air braces up the tired ones, so that at 8 P. M. Dedham is made, and a good supper at “Bob’s” house is disposed of.

“The skipper” and “Budy” having paddled forty-five miles in thirteen hours, are ready to turn in; and their feelings being seconded by the other crews, there is soon to be heard nothing but the sullen roar of the sleepers.

Sore and weary on the morrow the cruisers grip their paddles and push on, gradually warming up to their work, and forgetting pain. A carry is made at Charles River Village, and early in the afternoon South Natick is reached. A meal is eaten at the Bailey House, the team is harnessed, and the canoes, four in number now, having been joined by “the artist” and “B,” are packed into the wagon; for here the Charles is to be left, and Lake Cochituate is the objective point.

Many songs and canoeing choruses fill the air, making heads pop out of the houses as the wagon, with eight men on it, their legs dangling over the horses and wheels, goes merrily along the three miles to the lake.

As soon as camp is made foraging for supper is in order, and corn, butter, milk, bread, and eggs reward the hunters. There were many unbidden guests present at that meal, since those nocturnal birds that fly into one’s ears with a biz-z-z-z, are out in force to welcome the newcomers. A hot night and plenty of mosquitoes, and you can imagine, gentle reader, that the tempers shown the next morning are not so sweet as might have been under other circumstances. Camp is soon broken, and photographs by the “special artist” are taken.

A bold strike is made for the Sudbury River. There are five basins to Cochituate Lake as one after another was entered, men said, “The outlet is just around the corner.” Finally it was found, and after carrying over two dams, the canoes and crews find themselves afloat in Cochituate Brook with the current for the first time. A couple of miles down comes another dam, with but little water below it, but, nothing daunted, the Peterborough and the Adirondack are put into what little water there is, and paddled, poled, and towed about three miles into the Sudbury River at Saxonville. While going down Cochituate Brook the canoeists are subjected to the scrutiny of several gentlemen cows, through whose domain the brook runs.

The Racine and the “artist” and “B.” having carried by team are in consequence somewhat in the lead.

They were soon found resting, which is quite characteristic of “A.” and “B.”; lunch is eaten and early in the afternoon a camp is made upon an island in the marshes above Wayland. A swim is enjoyed, and “the major” and “Doc” with their customary agility and luck, procure milk, butter, bread, and eggs. Pleasing manners with the farmers’ daughter bring forth the largest loaves, the fattest pies, and the greasiest doughnuts, for stomachs that can now digest rocks.

For once the mosquitoes are foiled, for black-fly cream turns those who use it into regular mosquito-nets, and the open mouth is the only vulnerable point; so in self-defense it is kept shut, and snoring for the time quieted.

Saturday is pleasant, and Fairhaven Bay is reached without incident. Below the bay lunch is eaten and a swim indulged in. Numerous parties of young men and women are rowing up the river from Concord, and are electrified to see fourteen feet, out of water, projecting from under a boat, and a very active bucket on the water bottom up. It is only our travelers hiding behind the boat in shallow water, and “Bob” swimming around with the water-pail on his head.

At Concord, Mass., the Sudbury and Assabet join to form the Concord River. At this junction is a point of rock which the Indians used to inhabit, and there is an inscription chiseled on the rock to that effect. Up the Assabet go the cruisers, bent on tasting the water of all streams in their way.

Camp is made during the afternoon near a