

A Summer Week with a North-West Survey Party.

BY BARRY DANF.

(Continued.)

Thou hearest not the light tap at the door nor the footsteps that cross the floor, and not till I am beside thee is thine attention drawn from the pages before thee. And then I see thee smile incredulously, and look again to make sure it is no ghost. The paper is dropped, and I receive a hearty welcome, and have a thousand questions showered upon me. We talk an hour, and then thou givest another reassuring look, and then again I hear thee say thou art right glad to see me. Hark! there is a well-known step outside, and a knock upon the panel, the door opens ere thou canst say "come in," and in walks "R." My back is to him and he is about to retreat, when he comes forward at thine invitation. Ah, I can see him now as I turn my face towards him. How he starts back, throwing up his hands, then pounces upon my outstretched one with both of his, and says, "What, ho, Horatio! ha-ha-ha!" "Come, let me clutch thee!" God bless me, boy, who would have thought to find thee here?—come up to-night and have a quiet pipe and mug of ale!"

Thou laughest at me. Laugh if thou wilt at my foolish talk; but I love to think of dropping in upon you all, and wringing friendly hands, and seeing faces that I know so well. It is a pleasing dream-awake to me. I care not whether thou thinkest me wise or otherwise. But thou art getting sleepy and tired of my clatter, so roll thyself beneath thy blankets and take thyself off to the land of Nod.

Patter, patter, patter, on the canvas roof. Ugh! what a gloomy morning! This is none of your sun-showers, but a steady down-pour that will last all day, and as like as not for three. No work—tied to camp. If there is one thing that is miserable in this life, it is a rainy day in camp. Everything damp and clammy—feet, hands, blankets, books, bread and pork, all in a cold perspiration. Thou art glad of it, for there will be no chain to drag—no rocks and windfalls to break thy shins against, and no muskegs and swamps to sink waist deep into. Well, so I thought once too; but give me the sunshine and work before rain, and none now.

Well, as we are not to work, let us play as best we can. What shall it be—whist or cribbage, euchre or bluff? Cribbage it is. Then, I will bet with thee upon the game. No money! Dost thou think that for the want of filthy lucre we shall let the venerable custom of a stake upon the game be dropped? No, no. I will wager thee in camp currency—tobacco. A plug upon the rubber. I hold it no great sin to bet thee a plug of the soothing weed. Not half so great as to wager a pair of gloves or a silk handkerchief with some fair one. There is an old saying that he who bets upon an uncertainty is a fool, and he who bets upon a certainty is a knave. We, at that rate, can be no worse than fools, for we know not which will have to pay; while he who bets the gloves or the handkerchief, knows of a certainty that whether he win or lose he must pay the bet, thus making of himself a highly censurable knave. What! thou hast won the first two games of the rubber? There take thine ill-gotten plug—get thyself a cap-and-bells and smoke thyself black in the face; fumigate thyself into a red herring, but first, kind fool, give thy brother a fill from thine insane winnings. What shall we do now? Smoke and sleep. Original, bright thought! let it be crystallized or clouded at once into reality. Smoke and sleep till dinner-time, and then glut ourselves with rabbit soup and roast duck. Knowest not that an Indian brave was at camp this morning, and for a small consideration of pork and flour has left us rabbits and ducks enough for a princely feed? Come, let us dream of it and wake to the sweet reality.

"Wisneen! Wisneen!" Wake up there lazy bones? Dost thou not hear the knight of the pots and pans calling us in the Indian tongue to eat and be merry. Have a care not to choke thyself with a "merry thought." When did the city caterers serve thee up such a meal as this? Ah! I see thou art too much engrossed to listen to me. I shall wait till thou hast finished. Heigh-ho! a whole afternoon for us to lie and kick our heels together, and smoke, talk, sleep or read as we may please to do. Give me that Tennyson and I will amuse myself with "Maud's" mad lover, or some one else.

"I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met."

I wonder if they ever met in a wet tent. How they must have shivered and squabbled over the dry blankets, until

"Matter enough for deploring,"

the old year roaring and blowing "a good deal, was kicked off by the "new year blowing and roaring" a good deal more, which was very undutiful conduct.

"I should be kicked." Why should I be kicked? That is just the ungentlemanly conduct that I have been censuring the new year for. Well, I believe I should be. I won't be irreverent any more. But what is a fellow to do on such a horrible wet day as this? It would be bearable if one had the morning and evening papers to go to sleep over, but I can only get papers six weeks old that tell me of "strikes" and "swindles" in a country that may be now, for all I know, engaged in a civil war, or under the influence of a religious revival; or inform me of the appearance of the great sea serpent somewhere or other, and while I am

credulously swallowing the animal, flour-barrel head, fiery eye-balls, shaggy mane and all, the rest of the world is laughing at me for a fool, and saying they knew it was a sell and never did believe in it.

