

## UP IN THE NORTH WOODS

### GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP.

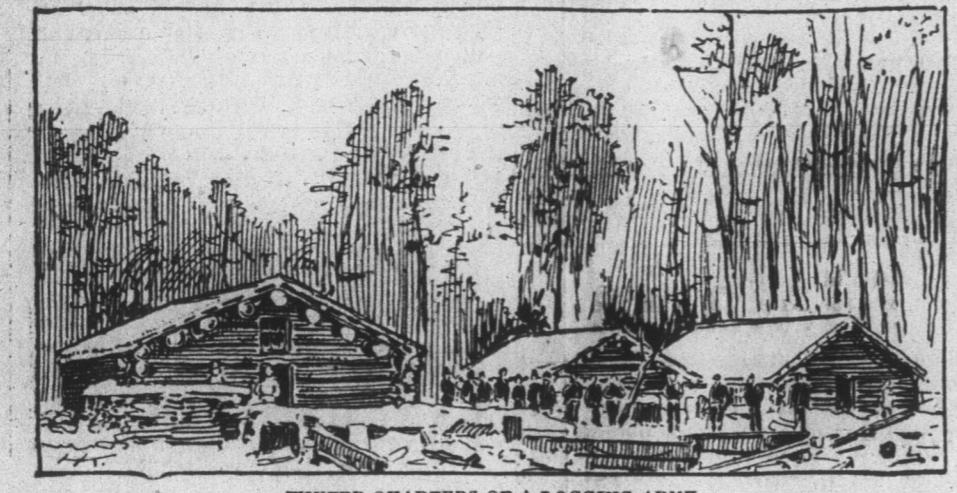
How the World Is Furnished with Boards  
—The Hardships, Perils and Joys of  
Hardy Woodsman—All sorts and Condicio-  
ns of Men and How They Happen to  
Land in Lumber Camps.

OR those who have never tasted life in the great lumber woods, I can imagine nothing more delightful than to leave all "shop" behind and set face toward the pine forests of the North and penetrate their depths until reaching a large logging camp in full operation, and there tarry until the new phases of life that will surely disclose themselves in such a place are exhausted.

Not all who are breathing city smoke are circumstante to leave it at will for the woods of Michigan and Wisconsin. Therefore I will divide with such unfor-  
tunates, so far as I am able, the pleasures of a journey which I have taken into the woods of Wisconsin.

My first glimpse of lumbering life was had before I was fairly settled down in my seat in the Wisconsin Central train, on which I had shipped from Chicago to Ashland, Wis.

The car began to fill rapidly with a set of hale and hearty young men in "stora-



WINTER QUARTERS OF A LOGGING ARMY.

clothes," who dropped into the first seats which they came to, and made themselves comfortable and at home in a twinkling.

From their talk, which was "by no means conducted in an undertone, I learned that there were about forty men on board bound for the lumber woods. Some were new hands going to take their first lessons in logging, but the most of them had seen more than one season in camp.

And what a rollicking set the latter were! If they were going into hardships it was evident that they "knew the worst" and were prepared to make the best of it. Two of the company, who seemed to be leaders of the crew, pre-empted the two rear seats of the car, jerked their boots, shed their coats and in short order prepared to make a night of it.

"I'll tell you, boys, we missed our opportunity to-day! We ought to have got roarin' drunk," said one of them. This sentiment over a lost opportunity to make a full day of it in Chicago was heartily echoed by the remainder of the group.

When the cross-fire of stories and banter began to lag one of the leaders drew forth from the depths of a black sachet a "collection of popular songs." The first selection was "Little Annie Rooney," and the clear, strong tenor, in which it was rendered made me almost forgive him.

As he warmed to his work a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams, and the "popular airs" of the street gave place to the dear old tunes that have thrilled hearts from the days of yore.

It was with regret that I saw him close the book and put it away, taking from his sachet instead a flask of rum, which he passed to his companions and sampled himself.

