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The History of Phi Sigma Camp at Twin Lakes, From July 1st to July 15th, 1890

Phi Sigma

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THE HISTORY OF PHI SIGMA CAMP AT TWIN LAKES, FROM JULY 1ST. TO JULY 15TH., 1890.



It came to pass in the year of our Lord, 1890, on the first day of the seventh month, that a spirit of wandering descended upon certain of the people who live in the city by the great lake.

And behold not many hours after the sun had risen above the horizon, this restless spirit had guided their feet to the place where many trains continually do pass in and out of the city. Now it so chanced, that as these poor mortals stood in the great station anxiously wondering what next would befall them, that the Angel Gabriel suddenly appeared unto them, and when his eye fell upon their faces, he knew them that they were those whom he was seeking. He beckoned to them and when they had come nigh unto him, demanded of them that they should pass in their checks to him, and swore that he would conduct them straight to the "Promised Land." Trustingly they obeyed.

Now it came to pass that behold in the course of ten minutes the Angel Gabriel had gathered together twelve restless souls to follow him to Paradise.

And these were the names of those weary and love sick souls [for some were weary and some were love sick]; first came the Commissary, clasping her cash book and her money box to her heart, and with her were her sister 2Lu and the Widdy, followed by the cook. From another quarter came the "No Name Series," three in number and commonly known as Florence, Bessie and 'Lillyun.' Next came Tommy with the Squelch Rabbit and an ice cream freezer; following these were Minimus and the Scribe and Pharisee, and last but by no means least came Bro. B without his bureau, carrying a heavy bag in his hand. When Gabriel saw that his company was complete he put them in a train bound their way and they reached the outskirts of Paradise in two and a half hours time. The train left them at the outermost gate and here it was necessary to take a carriage for the rest of the way. Now it so happened this select band knew that they were to enjoy the Celestial home but for a short time and knowing also that they could bring nothing away which they did not take with them except pounds, they all with one accord voted to ascend the scale and discover their present weight. No sooner said than done and the following was the result Gabriel—176 lbs. Minimus—134 lbs. 2Lu—106½ lbs. The Widdy—104 lbs. Bro B—156 lbs. Squelch Rabbit—114 lbs. Bessie—109 lbs. Florence—101½ lbs. "Lillyun"—104 lbs. Commissary—103 lbs. Tommy—152½ lbs. The Scribe—96 lbs. Total—1456½ lbs.

Gabriel having lived in this Celestial Country, knew that food would be necessary for these lesser angels, that were to be, so he bid the drivers of the carriages stop in the little village by the station, and taking the Commissary by the hand led her into the baker's shop, that she might open her money box for the benefit of the rest. Baby Minimus, in accordance with her inquisitive nature, trotted in after them.

Soon they emerged with their hands full of food fit for Gods or men. They took their places in the carriages, the drivers cracked their whips, the natives stared, the leaves rustled, faces beamed, eyes sparkled tongues wagged, the horses started, and off went Gabriel's band in a cloud of dust.

Five miles to Paradise! Five miles of fun! Four miles of gossip! Three miles of lunch! Two miles of squealing! One mile of suspense! Ah, at last, the carriages have turned in at the gate, driven round the road, up to the house and stopped, while unearthly shrieks of delight rent the air and eleven poor mortals were transformed into angels.

Who can describe Paradise? It must be seen to be appreciated; it must be lived in to be loved; and it must be experienced with a cherub at 5 o'clock A.M. in a rain storm to become divine.

Alas, all in Gabriel's Band did not see the divinity of it.

What a happy thing it was for those newly-made angels that the load of tents and luggage and the cook, did not arrive until the middle of the afternoon; for it gave them plenty of time to do the ohing and ahing, that must be done, the running up and down hill, the exploring everything that could be explored, and the general effervescing that must be gotten through with, before any more pleasure in the shape of work could be begun. When the load did arrive they found that still another drop of pleasure was to fall into their bucket. The cots and some of the trunks hadn't come. Could anything be more genuinely delightful than the prospect of sleeping on the floor without sufficient bedding?

If Gabriel had planned it beforehand, he couldn't have thought of anything that would have given his Band more pleasure.

But the Duenna (so called because she would do anything for them, as Florence sweetly remarked one day) being accustomed to transitory visitations of minor angels and knowing their peculiarities and their needs, offered to pad the floors of the tents from her own stores. Then the baggage was looked after and it was found that three or four trunks were lacking and no checks to match them. Gabriel's pockets were turned inside out but to no avail, while the other angels stood round and meekly looked on. What could have happened to those checks? Poor Gabriel looked puzzled. Pockets inside out again. He began to get excited. Where could those checks be? Suddenly a meek little voice from "Lillyun" of the "No Name Series" piped up, "here they are." The Band faced her in amazement. An explanation revealed the fact that she, with a truly careful spirit had put these checks in her pocket to keep for Gabriel and had forgotten all about them until this moment. As a punishment she must wait until the next day for her things; think of the deprivation to a woman, but she bore it bravely, and bravely borrowed from the rest.

Gabriel, Bro. B. and Tommy pitched in and pitched the tents, being assisted by Baby Minimus and the Scribe. When the Scribe opened her trunk to take out her bedding she found that she had forgotten her sheets, so she stepped into line behind "Lillyun" and borrowed too.