Wert thou long enough in camp thou wouldst find out that wet days are not to be rejoiced at as periods of rest. Goad me much more and I will turn this tent into a wash-room, and bring out the dirty clothes. How wouldst thou like to be up to thine elbows in soap-suds?

Hello! there is the welcome sound, supper. Perhaps a remnant of our dinner's soup will make us happier and better. We'll try it anyway. No sitting round the camp-fire this night; come, let us tumble into bed and hope for a dry Sunday, for of all miseries that of a rainy legitimate day of rest is the worst.

Come, wake up! wake up! This is no Sunday morning in town, where thou liest in bed till wakened by the "wrangling and the jangling of the bells," calling better men than thyself to their devotions. Thou wilt find no breakfast kept smoking for thee three hours after other people are done. So get up and give thy blankets an airing as usual, and eat thy Sunday breakfast of pork, beans, bread and tea, and imagine thyself at thine own table if thou wilt, daintily munching a juicy beefsteak and omelet.

No sound of bells—no church, no service, no rustling silks and feathered hats, no black coats and polished boots, no friendly gossip at the church door, and no going home to thy roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. No afternoon walk and cigar with thy bachelor friend who has no fireside of his own; no quiet sleep upon thy velvet lounge. These are all a thousand miles away. What shall we do then, for the day is as glorious and bright as we hoped it would be? I see one irreligious rascal with a pot of boiling water dangling at arm's length, and a week's washing under his arm, making for the lake shore. Well, cleanliness is next to Godliness, so let him pass. Were I a judge, perhaps I could not pass as light a sentence on that sinner who is grinding his axe, or that other cleaning a gun; but, after all, considering the circumstances, it may be no greater crime to be usefully employed than lying half asleep for a day in a tent.

Come, let us take a canoe and go over to that little island. It is a beautiful spot, where neither sight nor sound of man and his evil doings, except our own, may penetrate.

With pipes and books we may perhaps spend as profitable a Sunday morning as many a devout church goer, who, while the earnest preacher is pleading the cause of his Master, and denouncing the world, the flesh and the devil, is calculating how much he stands to win or lose in that last stock speculation. Jump in and take the bow paddle. I will not trust thee yet to steer this cockle-shell. What thinkest thou of canoeing, compared with the row-boats on thy civilized lakes and streams? I will not swear it is the poetry of motion with thee in the bow, making her lurch from side to side; but give me a canoe paddled and guided by practiced hands, and no row-boat propelled by ashen oar can ever have the same grace or beauty in my eyes. Not that I might not now be gladly sitting in the tubbiest of lapstreaks on some unromantic stream or lake nearer home, over whose gunnel I could loiter idly, and hear the hum of the distant city and catch the sweet music of church bells wafted across the water.

Pull her up high, so that she may not chafe against the rocks, or thou wilt have a wet seat in the bottom of her going home. Now this is what I call taking thee to a reserved seat to see Nature's panorama. Here you can see blue sky and fleecy clouds above, and blue water and fleecy foam beneath. Twin sisters—"Their faces were not all alike, nor yet unlike, but such as those of sisters ought to be." Beautiful islands, with every tint of green in foliage, and every hue of gray in rock, both blending into misty purple in the distance. What thinkest thou of our Sunday morning in the North-West? Is it not as pleasing to wake up in early morn from a sound slumber in thy tent, and view the blue sky, glittering waters and green foliage, and to feel the fresh breeze blowing on thy cheek, as it is to wake up late in thine own bedroom and stand drowsily at thy window, which, if it happen to be a back one, gives thee a full view of a row of back sheds and the galleries at the back of the houses on the next street, where pillow-cases, sheets and quilts are draped in ungraceful folds for an airing, and to catch a whiff from thine own kitchen or thy neighbour's, of what is being prepared for dinner? I presume that thy mind is as calm and free from worldly thoughts here in this vast solitude as it could be in sculptured church, whose vestibule, and even inner temple, echoes to the sound of rumbling hacks and tinkling street-car bells.

But come, it is dinner-time, my sermon is ended and our church is out, so we must off to the mainland. No delicious scent from roast turkey or juicy joint shall tickle our olfactory organs as we approach the shore, and yet we shall enjoy our fried pork and beans, and be as thankful for our dessert of molasses and bread as if we were about to sit down to a table in civilization, "groaning with all the delicacies of the season."

