

The boy he raised the ash aloft  
And called for one hip-high,  
The pitcher put it in red-hot—  
It hit him in the eye.

Again the gallant youth stood up,  
Determined he would score;  
The next one hit him in the stomach—  
He played ball no more.

Written for the Sporting Times.

## A Swallow-Tail Camp,

BY ELL.

### CHAPTER II.

I don't know how the rest of the boys felt about it, and cannot say that I was very favorably impressed by my first night of camp life. Breakfast was first in order, and I was not slow in doing all I could to procure it in haste, having a peculiar feeling of emptiness in the region of my stomach, that I always experience when I feel like devouring a cargo of beef, literally speaking, I was 'as hungry as a bear.' We could not get breakfast without water and there was plenty of it in the lake, but on this particular morning that body of water, usually so calm and peaceful, was in a fearful turmoil, and Jamie said that 'it had been explored the night before by mosquito mariners.' 'No! it was a night-in-gale,' exclaimed Buckey, and of course we had all to punish him for this poor attempt at wit. Finally it was determined by ballot that Jim and Dan were to go after the water, but they were brave boys and did not fear the 'violence of the deep.' With our help they soon launched the boat which was attended with no small difficulty, they made up their minds that a good ducking was in store for them, and they got it, a heavier one than they expected. The water near the shore was muddy and unfit to drink, and they had to go out quite a ways to get it clear, they succeeded in filling their bucket, turned around successfully, and headed for shore, congratulating themselves on their lucky escape, when a tremendous wave lifted the boat on its towering crest, far above the surrounding waters, and landing it crash on a large rock, completely demolishing it, and compelling the boys to 'sink or swim,' they chose the latter and emerged from the water looking like 'drowned rats.' Jim declared that he would never go ducking again, but they never 'quailed' and were soon on terra firma as sound as ever. The Doctor happened to have a change of raiment, of which he was not slow in taking advantage, while Van was obliged to hang his garments up to dry, and perambulate around camp enclosed in an army blanket. So we were finally compelled to be contented with muddy water, and our 'Jav,' was not of the clearest, but in 'camping out' one must expect to eat a reasonable supply of dirt, so we had to 'grin and bear it,' which was done with a very good 'grace.' At last (it seemed an age to me) Jamie announced that breakfast was ready, he had bragged considerably about his attainments in the culinary art, and it was with a determination to 'judge fairly,' and do 'ample justice' to the smoking viands, that I sat down to my first meal.

### CHAPTER III.

The smoking aroma of a fine sirloin done to a brown, and milky white mealy potatoes, blended, saluted my nostrils with a sensation that was both pleasing and gratifying. My 'inner man' was crying for sustenance, and I in haste grabbed a potato and gobbled it down, never stopping to think of consequences. It is an old and reliable saying, that 'marry in haste, and repent at leisure.' Now this potato was swallowed in haste, but I did not repent at my leisure, I done it right away, before the 'murphy' had in fact reached the 'quarter pole.' I felt as if someone was pouring molten lead down my throat, while the roof of my mouth experienced a peculiar feeling as if it had been 'fired.' It takes a potato longer to cool off than anything else I know of. I did not cry out, nor mimic a Comanche war dance. I saw the rest of the boys looking at me and smiling 'like a basket of chips,' and while my face turned four degrees redder than a full blown peony, I sat like a gallant warrior and endured the torture, so anybody who

rattle mantle over the earth, we allowed Van the honor of rowing the girls to Olcott, which pleased him exceedingly, and made him think less of his ludicrous adventure of the morning. But before we went he intimated that the joke was on him, and cautioned him to bring back the necessities for a 'whiskey punch.' After waiting an hour or two the welcome sound of the oars were heard coming up the lake, and when he landed a search revealed that he had not forgotten his parting admonition, and had in possession a package of sugar, lemons, and a 'little brown jug,' which were entrusted to the care of Doctor Jim with the directions to make the medicine necessary to relieve the 'blues' that had befallen us since the departure of our 'ladies faire.' When the 'brew' was completed, a few rounds apiece put us in excellent 'spirits' and songs, speeches and jokes, followed each other in rapid succession. But the crowning event of the evening was the singing of the following to 'whiskey punch' by Buckey, keeping a good but somewhat wandering accompaniment on his banjo,

"Oh whiskey punch, I love you much, for you're the very thing,  
To level all distinction 'twixt a beggar and a king;  
You lift me up so aisy, and so scilfly let me down,  
That the devil a hair I care what I wear, a caubeen or a crown."

"While you've a cooisin' through my veins, I feel so mighty pleasant,  
That I cannot jist exactly tell whether I'm a prince or peasant;  
Maybe I'm one, maybe the other, but that gives me small trouble,  
By the powers! I believe I'm both of them, for I think I'm seein' double."

"The man who first made claret or made, aira was a botch,  
To him who first invinted whiskey, Irish or Scotch;  
The praise of pure poteen I'll sing, in epic, ode or sonnet,  
And bad luck to him, I say agin, who'd throw cold water on it."

After which we 'turned in' and were soon fast in Morpheus' embrace.

### CHAPTER IV.

The next morning I felt as might be expected, after the carousal of the evening before, perhaps Mr. Reader 'you know how it is yourself,' though I don't mean to insinuate that you were ever more than 'half seas over.' A good dose of Dr. Jims' bitters soon fixed me—all right, and I was ready to take my part in any proceedings that the day might bring forth. After much arguing it was arranged that Jim, Van, and your 'humble servant,' should go fishing, and Geo, Jamie, and Buckey, mind camp and make themselves generally useful; after many cautions to 'bring home a good string, we launched our boat and proceeded Olcottwards. Passably good fishing can be had here at some seasons of the year, but it is a place that I could not recommend as possessing all the necessary requirements essential to a sportsman's enjoyment. We fished until noon with poor success, and with no very complimentary epithets about the fishing facilities of this place, took up our anchor and returned to camp. We found Buckey in a complete state of exhaustion, lauguing as if his sides would burst. As soon as he could catch sufficient breath, he told us the cause of his merriment, and we immediately went off into hysterics, acting about four times as foolish as might be expected of a reasonable lunatic. I will use Buckey's own words in giving the cause of all this good feeling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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