Lunch at four o'clock, under the trees, filled every aching void and all was blissful again.

The pleasure of labor went on till dark, when all again gathered round the festive board. The Band were just preparing for a season of refreshment when they were startled in their security by cries of "Help! Help!" coming over the water. Gabriel flew from his seat down to the boat and out on the lake, quickly followed by Bro. B. and Tommy. The boats sped through the water towards the opposite shore of the lake while the trembling sister angels watched them from the bank. On, and on they went, fainter, and fainter, came the cries until they ceased altogether. The boats were seen to hesitate and waver, go up under the opposite bank and then turn round and come home. When the lusty oarsmen arrived they reported that it was all a hoax, and the boys who had done it had escaped.

The Band disgusted returned to their cold supper and then retired to their beds of spiral springs, woven wire mattresses, and straw ticks, and fell asleep to the strains of the organette. Before morning the heavenly air turned cold and the inhabitants of this Happy Valley woke up shivering.

WEDNESDAY JULY 2.

A heavenly morning in a heavenly place!

As soon as breakfast was over, 2Lu and the Widdy, Tommy and the Squelch Rabbit, Minimus and the Scribe took to the boats, generously leaving the work to their sister saints. They rowed and they rowed and they rowed until they reached the Rockford Camp. Here they disembarked and gazed of onto a new and undiscovered part of this enchanted land. The other twin was certainly beautiful, no one can deny that, but all with one accord declared in favor of their own particular corner of the Celestial Ccountry. After wandering about the divide for some time they took to their boats and rowed home again. Here by way of exercise they pelted each other with bean bags for a while and then adjourned to the house where they learned that the brother angels were being taught the necessary art of sewing, and that the Commissary, wisely thinking that they might as well be useful as ornamental, had set them to hemming towels. (If you should have a chance to see this sewing, you must bear in mind that it was not done by earthly mortals but by celestial beings.) Towards noon the Commissary and the Scribe went out on the water, rowed across the lake and sailed back. For the benefit of those who have never been in this Paradise we will say that the sun shines there much as it does on earth and that the inhabitants all have ruddy complexions. Now the highest ambition of these newly made angels is to gain a complexion as much as possible like the "old settlers," and this is done by skinning. Suffice it to say that the Band began immediately, but the Scribe and Pharisee led the rest. The noon trip on the water was at the bottom of it. The Scribe after that preferred to go later in the day, but the Commissary insisted that five o'clock in the morning was the best time. After lunch the cots arrived and Gabriel's Band fell to with a will, and by four o'clock in the afternoon the tents were arranged, the cots nicely made and Brother B. had set up a bureau in the seraphim's tent. The "No Name Series" had removed to the house on the kind invitation of the Duenna, to make room in the tent for the others who were expected. By four o'clock the workers, being warm and dusty, and the water looking inviting, they decided to plunge in. A plank went with them and those who could not swim disported themselves on the board. Tommy especially distinguished himself by bringing the board into shallow water and then endeavoring to swim on it. He succeeded in tumbling over and over with it and thinking he was drowning before he could get a foothold; the Squelch Rabbit, feelingly remarked afterwards that the water was very shallow there and if he had only stood on his head long enough he might have drowned. Between four and six that day "the Captain" might have spied a whole flock of mermaids, celestial ones at that, if he had only come along just then. The dinner that day was a fair sample of all the others; it consisted of Mockery Soup, Crabs caught on the lake, Roast joke with pungent sauce, Mashed hearts, Pickled groans, Crisp debate with Vinegar, Witty gems and Stale puns buttered; the dessert was Frozen silence with whipped cream and all the drinks were aerated with laughing gas. Breakfast usually consisted of warmed over jokes and stale puns. Such the ambrosia the gods feed upon. After this feast of reason and flow of soul, the Band went out on the lake and tuned up. At 8:30 the most beautiful sight met their eyes; coming up over the trees, in all her splendor, rose Luna, the goddess of night; higher and higher she rose, casting upon her adorers the soft light of her countenance, till the trees, the waves and the boats were bathed in a silvery radiance. Songs burst from the lips of her worshippers at the sight of her exquisite beauty, and the peace of her radiant countenance fell on the landscape below her. When she was fairly arisen the Archangel issued his order, and joyfully back to the landing floated his happy followers. Leading the way to the swing, where a pile of brush was laid, Gabriel touched it with a match and it blazed up in a moment.

Of all the pleasures of Paradise, which could equal the camp fire? Gathered around it at the close of the day, the cheery glow encircled all with its warm embrace; the faces beamed with a kindlier light, the jokes appeared more witty, the songs more sweet and a subdued restfulness fell over all as a fit preparation for the night's repose.

Shall we gather at the camp-fire,
When bright, happy days have fled,
While its cheery flames aspire
Throwing sparks high over head?

Let us leave the day's attraction;
Leave the lake and tennis ground,
And with happy satisfaction
Gather in a circle round.

As we watch the blazing fire
Fancy weaves a shining thread,
And the flame, the purifier,
Tinges all with heart's warm red.

May the fire be our emblem,
Always cheery, warm and bright;
And our comrades, let us in them
Feel a glow of warm delight.