Sunday is truly a day of rest in camp. What will I do this afternoon? Why, smoke,—write home,—sleep, and leave thee to wander about by thyself to think how soon we must part—there, back to thy city life of rolling carriages and dusty streets, of cosy study and financial annoyances, while I remain to lead the same old life of hill and dale, lake and island, shining sun

and pelting rain. Go off alone and muse upon the untamed walks of life, or write thyself a sonnet upon pork and beans; thou wilt never have such another chance,—avaunt! and leave me to my pipe, paper, pen and peace.

What, here thou art fallen asleep beside the Immortal Bard. I almost fear to move thy bones, but I must, if thou art to have any supper. Come, throw off dull sleep and prepare thyself for thy last meal in camp.

What! wert thou dreaming of home? It shall soon be a reality to thee; but supper demands thy presence now.

Now fill thy pipe, and I will light a candle in the tent where we can stretch ourselves lazily for a quiet chat. Thou hast enjoyed thyself amazingly. I am glad to hear thee say so, and yet thou wouldst not give up thy quiet city life for these wild woods and lakes with all their untamed beauty and grandeur. Well, I am of thy mind myself. This life is well enough for a time; healthful, exciting and somewhat cheap; but I will tell thee, between ourselves, that I prefer a pleasant parlour with its cushioned chairs and sofas, and hanging curtains, or the cosy smoking-room, where I can sit and dream away far into the night over my pipe, or squabble over some trifle with my friend. And, as a relief to my quietude, give me the brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms, where fair and gallant forms are moving to and fro and whirling away gracefully in the mazy figures of the lancers or the dizzy evolutions of the waltz. Not that I am a skilful performer of the terpsichorean art, far from it indeed, I am a noodle in the dance; but I like the sights and sounds, and can also gratify any feeling of enmity I may have against any fair one, by getting her to dance with me, only to find that she has to drag round an awkward hundred and fifty pounds, when she might have been whirling in a delicious dream in the arms of my friend "W." These are all pleasures from which I am debarred in this wild land. It is even impossible to raise the jealousy of one squaw—by giving another a ribbon or a string of beads. Strange creatures. What, thou hast fallen asleep, while I have been talking. It is well—sleep on—for now will I practice upon thee my magic art and translate thee back to thine easy chair and desk, to thy pen and accumulating pile of exchanges; but let me touch thy hand once more before I say, Presto! thou art gone—Farewell.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

AN Iowa woman has invented a spankaphone. She likes it, but the boys don't.

A CERTAIN California schoolma'am is said to be able to "sing hymns like a ten-octave angel."

WHAT, asks the Boston *Transcript*, shall we do with the boys? In the grave, but scholarly language of Mr. Dick, "wash 'em."

LONGER trains are the fashion in ladies' full dress, and the advice to awkward-footed gentlemen is: Look out for the train when the belle comes.

TRANSPARENCIES are being painted for the coming campaign. They will not, however, be as transparent as some of the political candidates.

DARWIN says a woman loses one-tenth of her time looking for her thumb. He recommends that a shell for it be attached to the frame of the mirror.

THE presence of an alligator in the vicinity of a bathing place not only tends to decorum, but assures the public that the boys won't remain in the water too long.

"When did the war in heaven occur?" asked a Sunday-school superintendent. "When the rebels kicked over the traces," yelled a boy in the corner.

PARENTS are never satisfied—in the bathing season the ambitious infant is thrashed for taking to water; in later life he is held in withering scorn for abstaining from it.

It is credibly believed that the ex-Empress Eugenie is going into society again. She has taken to pencilling her eyebrows and white-washing her face with great care of late.

BEACONSFIELD says he wouldn't marry the Queen for two reasons, but declines to give them. We don't know what the first is, but the second is that she won't have him.

Do not trifle with the affections of an innocent young city girl; do not try to make friends with a mule by squeezing his hind foot. If you aspire either way you will find that life is a miserable failure.

PROFESSOR: "Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" The class are uncertain. Professor: "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Freshman (triumphantly): "Hash."

THE Empress of Germany is reported as likely to visit Paris shortly in strict incognito. She is stated to have already visited France one or more times since the war of 1870 as the Countess of Hornpesch, but has always contrived to remain unknown.

