then the widow was interviewed by surprise and without her ornamental head-dress on, but I presumed that it was in one of the several sizeable trunks which evidently belonged to her. Her shrewdness was again evidenced by the fact that while paying only deck passage and saving probably three-fourths of the cost of cabin rates, she had pre-empted a space behind the huge boiler smoke-pipes and fenced it off with her trunks and other articles of the cargo, so that within the barrier herself and daughter were quite retired and had warm quarters, while the cabin passengers were shivering in small and colder places upon the unheated upper deck on a chill autumnal day.

Entering into conversation as to her leaving the west, she informed me that she saw signs of a decline in the land speculation which had prevailed (and which shortly afterward entirely collapsed and continued thus for a decade or more), and had, in anticipation of lower prices, sold out, with a view of leaving that region permanently. "Well," said I, "how much money do you bring away with you?" But the widow was slow to divulge, and at last her eldest daughter spoke up and said, "Mr. Harvey, to prove that we ought to have taken cabin passage, I will tell you. Mother has thirty-six hundred dollars in gold in these trunks, besides enough more in bank-bills to provide for all our travelling expenses for a long journey, and yet she will keep up on the main deck where poor immigrants ride, and now, as the kind