Yes, we'll gather at the camp-fire
When bright, happy days have fled;
Let its dancing sparks fly higher,
Cast a halo round each head.

* * *

THURSDAY JULY 3.

Lu cheerfully remarked last night, when the Seraphim had all retired, that the tent looked like Verestchagin's picture "After the Battle." She probably didn't sleep well after that because the first thing she did in the morning was to throw her pillow at Minimus. Minimus not being of a meek and gentle disposition, threw it back. The other seraphim were awake by this time, and wishing to stop the quarrel between the babies, sent some pillows in that corner. The fight was general then, and would have been a bloody one if the rising bell had'nt rung and put an end to it. After breakfast nearly the whole Band got into the boats and went for pond lilies. They found the end of the lake dotted all over with them and soon had their arms full. The wind was rather strong so they put up their umbrellas and sailed home. They tumbled out of the boats, and into their bathin'g suits, and into the water, and then were ready for lunch. The pleasure of the afternoon consisted in preparing cots for the newcomers who were expected in the evening, in sleeping, reading and dressing, and in watching a black cloud that rumbled and rolled around on the other side of the lake and finally crossed over to their own side, threw a little cold water in their faces and then went off again. At a quarter before six Gabriel climbed a tree to fix the swing while the Commissary, Bro B. and the Scribe stood around to give advice. When that operation was over they took a boat and followed the children down to the ford, to meet the carriage load of mortals and welcome them to the Happy Land. At the ford they waited and they waited. They rowed out into the lake and they rowed back again. They sang, they talked and they scolded (angelically, of course) but to no purpose, until

just about the time they were giving up in despair and preparing to go after some supper, a carriage came round the bend, a cheer rent the air and then and there before their waiting eyes the transformation took place. Of course they sang "Phi Sigma, Come, Come, Come," and rowed hard to get home before the carriage, which they accomplished.

This load brought the Cherub, Our Special Artist, One of the Gaminæ, the Superintendent, the Fisherman and Bro. Fanning.

Anyone would have known that the saints were hungry by the amount of noise they made. The Commissary appreciated the fact and ordered supper at once. After supper they made a dive for the lake to see the sunset and the moon rise. They saw the former but Luna sent a high wind instead and did not deign to shine upon them again until they were seated around their beloved camp fire; some lying on the ground, some swinging out over the fire, all peaceful and harmonious, then she shone upon them with her evening benediction,

FRIDAY JULY 4TH.

Fizz, bang, spitz. 5 o'clock A. M. under the girl's tent. Minimus leaned down quickly, pulled up the edge of the tent and saw Tommy's trousers and stockings disappearing behind the house, also Gabriel's flannel shirt.

At breakfast the brethren were called upon to make a confession concerning the fire-crackers. Each one penitently confessed for his neighbor, but no one would do as much for himself. In fact they told so many crooked stories, that the Scribe and Pharisee began to wonder whether they would not have to spend their next vacation in a warmer climate,

Gabriel celebrated the day by combing his hair; his brother angels did not state whether they had done as much or not so there was no means of finding out.

After breakfast the baseball nine adjourned to the tennis court and to action. The action consisted chiefly in foul balls, base hits, home runs and quarreling while the catcher wore a heavenly smile for a mask. When they could not find anything more to quarrel about they stopped playing. Bro. Fanning then took the champions, Minimus and the Scribe, out rowing to the Rockford Camp. They pointed out to him the beauties of the other lake, and deeply impressed upon him the fact that their own lake was much the prettier of the two. Re-embarking, umbrellas were raised and the boats went flying through the waves, half way down the lake. Here they met another boat load bound for the lily beds, but the occupants of the "Whale" decided to go home which, after much hard pulling and very scientific steering, they were able to accomplish. Minimus, The Widdy and the Scribe engaged in a game of tennis, until shouts from the house called them to welcome Shappie, her husband and the man who hated fire crackers.

After dinner they adjourned again to the tennis court, little dreaming how soon their sky was to be overcast. Here Shappie told them the sad, sad news that fell upon them like a thunder clap, making them feel only too keenly that while they rejoiced other hearts were aching. The game of tennis was forgotten while they gathered in groups to talk in loving accents of her who had been one of them so short a time before. In the midst of their talking Mr. and Mrs. Harkness and Stanley arrived and joined the group. It was decided to send a telegram of sympathy and to order flowers as the last service they could render their friend. So closely are sunshine and shadow mingled in a life-time.

Work and play were resumed but the shadow hung heavily still.

As the afternoon was drawing to a close, bathing suits were hunted up and all dipped their wings in the water. The Cherub tried to drown himself but did not succeed because his sworn enemy, the Superintendent, pulled him out. When all were thoroughly wet they came out of the water and proceeded to dry. The lawn in front of the house resembled a hair dresser's shop with switches hung around in every available spot. The drying process went on until supper time, after which they celebrated the Nation's independence by firing off crack-

ers. A particularly touching scene was exhibited when Shappie's husband caught Gabriel and the man who hated fire crackers sitting in a hammock together, and sent off a pack of fire crackers in a tin pan right under them. That was a thrilling moment! The Band then adjourned to the lake and made music there until dark, when Gabriel led the way to the camp fire. The fire was arranged in a new place this time and a big one it was, with three tall central poles towering almost up to the tree tops. What a blaze it made and how good it felt! Dear, innocent, little Commissary asked Gabriel how he got up there to tie the three poles together. She probably thought he flew. But no, he scorned to use his wings unless necessary. He said he tied them first and raised them afterwards.

