

train hit the transit which became nothing but a mass of splinters. Of course the boss, with his nervous temperament, was afraid he would be reported for putting obstructions on the track, but there was no cause for alarm, as Joe remarked, "unless the engineer got a splinter in his eye."

The flood came upon us about two o'clock in the morning. The thunder and lightning was terrible and awakened everyone under the canvas. The rain came down in torrents and soon the tent was flooded. John's sonorous music ceased and he reached under his rough pillow for something, determined to die happy. There was a gurgle, gurgle, gurgle and we thought it was all over with John. One of the chainmen who had had good religious training began to sing "Throw out the life line," but just then a flash of lightning revealed to us that our terror was needless and that John was only trying to put his spirits down. The cook was a Catholic and commenced to say his beads, while our old friend Joe, afraid his feet might feel water, which apparently they had not since his first wash when a child, climbed to his trunk—the most ark-like thing in sight. For a time consternation reigned supreme, but in the morning the confusion was soon put to rights.

The chainmen usually furnish lots of amusement, being extremely antagonistic towards each other. "Hie, there, you," I heard one say to the other once, "get off there. This is a surveyor's chain not a cattle train." Then again a favorite trick is to jerk the chain, landing the man on the other end into a brook or a puddle.

The survey meal is usually a good one. It is healthy work and requires healthy food. Meat, vegetables, and all healthy foods are bountifully served, and last, but not least, prunes are always found on the table. The camper usually sleeps on a bed of brush, which is by no means an uncomfortable one. Spiders, ants, mosquitoes, bugs and fleas make very interesting bed fellows!

It was noted in a previous place that the second survey was called the Trial Location. In this the accepted line is surveyed again, great accuracy being taken. The levels are checked, bench-marks established and curves staked in.

In the Final Location Survey the right of way is cut out. The levels and curves are checked again, slope stakes marking the cut and fill are set and all is placed in readiness for the contractor.

Now comes the change! The ring of the axe gives place to the steam shovel, the cursing of the dago and things incident with construction work. The jolly bunch of surveyors has disappeared, the clean and