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HINTS FOR CAMPERS.

DO NOT LOAD YOURSELF DOWN WITH TOO MUCH.

The Necessities in the Way of Clothing, Blankets, Fishing Tackle, Camp Tools, Etc.—How to Make a Fireplace—Other Points That Will Be Valuable.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 30.—The tendency of men who go on camping parties to load themselves with useless impedimenta is in exact proportion to their greenness in the field. The older and more experienced a man is, the less he believes in the beauty of transporting an extra backload. More especially is this true of camp equipage such as cooking utensils, tents and bedding. All that a party of three or more really need may be carried easily by them if the tent be saved for a second load.

To begin with what a man needs for himself, he should have one spare suit of clothes besides that which he wears, three flannel shirts, two pairs of drawers, six pairs of socks, two pairs of shoes—one light and the other heavy—two towels, a dozen handkerchiefs, a piece of soap, a hairbrush and toothbrush and a soft felt hat, which make the clothing outfit. A sash for the waist or a strong belt will serve to keep the clothes snug. In addition he will need a rubber blanket and a bag to keep his clothes in. The latter at night serves for a pillow. For sleeping, the best of all arrangements is the blanket bag, a pair of heavy blankets sewn up the sides, with enough flannel added to make the whole sufficiently long to reach the waist when pulled over the head. This is, of course, when the owner is inside. The pack is made by placing everything in the blankets, rolling them up tightly, putting the bundle in the rubber blanket and tying or lashing the whole thing.

This outfit may be almost indefinitely extended provided one has transportation in boats or wagons, but the list given includes everything necessary for a two or three weeks' trip. In case more things are taken, the first additions should be pajamas of flannel or Turkish toweling for sleeping in. These are exceedingly comfortable, and although they take up a good deal of space they pay for it. In place of a soft felt hat a knit Glengarry bonnet, or what is often called a Scotch cap, may be taken. It forms a good nightcap and is comfortable. It is well to add a couple of undershirts to the list, and a large bathing towel is never out of place. Do not consider it necessary to purchase suits of clothes for camping. Every one has clothes which are too old to wear in town, and these are just in the right condition for the woods.

If you are anxious, however, to have a special suit, get one made of brown jeans, that strong, canvaslike cotton fabric out of which overalls are manufactured. It not only washes perfectly, but it will stand any amount of rough usage. It possesses the added advantage that the color makes it almost invisible a short distance away in the woods, and it is therefore very good material for a hunting suit. Shooting coats, as they are called, made from it can now be purchased of any dealer in fishing and hunting supplies, and the multiplicity of pockets which marks them show a rare appreciation of one's needs in the open, and are all useful.

There is probably no question over which men who camp out have wasted so much breath as that of carrying a tent. It is beyond a doubt that a tent is not only heavy and awkward to lug along, but that it is the source of no end of worry and bother. At the same time one must have a roof of some kind over him at night and when it rains, and building shanties is not always practicable. I am willing to allow that a shanty is much more comfortable than a tent can be, and that when one has a shanty he will never long for the canvas substitute. Still, putting up a shanty merely to spend the night in it is more work than the average man cares to expend. My own custom in such matters is to make up my mind beforehand how long I am going to stay in one spot. If I am to spend from two weeks to a month at the same place, then a shanty or very large tent with a double roof is in order. If I am to move every night a shelter tent is enough. There is a modification of this rule which is not without merit—always use a shanty if some one else builds it, for the labor of putting up even a bark shelter is much more enjoyable when undergone by another person. In default of shanties already built you will need a tent of some sort.

The camp tools consist of an ax or two, a trowel to dig the trenches around the tent, one of these handles containing awls, small gimlets, screw drivers and the like, and if you have those who shoot in the party, some assembling tools for the guns. There should be in the stout bag in which all these are kept a piece of shoemakers' wax, a hank of strong linen thread, a tin box of vaseline and one or two pieces of good glue. It is well also to carry a few feet of copper wire, say No. 10, and a pair of pincers. Rods will break sometimes, and if one has the materials he can mend them very fairly, while otherwise he will be reduced to borrowing. For cleaning or oiling guns nothing is as good as vaseline. It does not run if it gets uncorked, and it keeps the guns in perfect condition. This tool sack should always form part of the pack of one particular man whose business it is to see that things are returned when used. Otherwise the very thing you want will be missing just when it is most needed. I suppose it is scarcely necessary to say that each member of the party should have a good jackknife, and a ten cent whetstone in the tool sack will come in handily for these.

