

dazzling purity of spotless white that it pained one's eyes to look upon it.

We started for "the bush" Big Ben and I, with two teams and sleighs, directly after breakfast, intending to make a long day's work, not only bringing home two loads of dry cord wood, but also to spend several hours in the woods cutting "green" wood for next year's supply. The horses easily kept the trail, for they could feel the firm road, made by our previous trips, under the fresh snow, and we trotted along gaily for four or five miles of prairie, then a couple of miles of bluffs and scattered trees, where the best timber had been cut in previous years. For the last mile to our wood piles the trees were thick together, and our narrow road was the only opening.

We unhitched our horses, tied them to the sleighs, threw their blankets over them, and both of us set to work. In the bush it was so still and mild that we not only took off our fur coats, but also our rough working jackets and mitts.

In this part of the woods many of the poplars were nearly a foot through at the bluff of the tree, and about forty feet high. Big Ben cut the trees down, and I lopped off the branches, and then cut the trunks into four-foot lengths. We worked away steadily for a long time, the silence of the woods only broken by the chopping of our