War stories were heard on one side, fire crackers on the other and finally Bro. B., on being asked, recited a poem for the pleasure of his hearers.

The fire burned lower and lower until only the embers were left, and then a move was made to the front of the house where some beautiful fire works were displayed. Some of the Celestials, being cold, wrapped themselves in quilts from the beds and stalked around like Indians on their native prairies. Several boat loads were then made up and started off across the dark waters to take the Widdy's parents home. What direful accidents befell them never came to light and the Scribe and Pharisee could only learn that they managed to keep warm. Meanwhile those who remained on shore shivered around the fire for a time and then went to bed. When the wanderers returned the Duenna met them at the camp fire with some hot chocolate and sent them to bed in high spirits.

SATURDAY JULY 5TH.

Strange reports were heard from the tents around the house. Rumors of dutch beds, salt and gravel in the beds, pictures by flash light etc. etc. floated through the air. Does his Satanic Majesty ever visit these regions? wondered the dear little innocents over by the dining tent.

After breakfast the Commissary summoned the Band to assemble before the house and listen to some letters written by absent members in reply to the invitations to visit this Happy Place. Then Bro. B. conducted them all to the scene of last night's camp fire and taught them a most interesting and lively game, called "Policeman." A few games of tennis and then out on the lake. The "Whale" was soon filled with Shappie and her husband, Ninimus, Bro. Fanning and the Scribe. After going through the trying ordeal of having their pictures taken, they started off for the other lake which they explored thoroughly. Some of the occupants of the boat seemed greatly impressed by the steering done that morning. They had probably never seen anything like it before. The Scribe overheard one of them telling some one afterward that the trip was about two miles but with the steering it was three. However she knew this to be a false statement. Upon reaching home, all the other angels were found fishing off the pier. They told just such fish stories as mortals tell and of course nobody believed them. Being hungry the company dined. At the close of the meal Bro. Fisk read a toast written by the Superintendent for another banquet, but which was called for here.

The whole party then assembled in front of the house and were photographed, after which reading, writing and resting were in order.

Shappie's husband was discovered asleep with a placard on him; "I'm a daisy". The Scribe wishes to thank him here for the delicate way in which he announced his name and also to beg his pardon for ever having called him anything else. When he woke up, the "Daisy" and the Scribe played tennis against Minimus and the Fisherman while Bro. Fanning and Shappie sat around and made comments on the language used in the game. During the game calls were received from the Misses Wilson and Mr Earnest Kimball, and also from Mr. and Mrs. Homer. The profanity of the tennis court was broken up by a flurry of rain which drove the players on to the veranda where they amused

themselves until supper time.

At supper an inventory was taken and it was found that Gabriel and Tommy were the only heathen in the company as neither of them had ever taught a Sunday School class. So it was arranged that Sunday School should be held next day for their special benefit. After the evening rest the company separated; some playing whist, some Halma, and some went fishing; but all assembled around the camp fire after dark.

Late that evening a carriage drove out of the shadow, into the light from the camp fire and the Minister arrived. Lu strove to entertain him, thus deserting her former friend, and the Widdy became a Widdy. The kind hearted Cherub (whom the Widdy had always shamefully abused, by the way) offered to share her mourning, so they put on black and white, the Widdy wearing black mits and the Cherub black gloves. Later in the evening the Fisherman came in with a long string of fish and one big pike. After guessing all around and weighing the fish, it was found that the pike weighed 4 pounds.

The Squelch Rabbit said she baited her own hook, but she drew the line at taking off the fish. When the fish had been dragged all over the place, the Widdy and Squelch Rabbit held them up between them and were photographed. Then everybody went to bed with a clear conscience.

SUNDAY JULY 6TH.

Have you ever seen the sun rise? Have you ever seen it rise on a Sunday morning? Have you ever seen it rise on a Sunday in Paradise with clouds in the sky? If you never have, ask the Cherub to tell you what it is like. He knows; for we have it on good authority that on this particular Sabbath morning he rose every fifteen minutes after one A. M. to find out what time it was. At about four o'clock, so rumor reports, he began to dress, and by five o'clock every separate hair was in its proper place, his necktie was just right, his handkerchief peeped coyly out of his breast pocket, his boots shone, his half mourning was immaculate and under the covert gaze of his sympathizing comrades he stealthily squeaked out of the tent. So much for rumor.

