

The Daily Morning Astorian.

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Notice to Delinquent Taxpayers.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I will levy on the property of the delinquent list of 1884, if the taxes are not paid immediately.
C. W. LOUGHERY,
Chief of Police,
Astoria, Feb. 9, 1885.

SURVEYING A LINE IN THE NORTH WOODS.
The Lack of Flanigan's Camp and What It "Lacked" Like - How the Lumbermen Work and Feed - A Landlooker - Camping on Hemlock.

Here is the telegram that caused the whole trip:
Ford Starring:
Survey line 227 immediately.
Write daily.
T. W. PALMER.
The ease with which those few words could be written was in sharp contrast to the labor involved in carrying out the directions.
The first requisite for such an expedition was a surveyor. He was secured. Then a couple of claim-bearers, of which I was one. There was no use in getting clothing in Detroit. The outfit necessary for wrestling with the arctic climate had to be purchased further north.
The train brought us to Cadillac. Here the lumberman's outfit was procured. It may astonish those who live in the effeminate regions of civilization to know that those who tramp the north woods wear no overcoats. They drag in the snow and are in the way. Here was the fit-out. From four to ten pairs of socks. The "outside pair was a German sock a quarter of an inch thick reaching nearly to the knee. Into this the legs of the pantaloons were shoved and the whole arrangement securely strapped to prevent snow from penetrating. We offered as high as \$10 a pair for snow-shoes, but they were not to be had. Instead were a gigantic pair of arctic overshoes so heavy that when they once got the swing on a person's feet it was almost impossible to stop them. A person was carried along like that man with the steam cork leg. Coats and vests were discarded and blanket suits adopted.
Three Mackinaw shirts encased us and round the center of the grand combination was tied a flaming red sash. These shirts were of the coarsest horse blanket stuff and our suits were striped red, yellow and black. Starring, who is slightly under seven feet high, looked like an animated barber pole searching for a hair-cutting establishment. Altogether we were the most chromatic Starring troupe that ever took to the road in the north woods. We each wore a couple of pairs of mitts and a knitted and furred Mackinaw cap. You could pull the furred cap down over your shoulders almost, and the thirty degrees below zero never filled with your ears while that furred cap was over them. Some cynics may doubt that any cap could cover our ears but I am stating facts.
Accustomed as we were, we plunged into the wood with the assistance of a team and sleigh. We drove miles into the woods, and passed two lumber camps. At last we pulled up a couple of weeks ago there was nought but a howling forest. Now Camp F. consists of five great shanties made out of logs that were standing a fortnight since; now they lie low, and none so poor to do them reverence.
The cabins were the cook house, the men's shop, the office, the blacksmith's shop and the stables. Our headquarters were in the office. Flanigan's Camp is 14-22-7. There are those who don't understand this S. T. 1860-X designation. It means that the camp is located in section 14, of township 22, north of range 7 west. Now you know just where it is.
While we made our fastidious toilet in the office there came a terrific and long-drawn out blast like a schooner's fog horn. We rushed out to see if a schooner were running into us and found a six-foot man in the door of the cook's house blowing a six-foot tin horn. Gabriel's trumpet effect - at least, out there it couldn't. When Roderick Dhu's whistle sounded shrill there came from every bush and hill clansmen stern and that sort of thing, but here from behind every pine tree there seemed to start out a lumberman, and each lumberman was a living chromo - no two of the same stripe. What a scene it would have made on the stage of a theater in an opera bouffe! The men went to their cabin and washed and combed. Every man smoothed himself up. There were seventy of them, and as our dinner costume was the same as theirs, we attracted no attention among the crowd. The men were mostly Norwegians, Swedes, Canadians, half-breed Indians and a few Irish. At the long pine table each man had his plate and his place. The men were served by the cook and a couple of boys called cook boys.
Starring hailed a boy and said: "Bill of fare, please?"
"Ain't got none of that."
"Well, bring me a napkin."
"Ain't got none of that, either."
"All right; bring me what you have got."
The table was bare pine. There were crockery plates, iron knives and forks and a pint tin pan to drink out of.
The spread was simply sumptuous and the north woods furnishes you a beautiful appetite to do justice to it. There was lots of Chicago beef stewed and boiled potatoes with their jackets on. Then there was Fried sauerkraut was good and in great demand. The bread was excellent and as white as possible, and was supplemented by the lightest of biscuits. Both bread and biscuit were sweetened with su-

