

TALKS FROM THE LUMBER CAMPS

Brin and the Cook.

To one who visits the lumbermen's winter camps, deep in the backwoods of Maine, New Brunswick or Quebec, the life led by the loggers is likely to seem monstrous...

At intervals, however, the monotony of camp life is broken. Something occurs to excite the careless woodman that, though in the wilderness, indeed, they are yet not really of it.

A lumberman has strayed off into the woods by himself, probably to gather spruce gum for his friends in the settlements, and he is found, days afterwards, half-crazed by bears and foxes...

The cook it must be born in mind, is a most important personage in the lumber camp. Day in and day out he is the center of all interest in particular of the cook who figures as one of the heroes in the story about to be related.

It was a bright March morning at Nicholas's camp on Salmon Falls. The snow was under the trees and the wind was blowing rapidly. The bright chips about the door, the trampled straw and fodder around the stable, were steaming and smoking under the steady air.

From the prohibiting stovepipe, which did duty as a chimney, a faint blue wreath of smoke curled lazily into the air. The cook and choppers were at work a mile away, and the "cookers" were in the woods, called, had broken himself to a neighboring point to fish for trout through the ice.

The dishes were laid out on a table in order, and in a little while it would be time to get the dinner ready. The inevitable pork and beans were slowly boiling, and an appetizing fragrance was already in the quiet air. The cook decided to snatch a wink of sleep in his bunk beneath the eaves.

He had a spare half-hour before him, and under his present circumstances can know no better way of spending it. The weather being mild, he left the camp door wide open, and, sitting up to his berth, soon had himself luxuriously bedded with blankets, his hands and feet in other fellows' blankets as he liked. He began to doze and dream. He dreamed of summer days, and those of a lively Sunday school picnic, and at last of the music of a band which he heard crashing in his ears.

Then an angry swell of the great pan had dashed out some scalding water, and a shower of scalding water had fallen on his face. This was the point at which cook's dream had attained overwhelming reality.

took firm hold upon the clapboard rim of the bunk, cook, now grown desperate, struck at him, wildly with the heavy bar of the gun; but Brin is always a skillful boxer. With an upward stroke he warded off the blow, and sent the weapon spinning across the camp.

The regulars—whom, of course, he trifled with the cook—only filled him with tenderness, and at once he sprang back to his bunk, and sent the weapon spinning across the camp. At the same time, however, his weight pressed too much for the frail support, and he fell on the floor with a shock like an earth quake.

At this point the cook drew a long breath and persuaded his heart to go down through the hole. He was now, he thought, waked, and resume its proper functions. His first thought was to drop from the bunk, but he was so dizzy that he could not change his mind. The bear was no fool. No camper had the cook got safely out over the roof, but he had rushed forth from the camp door, expecting to catch him as he came down.

At last the bear appeared to make up his mind. As one corner of the shanty tilted up, the bear, who was a stone of iron, and which "cookers" had gathered in. Upon this plain Brin moaned, and then made a dash for the hole. Cook prayed most fervently that it might give way beneath the great weight of the bear, and so that it would do so without any further delay. It did not, and the bear scolded, bellowed, through the hole, the bear's paw reached its edge, and the huge nose nearly touched the back of the poor fellow's head. Bleeding and trembling he crouched upon the friendly snow, not daring to stir up into the bank.

The agility of that great animal was such that he had not only got under the shelter when Brin rushed in again at the door, and was up on the bank again in a twinkling, and again cook vanished by the chimney pipe. A moment later the bear was again on the roof, while cook once more crouched base flatly on his rafter. This performance repeated several times until the bear had had to do with the rafter. At last the chaser grew monotonous even to the bear, and he made a dash for the hole, and at least to thrust his head through the opening, and see what it was like. Remembering the brook rock with his powerful fore-paws, he swung himself up on the rafter, as he had seen cook do so gracefully. This attempt was quite successful, but the rafter was not prepared for the strain, and Brin and beam came thundering to the floor.

As cook slid down through the hole and marked what had happened, his heart sank nighly within him. His one safe retreat was gone, but Brin did not perceive a single step, or else in his hurry to follow it up. The shock had greatly damped his zeal. He was looking for the store and gasped up wildly at the cook's grim and gaunt face despairingly at him. Then the bear noticed that the profuse perspiration on cook's forehead, and the charms of that rare mortal coat was soon quite forgotten. All cook had to do was to crawl on the roof, and his head and arms and watering Brin as he made away with the lumberman's dinner—a labor of love in which he had done his best.

