Our success in the collar line encouraged us to further efforts, and we nearly missed our train, the clear-headedness of one of our number, who was not of a speculative nature, alone saving us.

After leaving Montreal our journey was a monotonous one, as far as events of the outside world were concerned, and we were thrown upon the resources of cards and tobacco for amusements, those unfortunates who were unable to appreciate this delightful combination of excitement and enjoyment contenting themselves with the prosaic novel. Soon leaving the thickly settled districts, we traveled along through rough, uncultivated country, stopping now and then at little stations, where the arrival of our train seemed to be a momentous event to the little community that always collected at the depot.

There was nearly always a group of us upon the rear platform, and an occasional cheer as we passed through some of these little settlements caused much wonder among the inhabitants, who probably took us for transported lunatics. After another night in the wilderness we drew up at the station in Ishpeming, in a dismal rain, on the evening of Friday, June 6th.

Arrangements had been made beforehand for our accommodation, and after a short walk we were ushered to the top floor of a very respectable house, presided over by a fat, good-natured grocer and his pleasant-faced wife.

The upper floor, which had been reserved for our use, contained three moderately sized rooms, of which ten of us took immediate possession. There was, of course, a choice as to beds, bureau drawers, order at the washbowl, etc., which had to be decided upon without delay; and our employment of a coin for this purpose, we have every reason to believe, was the foundation for the rumor that got about to the effect that we were all inveterate gamblers.

We encamped in the three rooms as follows: Hamilton, '91, and Lobenstein, '92, had the smallest room to themselves, and were considered fortunate. Haskins, '91, and Harvey, Payne, and Howland, all '92, shared two beds in another room, overlooking the railroad tracks, the average time between two passing ore trains being half an hour, day and night, each train occupying ten minutes in clattering over a very poorly constructed switch directly opposite the house. This was our only discomfort, but, according to the effects of habit, we finally reduced it to a minimum. Schroeter, '90, Stevenson and Favor, '91, and Parks, '92, occupied the third room across the hall. The two professors were down stairs, and Weston, '91, hired a suite in a neighboring hotel, which offered more opportunities for solitude and freedom of thought.

That evening, after a good solid meal, that not only satisfied our appetites for the present, but also put our minds at rest as to our future fare, provided the quantity and quality didn't change for the worse, we started out to make ourselves familiar with the town.

Ishpeming is a quiet little place, populated almost entirely by the miners, the higher element of society being represented by the officers of the mining companies and the few merchants who dealt in the necessities of mining life, with their respective families.

The streets were always quiet after dark, and during the day also, for that matter, and there wasn't a sign of a fight, even of the most harmless description, during the whole of our stay, which was a sad disappointment to some of us, who had formed ideas of mining camps from descriptions we had read of the palmy days of '49 in California. The difference between the reality and the ideal was doubtless explained by the commercial value of iron as related to that of gold.

We found out the location of the chief places of interest, and then returned to our boarding house to prepare for the descent into the mines on the following day.