The branches of the flat fir—what is called sapin in Kanuckia—make the the best of all camp beds. They should be used liberally and piled up until the heap is at least eighteen inches deep. It is well to drive small stakes down on each side of the bed in order to prevent the branches spreading over the floor. In default of fir, make a pile of grass, hay, small brush, bulrushes or, in fact, anything that will serve to raise you a little way from the ground. Over this bed spread your rubber blanket, fastening it with loose strings to the stakes to keep it in place. By the bye, get a rubber blanket with brass eyelets along the sides. On the rubber goes the blanket bag, of course.

For eating and cooking let each man provide himself with a large pressed block tin cup, a deep plate—also large—a knife, fork and spoon. Two tin milk pans having been purchased, add one more of these for every three persons in the party. To a party of six this would give four pans. Have also an eight quart tin pail, with cover; a four quart ditto, with ditto, and for good measure, if the party exceeds four, a second four quart pail. Purchase one or two large, deep frying pans, with covers, and have detachable handles. The best handle is bent into a flat hook which fits under a strap riveted on the side of the pan. Get what is called a Dutch oven. This is a large iron pot, with a deep cover, into which coals may be put, and in which you cannot only boil food, but bake bread with greatest ease. It must be pointed out that when using it for baking the heat must be taken from the coals in the top or cover, and although it is well to place the pot near the fire it must not be close enough to heat from the side or bottom.

This pot is also used for cooking one of the regular dishes of the woods—pork and beans. In order to get these at their best, dig a hole and fill it with burning sticks. When the earth is thoroughly heated clean the hole out, put into it the covered pot containing the pork and beans properly prepared, fill the top with coals and heap up earth over the whole thing. Do this at night and dig the pot out in the morning, when it will be found that the food is cooked perfectly. This is the method of the lumbermen, than whom no men eat more delicious pork and beans.

When the tent is pitched and the beds are made it pays well to build a fireplace. The secret of successful cooking in camp is the use of coals rather than flame as a source of heat. The attraction of gravitation is a side show to that which exists between the smoke of a camp fire and the eyes of a cook. The commonest of all catastrophes in camp is upsetting the frying pan just when the fish and potatoes are nearly done. I call it a catastrophe, and the name is not a misnomer, for it is beyond a joke to lose the supper or breakfast with several hungry men waiting for it. The danger may be guarded against easily enough. Find four or six stones about the size of your head and arrange them in two lines near enough together to support the frying pans firmly. Back of this fireplace make your camp fire, and as soon as you have a goodly store of coals rake these down between the stones into a good, thick heap. Then cook over them. The side stones give you a rest for the pan, and you need have no fear that it will tip when a stick burns out. You can make the fire itself between these stones if you wish by placing the ends of the sticks together and shoving the sticks up as fast as they burn away, but there is more comfort to be derived from the coals. Add to your equipment one long iron spoon.

Stores for a camping trip may be as many as the money available will buy. Those necessary, however, are not expensive and are not difficult to carry. Generally speaking, you should allow for each person in the party, per week, three pounds of pork, two pounds of flour, half a pound of coffee, half a peck of potatoes, one-eighth of a peck of onions, a pound of sugar and an ounce and a half of salt. For the whole party carry a can of baking powder, half a pound of pepper and a bottle of Worcestershire sauce. In place of coffee, tea may be taken if you prefer it, and the best way to carry either is in a wicker covered demijohn with a good cork. And speaking of coffee, the proper way to make it in the woods is to soak it for twenty-four hours in cold water, strain through a cloth and heat up. Two or three cans of condensed milk are not amiss.

One does not go to the woods to be sick, but for all that a number of the party may be attacked or injured, and it is well to have some medicine. Quinine in 2-grain pills for fever, Sun cholera remedy for dysenteric attacks, some leptandrin and podophyllyn pills for biliousness and some laudanum and arnica for bruises will make up the camp medicine chest. Add to these some drachylon plaster, a roll of bandage, some absorbent cotton, a good bistuary and a pair of tweezers. The greatest danger to which men in camp are subject is an accident while chopping wood or a sprain while fishing. For the first it is impossible within a short article to give any directions. The cut may be a mere scratch or something which demands the attention of a surgeon as speedily as possible. For the second no man need suffer from a sprain who will put his ankle into a water bucket and keep it there for a day or two. A useful thing in the woods is a small bottle of ammonia, for this liquid is an almost certain cure for all forms of insect bite, from those of mosquitoes to spiders. Poultices in the woods are made of wet clay, and if they are kept wet they draw splendidly.

ALFRED BALCH.

Women in Floriculture.