Still another plunge into the sachet brought forth an elaborate night-shirt, which was greeted with more cheers than even the bottle. It was very evident that he was determined to make it known that he indulged in the embellishments of civilization at least once a year. After ceremoniously wrapping his bottle in the garment he subsided for the night, until a fat little boy in a red, flannel waist came along to play with the faucet of the drinking-water tank.

"Here, sonny! Looking for a bunk? Just you camp right down there, soon I move my feet. Come, don't be bashful! You've got to look out for No. 1 or they won't one look out for you. Mebbe you're cold? Just let me spread my coat over you."

When he had made the child comfortable he quickly dropped into slumber.

In the morning, when we had passed through the burned district and were well into the Bad River country, the saw mills began to appear. At one of these mill stations our forty lumbermen left the train, being met by a company of old, companions, who were clad in striped, checked and variegated mackinaw jackets, with dangling belts that combined in each garment the most positive shades of every color.

But to the woods.

To see them at their grandest, one should visit them in October, when the wonderful autumn colors are at their

ground of the evergreens to set off and enhance the beauty.

As you enter one of these great forests of towering pines, the resinous aroma that greets you on every breeze, and rises from the yielding carpet of pine needles beneath your feet, is grateful and refreshing beyond expression; but it is not until you have reached the place where the sawyers are working the echoes of the wood with the "ching! ching! ching!" of their cross-cut saw, as it slips backward and forward through the fragrant wood, that you catch the first odor of "forests primeval."

Strange that no chemist has sought to reproduce it in a "perfume," for society would quickly make it a fashionable fad.

But the odor of pine and tamarack is not the only subtle and pleasing perfume that you meet in the lumber woods. At every open space, especially in the "burnings," where a forest fire has swept through the standing timber, you will find the ground thickly covered with the dark leaves of the wintergreen, the berries of which grow to surprising size and perfection, and have a flavor as aromatic and delicious as their coloring is delicate.

But on to camp! And for the sake of haste we will step out of the thick woods onto the "siding" or railway switch, which invariably penetrates to a camp of any size, excepting where the logs are floated down a stream to some saw-mill or shipping point.

As a camp presents the most interesting scene in winter, I have chosen that season for illustration.

With the possible exception of the foreman, the cook is by far the most important and highly esteemed personage

in the camp. His favor is courted and curried to a flattering extent. But that is not the only way in which his importance is attested. His name leads the pay-roll. And well it may, for the leading question which loggers raise, in deciding with what camp they will cast their lot is, "Which has the best cook?" The extent to which this consideration outweighs all others was emphasized to me when the news came in one day that the entire crew of a neighboring camp had "struck" because a cook whose services commanded \$75 a month had been discharged to give place for one who could command but \$50. The cook's assistant is called the "cookee."

The other principal employees of a camp are the foreman, sawyers, teamsters, skidders and the "road-monkeys," and, in camps where logs are floated, the drivers. The wages of loggers range from \$25 to \$40, and sometimes even \$50 a month.

It is quite a common idea that trees are felled with an axe, but that is not

the case. That is done with a cross-cut saw, operated by two sawyers, who accomplish the down fall of a big pine in an incredibly short time.

The tree is then cut into logs of proper length and turned over to the skidders, who elevate them by cant-hooks, chains and ox-teams onto skids, from which they are finally loaded for shipment.

In the illustration may be seen sawyers at work, logs on skid, and a hauling team just loaded by the skidders and ox-team. The man standing in front of the horses by the sawyers, with a wooden mallet over his shoulder, is a wedge man, whose duty it is to insert the wedged-shaped axe-head into the cut made by the saw as soon as the blade of the latter has penetrated beyond its depths. As fast as the saw begins to bend the axe-head is driven in with the maul behind the saw blade to relieve the pressure on the blade.

