

Mud Springs.

Last Sunday about fifty people, young and old, drove out to Mr. Freeland's pretty grove, 12 miles southwest of Hope, for a social picnic. There we sat down to a bountiful spread, and all ate until we were filled to overflowing. After dinner, under the guidance of Mr. Freeland, we drove down to that famous Mud Springs, in the Sheyenne bottom—and here is where the fun came in. The team attached to the buggy in which rode The Pioneer scribe and wife, became unmanageable while in the river, and it looked for a time, as if a nice pure bath awaited both of us. But assistance came to our relief in the persons of E. L. Kent and Mr. Parr, who, with shoes and stockings off, waded out into the river, and towed us ashore. To those numerous people on the river bank, we, no doubt appeared rather comical, and to have justice, a picture should have been taken, then and there, for future reference. The writer enjoyed the situation just as much as any of them, while jumping from one large stone to another in order to keep out of the water. We journeyed on to the spring, and saw something, that we never saw before. This mud spring is situated on section 2, 143, 58, and is government land. It is about 15 miles southwest of Hope, across on the other side of the river. The peculiar point about this spring is, that it has been sounded fifty feet down, and no bottom found. During the summer months it is full of nice clean ice below the mud. The mud is about four feet deep and very sticky. Below the mud, appears to be pure water. The water tastes a little salty, and has the appearance of a mineral substance. Ice is found there the year 'round, and the neighboring farmers, go there in the summer and get plenty of ice for use in their homes. In the winter the spring never freezes, but flows beautifully through the coldest months. Stock drink the water readily and seem to like it. It is said by the old pioneers, that in early days, it was a great deer lick, and many of them have been killed there while drinking. The mud has formed a high mound, about six or eight feet high, all around the spring. If you have never seen it, you don't know what you have missed. Among those in the party were the families of Messrs. Freeland, Larimore, Klovstad, Aldrich, Warner, Parr, Kent, Allen, Fisher, L. O. Fian and Miss Williams, and dozens of little folks. We had a jolly time—accidents and all. Mr. and Mrs. Freeland are royal entertainers.