At four A. M. Shappie opened her eyes to see who it was that was moving around the tent. She kept quiet however when the Commissary shook her finger at her and borrowed her watch. Shappie is discreet but she watched. Why was the Commissary making such an elaborate toilet in such a stealthy manner? She brushed her hair for half an hour, changed her hat two or three times and fussed over her necktie fifteen minutes. Everybody in the tent was awake by this time and secretly watching the performance. At five o'clock she stole quietly out of the tent and was heard no more. It rained hard and everyone wondered if she was getting wet. The butcher, the baker and the milkman all arrived and the Duenna came flying down to the tent after the Commissary, but nobody knew where she was. When breakfast time came, a great state of excitement reigned over this unwonted performance, when the Cherub and the Commissary walked innocently in and took their seats with the rest. All felt deeply interested in the adventures of their two friends but they were strangely uncommunicative. The Commissary talked rather incoherently about a fire place with andirons, a very handsome young man, a lock of hair, a dog etc. etc. very romantic. The Cherub was very still but showed his excitement by proposing to the Widdy twice before 9 A. M. She refused him both times but assured him that contracts made on Sunday were not binding.

All gathered in front of the house after breakfast, some reading, some talking, others studying the Sunday School lesson. A strong wind blew across the lake making the white caps visible. At 10.30 the church bell rang and service was held on the tennis court. Imagine what it was like if you can, you

who have never attended church with green grass for a carpet, the blue sky above for a roof and the four walls of trees around you. Where would the hymn of praise sound sweeter, the word of truth more impressive or the voice of prayer more solemn than rising amid the beauties of Nature herself direct to Nature's God. A small and select company gathered in such a place that morning while the Minister led the worship and Bro. Fanning read one of Phillips Brooks' sermons. Whether it was the sermon, the weather, the company or what, it is impossible to tell, but the reader seemed disposed to leave great gaps all through the sermon. The service ended and the rain descending the congregation rushed to the dining tent where they sang songs, ate pickles and sugar until the storm was over, then scattered until dinner time. After dinner a most interesting and profitable hour was devoted to the study of the Sunday School lesson, under the management of the Superintendent. Then a general scattering took place until supper time.

The Scribe will quote a few remarks made at that meal, as giving a sample of the lofty and elevating conversation carried on by these terrestrial angels.

On Bro. Fanning's being requested to touch the bell, it is discovered that only one belle has a ring (Shappie) but the rest have tongues and peel. The Commissary, the Widdy and the Cherub, coming in late, calls forth general remarks and advice from all sides of the table. Sombdy, we refrain from giving names, ask is that a cedar? Yes, don't you see the seed thar? Another volunteers the remark that a fish hook is a barbarous instrument—and so on ad infinitum. After supper the attractions of the lake were too strong to be resisted. Two boats rowed over into the other lake and called on Mr. and Mrs. Fred Homer. When night dropped her sable mantel down, one by one, weary wanderers returned. Spectral figures in the dark stole up softly and dropped into some quiet nook. The calm and happy day was long since ended and the midnight hour was fast approaching, but a spell seemed over all which none could break. Happy hearts brought sweet songs to the lips, while the stars above twinkled brightly in token of their sympathy. But all things earthly have an end and rest is necessary even in a terrestrial paradise. So finally Shappie slipped up to the tent; one by one, her charges followed until all were safely stowed away in their little cots.

MONDAY JULY 7TH.

The Commissary rose early on this morning, So did the Cherub. Consequently they were ready for breakfast. Poor Commissary didn't have a chance to eat much because her time was devoted to settling up bills which the kind hearted Cherub had helped her to make out. When this was satisfactorily arranged, eight of the number bid farewell to pleasure and returned to the grimy city. Away they went on a wave of excitement leaving the Widdy broken hearted and all the others so exhausted that they went to sleep, and slept all day, while the thermometer ran up to 90° and a high wind blew across the lake. After supper Shappie and her brood went in swimming, while Florence and Bro. B. fished.

Venus twinkled as usual, Mars glared down upon them and Jupiter ruled the heavens, but they were too sleepy to notice and went to bed early.

TUESDAY JULY 8.

This morning 2Lu and the Minister left the Happy Hunting Grounds to return to worldly cares. When the shock of their departure was over, the few spirits that were left again separated to follow their own devices. A few accompanied the Artist to Mt. Moriah, there to take photographs and sketch. Here they met a ferocious cow, and the Commissary was obliged to climb a tree.

Bro. B., finding it necessary to come home, left as a parting injunction to the Commissary that she might sketch the cows, but she mustn't let the cows catch her. Those who remained at home made themselves generally comfortable, while Gabriel mended the tent floor. When noon came, as the artistic individuals on Mt. Moriah couldn't hear the dinner bell and didn't know when they were hungry, the great Pan American Orchestra was summoned into existence by the Duenna and gave a performance to call them home. The music was most enthusiastically rendered, especially the duet between the dish pan and the dipper, but to no avail. Nobody knows what did finally induce them to come to dinner, but something did and artists and musicians dined.

About the middle of the afternoon a "bent up double man" appeared bearing a basket in his hand, which on closer inspection was found to contain candy—The cup of happiness was almost running over. Gabriel asleep in the hammock with an umbrella over him, must not be forgotten. Wrapping a stick in paper on which was written, "Sweets to the Sweet.—For Gabriel from the lesser angels," Bessie tied it to the umbrella, but when he woke up, Gabriel knocked it off, and but for Lillyun's timely presence would have gone off without it. At supper Gabriel cruelly asked the Commissary if she was a coward. The Widdy confessed to having put her candy on her looking-glass; to make her look sweet, Gabriel supposed, but Florence thought it would tend to make her look sticky.