IN one of the freedmen's schools a lad was to receive a prize banner for reciting the Ten Commandments. He advanced to the platform and the superintendent asked him his name. His reply was: "Well, sah, mas'r calls me cap'n, but my maiden name's Moses." The school smiled.

AN old Scotch lady had an evening party

where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment to China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak guid o' yourself, my man, when ye're awa; for mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena!"

MARY BENTON, of Elton, Durham County, England, is supposed to be the oldest woman in the world. She was born February 12th, 1731, and is, of course, in her 148th year. She is in possession of all her faculties, perfect memory, hearing and eyesight. She cooks, washes and irons, threads her own needle and sews without spectacles.

At a ball: Elderly lady, kindhearted as the day is long, endeavours to draw out youthful gawky from the country, who is making a wall-flower of himself: "Pray, Mr. Jones, do amuse yourself. Dance in the next quadrille with me." "Oh, thanks—that is to say—I mean—in fact, you see I never learned to dance, and at your age it would be no use my beginning, you know." (Glances and breathes hard.)

"I CANNOT too highly commend the course of the women of Holland, who tug the canal boat along the still waters of their native land, while the husband sits at the helm and ardently guides its course. And as she demands no wages, or at any rate gets none, for thus hauling her husband, her days and nights are sweetened with the thought that she is not taking the wages from a man. There is much also to be said in eulogy of those lands where the woman, harnessed beside the yellow dog, draws a load of cabbages to market."

A WORK OF ART IN SIX MINUTES.—We were at the Café Chantant the other night. It is a building somewhat larger than the Corcoran gallery of art in Washington. It is a great place for music, songs and dances. There was one very amusing feature. During one of the *entre actes* they brought on an artist who was billed to paint a marine view in six minutes, all finished for hanging (the picture, not the artist.)

The canvas was brought on. Out came the artist, a quiet, nervous-looking young man, about thirty years of age.

His colors were all upon the palette, and his brushes were in his hand.

"Attention," cried out the director. The artist seized a huge brush.

At the signal the orchestral band struck up a clashing, maddeningly nervous waltz.

As the first note was struck the artist dashed a mass of yellow upon the upper part of the canvas. Then a bit of blue, then white, a dash of purple shadow, and then, with a quick twirl of a clean brush, a dark blue sea is dashed in against the horizon.

Two minutes gone. The waltz goes on faster and faster. The brush keeps time. A huge rock is sketched in with burnt sienna and black. A light-house with a vermillion range light is dropped upon the top of the rock.

Clash, crash, one, two, three, a boat under full sail is thrown into the dim distance. Clash, crash, one, two, three, and another boat is dashed in. Light upon the waters is thrown in with a free, steady hand. A huge brush then carefully blends the edge of the masses, and with a profound bow the artist turns to a cheering audience, gratified that he is through on time.

And the wonder is that the picture is startling good in its broad effect. It is strong and clear. The colors are good, and not muddily mixed. It was as good a novelty as I ever saw at any show, and it beats all how it amuses the French people.

HUMOROUS.

RECOGNIZED rank—Boarding-house butter.

SAMSON was an eminent tragedian in his day, and in his last act brought down the house.

AN exchange is very anxious to know whether poverty is a crime. If it is we shall have to confess that we know some mighty mean men.

IT is not so much what a man says, when he is struggling with a Fourth July oration; the effect comes through the way he paws the air and points at the emblem of liberty.

AN Alabama negro bet that he could stay in a smokehouse twenty minutes and endure the smudge. Three hours after being pulled out he revived enough to say: "Golly, but I forgot to shet my mouf!"

A COMPOSITOR in a Springfield newspaper office got into a quarrel with the foreman the other day and struck him on the head with a towel, fracturing the skull and causing instant death.

FOLKS who can't understand why robins are sent to eat up all the cherries should remember that in all probability the robins can't understand why human beings are sent to do the same thing.

THE New York *Telegram* has come to the conclusion that 1888 will be a good time for the world to dissolve back into nothingness. Why not shorten the time and save the expense of next winter's Ulsters?

IN Judge McArthur's court in Washington the other day, a lawyer called the Judge's attention to the fact that a certain case had been upon the docket for a decade. "I know it," said the Judge, "but the case has not decayed."

LAST year a country editor offered his paper one year for the largest water-melon. The offer has not been repeated this season. Instead of doubling up his subscription list by the grand scheme, the melons did nothing but double up the editor.

A DOCTOR having had an extensive practice, was being buried. The funeral cortege was very small. "How is it," asked one, "that Doctor N— is followed by so few of his acquaintances?" "Because they have all preceded him," was the reply.