

~~There was no animals moving~~

THE FUR BARONS

No large game had been moving ^{in the deep snow;} only
the little ^{scampering,} bright-eyed folk - squirrels, rabbits, perhaps
a partridge or two. The snow ^{lay wide} deep, with a fine crust
from the last thaw, and ^{the} snow-showing was ^{good} ~~fine~~.

Jack and I kept to the highlands, up in the
silent spruce and balsam, ~~which stood patiently and bending~~
patiently under the mounds of snow. We came to
the top of the ridge and down below us on the other
side

"The Fur Business"

and listened to the ^{singin' of the} ~~the~~ mosquitoes ^{high up} ~~in a~~ ^{in a} ~~climb~~ ^{climb} of tall Norway. ^{West} ~~East~~
camp. My place set, on a hill, I could look down one side
into the valley on my ^{land} ~~side~~ and follow my creek as it wound
through the young poplars, ^{cuttin' an'} ~~down~~ and around, workin' through the hills, and finally ^{to} ~~where~~
it joined up with the wide Big Dead River, ^{down the valley, East,} ~~on the other side~~. It was
pretty nice there settin' lookin' at your land, and the water on both sides,
and the lights from the sun playin' on the water, an' no mortgage on
the place, an' a ^{full} ~~gallon~~ of whiskey under the bunk.

My old father, God bless him, — though I
could a kilt ^{the ol' bastard} ~~been~~ many the time — always said that success
was down' what you ^{who did what he} ~~bloody~~ well liked and ^{got} ~~gettin'~~ paid for it.
But ^{he been dead for years} ~~now~~ his dead an' ^{was} ~~older~~ in he was when he died — an'
^{was settin' pretty,} ~~was~~ caretaker of the Dead River Fur Company, — "famed
— "famed for fine furs" it said on the ~~stationery~~ their letter heads, — an' gettin'
paid for it.

It all happened this way. After I'd ^{quit} ~~shiddin'~~ logs for
Connors — though there's those who says I got drunk and hit the
cook ^{upon the head} ~~with~~ a peavey an' got fired, a dirty lie — I decided to retire. My
ol' pa had homesteaded there four forties years ago, so naturally

I'd been settin' there nearly an hour when I saw the lights of an auto comin' through the jackpine leading into my place. I jist kept settin' there. The auto drove up and stopped in front of the camp.

"Hello, Dan," the driver said.

"Hello," I said. "Nice evenin'."

The driver got out, and I saw it was ~~the young~~ a young fellow called ^{They come over and bring} lawyer by the name of Curtis, from Iron Cliffs. There was three other fellows with him. ^{Curtis introduced} made me acquainted with them. They was all ^{from} of Chicago, ^{There here Curtis was a young} three brothers, called Henneman - Irving, Moe and Aaron. It was hard to tell them apart. All four of them was battlin' mosquitoes an' stampin' somethin' awful.

"Nice evenin'" I said. "What is it you want?"

"W'd like to talk business

Couldn't see

"The Fur Barons"

After I finished drivin' the supper dishes I lit my pipe and set outside the camp lookin' down the valley into the big Dead River, ~~with~~ the all colored and ^{pretty - like} ~~flat~~ from the dyin' sun. My place set on a hill. On the other side of my camp, down the hill, the Dugout Creek ran through my three forties, and wound around and finally emptied into the Big Dead. They was some nice trout in my creek.

"The Five Barons"

Coffa royale

Famed for fine furs

Fine line wrong

Falls skip away

Turkey burn down

Loss Loss deficit

So I went out and painted out the word "Amir" in our sign, and went back, put the jug by the brub and hit the bung.

Success is down' what you like can' getton'
paid for it.

The best job I ever had was caretaker for
the Dead River Fur Company. "Famed for fine furs"
~~it said on the stationery~~ It was organized
by four lawyers in town

I was settin' in my camp one night out on
the Dug Out Creek

practical (he pronounced it
The only "pratty-cal") difference between a
millionaire and me is as how I'm still on my first
million.

After I had been practising law for nearly six months - and getting slightly overtrained - when old Dan Spencer walked in my office and asked me to incorporate his fur farm.

Old Dan ^{sitting} sat across the desk from me, with his thick wool jumper and rubber boots, somehow brought ^{the scent of} ~~bringing~~ the aroma of the great outdoors - pine trees, the ^{scent of the} untamed outdoors, the ^suncleaned stable, the sight of untrimmed whickers -

"How much will this here cost, Johnny," Dan asked, his little grey eyes growing smaller.

"Why a - they a - it depends on how much work there's in 'em," I countered.

"The Fur Barons"

I had been practicing law for about a year and was getting to feel a little overtrained when Warren Spencer walked into my office.

Warren ~~was about~~ was about my age, about twenty-five, and as I sat across ^{the desk} from me he somehow brought ^{a nostalgia for,} the ~~artwork of,~~ the great wide out-of-doors.