

the tables are cleared; the violin is produced, and the company engage in the mazes of the merry dance.

The return of spring found the settler overwhelmed with work. Machinery, to lighten the labour in either winter or summer was unknown. There were no threshing or stumping machines; no mowers or reapers, much less binders; no horse rakes or hay lifts in those days. By the strength of the muscle and through the sweat of the brow the husbandman had to accomplish his purposes. Long as were the summer days they were still too short to enable him to overtake the work so absolutely necessary in providing winter's sustenance for his family and domestic animals. Even if the top buggy had been in evidence, there was no place for the picnic or tea-party; for self preservation required the unremitting efforts of men, women and children to fight the wolf away from the door. It did not follow, however, that the people were deprived of suitable social enjoyment. After the crop was put in the ground, the men turned with all their might to clearing more land and the women to converting the wool into clothing for the family. Here came the settlers' opportunity for social enjoyment in the combined spinning and stumping frolic.

In the early summer morning, in response to the invitation of a neighbor, the men and women assemble, provided with hoes, axes and spinning wheels. The men, with lusty arms, force the great unwilling stumps to relinquish their hold on the soil, while the women, after ranging themselves and their wheels on the clean swept barn floor, proceed to convert the snowy rolls of wool into yarn good enough to make clothes for the Governor. Twenty or thirty fair spinners, plying together their jaunty, smooth-going wheels, seem to rise before me now as a vision of the days that are gone. I recall the faces of the spinners,