accomplished a tragedy, and, with a rather incoherent explanation that I didn't know it was he, left the room and went to bed. Narrow escape, wasn't it?"

I thought it was, decidedly, and so expressed myself. The story produced that curious sensation within me which will be readily understood if I have been at all successful in relating it here as it was told. The conversation after that was about the characteristics which different men exhibit in emergencies; when James, the butler, came to announce that dinner was served; so we went out of the darkness into the bright light of the dining-room, and forgot housebreakers in the absorbing duties incident to dining off roast venison cooked with gravy in a chafing dish.

THADDEUS PELL.

In Clover.

'T was ere the mellow autumn moon
Shone down on happy lovers,
That she and I, one afternoon,
Went seeking four-leafed clovers.

No cloud bedimmed our leafy path,
No care our hearts came over,
As, wandering in the aftermath,
We looked for four-leafed clover.

A trick of Cupid's this, they say,
To put on one leaf over,
That lucky men may find a kiss
With every four-leafed clover.

I fear her blushes did betray,—
For how could they discover
That I—that we—that summer day
Found—several four leafed clovers?

F. M. W., '87.


TOWARD the close of last term arrangements were made for a party from the Institute to visit the more prominent mines and mineral localities of Nova Scotia, under the direction of Prof. R. H. Richards. This party, consisting of five students, two assistants, and a gentleman and his wife from Cambridge, began their journey on the last day of June, leaving Boston on the International Line steamer "New Brunswick." The day was pleasant, and we had a fine sail to Portland, where advantage was taken of a short stay to stretch our legs on shore. On leaving this port in the evening, we found more of a swell outside, and before long many of the ladies had disappeared, and some of the gentlemen did not feel entirely comfortable. The next morning found us enveloped in a dense fog, which continued during the day, our only guidance being the compass and the fog-whistles. Just before noon we caught a glimpse of the coast, and soon found ourselves rounding the island of Campobello, which lies off Eastport Harbor. Inshore the fog had lifted, giving us a fair view of the harbor as we entered. A stay of two hours enabled us to appreciate the good dining facilities of the Passamaquaddy House. Here also our party was increased by the addition of one more student. During the remainder of our voyage the fog was very dense, and, as we entered St. John, we saw nothing of the town till we were alongside of the pier. I think all were heartily glad to be once more on land. At the Royal Hotel, we enjoyed a warm supper and a good night's rest.

Going out upon the street in the evening, we found the town celebrating the anniversary of the union of the Provinces, which occurred seventeen years ago. This celebration corresponds very much to ours of the Fourth of July. The next morning we passed through a rather uninteresting section of country, upon the Intercolonial Railway. Moncton and Amherst were the larger places on our route. At the latter we stopped for dinner, and were there met by Mr. B. B. Barnhill, a former student of the Institute, and at that time superintendent of the Joggins Coal Mine.

At Maccan we left the train, and, after a ride of twelve miles through a desolate country and