

"Keep out of our buckwheat!" cried Rufe. "Now, Zeph, I've got you where I want you."

"Help! Dud, Dud—help!" screamed Zeph.

But Dud had something else to do. He sprang to seize Snowfoot's bridle; when Lion, without losing his hold of it, turned with such fury upon the intruder, that he recoiled, and, tripping his heels in the trodden buckwheat, keeled over backward.

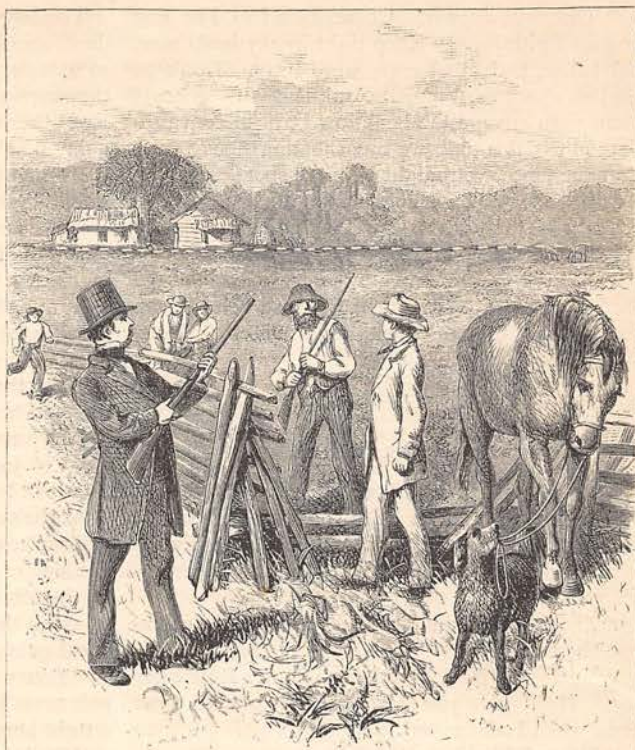
Meanwhile Rufe had Zeph down, and was rubbing the soft black loam of the tilled field very thoroughly into his features, giving especial attention to his neck and ears. Zeph was screaming, and Rufe was saying:

"Lie still! I'll give your face such a scouring as it has n't had since you was a baby and fell into the soft-soap barrel!"

Jack backed quietly off, as Peak-slow, cocking his gun, pressed upon him with loud threats and blazing eyes.

The angry man was striding through the gap in the fence, when Lord Betterson stepped before him, courteous, stately, with a polite but dangerous smile.

"Have a care, friend Peakslow!" he said. "If



"STOP, OR I'LL SHOOT!"

you come upon my premises with a gun, threatening to shoot folks, I'll riddle you with small shot; I'll fill you as full of holes as a pepper-box!"

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO CAMP OUT AT THE BEACH.

BY FRANK E. CLARK.

WHERE shall we spend our next Summer vacation, boys? Perhaps you do not consider this a very pressing problem as yet, but you will think it so by the time the hot, bright days begin to make the school hours tedious.

So we propose to take time by the forelock and tell you now of a real jolly way of spending a part of those vacation weeks.

Some of you will go to Saratoga, or Long Branch, or the White Mountains, with your parents, although such a way of spending a vacation requires a heavier pocket-book than many of us

possess. Yet when we get back next Fall, and school begins again, we will warrant you that those who go with us will bring back such reports of a grand, good time that you will all want to join our party next year.

One great advantage of our plan is that it costs so little that almost any of us can carry it out, and when you ask papa about it, and he looks over his spectacles and shakes his head, as much as to say, "I can't afford it," you can tell him that it will not cost him much more than if you staid at home.

Then if mamma looks troubled and fears you

will catch cold, and Aunt Jane warns you not to get drowned, and sister Kate suggests that "there will be lots of bugs and snakes and ugly things creeping about," you can tell them that the man who told you the plan has been there himself and knows all about it, and that those lions in the way will all be found to be chained when you get to them.

Now, before we conjure up any more of the objections which the home friends will raise, it may be important to tell you that our plan is to take a tent and camp out for a few weeks upon the seashore in the most approved "Robinson Crusoe" style, with the exception that we shall have Tom and Dick and Harry for our companions instead of Friday and the goat.

In the first place, you must know that this is not to be an ordinary visit to the beach, such as any one with plenty of money can make, but we are going to leave our good clothes and our every-day life at home as much as possible, and take, besides our old clothes, a large stock of good-nature and a determination to be pleased with whatever we find.

And we expect to bring back sun-burned cheeks, robust health, and the remembrance of some charming vacation weeks.

In the first place, we must be careful about selecting our party. We are to rough it, you know,—to catch our own fish and cook them too, to sleep on the ground, and perhaps get wet and cold, without grumbling. So we want five or six good fellows in our party, but no babies, or dandies, or fault-finders.

The next thing to be thought of is the tent. This should be large enough to hold us all comfortably, as we lie stretched out at night, with a little spare room for our stores. An A tent is the best—that is, one with a ridge-pole, supported at each end by uprights—since this gives more available room than a circular tent with one pole in the center.

This we can hire of any sail-maker for about three dollars per week.

To keep us warm through the chilly nights, which we almost always find near the sea, we shall want a heavy army blanket and an old Winter overcoat,—no matter how worn,—which we can put on, if necessary, when we go to bed.

Besides these, on account of the dampness, we should have two or three rubber blankets to spread on the ground.

What shall we eat, and what shall we drink? are the next questions of vital importance. The latter question is easily answered by pitching our tent within sight of some good spring or well, but the former demands more attention. In our party we do not intend to fare sumptuously every day; in fact, you will be surprised to know how few things

in the edible line are necessary to our comfort. Here is a list, and perhaps even one or two of these might be omitted: Hard tack, salt pork, ham, potatoes, corn meal, coffee, sugar, condensed milk, salt, and pepper.

