is not conducive to wakefulness, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the point where the course turned was missed; but this was not noticed until about eleven, when, thinking that camp ought to be close by, they looked for it, but could not find it. A council held, concluded that they were lost, and that they had better camp for the rest of the night at the first good place they reached.

The moon had now gone behind a cloud, and the islands loomed up black as ink. One was approached, but nothing could be seen until a match was lit, when its flickering light showed them that the island was no good. One after another was tried, but without success.

Suddenly the moon came out in an unexpected quarter, close to the horizon; then some brilliant mind made a rapid calculation that the proper course for home should lay straight up the “moon glaze.” This course was followed, and about an hour later camp was sighted, and four tired individuals lay down to rest.

A few days after this event a visitor came up to camp for a week, and shared the tent occupied by the Fleet Captain and the Chaplain, and also formed one of the crew of the Celvar, which vessel had by this time earned for itself the title of “the ship” on account of its size and weight.

This visitor—familiarly called “the Boy,” on account of being over six feet—brought up with him a box of cigars and a small ham, thus securing himself a hearty welcome.

Soon after his arrival, the Historian and the Gastronomer in the Ilex, and the Chaplain, Captain, and Boy in the Celvar, started on a cruise around the lake.

Starting from camp, they first visited the “Paties,” which are forty small islands in the middle of the lake,—a very picturesque spot,—and then Cow Island, with its old windmill, received their attention.

They then started up Moultonborough Bay,—a long, narrow bay, with very pretty scenery, with the Ossipees towering up from the east side, while at their feet nestles the little white village of Melvin.

Melvin was reached, and food was purchased,—it was at Melvin that eggs sold for thirteen cents per dozen,—and then the canoes started on again, and camp was made about a mile farther up the bay.

The next day was bright and pleasant, and the party reached Adams’ Mills, at the head of the bay, and leaving the canoes, “footed it” to Moultonborough, where dinner was had at twenty-five cents a head.

After dinner the party set out to climb Red Hill; and it was here that the Captain distinguished himself by accomplishing the ascent in slippers, earning for them the title of the “Mountain Slippers.”

The summit was reached, after we had been lost once, when it became necessary to follow up a dry brook-bed full of boulders; during which operation, about forty miles, up and down, were covered. (This computation was made by the Gastronomer; but as he was hungry, it may be slightly exaggerated.)

But the view from the summit amply paid for all the trouble. Far away to the southeast stretched Winnipesaukee, with its countless islands, while the setting sun converted Squam into a lake of gold fire.

But it was getting late, and the canoes had to be reached before dark; so the descent was made, and none too soon, for as the party reached the canoes rain began to fall. That night was spent in an old cooper-shop, on a bed of shavings confiscated from the saw-mill near by. The shop was in a marsh, and fairly alive with mosquitoes, but a liberal allowance of “black fly ointment” foiled these pests. The night passed without incident, except that a large snake crawled out from under the bed, and was dispatched. It was here that the Historian lost a knife and a half dollar. The finder may keep the knife, but will please return the money.

The next day it rained hard, but, notwithstanding, Melvin was reached, and accommodations secured at the Way-Side Inn. Here was found a parlor organ, and the Chaplain managed to wring from it hymns, glorias, anthems, and so forth (mostly and so forth).

Rain was still falling when the morning came,