

repose and studied carelessness assumed by the athletic canoeists plainly betokened it. But those tents! All were pretty, but unanimous were the exclamations of admiration over three or four oriental appearing ones of reddish brown and yellow. Many of the tents were wide open to admit the sun and air, and their contents thereby unblushingly revealed to the passer-by. Far be it from me to take advantage of such confiding trust in the public eye. I will only say that what appeared, at first sight, to be rows of well bound books, on neatly arranged shelves, in some of these canvas abodes, proved, on closer inspection, to be rows of lobster and salmon cans interspersed with bottles of various colors and sizes. "Distance ever lends enchantment," quoted the literary member of our party; but "Cousin John," he who performed the duties of *pater familias* in our camp, looked unutterable things in the direction of our own empty and devastated lunch basket.

The public wharf at the foot of the camp presented a scene not easily described or forgotten. Hundreds of canoes of infinite variety, skiffs, sailing boats, steam yachts, catamarans, and big excursion steamers, almost jostling each other, were plying and flying in every direction, or else were "hove to" waiting to watch the race, preparations for which were just being made. Whistles, horns and trumpets were blowing; people shouting across the water to each other, and laughing; flags of every fantastic device were flying, and the whole place seemed given over to merry-making. With caution we made our way through the swarm of boats—not without getting in the way of one or two canoeists, particularly in that of a stalwart young fellow in a blue cap with red and white tassel, who smiled instead of frowning at us. Some of our party got permission to land, while the rest of us sought protection alongside a big, hospitable, but ugly looking steam yacht, whose captain, also big and hospitable if not ugly sat on the bow with his feet hanging over in what I hope was a comfortable position, since it certainly was not an elegant one. We were safe here, in a good place and out of the way, and, moreover, had the privilege of overhear-

ing (or underhearing) the opinions of the captain and his family on the scene before them. His wife—presumably—was stout and disposed to be critical. "There!" she exclaimed; "Look! there's one of them lady canoeists at last; don't see that she's anything so wonderful, do you?" "My! she thinks she's mighty fine, don't she?" said a voice in the rear. Truth to tell, she was "mighty fine"—being pretty, natively dressed, and exceedingly graceful in movement. There was modesty in her bearing, too, as, conscious of the many eyes upon her, she deftly, and with quiet self-possession, made her way through the throng of boats. I was pleased to note that her bearing had its effect on the captain's wife, for she said, presently, "Well, she ain't bad now, is she?" To which the captain responded. "She's a good lookin' lass, anyhow." It was a paddling race which presently came off, and conspicuous among the contestants was he of the blue cap. Careless enough he looked until the signal was given, and then swift as a bird's wing his shining paddle flashed in and out of the water. The first dozen strokes carried him half a canoe length ahead of the others, who plied slower, more steady, but tremendously vigorous strokes. The voice above us explained to the captain's wife: "That there feller with the white top-knot won't win, anyhow; them short strokes of his 'll soon give out; that big one with the yellow and brown shirt, I'll bet on him." "That little feller on tother side 'll win—you'll see!" prophesied the captain. But he didn't win; nor yet did he of the yellow and brown. Our hero of the white and blue won. He came in, cheered and welcomed until the noise was deafening, looking hot enough, but with the air of one who finds no more than he expected. I watched for the return of the others, whom every one else appeared to have forgotten. The "big one" pushed his way through the swarm of boats in a brisk way, as if he had important business at the other side of the island, and had merely paddled out for his own amusement and to encourage the rest; while the "little feller" came in as if he considered the whole thing a joke, but there was a lurking consciousness of defeat visible in his demeanor. The last one