We have found that a barrel of hard tack will last a party of six between three and four weeks, if they occasionally manage to get a small supply of softer bread.

Of salt pork, which we shall find indispensable in cooking the fish, we shall want at least ten pounds. The corn meal will be useful to roll the fish in before frying them, as well as in making corn dodgers, slapjacks, and Johnny cakes. Indeed, for any of those dishes which our genius for cooking can invent, corn meal is far better than flour, and twenty, or even thirty pounds of it will be none too much for a three weeks' trip. One good-sized ham, six pounds of coffee, twenty pounds of sugar, four cans of condensed milk, and a liberal supply of salt and pepper will complete our stores. It may be easier to get the potatoes near the camp than to take them from home.

The only things now left to be provided are the cooking utensils. A small sheet-iron stove is much more convenient than a fire-place of stones, and any good tinman will give us just what we want if we ask for a "camp stove." This, together with coffee-pot, spider, tin pail for boiling potatoes, tin plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon for each member of the party, ought not to cost more than fifteen dollars.

These articles are all made especially for camping parties, so as to go inside of the stove, which has a handle at each end, and can thus be carried easily like a small trunk.

Now that our preparations have all been made, let us count the cost before setting out.

Here is the bill, founded on a careful estimate, in about the shape that our treasurer will present it when we come to leave the beach:

Tent for three weeks, at \$3.00 per week.....	\$9.00
Provisions taken with us .....	22.00
Stove and cooking utensils .....	15.00
Fresh provisions bought at the beach, such as eggs, meat, fresh bread, &c.....	15.00
Incidentals.....	20.00
Total.....	\$81.00

This sum divided among six, you see, makes each one's share of the expense \$13.50 for three weeks, or \$4.50 per week.

Of course this does not include the cost of traveling to the camp.

We have taken pains to be minute and accurate in these figures, since we know that their amount will decide the point, in many cases, whether a party can go to the beach or not.

When we have obtained from Aunt Jane her best receipts for fish chowder and fried fish, corn cakes, coffee, &c., we may consider ourselves ready to start at a moment's notice.

There are precautions to be thought of before we make up our minds to start on such an expedition. In the first place, we must not persuade any boy of very weak constitution to go with us, because, although sea air and bathing would probably be of the greatest service to such a one, our rough mode of living might be an injury to him.

And then, before we go, we should determine to be careful to select a camp where the bathing is safe and where there is no strong undertow. It will be easy enough to do this if we take a little trouble and make proper inquiries.

Now that we are all ready we are confronted by the important question: Where shall we go?

Very likely you know, or if not, your friends will tell you, of "just *the* place" for a tenting party. In fact, "just the places" are so numerous along our Atlantic coast, and you to whom we are writing are so widely scattered, that it would be difficult to name any one place that would be convenient for many of you. We would only suggest that you should not choose a fashionable watering-place, but some retired spot, where you will feel at ease and be undisturbed. Moreover, you should spread your canvas on a dry slope, if possible, where the water will not settle, and in a place where the sea breezes will have a fair chance at you too; for they will be a better preventive against mosquitoes and troublesome flies than all the penny-royal and catsup in the world.

If you were to have an inland camp, the shade of trees would be indispensable, but at the beach the breeze, which almost always springs up before noon from seaward, will serve to keep you cool.

As to fish, there are generally plenty of them, of various kinds, to be found all along our coast, but unless you have a row-boat always at command, you should choose a place with convenient rocks to catch them from. So, to put it in a word, the best place for our camp is a retired spot on a little slope, with bold rocks not far off, jutting out into the sea.

Now that these preliminaries have been settled,

we will suppose that, with all our baggage, we have been transported to some such seaside paradise as we have described. First, up goes the tent. A little practice will make this only a ten minutes' job. Then a committee of two should be detailed to dig a trench six or eight inches deep about the tent, which will carry off the water and save us from a wet skin in rainy weather.

Two more will resolve themselves into a fire-wood brigade, to collect the fuel which Neptune has kindly cast up at our feet in the shape of drift-wood, and the rest will betake themselves to the rocks, with their lines and poles, to catch the supper, which we feel pretty confident is awaiting us just beneath those green waves.

For bait we shall use clams, or worms, or muscels,—whichever are most convenient. Sea-worms, or "sand-worms,"—ugly-looking crawlers they are, with almost innumerable legs,—can often be found in great numbers under the stones when the tide is low, and they make excellent bait.

If none of the party understands such matters, almost any fisherman we may meet will teach us how to prepare our fish. Then we must boil the coffee, and lay the fish in the sizzling frying-pan; stir up the Johnny cake, fry the potatoes, and in half-an-hour we shall be all ready to sit down to a royal supper. At least this will be the verdict of our sharp appetites.

By the time supper is disposed of, and the dishes are washed up, it will begin to grow dark.

So we will pile the largest pieces of drift-wood on the fire, roll ourselves up in the blankets with our feet to the blaze, and see who can tell the best stories, until the sleep-fairies persuade us to listen to stories of their own in dreamland.

And here, snugly rolled up in your blankets, the last story told, the last conundrum given up, and pleasant dreams hovering around, we propose to leave you.

Our purpose in this article has been accomplished if we have told you *how* to go. Though we might go on for pages describing the pleasures of those three weeks of camp-life, we will not do so, but hope that, before Spring comes again, many of you will know by experience, far better than we can tell you, what rare fun there is in a vacation spent at "the tent on the beach."

