to light my cigar, and you can picture my surprise and mortification when I found I had carelessly carried off the key of the cabinet in my pocket. But as Charlie was coming to town the following day, I resolved to keep the key and give it to him then instead of sending it to him, so I wrote a note saying I had his key and would return it to him when I saw him, and mailed it at the next station. As an extra precaution against losing the key I put it upon my key ring.

Well, now, I think I have given all the details necessary, and so will return to my story. I reached the laboratory, and unlocking my desk, commenced my experiments. The first thing I had to do was to make some nitrous oxide, and as I was tired, I arranged my apparatus in a slovenly way, so that there were a good many leaks; however, as good luck would have it, they seemed to make no difference, and I soon had enough of the nitrous oxide to answer my purpose, so I leaned over my desk with my head very near the bottle containing the gas, and proceeded to write out my notes, thinking all the time what Charlie would say to my having carried off his key. I had written but little when some one touched me on the back and said a man wished to see me in the hall. I went out and found Sam, Mr. Brown's colored coachman, awaiting me. As soon as he saw me he burst out with "Quick, Mr. T., get your hat and coat and come with me." Seeing by his expression that the fellow was in earnest, I did so, and we entered a carriage at the door of the new building, and were soon whirling toward the Boston and Albany station, which we reached just in time to catch the three-thirty train for M——.

As soon as we were once seated I asked Sam what was the matter, and he told me as follows: It seems that the little boy who was in the room with me the evening before had been sent to bed, and was supposed to have gone there; but in the morning his bed was empty, and he could be found nowhere. The house was entirely ransacked, but there was no trace of him. At last a slight noise was heard in the cabinet in which my friend's collection was kept, and in a moment the whole thing flashed into their minds. The little boy had not gone to bed, but had come down stairs into this room, and while my back was turned had entered the safe, and when I had locked it I had imprisoned him. They had looked everywhere for the key, but of course with no avail; just then my note of explanation arrived, and he had been sent off by the next train to bring me to unlock the cabinet. You can imagine the state of my mind when I thought that my carelessness might be the cause of an innocent child's death.

As soon as the train reached M—— we rushed out and, jumping into the carriage awaiting us, were driven as quickly as possible to the house. When we arrived there we found everything in confusion; I hurried to the room where the cabinet stood, and put my hand into my pocket for my bunch of keys,—it was not there! In a second all was clear to me; I had left it, in my hurry, in the lock of my laboratory desk. When this was told Mrs. Brown, she fainted away, and the scene was something terrible. What could be done? The child could not live much longer in the cabinet, even if it was still alive. Everything had been tried to open it, but with no avail. Another effort must be made. I seized an iron bar, Charlie another, and we tried to pry off the door; at last it gave way, and with a crash . . .

I came to myself and found all this had been a dream; that I had breathed the escaping nitrous oxide, and had been insensible. The crash I had heard when I came to was caused by my knocking off some of the apparatus on the desk in the excitement of the horrible dream. The other students in the laboratory had simply thought I was deep in my notes, whereas in reality I had been insensible. It is needless to say that when I returned the key to Charlie the next day, and told him the tale, he burst out laughing, and assured me that his little brother was all right. And you may be sure that in the future, when making nitrous oxide, I shall be careful to have my apparatus tight, so that the terrible experience of that Friday afternoon will never happen again.

F. H., '88.