

trimming the branches off and loading and hauling home, was no small job with snow on the ground two or three feet deep.

In the spring father spaded up a piece of ground for a garden and plowed some on the prairie to sow some grain of which we reaped a good harvest in the fall. And the garden gave us a fine yield of vegetables. In those days, cattle ranged the country at will and it became sister Susan's and my lookout to see that the stock was hunted up before sundown. We had to go through the valley and over the hills which were all heavily timbered. Through the valley where we followed a road or wagon track the timber was so dense that at noon on a sunshiny day it was like twilight. We very often had to go through these woods and on as far as the sawmill which was two miles from father's place to find our cows. Between the saw mill and father's there were 6 brooks to cross.

One night we went to the mill but did not find the cows and it was nearly sundown, so we were afraid to go farther and started for home. By the time we got to the second brook it was dark. When we got about half way through the woods we heard a great crashing of brush and breathing, and steps of some animal. Sister said, "There, that is one of the cows now." So we stopped and called 'Bossy' several times. But she wouldn't come, and the dog, a big Newfoundland, stepped over to the side of the road. Well, 'It' followed us to the last brook, which was pretty deep where 'It' stopped and we waded through the brook in a hurry, which was up to our knees.

From there we could see our light twinkling through the trees, which was a welcome sight you may be sure. We told father, "Something followed us to the brook and the dog kept growling at it." And father said, low to mother, "I'll bet you that was a bear." So in the morning father went to the brook. Sure enough, there were Mr. Bruin's tracks!

Well, we had many experiences of one kind and another. I will tell one that was laughable. Father and a Mr. Hiram Rice, (a brother of Mrs. Cowley) who was owner of the saw mill took a day off to go bear hunting. Well, it was somewhere below the mill in the valley and they wanted to start on the hunt by daylight, so all us 'kids' and mother went down to Mr. Rice's to stay all night and mother was to help take care of the meat by what they called 'jerking,' cut into thin strips and dried. We got there early in the afternoon and Mr. Rice knew where there was a bee tree and father and he cut the tree, taking their guns with them for fear they might see the bear. Well, they got the honey and we had a good feast that night on hot biscuits and honey. Then they put the rest in thin cloth and hung it out doors, high up on the eaves of the house to drain, to be left out there all night. So, early in the morning the men went out, and lo and behold, Mr. Bruin had helped himself to the honey, eaten it all, and betook himself to the woods and it was three days before they got him. He was a big, black fellow and they sold the hide for \$50.