While on the lake that night the poor young Artist was so overcome by the necessity of paying particular attention to each of the three damsels that he had invited to row with him that he completely lost his head, to say nothing of his heart, and rashly devoted himself to Minimus alone for the rest of his stay.

WEDNESDAY JULY 9.

This morning the inmates of the duck tent were so sleepy that they slept right on until George woke them up by pounding on the floor of the tent. A game of "Policeman" after breakfast served to drive away the chills until the sun grew warm, and the artists started for Mt. Moriah. As the great Pan American Orchestra had failed the day before, it was thought advisable to try some other method of calling the wanderers home at dinner time. So the flag was put out on the end of the pier, and after waving for twenty minutes succeeded in attracting their attention. Tennis and other games until four o'clock when the boats were manned and everybody rowed over to the station on the other lake to meet Miss Rathbun. Here the Band stood on the platform and devoured candy, arranged pins and pennies on the track, and generally amused themselves until the leisurely train arrived, then home again in great glee.

At supper that evening, Gabriel announced that people in love always ate pickles, and immediately swallowed two. Shappie reached out her hand for the bottle at once and the Artist tried to eat one but it choked him. Gabriels' pickles took effect at once and he devoted himself to the Widdy most assiduously. He was observed whispering to her on the tennis court twice. The second time Shappie started after him and he would have been caught but she turned her foot and fell down so he got away. He took the Widdy out rowing on the lake and his remarks were so soft and sweet that the Scribe refrains from repeating them here though she sat in the bow of the boat and heard them all. Some one softly remarked that it was a case of "linked sweetness long drawn out" and all the result of two pickles at dinner. During the song that night it was discovered that Shappie had the crack voice of the Band. The scene around the camp fire, a little later, was bright indeed, calling forth the remark that all our sparks were high fliers. Gabriel's attentions had evidently made an impression on the Widdy for that night she curled her hair. Not that she had never curled it before but this time she began early and curled late. She began before the light was out. Eleven o'clock found her still at it.

Tender inquiries from the other cots received the answer "still curling" and it was not until eleven-thirty that she was able to announce that it was finished and the sisters might feel free to go to sleep.

THURSDAY JULY 10TH.

At 5 A. M. a slipper flew across the tent to wake Gem. Alas, she and Shappie were to leave the Happy Valley that day and must get up and pack, Gem got up, obedient to the slipper, but Shappie turned over for another nap and did not rise much before the others. When she stepped out of the tent, the Artist was there and suddenly pointing his camera at her, took her picture before she knew it.

This day was to be devoted to a trip to Geneva Lake and carriages had been ordered for 8 A. M. but it was later in the day before they were fairly on their way. Gabriel called their attention to the fact that the belles were all peeling for the occasion. The road from Twin Lakes to Geneva was literally strewn with scraps of college songs. The Commissary sat up on the front seat and reeled them off by the piece.

Shappie had a hard time between Gabriel and the Widdy, Minimus and the Artist and she almost had to put her hands over her eyes to keep from observing their actions. It was a pretty dusty party that drew up before Gem's house, but she kindly furnished them with a brush and some soap and water and they felt better. She shewed them all over her pretty home, offered them some ginger snaps and cookies and then they all went down to the little steamer that had been chartered and sailed away across the water. It was a lovely day. The little drops of water danced all over when the sun kissed them and the breezes were as soft and refreshing as could be. The first stop was made at Mrs. Williams' house, but as the girls were not at home the Band decided to go on and come again later in the day. Gem pointed out all the beautiful residences along the bank and everything was greatly admired and enjoyed. At Camp Collie the boat stopped for water. On leaving this place, lunch pails were opened and hungry mouths were filled. When lunch was over the Wilbur F. drew into the pier at Bon Ami Camp. Here everybody went ashore and called on Mrs. Camp and picked up another member for Gabriel's Band. This pleasant half-hour over, farewells were said, and the little boat steamed away to Mrs. Williams' again. This time they were all at home and succeeded in giving their callers a very pleasant half-hour. Re-embarking on their little boat, the Happy Family returned to the town. Here a noteworthy event occurred. Four of them, walking down the street espied a drug store. The Artist at once invited them in and supplied each with a glass of soda water. It was time then to go to the station and put Shappie aboard her train. Alas, how sad the Band felt when the train rolled off, carrying Shappie away! No one now, to shut her eyes at Gabriel's attentions to the Widdy! No one to be oblivious of the Artist and Minimus! No one to sympathize with the Commissary at four o'clock in the morning! Ah, how sad they felt! The carriages drove slowly away from the station and stopped at Gem's house. Here was another separation: the Twins must part. Gem strongly urged the mourners to stop, but a long ride lay before them and they must get home before dark, as the road was rough. On the way home they gathered up the scattered fragments of song and sang them all over again; and the Widdy learned a new one: "Luddy fuddy, ip I iddy I O." The Scheming Widdy kept lamenting that her hands were all chapped, until Minimus couldn't stand it any longer, and told her she had better keep the chaps away. The travelers reached home tired and dusty just as night was climbing over the tree tops. How glad they were to get there and how joyfully they sang "There's no place like home." Madison had another supper ready for them and then the ever-loved camp-fire. The cots felt as soft as down, that night, to weary limbs.