Larger and larger grows the cut flower trade of cities. Many women are engaging in floriculture for a living and doing well. Little capital is needed, and experience will come with effort. It is a work apparently cut out by nature for women. The main point is to secure an establishment near a good market. Of course this is a necessity. Special lines of flower raising are the most profitable probably. A woman might get a reputation on her carnations, roses, violets and pansies or chrysanthemums, and so found a trade that would bring her in a competency. Then, too, this work is one of the healthiest of occupations. It leads to outdoor existence and turns our faces again toward the life of nature that we left for civilization.

THE SAD TRUTH.

It Was Hard to Bear, but He Stood It Bravely.

I was looking at the Murphy family in the big tank at the Zoological gardens the other day when I observed a man on the other side of the iron fence slyly take a handglass from his pocket and look at the big "hippo" and then at himself. If you've been up there you've probably caught the big beasts standing with only their ugly faces out of water. Nature never tried her hand on anything else after creating a hippopotamus. It was her last expiring effort, and she gave him one look and fainted dead away. I didn't mean to let the man see that I was watching him, but he tumbled to the racket after a bit and started off toward the elephant house and beckoned to me to follow him. When we were quite alone he leaned up against the fence and looked me over a few seconds and said:

"You look like a candid, truthful man."

"Thank you."

"If I should ask you for an honest opinion on a certain matter concerning myself I believe you would give it."

"I think I would."

"You saw me looking at the hips?"

"Yes."

"And also observed that I had this handglass?"

"Yes."

"I do not live in New York. I live in a village up the river. I am a single man. Up to a fortnight ago I was engaged to a sweet girl. Do you follow?

"I do."

"Engaged to a sweet girl, and we were to be married this fall. Two weeks ago she came down here with her father and mother. They took in the Zoo. They saw the hips. She returned home to treat me so coldly that I had to ask for explanations. She explained. What do you s'pose she said?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, sir, she fancied she saw a resemblance between old Murphy's face and mine! Yes, sir, and her father and mother did too!"

"Great Scott!"

"And now, sir, I've come down to see for myself. I think she is right. I think there's a resemblance. Look me straight in the face and tell me what you think."

"I—I hardly"—

"Spit 'er right out! Do you see a resemblance?"

"Must I tell the truth?"

"You must! I can bear it!"

"Then I do see a resemblance. Indeed when I first caught sight of you over the fence I thought one of the hips had got out of the tank. I'm sorry to tell you this, but you"—

"I wanted the truth. You have told it to me. The fact is settled that there is a resemblance, and I go home to release Susan from her engagement. Sir, I thank you."

"But the fact that you happen to resemble a hippopotamus needn't necessarily blast your hopes."

"It must with Susan. She could never look at me without thinking of old Daddy Murphy, with his snout and eyes just above the water, and her love would grow cold. Goodby, sir! You are a truthful man. As a man and a hippopotamus I bid you good day!"—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

A Woeful State.

One of Philadelphia's most prominent physicians, while in Virginia recently, wandered into a village courtroom where a trial was in progress. As he entered a dispute which was being carried on between the prosecution and defense as to the advisability of admitting a certain letter as evidence was ended by the judge desiring that the letter be given to him in order that he might decide the matter. When the letter was handed to him he put on his spectacles, turned it first inside out, then upside down, then sideways, examining it carefully all the time.

"What's the matter with the judge?" asked Dr. Blank of a bystander. "Why doesn't he read the letter?"

"Pshaw!" said the individual addressed, with a world of contempt in his tone, "he can't read readin' readin', let alone writin' readin'."—Harper's Magazine.

Gradual, but Effective.

"That's a very pretty charm on your watch chain, Mr. Stayforever."

"I am very glad you think so, Miss Tiredtodeath."

"The chain is very pretty, too, isn't it?"

"I am quite delighted that you like it."

"Is your watch pretty?"

"Well, you can judge for yourself."

"What, Mr. Stayforever! Is it really quarter of 11? Who would have dreamed it was so frightfully late!"—Boston Courier.

What Might Have Been a Tragedy.

De Sappy—Yaas, at the club last night, do ye know, the fellahs actually put my hat up and shot weal bullets through it. I have bwought it awound as a curiosity. Here is where the dweadful bullets went through.

Miss Summit—How very interesting! Did it hurt much when it passed through your head?—Clothier and Furnisher.

Railroad Cooking.

Traveler (in dining car, fast express)—Waiter, these eggs are too soft.

Waiter—S'prised to heah dat, sah.

Traveler—They were taken out of the hot water too soon.

Waiter—Well, sah, I'll put 'em back an' let 'em boil another mile, sah.—New York Weekly.

Providing for the Funeral.

Greene—Your friend Penn Wright has taken a novel means of providing for his burial expenses.

White—What is it?

Greene—He has written a lot of articles for the magazines, when he dies they will be printed.—Lake Shore News.

The Other Little Boy.

