to array ourselves in camping costume. This done we went back to the station, and inquired for our canoe and provisions. To our dismay we found that they had not arrived, and after some questioning we extracted from the agent the information that they probably would not be along before Wednesday night or Thursday morning. This made it impossible for us to start for the woods before Friday. We went back to the hotel for dinner, and in the afternoon took a two-mile walk after some trout and to cool our wrath. We decided to go into camp near the hotel the next day and await the coming of our property: we did not do this, however, for that night it came up an easterly storm, and we stayed at the hotel till Friday morning waiting for it to clear. However, this arrangement was good in one way, for at the hotel we met a very pleasant gentleman, a Harvard professor, and his son. They were going to camp on Long Pond, a beautiful lake ten miles up the Gulf road, the headwaters of Sebec River, and the home of the land-locked salmon. A Mr. Dean of the Works had a shanty on the pond where they were going to stop, and they invited us to go in with them, and camp on the same lake. So it was arranged that on Friday morning we would take a big buckboard and all go up to the lake together.

Tuesday morning the rain held up awhile, and Lincoln and I started out for a walk to Houston Park, about two miles southwest from the hotel, just over the ridge of Ore Mountain. Our way led us by a well-worn road as far as the ore beds on the side of Ore Mountain. This mountain is, like a volcano, clothed night and day in light filmy wreaths of smoke, for much of the ore takes fire when exposed to the air by the pick and shovel. When we were on the mountain two or three piles of ore were burning. Tiny rills of water, colored dark red with iron, were flowing down the slopes, and a strong smell of sulphur filled the air. After we had watched the miners at work for a few minutes we hurried on our way, for the Loafer remarked that the pits were too suggestive of a certain place of future residence to make him feel altogether comfortable. After leaving the ore beds the road degenerated into a bridle-path, and then into a spotted trail, and just as we reached the pond it vanished entirely. We had been told there was a boat on the pond, but after searching for it some time with no success we gave it up, and as it had begun to rain hard again we faced about and started for home. We reached the hotel at about five o'clock, tired and hungry, dried our clothes at the smelting furnace, had supper, and suffered all the evening under a steady fire of sarcasm from the Professor as to the fish that we did not kill, and how neatly we could climb over a boat and not find it; for there was a boat on the pond, and we had been within ten feet of it when we gave up the search. We stood it as long as we could and then turned in.

Wednesday and Thursday passed somehow—slowly, however, on account of the rain. Thursday our box and canoe came, and we spent the day in getting everything ready for the start on Friday.

Friday morning we were up early, and seeing by the rich colors in the east that we should have a fine day, hastened to get our traps down stairs and out of the house, ready for the start.

At half-past six breakfast was over, and the buckboards were at the door. On them we loaded all our kit and ourselves. The Professor, a great broad-shouldered, fine-looking man, in a decidedly campy looking costume, with a little black pipe in his mouth, gave some last directions about forwarding any important mail or telegrams, then seated himself beside Mr. Dean, who gave the word to start, and we were off for camp.

Our road, always ascending, led us up between the hills. At first the land was open, and pretty well cleared of underbrush, but after a little while we plunged into the woods. The tall pines shot up round us straight as