

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

believe the route has been changed somewhat and two engines take the place of one.

After a few days at 'Sconset, where we were constantly finding new restful sights and sounds, it was proposed by our friends that we should pay a visit of several hours to Wauwinet, and there partake of a "shore dinner." Accordingly the next morning a carriage was brought to the door, and we started upon our drive. Words fail to describe the trip, but I shall make an attempt, though it prove feeble. The roads were heavy and anything but smooth, on account of the sand which predominates everything on the Island. The sun shone brightly; the air was loaded with saltiness and the odor of wild-flowers, while our hearts were light with freedom from care and responsibility.

Bits fit for an artist's brush or a poet's pen were constantly coming to our view. Glimpses of the sea, which gleamed in the bright sunshine and was beautiful to gaze upon, were to be had now and then, and never in my life did I so wish for the power of description. Large wild roses grew everywhere in profusion, and often indeed right in our waggon road, so that it was impossible to avoid crushing them. Wild honeysuckle too bloomed on all sides, and the pink and white blended prettily together. The scents of the sweet-brier and the honeysuckle made a delicious addition to the salt-laden air.

At last we reached Wauwinet, and there above the little dining room, which was open on one side to the sea, waved the stars and stripes, for we were on American soil.

We soon found ourselves at the table along with a goodly number of guests, some of whom were strangers like ourselves to the treat of a shore dinner. My compan-

ions were determined to give me no information, but to let me find out for myself the methods of partaking of the different viands of the bill of fare; but I was not at all disconcerted, as I have long ago learned in my varied life to take notes quietly and act accordingly. I saw the couple opposite had been at the table before, and intended to get their fifty cents worth and more if necessary.

The bill of fare lay before me and I wish I had it now, however memory is vivid about this occasion, and I shall not need to refer to it. I took all the dishes as they came but not much of each, rising from the table in the condition doctors say we ought, viz. hungry.

But in the words of Samantha Allen "to resume." First came clam-chowder of which a few spoonfuls sufficed. I was so much engaged gazing out upon the harbor which lay before us that I did not eat much of this course.

Clam-fritters—did you ever eat them? I took a little then as a matter of "course," but I do not think there will ever be any danger of my over-eating on that kind of diet.

Next came "steamed clams," and I shall not soon forget my feeling when a heavily piled up plate of shells was placed before me. I really didn't know what to do, but I toyed with my forks for a moment and watched the couple referred to. O how happy they seemed to be, and how fast their shells were emptied: I boldly did as they did for a shell or two, and my companions found that I had got the better of them in being able to manage properly without any instruction from them, but alas! after laying aside four shells emptied of the contents, I was unable to proceed, and again turned my gaze seaward, and thought or tried to think not of the clams