



BIRCH TREE IN FLAMES.

did not mind. The exploits of lumbermen and incidents of lumber life were told in a racy manner, and were punctuated the laughter of as merry a party as ever gathered round by a winter camp fire. Mr. McLaurin, whose familiarity for many years with the life of the woodsmen had given him a splendid repertoire of probable and improbable yarns, shared the honours of the evening with the cook. Fish stories were mingled with the rest, and the reputation of one Baron Munchausen was more than once during the evening in imminent danger of eclipse.

Presently the comforting warmth of the fire, the soothing influence of the weed, and the natural effects of our journey began to tell upon us, and like tired children we climbed sleepily into our bunks. I expected that when those forty odd shantymen got fairly settled down to business we should have a snoring concert that would almost

start the ice in the neighbouring stream. But they slumbered as peacefully as children. Here and there a slight groan at intervals was the only sound.

I had resolved to get up at the first call in the morning. But when three or four alarm clocks began operations at 4 a.m., as if they had a contract to wake the whole county, I half repented my resolve. It was very early, and I was very tired; but a strong mental effort triumphed over bodily weariness, and I arose, to note the morning preparations of the men. They were prompt to rise and dress and prepare for the morning meal, which was served promptly at five o'clock, and consisted of meat, baked beans, bread and tea. It was as good an appetizer as one needed just to note the relish with which those muscular fellows attacked the steaming dishes.

(To be continued.)



OUR ARRIVAL AT THE SHANTIES.

THIS AND THAT.—Mrs. Justwed—"Good morning, Mr. T., I wish you'd send me up a quart of potatoes; Lyonnaise ones, if you please, and a small mock turtle. My husband expects company for dinner, and he just dotes on mock turtle soup."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Irate Customer—Here, you old scoundrel, you guaranteed these flannels to last a year, and look at them after having been twice washed.

Merchant—S' help me, you got 'em t'ree weeks and vash 'em twice! I said von year and van vash.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Nellie.

The day 'at Nellie died, the sun jes' kind o' petered out; The birds cut short their toons o' joy, an' seemed to drag ther wings
Es ef they felt the weight o' woe 'at ever'where about
Jes' sort o' made the sky look black, an' twisted at the strings
O' this ole heart wat 'peared to beat with sech a sluggish tide,
Es ef the world was stoppin' short, the day 'at Nellie died.
I know the Lord is runnin' things to kind o' suit His mind,
An' don't want, prob'ly, no advice from any mortal man,
But, 'pears to me, ef He'd looked 'round, He'd ought to sort o' find
Jes' lots o' tough ole cases es hed lived beyond ther span.—
Ther was, first, yours truly, *me*, er Zeb Watson, er ole Nate
Penallergan, er lots more thet I needn't 'numerate.
You see, ther wusn't much to keep us ole chaps 'bove the ground.—
We'd sort o' kind o' hed *our* fling, an' blame' small odds it made
Jes' how soon we should hear the blas' o' Gabr'el's trumpet sound,
Er jes' how soon these weary bones should in ther bed be laid;
But Nellie—she was jes' a child, es fair, an' pure, an' sweet
Es ever climbed from this ole world up to the Judgment Seat!
Jes' seventeen year ole last May, 'ith eyes so sparklin' bright,
An' with a wreathe o' sun-kissed hair, jes' framin', like, a face
Wot seemed to be a flashin' back the beams o' God's own light!
An' when she'd turn an' smile at you, you'd see the dimples race
An' chase each other 'long her cheeks an' 'round them lips o' her'n
Thet allus kind o' made this mouth jes' fairly ache an' year'n!
So, when they cum an' took my hand an' tole me to "submit"
Unto the will o' Him on High, an' thet the chaugin' years
'Ud sofen, like, the heavy blow, I shet my eyes, an' bit.
This tremblin' lip, an' tried to stop the flood o' blist'rin' tears
Thet trickled down these furrowed cheeks an', sumhow, splashed an' dried
Theirselves upon two frozen hands, the day 'at Nellie died!
—KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

done more ample justice to the viands placed before us. "Make yourselves at home," said the cook—and we

After supper the party indulged in a veritable *dolce far niente*. Some of us smoked, and there were pipes, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco cut and uncut at our disposal. The cigars and cigarettes, of course, belonged to our party. Imagine a burly shantyman smoking a cigarette! As well imagine him breakfasting on an ice cream. Basking in the warmth of the great fire we served our own dessert in the form of stories. The cook, to whose skill we had just paid the highest compliment that could be paid, was in capital humour, and as a story-teller also won our deepest admiration. His stock of yarns was fresh, sparkling, and if some were a trifle wonderful we



IT WAS OUR TURN NEXT.