The road monkeys are stationed at the steep inclines along the winter roadways over which the heavy loads of logs are hauled. When a load approaches going down the incline, these road monkeys scatter wisps of hay in front of the sled runners, to act as brakes upon the smooth sled shoes, and prevent the load

from plunging down upon the rear of the horses. The hay is of course removed when a team is sighted going up the grade. It may be imagined that the duties of the road monkey are extremely "soft"—all play and no work—but when the thermometer touches "thirty below," as it frequently does, a more active employment can scarcely be imagined.

"It's a great pity losing the organ so soon after getting it," remarked an elder who was discussing the untoward event.

"Yes, it is," replied one of his friends: "but it was almost an impossibility to save it; you see the engines couldn't play on it." And then the speaker wisely went away.

TANGLE—Hang it all, Maria! that confounded poolie of yours has bitten a piece clean out of my leg.

Mrs. Tangle—Oh, how very annoying,

Henry, when poor Fida is sick and the doctor said that he mustn't have a bit of meat for at least two weeks.

## HARD STORM IN THE EAST

### THE ATLANTIC COAST CATCHES A REGULAR BLIZZARD.

It Sweeps Over the Eastern States, Giving the People a Touch of Genuine Winter Weather—New York City Rides in the Path of the Storm—Railway Traffic Badly Interfered With.

[New York dispatch.]

The blizzard predicted last night by the Weather Bureau got in on time. The snow began to fall at 3 o'clock this morning and it fell as if it meant business. The storm extended, according to the reports of the signal service weather observer, from Wood's Hole, Mass., southwest to Lynchburg, Va., and westward to Duluth, Minn. Rain at that hour covered the Southern States from Washington, D. C., to Jacksonville, Fla., along the Atlantic coast, and inland as far as the Mississippi River.

The high wind, which at 9:30 o'clock

had a velocity of thirty-one miles an hour from the northeast, caused the snow to form in many places into drifts. Many of these drifts were nearly three feet in height, and those who had to work their way through them found pedestrianism anything except pleasant. The high wind, however, was a blessing to many a householder, as it drove the snow in waves from off the roofs of houses almost as soon as it fell.

The storm worked so rapidly after it struck New York that early morning traffic was seriously impeded. Not since the blizzard has there been so pointed a reminder of the imperative necessity for improved rapid transit in this city.

There was more or less delay on the West Side, but the East Side was seriously embarrassed during the early rush hours. Those who suffered most from the loss of time were the residents of Harlem.

About 11 a. m. began a heavy sleet, which cut the faces of pedestrians like pin points and added to the misery of those who were forced to do any amount of walking. The snow in the West and to the south of the city interfered seriously with the progress of mail trains in this direction. All the mails from the West via Pittsburgh, the Southwest, and the South were several hours behind time. The early morning mails from the North and West, however, arrived on time, as the storm had not reached these points so as to stop the progress of the trains. The trains which arrived during the forenoon were further impeded by the heavy snow in the streets, the mail wagons being unable to reach the general postoffice within the time allotted for the transfer of the mails from the railway stations to that building. Mails from Brooklyn were also delayed on the bridge.

All the railroads running into New York have suffered from the storm, but some, of course, have suffered more than others where more exposed to the heavy drifts. In Westchester County the snow piled up along the tracks of the Hudson River railroad, but has not thus far impeded travel much.

The delays on the railroads in New Jersey were not so serious this morning as they were later in the day, when the fast falling snow was drifted in some places to a formidable height. The snow ceased falling at 8 o'clock and was followed by a slight rain and sleet storm. The thermometer rose to 29 degrees above zero. At midnight the wind was northwest. The indications for to-morrow are more snow or rain with a decided lowering of the temperature.

Reports continue to be received from all parts of New York State showing a heavy fall of snow and consequent interruption of traffic.

In the Mohawk Valley the storm is unusually severe. At 6 o'clock this evening more than eight inches of snow had fallen at Amsterdam, and it was still snowing hard. Railroad travel is greatly delayed, some of the through trains being from two to three hours late. West Shore freight-trains have been stalled in the snow this afternoon and the flangers have been started out.

