ucts. For amalgamating ores, are provided one thirty-inch Wheeler pan with dolly tub for collecting amalgam, two combination pans, twelve and eighteen inch diameter, with a thirty-inch settler, and one eight-inch pan; also a ball mill for amalgamating gold ores. Ample provision has been made for lixiviating ores and for treatment by electrolysis and with acids. A Root blower for the supply of the blast furnace and an exhaust fan for the removal of dust caused by dry crushing find place here. There are two main lines of shafting, an upper and lower, each ninety-two feet long, beside considerable counter-shafting. Power is supplied by the Porter-Allen engine, and a small vertical engine is held in reserve for night work and other emergencies.

The toilet-room supplies a long-felt want. It contains hot and cold water and every convenience. In it are lockers for the fourth-year class, and clothes hooks for the third.

In addition to all these alterations, elaborate vaults have been built, 16 x 73 feet, and six and one half feet high, alongside the furnace and milling rooms, for the storage of fuels and ores.

All these changes have made this laboratory the most complete in the United States, if not in the world.

F. W. C.

OBITUARY.—Those who had made the acquaintance of Arthur W. Sanborn, last year in charge of the iron-working department at the shops, will regret to hear of his death, which occurred on Sept. 17. Mr. Sanborn had a severe attack of typhoid fever early in the summer, from which he was recovering, when a hemorrhage of the lungs proved too severe for his already enfeebled constitution.

Articles contributed to The Tech should be written on but one side of the sheet, and communications of any kind should be accompanied by the name of the writer. Drawings must be made in black ink, and about twice the size intended for publication.

Beneath the Rafters.

Ah, that dear, old farm-house garret,—what a glamour o'er it falls,
Hallowing each rough-hewn timber in its dusty, cob-webbed walls!
With the skeins of mingled mem'ries, Fancy weaves her mazy woof,
When I sit there, vaguely list'ning to the raindrops on the roof:

For I think how, in my childhood, such a pouring day as this
Seemed to each unruly imp the sum of human miseries;
Then the garret's treasured chaos roused itself for his behoof,
Till he e'en forgot the dreary, steady patter on the roof.

But the best and brightest mem'ry twines around one drizzling day
When two rummaged through the attic, "just to pass the time away."
If a maiden needs assistance, never wooer stands aloof, Though his heart go pitter-patter, like the rain upon the roof.

So I helped her over rubbish in her "crazed-for-antiques" quest.

Soon our heads came close together, bending o'er an ancient chest,
And I yielded to temptation;—so subdued was herreproof That a tune of triumph seemed the raindrops' murm'ring on the roof.

With the patter'ing of the raindrops mingles now an angry hum,
And before a wasp's weird music my intruding Muse is dumb:
For those rhythmic sounds remind me that my skin is not sting-proof,
So I soon am out of hearing of the raindrops on the roof.

L., '87.

A Visit to Mammoth Cave.

ONE day in the early part of last summer a party of three started from Louisville by the morning train to visit Edmondson County's, Kentucky's, in fact, the world's, largest cave. To say that it is the largest in Edmondson County, is to say a great deal, as there are fully five hundred caves there. There was nothing especially remarkable about our party, except that two thirds of its members were also members of the Tech. Luckily for our peace of mind it was a party in which three is company and not a crowd.