

While returning home from the mounds Sunday evening, Messrs. Norcott and Carpenter; also the ladies; got lost on the prairie and wandered around till almost daylight. Finally they became weary and sought rest. So the gentlemen made a splendid bed under the carriage, and allowed the ladies to slumber to their heart's content; while they dropped down upon the ground; (after first unhitching the horses and picketing them out,) and fell asleep. About 6 o'clock next morning, which by the way was Monday, Attya. Jas. P., and Thos. McMahon, awoke rather early for them, we admit; while coming down town for their breakfast; noticed a camp of mowers just ahead, and within 40 feet of the elevators. They walked over to see who it was, with the above result. The first thing Norcott said, was; (Half asleep yet.) "There now, that will do. Raise your head just a little—no not so much—there. Now be perfectly still—look pleasant—all done. You can see a proof of your pictures tomorrow," and then rolled over for another snooze. They had camped nearly all night between Tom McMahon's residence and the elevators—and only 300 feet from the hotels.