

deal of handshaking among them and inquiries after one another's health, principally in Gaelic.

"It was about eight o'clock when the work began. The McKays came up, confident they would win in clearing their strip before the others. The men of our neighborhood were determined not to be beaten on their own ground. They were fortunate in having a skillful teamster in the person of Jimmy Matheson, better known to us as 'King' Matheson. He was only a young lad then, but he was reputed to be one of the best teamsters in Zorra.

"Each gang had only one yoke of oxen, but they were trained so well that they seemed to know instinctively where to go. Before the race began I remember Jimmy Matheson mounting a stump to observe better the position of the logs and where to use his oxen to the best advantage.

"My father was boss of the work, giving the necessary directions where he wished the piles to be. I followed the race with great interest. Jimmy Matheson was the object of my admiration, because of the manner in which he handled his oxen, and how quickly he would fasten the chain on the log to give it the proper roll and then bring it from among the others to the place where they were to be piled.

"The first hour or two there wasn't much work for the men at the piles to do, but as the piles became higher it required all their strength to force them up the skids. They did that with the aid of handspikes, two men on a stout handspike at each end of a log, the rest in the centre between the skids. When a pile became too high for them they began at another. Toward noon the heat was terrific down here in the valley, surrounded on all sides by the forest, without the faintest breeze to