gar. Pork and beans were plentiful and the interesting ceremony was rounded off with stewed apples and mince pie. There was tea but no milk or butter.
There was no time lost over the meal. After dinner the men went into their cabin for half an hour's smoke and then to the woods again, and the lively camp was silent once more. These they worked at making roads, building skids and felling trees until dark.
Now as to the cabins.
The cook house contained two great ranges of the most modern pattern. There were barrels of flour and all the furnishings of a general grocery store - a wholesale store at that. In a box four feet square was the day's setting of bread, requiring about a barrel of flour every day. The men are fond of bread and eat a great deal of it.
The men's shanty was like a Frenchman's farm, great length and small width. A big box stove kept it warm, and the stove and most of the pipe were red-hot, consuming pine worth \$6 a thousand.
Two tiers of berths ran the length of the building and two men occupied each berth. The bed consisted of several layers of marsh hay and all the blankets required. Here at night the men amused themselves telling stories or dancing to the music of a fiddle. It is found that any game chance causes quarreling, so all such games are prohibited. On Sunday the morning service is mending clothes and the afternoon service cutting hair.
In the office rubbers, matches, and, in fact, all the men want, are sold.
The cutting of trees is no longer done with an ax. A cut is made on the side that the tree is intended to fall, and from the other side a couple of men cut in with a saw. In the woods are heard the cries in all dialects, "Stand clear - e - ar."
Sometimes an answering cry is heard, "Which way?" (No reference to Ingarsoll's lecture.)
The direction is shouted back. Then comes the call:
"She goes."
And go she does, with a crash that shakes the earth.
The trees are about 130 to 140 feet high.
At 3 o'clock in the morning the bugle blows. At 3:30 the men have breakfast. They then smoke in their quarters till daylight, when work begins.
Now about our work. The first thing to do was to find the "square stake." This is the stake that marks the junction of four sections of land. It was put in by the government years ago. Four trees were selected as witness trees. They were marked B. T. or bearing trees, and since that time they have borne witness of the presence of the square stake. They are situated somewhat in this fashion:
B. T. B. T.
O O
Square stake.
B. T. B. T.
O O

Two woodsmen with axes went ahead and cleared obtrusive branches and underbrush. Then came the surveyor. After came Starring and myself like slaves bearing our chains - or rather the chains of our surveyor. Starting put the end of the chain on the end of the stake and I sloshed through the snow till the chain was straightened out. Then Starring shouted:
"Stake."
I would then thrust an iron pin down at my end of the chain and reply:
"Stake."
We would tramp along the next chain length and repeat the process. During the two mile tramp through the woods the following interesting dialogue took place between Starring and me:
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
"Stake."
The rest of the conversation was private and of no interest to the general public.
The ground was hill and swamp. Sometimes the snow prevented the swamp from freezing and several times Starring experimented to find out the depth. It was sometimes up to his shoulders. These swamps are awfully deep. Once I thought I had lost Starring but I congratulated myself to soon. We came to a windfall. The wind had slashed trees down indiscriminately and with a reckless disregard to the comfort of explorers.
"I can never climb that," I said.
It seemed an impassable wall of snow and branches and tree trunks.
"Oh, that's easy enough," said he, and he climbed successfully to the top, showering snow in all directions. Unfortunately, Starring stepped on a log that wasn't there and down he went, for the first time clean out of sight. I clambered up and on getting to the top found him just appear-

ing between the tree trunks.
"I thought there was a northwest passage down there and dropped down to see. There is no use in you going down. All roads are blocked there."
Notwithstanding this excellent advice I went down a few steps further on. It was very exciting. A little tiresome, perhaps, but most interesting.
The trip across some lakes in a blinding snowstorm was an episode. They make a road for hauling logs across the lakes in this way. The snow is scraped off so that the ice will freeze thick. Then they go over this with a sprinkling cart and the water freezes on top while it is also freezing below. This makes a strong ice road that will bear any load.
In the wilds we met a lone man on snow shoes. He was a land looker. He had come all the way from Marquette through the trackless forest. He hunted out land that was overlooked or of whose value the owner had no idea. This land he bought and resold. Not long before he had picked up 160 acres of government land at \$4 an acre, and had sold it so as to clear \$7,000. He was a keen judge of pine, and he was an encyclopedia on snow shoes. He knew all about the mineral and topographical features of the country, and all about the habits of birds and beasts in that wilderness. When we told him the particular square stake that we were going to find miles away he told us just in what position that stake was, that a hemlock was one bearing tree and a birch another. We found it just as he said. He carried what is called a half axe with him and at night built a fire and chopped hemlock boughs for a bed. It is said that no one can catch a cold who sleeps on hemlock boughs. They seem to exude a sort of moisture - sweat the woodsmen call it - that keeps you warm and comfortable. The land looker carried a compass and made his way like a mariner over the seas - *Told by the Chain Bearer.*

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