At the Pennsylvania depot it was reported that Western express-trains were running from three to three and a half hours behind time. The trains were being run cautiously, which was the principal cause of the delay, as the entire force of laborers out on each block keeping the tracks free from snow, and the detention by snow-drifts had been trifling. The Philadelphia trains were from thirty minutes to an hour behind schedule time and local trains were about half an hour late. Trains were delayed nearly on schedule time.

The Erie road experienced the greatest difficulty, and all through trains were from five to six hours late.

At Lockport, N. Y., the fall of snow has been continuous throughout the day, but is not heavy. The snow is not drifting badly. Temperature in the morning was reported at ten degrees above zero, and at one o'clock it had risen to twenty-five degrees.

At Ithaca, N. Y., the storm continued throughout the day, with street-car traffic suspended.

At Watertown, N. Y., snow has been falling rapidly, accompanied by mild breezes. The thermometer last night was five degrees below, and this morning four above zero.

At Saratoga Springs the heaviest and most severe snow storm since the memorable blizzard of March, 1887, has been in progress, and this evening indications were that it will continue during the night. Eight inches of snow had already fallen and was being badly drifted by a stiff northerly wind. Country roads are still blocked.

At Albany over one foot of snow fell to-day and the storm continues. Railroad travel has been impeded all day, trains from the West being three hours and more late. Electric street cars are stalled on some of the lines and kept running with difficulty on others. The iron and slate roof of a section of the New York Central Railroad depot at West Albany fell under weight of snow this afternoon, burying four locomotives and half a dozen men under the wrecks. Two men were badly hurt, but none killed.

Brief Personal Items.

JULES VERNE is now a handsome man of 60, with head and beard quite gray, and with eyes which sparkle with all the fire of his youth.

QUEEN VICTORIA has made known through Cardinal Manning that she will present no objection to the canonization of Joan of Arc.

THE Countess of Cawdor, leader of the Theosophists of Paris, believes herself to be the "spiritual child" of Queen of Scots. It is on this account that she is about to set up a statue of Mary in the Place Wagram.

Items of Interest.

ROCHEFORT's list of duels up to date numbers twenty-three, in seven of which he was wounded.

SITTING BULL's language was a compound of pure Sioux and mongrel English, in which a number of French words were mixed. The latter had been picked up from the post-traders.

MISS FLORENCE WINDOM, the daughter of the Secretary, is more than an amateur artist. She has been studying in Boston for some time, and has done work which critical judges have pronounced more than ordinary.

## A THIRST FOR BLOOD.

### A MINNESOTA MAN STARTS IN TO BUTCHER HIS FAMILY.

Carl Reher, a Wilkin County German, shoots His Wife, His Son, and His Daughter, and Then Blows His Own Brains Out—Mrs. Reher Dead and the Son Expected to Die—Family Quarrels the Cause of the Tragedy.

[Fergus Fall (Minn.) dispatch.]

The chapter of horrors which has marked the closing year in Minnesota is not yet complete, and the tragedy which took place a few miles southwest of Carlisle, Wilkin County, in some respects caps all others of recent date in its horror and utter brutality. Yesterday the family of Carl Reher consisted of six persons. To-day the father and mother are dead, the son is hovering on the edge of the grave, and one daughter is dangerously wounded. Carl Reher was a German aged nearly 60, who lived in a cabin on "the flats," as they are called, in Wilkin County, about twelve miles from the city. His family consisted of his wife, aged 49; his son Henry, 25; and three daughters, aged 22, 16, and 14. Reher was a taciturn, moody man, who was held in much fear by his neighbors as a person of unbridled passions and dangerous disposition. His son Henry has served a term in the penitentiary for horse-stealing and was known as a hard character. Of the women of the family perhaps the less said the better.

