

brother on a fishing trip, a hint or two as to clothes would not perhaps be amiss.

Short dark blue serge skirts, with a Newmarket or waterproof coat, and a hat or cap that will not hurt with rain, thick woollen stockings, and last, but not least, a pair of the real waterproof boots—high ones, to prevent the danger of wet feet in the long grass—are indispensable requisites for the lady angler.

I enjoyed the experience immensely, and

wish it could all come over again. There was only one bait that I never could use, viz., an insect called a "creeper," something like a huge earwig. It was found under the stones at the side of the river, in the shallow water, and afterwards becomes the May-fly.

Said I to John, "I don't mind turning up the stones, love, for you, but pick the 'creepers' out myself I will not." The very thought of them makes me shudder as I

write, although they are perfectly harmless, and a very "killing" bait.

Some women, I know, do take a great interest in angling, notably Lady L——, who throws a beautiful line. But why should not more do so?

I feel sure they would really enjoy it, and many more husbands would be delighted beyond measure to have the society of their "better half" when starting on "An Angling Holiday." RUTH S. TYLER COVE.

CAMPANA.

A STORY WITH A "STALKIE" TO IT.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

"TELL me a story with a 'stalkie' to it." This is a request frequently made by children in the far north of Scotland in the long fore-nights of winter. For there, you know, although you can see to read all night at mid-summer, in the dreary months of December and January darkness covers every "hicht and howe" long ere four o'clock, if the sky be overcast. So around the hearth of an evening stories are in great request, and songs as well, and an uncle is not thought very much of by the children unless he can tell a nice story with a good long "stalkie" to it.

But my English readers will ask, "What is a story with a 'stalkie' to it?" Well, it is a story that, though not altogether fiction, has the true parts of it very much drawn out and varnished.

But, strictly speaking, what I am now going to tell you is not a story with a "stalkie" to it; for all the information it conveys is strictly truthful, and from the life, and written by one who has lived in ships and camps and caravans pretty nearly all his life.

"Not half a bad idea," said the Rev. Steven Wedgwood, passing his cup across the breakfast table to have it refilled.

"What is the idea?" said his wife, mildly. "You're tired, and the two girls there are tired, I'm tired, and I daresay before August comes the boys at school will be tired too."

"But what is the idea, papa?" said Carita, the elder girl. "You haven't told us that."

"I'm sick tired of seaside lodgings," he continued, "and seaside landladies, and seaside musty-fusty rooms, and the seaside lodging-house cat. I'll see about it at once. Ma, when will you be ready to start?"

"But, my dear," said Mrs. W., "first and foremost you must tell us what your idea is, where we are going to start for, or what we are going to do when we get there."

"True, true; so I must. Well, it is simply to go into camp for a couple of months."

"Down by the sad sea waves?" said Carita.

"Well, yes, if you can find anything sad about them; I never did."

"Oh, that will be charming—delightful!" cried Jack, the younger girl. Yes, Jack was a girl—a tall, lank lassie rather, but very pretty and very sprightly.

"We'll be regular Arabs, won't we, daddy?"

"Not quite, you know," said the father, "because our camp won't be all tents. We shall have one bungalow—a portable one. But there, don't ask me anything more—just leave it all to me. Mind, there is a good deal to be done and thought about. But then all the expense and bother will be confined to the first season, for I'm sure we'll do the same again."

For the next few days Mr. Wedgwood was very busy indeed in his spare moments: he

was thinking, planning, sketching, and writing letters. For there was no good making any preparations to form a camp until he had obtained liberty to squat somewhere—"Bivouac," did you say? Yes, true, that is a more romantic word than "squat."

Well, this getting camping ground was the first difficulty. For, remember, one cannot camp just where one likes, even at the seaside—anywhere near a civilised town at all events. Mr. Wedgwood's little place was in Berkshire, and to take heavy luggage and camp equipage far away to Wales, Cornwall, or the shores of Yorks, would have rendered the trip very expensive indeed. But all the south coast, from the New Forest to Dover, and from Dover round to Ramsgate, was as familiar to this parson as the walks in his own garden. And so he ran rapidly over it in imagination.

South of the Forest—in which, by the way, he had made many a walking tour—he knew a dear, sweet little unsophisticated village that would have suited him—himself—very well indeed. Here, butter and eggs were cheap indeed, and milk of the creamiest, and there was the quiet sea shore, the music of birds, and the wind sighing through the trees, and all sorts of Horatian delectabilities. But then it was too quiet for Carita and Jack; for Carita and Jack liked shop windows, even by the sad sea waves, and their bit of pier and bit of band and an occasional concert and fireworks. No, Blankville wouldn't do. Well, all round Southampton was too bustling and busy, too shippy and too warlike. Then Littlehampton was too flat—the sea goes to sea, and leaves you looking for it, and wondering if the moon has sucked it up, or where on earth or out of the earth it has gone to. Then Brighton was out of the question. There is a corporation there, and we all know what that means. *Nemo mortalium semper sapiens*, and a corporation never is. Eastbourne was more promising. It is a grand old place, and so beautiful and compact, too. So Mr. Wedgwood thought he would run down there. If successful in securing a site, he could return through London, and there order his bungalow and other necessities.