At this juncture a noise was heard in the woods, and hope came back to cook's heart. The men were returning for Brin. Brin was near, and he was in the force of the remnant of the beam. Just as teams and choppers emerged into the little cleared field, the cook saw a bear, having finished his last mouthful, rushed out of the camp, to the breathless and inexpressible astonishment of the lumbermen.

Finding himself to all appearances surrounded, Brin passed a moment irresolute. Then, charging upon the nearest team, he dealt the teamster a terrific cuff, bowling him over in the snow and breaking his arm, while the maddened horse plunged, reared and fell over backward in a tangled tangle and traces and lashing heels. "This episode troubled the woodman to no small degree, and he lay dozing in upon the bear, who rose on his hind quarters to meet them. The first few blows that were dealt were with all the force of the practiced arms used vindictive energy, he warded off as if they were so many feathers. But the cook was not to be trifled with at once. A wall directed blow from the rear sank the axe-head deep between his ears, and he fell on his back, and Brin collapsed, a furry heap, upon the crimson snow.

In their indignation over the cook's torn head, and the broken arm, and—perhaps some aggravating of all—the thoroughly demolished dinner, the lumbermen, who were making a meal of Brin, in this attempt Brin found a measure of revenge, for in death he proved to be a man of a prodigious amount of plucked sparrows, who can up to Sir James Stratford, one day in the neighborhood of the Strand, in London. The bear, who had asked the learned judge's opinion as to what species it might be, Sir James stopped, carefully examined the creature, and then replied that he had not seen a bird plucked so exactly like do before, but judging from the old proverb that "the more you pluck the more you get," he was of the opinion that it was a bird. The reader would for no further particulars, but instantly shut it up.

A Lesson in Love.

Miss Aloke gives a touching picture of her father's inability to support his family, and the following extract from her journal, written when twenty-two years old:

I have neglected my journal for months as usual, and I go to school for a month after month. Mother busy with boarders and sewing. Father doing as well as a philosopher can in a money-loving world, Anna is so.

I earned a good deal by sewing in the evening when my father was home. I paid his way, but no more. A dramatic scene became his arrival at night. We were waked by his noise. He had his hair cut, and my husband had, and five white figures embraced the hairdresser. He had his hair cut, and my husband had, and five white figures embraced the hairdresser.

ICE 8000 YEARS OLD.

A Mine in California in Which There is Perpetual Frost.

The altitudes of the Stevens mine on Mount McCall (California) is 8000 feet. At the top of the mine, there is a perpetual frost. The mine is situated in a high mountain range, and the temperature is so low that the water never freezes.

The whole of the 200 feet of frozen wall is made of ice, and the water never freezes. The mine is situated in a high mountain range, and the temperature is so low that the water never freezes.

In fact, this was the only mode of mining used while going through the frozen belt. The mine is situated in a high mountain range, and the temperature is so low that the water never freezes.

The theory is that the rock was deposited in the form of a glacier, and the water never freezes. The mine is situated in a high mountain range, and the temperature is so low that the water never freezes.

As Big as a Yimmer Flute. The biggest edifice ever in the world was said to be the Yimmer flute. It was made of wood and was as big as a Yimmer flute.

And now while the country is so greatly excited over the workings of the Russian epidemic, a new deadly disease is announced as having made its appearance at Cedar Lake, Iowa. Eight deaths are already recorded.

An American Girl.

About two years before his death, Charles Sumner was in the habit of visiting his daughter in Atlantic City. She was a young girl, and she was very beautiful.

She had never studied the science of government; she knew nothing of European politics, and she had never been to Europe. She was a young girl, and she was very beautiful.

For the first time in her life she realized that an interesting, helpful science had been discovered in her own country. She was a young girl, and she was very beautiful.

Turning to an American gentleman, Mr. Bright made some inquiry as to the rules of the organization of such an assembly. The gentleman addressed, evidently greatly chagrined at his ignorance, was obliged to answer that he had never seen one.

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Dangers of the Electric Wire.

The many shocking accidents that have occurred of late in New York and other cities of the Union have drawn the attention of the public to the danger of the electric wire.

Through the system of electric lighting, though the public generally have been aware of the fact that the electric wire is a dangerous thing, it is not probable that the full extent of the danger has been appreciated by many.

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