FRIDAY JULY 11TH,

Another charming day!

Our fresh arrival announced herself as ready to take charge of Minimus and the Artist much to the relief of the rest. Mr. and Mrs. Homer and Bro. Gardner arrived by the morning's mail and were heartily welcomed. Later in the day, the Misses Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kimball came and staid to dinner. After that lively meal, the Artist decoyed the visitors on to the tennis court and took their pictures; then they went home. The artist then started to take two of his friends out rowing but he fell into the lake so that was given up. Just before supper a great disturbance was heard in front of the house and on investigation it was found that the Cherub, the Superintendent and the Fisherman had just arrived. Oh joyful! The Commissary would cheer up now! The heathen might go to Sunday school, and the whole Band could eat fish to their hearts content. The Fisherman announced at supper that he had been especially charged to look after the Artist; Gabriel thought if he had been especially charged he had better get up and go off. After supper, fishing and rowing but at the signal of the camp fire every one came ashore. The dying embers of the fire cast weird shadows over the group of figures lying on the grass listening to Gabriel's thrilling ghost story. When darkness reigned in the duck tent that night, and the inmates were still, Miss Rathbun and the Commissary tried to

"Harrow up their souls, freeze their young blood,
Make their two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Their knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

They succeeded pretty well, only Florence put her fingers in her ears, and Minimus went to sleep.

SATURDAY JULY 12TH.

A cloudy day with some rain before breakfast.

The Scribe overheard somebody asking what book in the Bible, baby Minimus was like? Leviticus came the answer.

Miss Rathbun was to leave that morning, so before nine o'clock the boats were filled with water-proofed figures, umbrellas were raised and off they started in the rain. On the way over one boat load stopped at the Choir Boy's Camp to enquire about the morning service for the next day. Nobody seemed to know much about it so they pulled away for the station where they were obliged to wait some time for the train. To pass the time they ate candy while Sister Holmes told the Cherub, the Superintendent and the Fisherman the names of their future wives. She quizzed them very searchingly as to their wishes in this particular and their answers would have brought tears to the eyes of a Sphinx. When the names were at last revealed the poor dear men were quite overcome. Just then the train whistled and was visible about 500 feet away so the Band knew that it would arrive in about half an hour, and Miss Rathbun prepared to say good by. Everyone was sorry to see her go for she was thoroughly liked by all. When the train had actually gone the water-proof figurers trotted back to the boats and went to call on the Misses Wilson. The call was rather short, as it was near lunch time, but very pleasant. Upon reaching the carry on the way home, the Cherub took off his shoes and stockings and triumphantly pulled the boat through the channel. The passengers re-embarked while he waited to assist the Artist. But the Artist had no mind to be assisted, he preferred to help himself. The Cherub waited until the Artist had crawled up

onto the bridge preparatory to dropping into the boat on the other side, when he seized the boat, dragged it through the channel, jumped in and pushed it way out into the water. But the Artist was not one to stand meekly by and be robbed of his rights; not he! He plunged into the lake with his shoes and stockings on caught hold of the boat and jumped in. Then the Cherub found it necessary to jump out, which he did with a splash that completely soaked the Commissary and the Scribe. The Cherub returned to his own boat subdued and rowed peacefully home, reaching there in time for dinner. The company seemed rather subdued at dinner. The Superintendent finally announced that he felt like the little boy on Thanksgiving Day who said he could chew but he could'nt swallow.

After dinner hammocks were swung and naps were taken. The pea-nut man came around and was so liberally patronized that by night everyone wished that he might never see another peanut. The camp fire that night was in still another place, up back of the tennis court, and the Artist took a photograph of it. The Band huddled together under the trees watching the fire and telling ghost stories. In the midst of the stories a ghost was seen to walk through the trees back of the fire, but no one seemed very much alarmed and the Duenna even went to interview it but it was gone. When the stories were ended the authors adjourned to the old fire place under the swing and were photographed.

SUNDAY JULY 13TH.

Old Sol woke up so happy that his face just glowed with delight and he beamed down upon the landscape in the warmest manner possible. It was so hot that most of the Angels decided to walk to church through the woods. The others went around in boats and when they drew up at the landing, there sat the Duenna and her flock in a row on the bank, waiting for the horn to blow to call them to service. Chairs were arranged under the trees and the Rev. Mr. Todd of the Cathedral conducted the Morning Prayer. The walk home under the trees in the Sabbath stillness was very pleasant, and in front of the house a little breeze had sprung up to greet the wanderers on their return.

The Duenna dined with the Band on that Sunday much to their delight, and their manners were certainly much improved for the time being. The afternoon was devoted to rest until five o'clock when all assembled on the tennis court for the pleasant Sunday School hour. Three people from the Englewood Camp were welcomed as visitors. After supper everybody went out on the lake, ate peanuts and sang hymns until dark. Then Gabriel, believing that the day glorified the deed, entered into a race with one of the other boats while the singers cheered him on with a psalm tune. The race ended by the boats colliding and splashing the sinners with water.

MONDAY JULY 14TH.