It was early in June, and a rough, cold wind was blowing across from France. The French could well spare such a wind as that, and so had sent it across to perfidious Albion.

Mr. Wedgwood did Eastbourne as he had never done it before—east and west and north and south; on the lowest levels and high up on the breezy heights above Beachy Head. This last seemed most promising. But there were no trees, no cosiness, no getting to the sea without a parachute; and however pretty and birdlike Carita and Jack might have looked descending in this fashion, Mr. Wedgwood was stout and rotund, and couldn't have made a bonnie bird.

Mr. Wedgwood did not go home that night. He was one of those men whom diffi-

culties only make more determined, so that very evening he went farther east, and next day farther east again.

And he succeeded at last. I am not going to tell you where, though. Catch me. The pitch is mine, my own, and I don't want to be crowded out; so anybody who wants to camp by the sea must remember the adage, "Let every birdie build its own nest."

Ah, it was a nice place, though! A pretty wee green meadow starred over with daisies, with bright patches here and there of yellow stonecrop, and larks singing high above it, a row of rustling trees and a wee clear stream meandering near, the sea not a stone's throw off; but private ground for all that, so that there were no noisy boys to molest, no gaping tourists to gape, and the camp would only be a quarter of a mile from a delightful though not large town.

When he had come to terms with the owner of the meadow, and everything was arranged satisfactorily, with even a promise to have the same meadow next year again if he chose, Mr. Wedgwood felt that a load had fallen off his mind: he really seemed to have grown at least ten years younger all at once.

Quiet is such a blessed thing, he thought, and here indeed he would be able to enjoy the *dolce far niente*, and do what he pleased, working or playing just as it suited him.

Well, he had made up his mind as to what kind of furniture would be required for the bungalow, so he thought he could not do better than hire it from a respectable-looking emporium in the adjacent town. He entered the shop, and was received with open arms. Yes, they had everything that suited, and would willingly hire. So Mr. Wedgwood made his selection, and asked what the price would be.

He opened his eyes when he saw the bill. The "furniture fellow," as Mr. Wedgwood called him in his own mind, only wanted 300 per cent.—or at that rate—for the loan of his goods.

So Mr. Wedgwood shook the sawdust from his feet and left. It would be better to buy. Besides, one wants so few things for a camp-bungalow and for tents.

He went straight away up to London now, for the bungalow itself and the tents were of course the first things to be thought of. But Mr. Wedgwood was a man of method, and he did not go to town with a finger in his mouth, figuratively speaking. Well he knew that if anyone is going to make important purchases, he must have his ideas arranged beforehand, and written down in a note-book, for London is, of all places in the world, the most confusing to a stranger, unless he has settled what to do previously, and where to go and how to go.

Well, as regards bungalow and tents, the parson showed his wisdom. He purchased the former from good makers, and paid a fair price

for it. It cost him twenty pounds, but what of that? It would last for as many years, whereas, had he bought a galvanised thing for much less money, it would not take to pieces without rents and tears in the nail holes. As for the tents, those too he got from makers new. Old army second-hand tents? Well, he had thought of these, and gave up the idea in time. I myself had one in camp once. I got it a bargain. But it leaked so much I had to go to bed with an umbrella up. Romantic, wasn't it? But that wasn't the worst, for one awfully stormy night, after a preliminary flapping roar or two, it gave way at one side from top to bottom—it was a bell tent—and next moment in rushed the wind, and away it went, leaving myself, two children, and Hurricane Bob exposed to the fury of the elements. I felt for the time being a kind of King Lear; but no more old army tents for me.

Mr. Wedgwood's bungalow was ten feet square and seven feet high at the eaves—quite a pretty wee affair, I can assure you; and the tents were strong enough to defy a hurricane.

These were to be sent down to the camping-ground in good time, and he had arranged cheaply with a builder—one of the aborigines—to put them up on a certain day.

Mr. Wedgwood himself was a calm and thoughtful man, as became his profession; he never excited himself a deal about anything; but as a rule, you know, women-folk are fussy. I beg your pardon, girls; I—I—I really forgot for the moment I was writing for the "G. O. P." What I meant to say was, that ladies are—pleasantly excitable. Well, anyhow, there were many things to be thought about and packed up, and all that, although Mr. Wedgwood commanded them—oh, yes he did, he *commanded* them, the word is right enough—not to take more luggage than they could possibly do without. And so the dresses were all useful seaside ones, with a campish cut about them that on Carita and Jack was quite fascinating.

Upon the whole, everything was so well managed and arranged beforehand, that when the day for departure came—all the heavy baggage having been sent on days before—there wasn't half so much fuss or worry in making the departure as there would have been had the family been only going to seaside lodgings.

Just one night at an hotel was imperative, but even this might have been avoided had Mr. Wedgwood gone down himself the day before, and seen to things. However, this was no great suffering, nor expense either. And next day the family went into camp in earnest.

