

and made merchandise of its beauty; with it came crime, the brutality of man to man, the anguished sobs of women in the darkness.

When summer came the sun beat pitiless upon stark hills of sawdust, glaring, yellow as brass in the hot light — over their hideousness no tender green wove shroud. Men sweat, and cursed the sun which burnt their burdened backs; they had no time or wish to seek the dewy depths of shade they had been born but to destroy.

When winter came in all its majesty of northern storm, the icy blast wreaked its utmost fury against the hovels pitched like tents upon the unsheltered shore. The wind sought wailing the trees in whose tops it had once made moan — it throttled instead the black breath struggling skyward from the hideous throats of iron chimneys.

Snow fell, and the far away forests were clothed with a mystery of beauty, austere, entrancing in its delicacy — veiled in a silence vast, primeval, unstirred by human sigh.

Snow fell, too, on the sawdust hills, on the hovels, on the dirty decks of the lumber boats. But here, its beauty vanished as it fell — it but added to the misery, the squalor of the human herd.

"Forty-eight cents!" exclaimed a trembling, cold-benumbed man to the young clerk at the Company's Store. "Damn you! You dare to tell me that's all that's coming to me for a whole month's work? You devil! Do you know what you're doing? You're drinking my blood. You devil! Come out here and I'll shoot