

LOST ON THE LAKE.

IN the central part of New Hampshire, among the hills of a farming community, there is a lake three miles long and half as broad, across which a teamster by the name of Caleb Howe was hauling masts at the time of the terrible storm that swept over the whole country in the winter of 1891. At the north end of the lake, or, as it was locally called, "the head of the pond," there were large tracts of the original forest, and here were found the tall straight pines which Howe was engaged in sledding from the woods, down across the ice-covered lake, and eight miles further on, to the railroad station, from which the spars were sent to the coast. Every afternoon when Howe returned from the trip to the station he would proceed to the "head of the pond," get his load for the next day, and come back with it as far as the little village at the south end of the lake, where he would pass the night and be ready to start on his next trip early in the morning.

On the morning of January 7th., Caleb started for the station as usual with his load of two heavy masts. It was not unusually cold in the morning but the sky was dark and murky and the air seemed oppressive. While he was going down a hill the binding chain snapped and the smallest of the two logs was with difficulty prevented from rolling from the sleds. Considerable time was spent in repairing the damage, and this delay, combined with additional bad luck at the station, made the teamster later than usual in starting on his return to the village. About one o'clock it grew slightly colder and began to snow and as the afternoon passed the wind rose and the cold increased with every hour. By the time he reached the lake several inches of snow had fallen but still he did not think of giving up the last part of the day's work and remaining at the village, so he went as usual to load up for the next day. As he crossed the broad,