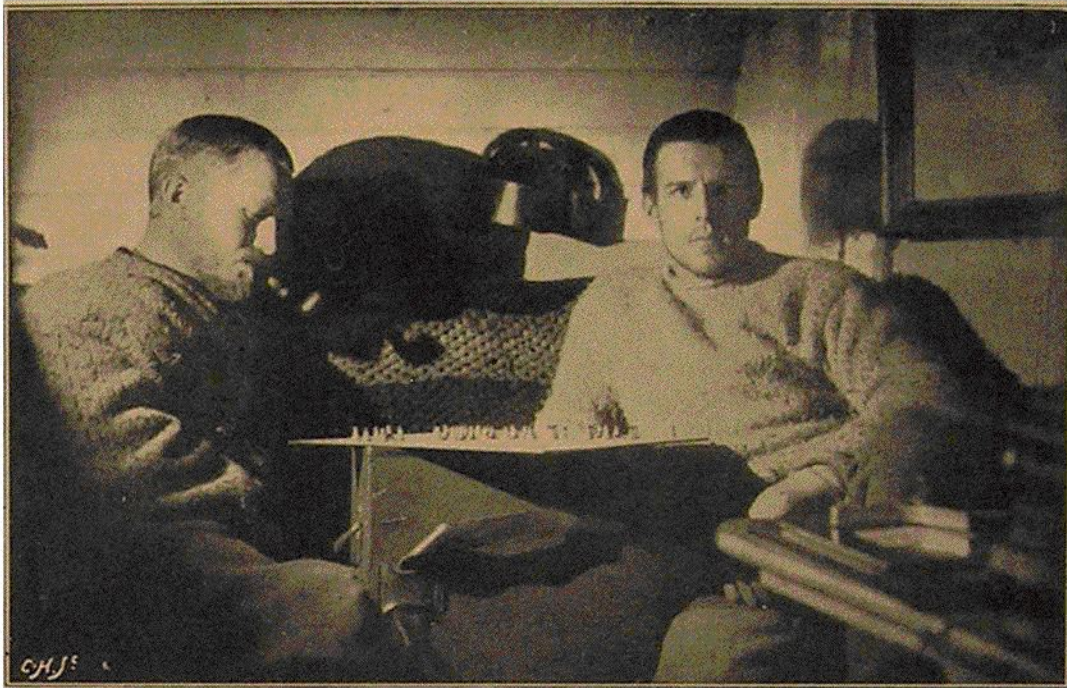


expedition. We shall have nothing to write about when we get home. I may say the same of my comrades as I have said for myself; they all look healthy, fat, in good condition; none of the traditional pale, hollow faces; no low spirits—any one hearing the laughter that goes on in the saloon, 'the fall of greasy cards,' etc. (*see*



A GAME OF HALMA

Juell's poem), would be in no doubt about this. But how, indeed, should there be any illness? With the best of food of every kind, as much of it as we want, and constant variety, so that even the most fastidious cannot tire of it, good shelter, good clothing, good ventilation, exercise in the open air *ad libitum*, no over-exertion in the way of work, instructive and amusing books