

Camping Out.

THE morning long-talked of, at least by some of the party, at last arrived. The wind was blowing strongly from the west which was the exact quarter from which it was required. All were early astir in their respective homes, completing the packing of their baggage, and "satisfying the inner man," perhaps the last time for completely doing so for a week as we were about to start on a seven or eight days camping tour.

About the time these details were arranged two of our party called around with an express wagon for the baggage, and we all soon assembled at the wharf. There were seven of us. Does not that number strike you rather oddly? It should for it is an odd number in more ways than one. Think of all you have heard about the number seven, but which we shall not attempt to write of here.

The wind had been growing stronger, and some of the older heads, who had come down to see us off, advised us strongly not to embark. But, after consulting a pilot, and several sea captains, and persuading some of our crew who had entertained ideas of a watery grave, that there was no cause for fear, we boarded our neat little craft, hoisted sail and away we went. The sail up East River was a delightful one. Running ahead of the wind, with the sea just rough enough to make it interesting, we made the trip in about an hour, which was very good time considering that our boat carried about sixteen hundred weight.

On our left we passed Falconwood Asylum, which presents a very picturesque view from the river, as well as a number of pretty farm residences. The scenery all along the banks is beautiful. In some places, the rich green