

erred. I never felt so utterly alone and lonely in my life. The winds howling through the trees above my head, the heavy sea breaking upon the shore at my feet in one long continuous roar, and the agitation of the heavenly elements impressed upon my mind, clearly and without false coloring man's insignificance, how we in our very existence rely in a great degree in fate, and how with one sweep, one word of command, our Heavenly Father could dash us into eternity without a second's warning. In my musings I could not help thinking of 'the old folks at home,' and I left the tent to gaze on the turbulence of the lake, where large mountains of water rolled upon the beach with a monotonous splash! splash! and from the bottom of my heart I pitied the poor mariner who might be abroad at the mercy of this fearful storm. The scene though awful, possessed a grandeur, fascinating, and beautiful in the extreme. I returned to shelter and sat musing some time, thinking of home and friends, when I fell asleep to dream a wearied, wild dream, corresponding with my situation and state of mind. 'Hark,' the sound of footsteps falls on my ear, and awakes me to activity—it is the boys returning. For fear of a relapse they insisted on my taking a 'cup of the craytur; I really acquiesced, and for several moments the stillness was only broken by the not unmusical 'gluck! gluck!' as the 'corn juice' passed down my capacious throat, which revived my 'spirits' sufficiently to induce me to join with the rest of the boys in,

"We're tenting to night."
Tenting on the old camp ground.

CHAPTER VI.

Tuesday Olcott was invaded by a party of Lock City pic-nicers, they had a fine 'lay out' in the grove of the Lake Shore House. All of the campers attended en masse. It would have been far better for that pic-nic had we remained at home, but we were on hand bright and early, and the way eatables vanished was a caution. We all believed in 'God helps them who help themselves,' and consequently sailed in with a hearty good will, diminishing huge piles of pie, cake, and sweetmeats. The common line of goods was considered below our standard, and had there not been a timely interference with our depredations, the pic-nicers when they come to look for their desert would find that it had deserted and was non est, and the probable result would have been, six sick boys, and a few score of disgusted pleasure seekers. As it was the commissary put in an appearance and rescued the remnant of his somewhat delapidated stores, though it took a great deal of argument, and a fine exhibition of pupillage skill and muscular development on his part to induce us to desist. Being thus deprived of our sumptuous banquet, we determined to 'have revenge,' and immediately set about making preparations for obtaining it, we racked our minds for some time in trying to hock up some game to be even with our tormentor. It would not be safe for us to say lay him and come the 'money or life' business, nor did we like to invite him out on the lake for a row and then pitch him overboard, for fear of detection preventing our pulling with either of these proposals, and as the next best thing, we make up our minds to have some sport with his dog which had accompanied him to the pic-nic. They had a cat at the hotel, the terror of all dogs in the vicinity; to trap the grimalkin was not the work of an instant. We adjourned to a secluded spot, 'let the cat out of the bag, then the battle began, and I sold nimble pools in a manner that would throw Quimby, Forbes or Major Barker completely in the shade. The cat was the favorite in the betting at odds of about four to one. The moment the contestants came together and after a few cracks had been given and received, the air was filled with a not unmusical medley of cat wauls, growls, groans, and sputterings, and the combatants were 'going it for all they were worth.' After a short period of time the cat was floored and the first round fell an easy and unexpected victory for the dog. They were well 'sponged out' by their respective backers, and after a lapse of twenty minutes the referee called 'time.' The cat came to the goal blinking and carried herself with a self-confident air that won her a host of friends. The canine supported a sort of injured expression on his countenance, as if to say 'I'm bout sick of this thing.' This round was more closely and fiercely fought

the work of an instant, the cat wore prodigious and we reached Olcott just in time to avoid a heavy storm and fully realize that

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep"

was something not to be sought after, especially if the 'heavenly elements are in a state of turbulence. We left our boat at the dock, wandered up to the grove and waited for the weather to 'clear up,' which much to our satisfaction it soon did. We proceeded at once to the beach in order to finish our somewhat hasty terminated ride. Our astonishment can be imagined at finding our boat gone. A glance up the lake revealed Jamie making all headway for camp. We were in a quandry; not a boat could be had, and our little friend would have fared quite badly had he fallen into the clutches just there. Nothing remained but for us to bid farewell to our charmers and make for camp, which we done, vowing vengeance on "that little skunk." We decided to wait until night, when he was enjoying sweet slumber, and play some practical joke on him. That night our camp was invaded by a party of Olcotters, who came to treat us to a fish chowder, and in saying that it was good, I only do it poor justice! It was immense! The visitors did not depart until the "wee small hours," and our hearts failed us when we saw poor Jamie on his knees in prayer, and heard his muttered 'Now I lay me,' and we freely forgave him, and lay down to rest with a mind as peaceful and serene as could be expected, after taking into consideration the immense quantity of chowder consumed.

The next morning we 'packed up' and departed for 'sweet home' all satisfied, and the general verdict 'a boss time.' 'All's well that end's well,'—and to you, Mr. Reader, who have followed as through the routine of our somewhat limited 'camp life,' we must say au revoir, and hope that some day you all may spend many a pleasant hour in 'a swallow-tail camp.'

(THE END.)

"I like to make sponge cake," she said, innocently; "it makes my hands so clean."

Two 2-year-old Antwerp homing pigeons, belonging to J. S. Anderson, made the flight from Toronto to Guelph, 48 miles, Saturday, in 1 hour and 50 minutes. Good time for first flight.

The barque Ocean Express cleared from Halifax for London with a cargo of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth of canned lobsters and salmon.

While Mr. Samuel Becket and Anderson Pattison, of Washington Centre, were cutting hay in the Middleton Marsh, they killed no less than fifteen rattlesnakes, some of them very large.

A duck battle occurred in Chesapeake Bay a few days ago, when myriads of mallards and canvas backs engaged in a desperate conflict for the possession of the celery fields. The bay was strewn with feathers as far as the eye could reach.

The New York Dramatic News proposes hereafter to publish a complete account of all the clerical and religious scandals, as an offset to the preaching of the public against the stage; but the News is unfair. Argument is argument, whether it comes from saint or sinner.

At Clear Lake, Iowa, dwells a little girl who takes a ride every day in a little boat drawn by two pickorel. The pickorel are three feet long, and are, when unharnessed, kept in a commodious glass aquarium. The little miss has been offered \$1,000 for her team; all of which we firmly believe to be a —.

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