The Commissary rose at four o'clock as usual on Mondays. She came to Breakfast with her hands full of water lillies and said that when they reached the lilly beds the flowers had not yet opened their eyes. "Lillyun" thought it might be well for the Commissary to study nature more closely and not to open her eyes at such an early hour.

After breakfast the devotees of business departed and the devotees of pleasure sat around in a listless manner, not knowing what to do next. Poor Minimus was depressed because the Artist wanted to take her picture. She talked it over with the Scribe and "Lillyun". Would you rather pose for it or be posed, she said, "Now isn't that a poser?" The Scribe groaned and begged her not to make any more brilliant remarks because every one went through her like a knife. "You must be all cut up by this time," ventured "Lillyun."

at which the Scribe got up and walked away. While standing talking with Gabriel and the Duenna, she suddenly saw the Belle floating off by itself. Gabriel rushed off after it while a general howl for the Commissary went up from the bystanders. The Commissary rushed out to see the result of her early morning trip and was so overcome that she sank down and buried her face in her hands. Just then Gabriel reached the Belle and a little figure suddenly sat up in the bottom of the boat and revealed Florence as the innocent cause of such a commotion. A little while after, the Widdy thought she would take a row too. So she went out and succeeded in dropping her oar overboard and somebody had to go after her, "The trouble is oar" announced Gabriel, when she was safely landed. The conversation at dinner that day turned upon the subject of Old Maids. The definition of an Old Maid was given as one who had never been asked to change her state of single blessedness. Gabriel was sure he must be a genuine Old Maid for he knew he had never been asked. After dinner a general hair combing took place under the trees while someone read the Trotty book until the rain came and drove them into the house. When the rain stopped, a sheet was stretched between two trees and the Cherubim and Seraphim got behind it and hung their flowing locks over it and were photographed, Bro. B. thought that was a pretty fine line - a hair line so to speak. Gabriel was anxiously inquiring what kind of a line the gents would present when they returned to the city. When told a tan gent, he appeared satisfied. Late in the afternoon, the Band started out in boats to explore land along the lake, with a view to purchasing a corner of paradise for themselves. They stopped at several places and were much pleased with what they saw. At one point they gave a concert; the Artist singing soprano and Minimus the bass. Gabriel said he could carry the soprano if she were only light enough. Several stops were made and finally the Band wound up at Mt. Moriah for a last look at the twins. Gabriel climbed a tree and the Widdy went up after him. Minimus and the Commissary followed but it was time for supper and the cow put in an appearance just then so they decided to go home. Minimus, with her usual obstinacy, utterly refused all Gabriel's offers of assistance and jumped out of the tree in such a hurry that she strained her ankle and was obliged to lean on him all the way down the hill.

At supper, Sister Holmes remarked that she thought it very strange that she had not eaten any bugs yet: she always supposed that people who lived out of doors always ate bugs: but Gabriel assured her that this household did not use a spider in cooking.

The camp fire that night was especially beautiful, perhaps because it was the last. Gabriel piled on little pine trees, which sent out a most beautiful shower of sparks.

TUESDAY JULY 15TH,

The Artist, Minimus and Sister Holmes got up early and went for pond-lillies and everybody was late for breakfast. As soon as breakfast was over, Gabriel placed a board across some boxes in front of the tent and he and Bro. B. brought around the trunks and placed them in a row on the board. Then the packers fell to. And such a time as there was! sorting out everybody's things and packing the trunks: but by noon everything was ready to go. Dinner that day was highly aesthetic. Dishes were all done up in boxes, so the Duenna supplied the table from her stores; no two plates, cups or saucers matched; gravy was served in a tumbler. The tents came down after dinner, then a last swim, the carriages were at the door, the Widdy put on her weeds, farewells were said to the Duenna, and the procession started to the inspiring strains of "Luddy Fuddy."

At the Railroad station it was found that the gains in avoirdupois were as follows:-

Minimus—4½ lbs. Florence—7 lbs. Bessie—3½ lbs. Lillyun—4 lbs.
Commissary—3½ lbs. The Widdy—7 lbs. Bro. B.—5½ lbs. Gabriel—
3 lbs. The Scribe—8 lbs.

Last bills were paid, and trunks checked, just as the train rolled into the station. At Crystal Lake a fond farewell was said to "Lillyun" and Florence and as they left the train, soft strains of "Luddy Fuddy" from the Widdy floating after them.

As the train sped onward, the Celestials began to grow hungry, so Madison passed around sandwiches and marmalade followed by peanuts and candy. Minimus and the Artist were so absorbed in each other that they could not pay any attention to the rest of the party and Gabriel was obliged to blow his trumpet in their ears. When Gabriel blows his trumpet the lesser angels jump.

They jumped!

When the train stopped, all the angels sat up straight and tried to look respectable but it was hard work especially as this was the place where goodbyes must be said.

Two happy weeks were over. Shining threads in life's web that would never be exactly matched again. No dull and cloudy lines to mar the beauty of the spot, because all earthly selfishness had been left behind and a truly heavenly spirit of concord and peace had ruled.

The Band has now dispersed but may we not here extend to one another hearty thanks for the happiness each has helped to create, and all unite in a song of warmest praise to the three who labored early and late for our pleasure the Archangel, the Commissary and the Duenna.

JULY 22nd. 1890.

MARY I. LYMAN.