The proprietor of a corner grocery happened to be a small man without any beard.

"What can I do for you, sonny?" he asked a small boy in front of the counter.

"Nothing. The other little boy is wrapping me up a pickled cucumber."—Texas Siftings.

At His Old Tricks.

Sapeck gravely walks into a grocer's shop, and introducing himself as the steward of a large educational establishment, he says:

"I intend substituting candles for gas in our institution. What are your best brands?"

"The Phœnix, the Etoile, the Bonne Mere," was the tradesman's eager reply. "We keep ten varieties in stock."

"Will you please light one of each kind and put it on the counter and I will choose."

The grocer complies. Sapeck watches the candles burn with the e/e of a philosopher. Suddenly he exclaims:

"You can keep your candles. I think I prefer gas, after all."

And he walked out, leaving the enraged grocer with his half burned candles.—Le Petit Parisien.

A Sympathizing Spirit.

He—I think she gave up everything when she married that man.

She (who is feeling very queer)—How dreadful! Was it at sea?—Life.

Negro Philosophy.

The train was speeding along when in the distance a wagon loaded with wood was sighted. It was standing in the road beside the tracks, and as the train approached it was seen that four sleepy looking mules were attached to it and that a big negro was asleep on top of it.

"Why, darn me," said the old northern farmer who was going south to visit relatives, "he's stuck in the mud."

"Right you are," said the Pullman conductor.

Just then the train shot by the wagon and one of the mules dipped an ear as a sort of courtesy to the passengers.

"And bust me all up if the driver ain't asleep," exclaimed the old farmer, hurrying to the rear of the car to get another look at the wagon.

"Looks that way," admitted the conductor.

"Why, he ain't stuck bad," he said after a last look.

"No!"

"Naw. Old Nance, my gray mare, could yank that load of wood into the next county and not half try."

"It wouldn't take much of a yank."

"And that feller with four mules jest lies down on his load and don't try to get out."

"Yes; that's the way they do down here."

"Well, what in blazes is he waiting for?"

The conductor seemed surprised at the question.

"For the mud to dry up, of course," he said. "What did you think he was waiting for—Gabriel's horn? I've seen half a dozen of em lie two days in that hollow."—Chicago Tribune.

The Power Behind the Throne.

Bingo—I wish you would tell the lady next door to be careful about her hens getting in our back yard.

Mrs. Bingo—Hadn't you better tell her husband?

Bingo—Not much. He hasn't anything to say around that house.

Mrs. Bingo—How do you know he hasn't?

Bingo—I notice by their wash this morning that he wears homemade shirts.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Quite the Thing.

Manager—I want you, Mr. Chiseller, to prepare a monument for one of my freaks that died yesterday. He was a giant of splendid proportions and seven feet six inches in height. What do you think would be an appropriate inscription for a monument to such a man?

Mr. Chiseller—Um! Let me see! Why, "Gone to his long home," of course.—Boston Courier.

Very Apprehensive.

Miss Winslow (petting the mastiff)—Just see how roguish Bevis looks. Sometimes I think that he understands and appreciates all our jokes.

Charlie Wheeler (who has been there, somewhat grimly)—Yes; I've noticed that he catches on very quickly.—Fun.

He Found Him Out.

Bridegroom (to bride on arriving at hotel)—Now, Laura, darling, don't let these people know we have just been married.

Manager (as bridegroom enters, to porter)—Tom, take the gentleman's hat, and brush the rice from the brim.—Yankee Blade.

A Bad Break.

"They say Professor Barkins' address before the Dorcas society was not well received."

"Well, why should it have been? The idea of his addressing a lot of old maids as 'My venerable friends!'"—Harper's Bazar.

Aggravating.

Flemish Milkman—It's very strange. The milk is genuine, so is the water; but as soon as you mix 'em they charge you with adulteration.—Etoile Belge.

Retribution.

His energetic action, in a spick-and-span claw-hammer, would have paralyzed a buzz saw in the fraction of a week.

And he spent a summer season trying hard to find the reason for the mortifying music of the patent leather squeak.

His efforts tying neckties would have taken him to China, if he'd skipped this daily torture and had started out to walk,

And the names that he invented for the scents with which he scented, if a polyglot had heard them would have turned him white as chalk.

The geometric creases in his trousers were a passion which developed in proportion to the tailors that he had.

And he passed his nights in thinking of an unknown way of prinking, which would give him proud distinction as the author of a fad.

And then he met an heiress with a taste that was æsthetic, and with all the calm assurance of the latest thing in clothes,

He sat right down and waited in a manner cultivated—but she shook him for a farmer with a wart upon his nose.

—Tom Masson in Clothier and Furnisher.

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