And now I must tell you a little about the economy and *agremens* of the Wedgwood camp.

I. *Water*.—The soft water was had from the little stream close by; and as for the drinking water, they arranged with a boy to bring that, so one important question was settled. All the water, I may inform you, that was used for drinking or cooking purposes was run through a filter that stood in the mess tent.

II. *Cooking*.—The "Rippingill" cooking range was used, for sake of cleanliness, though, for the matter of that, they might often have cooked out of doors, gipsy fashion. But these oil stoves do not do well out of doors, as the breeze carries the heat away, although on calm days I nearly always take mine out of the caravan and make my valet cook by the road-

side. Well, Mr. Wedgwood had been lucky enough to get a wooden hut on hire. It had done duty as a ticket box at the gate of a show, and although it was only eight feet long by seven wide, it made a capital camp kitchen. The Wedgwoods were lucky in having a nice willing girl as a servant. She could cook plainly, and turn her hand to anything.

III. *Bungalow Furnishings*.—There was no lubberly table to take up room in the centre of it. There was something at one side which made a nice bed for Mrs. Wedgwood at night, and a nice sofa by day, and in which dresses could lie at full length. Then the girls' boxes did as other seats, with a camp stool or two and a folding chair. The girls slept side by side in hammocks, which of course were neatly folded in the morning and stowed away. They did not take easily

contained heavy baggage did excellently well for sideboards, having covers thrown over them.

The deal table might have been rough, but when it was covered with a snow-white cloth and laid with glittering crystal, shining electroplate, and vases of wild flowers, it looked very pretty indeed.

V. *Food and Drink*.—The tradespeople called regularly every day; the milk-boy came in the morning, and fish and fruit were always to be had. The camp was managed on strictly economical and temperate principles. But they had all kinds of delightful effervescing drinks, which, mingled with lime juice and cooled with ice, made the most delicious of summer drinks.

VI. *Early Hours*.—The camp was all astir by the time the deep-mouthed baying of Brutus was heard welcoming the milk-boy at half past seven. This lad brought also lovely butter from the farm, with eggs, fowls, or ducks, and nearly always a nice flower. Breakfast was at 8.30 sharp, dinner at 1.30 "to a tick," tea at 5, and supper at 9.

After this the orders were, to put it in sea parlance, "Pipe down hammocks and prepare to turn in;" and by ten o'clock you would not have heard a hush in the camp unless it were the low threatening growl of Brutus the mastiff, as he heard the voices or footsteps of passers-by.

Sleep was very sweet and sound in camp—the delightfully fresh air that circulated everywhere about tended to render it so; the pleasant exercise all had enjoyed during the day did so also. Then there was the lulling sound of the waves for ever tumbling in on the sandy beach close by. There were nights of course when storm winds blew high, and when the canvas flapped and pulled, and cordage creaked; but Mr. Wedgwood knew well all was secure; his last round every night was made to see that the pegs were all well driven home at just the angle that makes safety a certainty; so that, knowing he was safe, the noise of the flapping canvas rather tended to make him sleep more sweetly than otherwise.

VII. *Pleasures of Camp Life*.—These were both negative and positive. As to the negative, perfect peace was enjoyed. In nearly all seaside towns the street noises are positively harassing, especially if one is more or less an invalid. But here in camp there was no yelling of "Mi-awk!" in the early morning, no shrieking of "Swee-cep!" The fish barrows did not come near them

shouting their unintelligible and nerve-racking jargon; there was no loud hammer of postmen to be heard, no bakers' or butchers' carts to rattle, no landlady to worry them indoors all day, no Faderland band or awful hurdy-gurdy.

As for positive pleasures, well, there were fishing and boating to be had whenever they felt so inclined; they could take long walks into the country, or delightful drives in pony carriages or landaus. Nor was there any occasion to go all by themselves, for good people called upon them in camp who would not have thought of looking near them had they lived in lodgings, and to many a tea or lawn-tennis party the Wedgwoods were invited.

Do you not think, reader, the Wedgwoods were right in going into camp? I myself do not think anything about it—I know they were; and everyone of them, including Brutus and the handy girl, laid in a store of health that made them feel happy for a whole year at the very least.



A SEASIDE SCENE.

to these hammocks at first; Jack especially was constantly tumbling out, till she thought of the plan of tying herself in every night, after which she slept as safe and sound as a mummy, and on the whole didn't look unlike one either.

Well, the bulkheads of the bungalow were prettily and artistically adorned with mirrors, brackets, photographic scenes, nick-nacks, and flower vases, so that the room looked perfectly charming, and everyone said so who saw it.

IV. *The Tents*.—There was the bell tent, used as a mess room, and a small tent, which was Mr. Wedgwood's own room, in which his hammock was slung, and in which he could smoke, or study, or do as he pleased. He had one companion, a huge and gallant mastiff dog, who ranged loose all night as sentry—a very necessary individual in a camp.

The mess tent had a rough deal table erected in it, and forms at each side. These were hired, and the boxes and crates that had