For the last three years there have been bitter family quarrels which often resulted in violence. Against any outside interference, however, the family always united as one person, as in the case of the arrest of Henry Reher for horse-stealing when the others did all they could to shield him from the law. A few weeks ago, after an unusually violent family brawl, Carl Reher quit the house and went to Elizabeth, a German village eight miles from here, where he opened a shoe shop, and has since worked steadily until last night. Saturday night he got a ride with a neighbor and went home. The rest of the horrible story of last night's crime was learned from the lips of his dying wife and his daughters.

Reher entered his home on the flats at about 9 o'clock in the evening. All the members of the family were there, and jumped up in surprise at the unexpected appearance. He walked to the table with apparent unconcern, and laid down several small bags of candy and a large bottle of whisky. "These are Christmas presents for you, and I have got some more," he said, and stepped into a lean-to at the back of the house, used for a woodshed, and a moment later reappeared at the door with a self-cooking revolver in each hand. These he leveled and began firing. The first bullet was fired at his son, but missed its mark. The young man staggered back, and threw up his arms to protect himself. The second and third bullets struck him in the arm, which was shockingly mangled. The fourth bullet was aimed at his oldest daughter and entered her shoulder. The lamp was extinguished by the fifth shot, which entered the body of Mrs. Reher. By this time the whole family was in a frenzied state, and all made a rush for the door.

Reher dropped his revolvers and drew a huge carving-knife. As Henry Reher reached the door his father plunged the knife into his son's back, penetrating the spine to the armpit. The young man staggered back and threw up his arms to protect himself. The second and third bullets struck him in the arm, which was shockingly mangled. The fourth bullet was aimed at his oldest daughter and entered her shoulder. The lamp was extinguished by the fifth shot, which entered the body of Mrs. Reher. By this time the whole family was in a frenzied state, and all made a rush for the door.

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The three daughters got safely out of the house and scattered to hide themselves in a haymow and outbuildings. Mrs. Reher was left alone in the house with the butcher. He attacked her fiercely with the carving-knife and stabbed her again and again. She fell, apparently dead, and he went to find his daughters and finish his work. He did not succeed and returned to the house. His wife was gone. The youngest daughter, who watched the scene from the haymow, describes what next occurred. Her father appeared at the door with his dripping knife still in hand. The moonlight lit up the landscape brilliantly, and he saw his wife crawling painfully on her hands and knees fifty yards away. He ran to her and again fell upon her with fiendish ferocity and plunged his knife again and again in her prostrate body. Then he returned to the house. Half an hour later several neighbors, well armed, arrived. The three daughters were still in hiding.

They had heard a single pistol shot, but no other sound. The neighbors entered the house and found Reher stone dead with a bullet in his brain and a rope around his neck. He had thrown the rope over a beam and put the noose around his neck, and as the noose tightened he had blown out his brains. He lay there with his own blood mingling in a pool with that of his wife and son.

Mrs. Reher also lay on the floor. She had crawled back into the house and lay almost by the side of her dead husband. She had only strength to tell the story of the awful tragedy, and then died. Her body and limbs were hacked full of holes, any one of half a dozen of which would have been fatal. Dr. Thomas N. McLean, of this city, arrived three hours later, and shortly afterward Dr. Trippett of Wahpeton, and dressed the wounds of Henry Reher and his sister. The former had lost a great quantity of blood and his injuries are so severe it is thought he cannot survive. The girl will probably recover, though her wound is dangerous. Everything in and about the cabin was soaked with blood and the scene was one of the most ghastly that could be imagined.

Except the frequent quarrels in the family there was no known cause for Reher's action. He was not a heavy drinker and according to the neighbors with whom he rode home he was perfectly sober the night of the tragedy. That the deed was premeditated is shown by the fact that he brought with him from Elizabeth three revolvers, all fully loaded, and the rope which he used to hang himself was with entirely new, bought only the day before in Elizabeth.