not so well posted on the finer points in such a transaction, Christine went along, as she had had considerable experience in that line. A fine cow was bought, the pride of the household, at the cost of $20. They now erected a provisional barn for their herd, which had been augmented by a few pigs and chickens. The barn was similar to their original straw hut and was under the immediate supervision of Christine, who found there an outlet for her long pent up love of animals. During the crisp autumn days the men would go out for a hunt, and at this time the wild pigeons and pheasants were plentiful.

The routine of the day was simple. After early rising, they ate their breakfast, and after attending to the necessary home chores, such as splitting wood, carrying water, etc., the men proceeded to their daily task of cutting logs or breaking the soil for later cultivation. All returned for a substantial meal at four o'clock, which served as both dinner and supper, and the rest of the day and evening was spent in improving or enlarging their present material possessions and in the study of the English language. The twilight hours were spent in happy confabs at the camp fire, or by candlelight in the cabin, invariably ending in a community prayer. This life seemed to agree with them, and many times in later days they recalled to their memory these first months at Pine lake as some of the happiest they had in America.

EXCURSIONS AND EXPLORATIONS

Unonioius writes further:

One morning while we were occupied in feeding the cattle, we were surprised in hearing at a considerable distance a rooster crow. The proximity of such a domestic animal would likely mean the existence of a human dwelling, and we presumed that new homesteaders had arrived in the neighborhood. We determined to take a trip of exploration, and about a mile away on the other side of a creek we found two men cutting
logs, and bivouacked nearby two women and a number of children. We greeted them from our shore, and they invited us to cross the creek on a felled log to their side. The stream we crossed was Bark river, which was not at any place navigable, but had potential possibilities in producing water power. Connecting several inland lakes, it finally empties into the Rock river, which again is a tributary of the Mississippi. Mr. S. and his wife were of the working class and came from Vermont. They had drifted through Michigan and southern Wisconsin to this place and seemed to be much better equipped and better able to meet the problems in pioneering than we were. They were in possession of two fine strong oxen, two cows, a number of pigs and chickens. The roomy wagon covered by an arched tent (prairie schooner) served as their home, and consequently, they were in no need of an inn for shelter while their cabin was being built, which was nearing its completion and to which Carl and myself lent a helping hand.

On another day at a greater distance, we found other newcomers, a man, wife, and two children. They were poor but gave every evidence of education and refinement.

Unonius makes a comparison of the two families to show the mixture of associates in the wilderness in these words:

In the one cabin the man was very uncouth, uneducated, and a typical backwoodsman with bodily strength and endurance in the trials of pioneer life, yet with manners and demeanor much below the average man. His wife, also ignorant and slovenly, reminded me of a gypsy woman, smoking her clay pipe and wallowing in filth. In the other cabin again the man, in spite of his poor worn clothes, gave every evidence of a gentleman. Education and good breeding cropped out in his whole personality, even through the holes at his elbows. The manner in which his wife asked me to sit down on the wooden-pegged stool suggested an invitation to a parlor sofa. The cabin was well supplied with good books, and their familiarity with the works of such men as Linnaeus and Berzelius, from far away Sweden, was astonishing. He was a merchant from the East who had lost his fortune and was now pioneering in the West. I have compared the two families in order to show the different degrees of civilization that exist side by side in a populace where one is considered as good as the other. Wealth is the determining factor of caste and forms here the line of demarkation between the higher and the lower classes. Yet the culture or refinement of one is a self-satisfaction and a source of pride, its own reward so to speak, which the other can neither reach nor attain. However, everybody was busy in his own way and place, and no social intercourse was established with either class or family.
Contact with neighbors happened only in a business way, and at this time more so, as provisions for the winter had to be secured and stored away. This was done for cash or by 'swapping.' Carl for example, exchanged a four-year-old full dress suit for a well-fed pig and several baskets of corn and potatoes. They were well supplied with clothes, which they were glad to exchange for greater necessities.

The slaughtering of the first pig was a new experience for all, except Christine, and every part of the animal was saved and prepared for future use. At such an occasion it was customary to share some of the delicacies with the neighbors, which was, of course, highly appreciated except the 'blood-pudding,' which was not only not wanted, but by some detested as a biblical abomination.

The Indian summer was now over, and winter approached with frost and snow. Already on the third of December the lake was frozen over with thick ice, and the pleasure of skating was alternately indulged in with the one pair of skates brought by Carl from Sweden. Without a boat they could now fully explore on the ice the entire shore line of the lake and its surroundings and found to their satisfaction that their claim had unwittingly been a good choice both in location on the lake and in good, fertile, tillable land.

The days now were passed mostly in splitting rails and making fences so that the herd, small though it was, could be kept within a certain enclosure without being tied up. The animals had at times freedom to roam, and this 'hunting of the cattle' had been a tiresome and time wasting experience. This was now over, and, besides, their plan was to ultimately fence the entire property. The Memoirs continue:

These and other trials I bore with patience yea even with fortitude, but my greatest misgiving was that my supply of snuff was nearly exhausted. I dreaded the day when I would have no more. To put the nose on half portions was very difficult, as by habit it demanded its rights.
Snuff was not to be had in these parts, as nobody used it, and now my inventive genius must be exerted to find a solution. Luckily, I could obtain some packages of long, black, stringy, smoking tobacco. This was dried on the stove, ground to a powder in the coffee mill, again moistened with potash, and then allowed to ferment in a tightly closed tin can. My ingenuity was commendable, and my snuff was considered the best in the vicinity.

At last Christmas came, the holiday when young and old gather into the fold of the family circle. It is a time when one is more apt to think of dear ones and friends and of other days of long ago. One is prone to make comparison between the present and the past. Notwithstanding the poverty and emptiness of our log cabin home, it was rich in memories, which it was a joy to recall, memories of the days when a mother's hand lighted the Christmas candles for the happy child dancing around the tree, and when a father's voice sought to instill in the young innocent heart a holy desire to be guided by the star of Bethlehem.

But our Christmas Eve was not entirely void of its merriment. Carl had made a table, artistic in outline, strong and serviceable, and this together with two chairs, bought in Oconomowoc, were gifts to Lotten. Other small gifts for each one were placed on the neatly decorated table. Christine had prepared a delicious rice porridge, and it seemed that nothing was wanted, except possibly this... or... possibly that... , and perhaps a tear stole into the eye at the thought of those things. Yet, in spite of this, in this low, modest, and most unpretentious home—decorated in holiday attire—love, peace, and contentment had lighted their tapers and on this our first Christmas in a far away land they filled our hearts with their joy and their blessing.

And early the following morning there was heard in the lowly cabin in the wilderness some such inspiring melody as the old Swedish Christmas hymn, 'Var Hålsad Sköna Morgonstund.'