to the writer whether some of the party were more interested in the precious stones or in the bright eyes of the young lady operatives. The dial room revealed the fact, new to many, that the numbering and lettering on the dials is done entirely by hand. The copper blanks are first covered on both sides with a white enamel, and twice subjected to the heat of a blast furnace, then, after the lettering and numbering is completed, they are fired again, and polished. The case room turns out only silver cases, the gold ones being all made at the company's New York factory.

The rooms are lighted principally by gas, though the incandescent electric system is used to some extent. The works were comfortably warmed, well lighted and ventilated, and the operatives all looked contented and happy, especially when we left.

After a brief visit to the Waltham Gas Works, the return trip was accomplished without accident.

The thanks of the party, and of the writer especially, are due to Mr. Shirley for interesting and valuable information, of which advantage has been taken in this article.

H. C. S.

Skating.

Her skates upon her dainty feet
I bound both fast and tight,
Then helped her rise from off the seat,
Equipped, prepared for flight.

I took her hands, and off we went,
Both feet and tongues in motion;
Our thoughts were more on pleasure bent
Than on our locomotion.

Our eyes spoke words, as eyes oft do,
In language known to lovers,
Which is all Greek and Latin too
To each and all the others.

But 'twixt us two (just then some wood
We struck, our skates were jumbled),
I am quite sure I understood,
I also know she tumbled.

F. W. H.

A Midnight Adventure.

JACK is my chum, or I am Jack's chum, whichever way you choose to put it. Jack and I believe that one of the best ways of enjoying life for a season is to get out of the way of everybody else and become a species of hermits, as it were. So my story finds us alone in a little trapper's log hut, way off in the backwoods, in the northern part of New England, very near the Canada line. The region through which we had just passed was wild and picturesque in the extreme and full of big game. Within six months of our arrival, two large moose had been killed there and several deer and caribou. The only way of reaching the camp was by pushing a flat bottom boat for five miles up a creek overgrown with alders and bridged by fallen trees, making the five miles seem fifteen.

The last visitors to the spot had big stories which to relate, about a mysterious visitor who had entered the camp at night, thrown down the tin dishes, bent them up and raised a rumpus generally, scaring them out of their wits. They unhesitatingly pronounced it a "long claws," as bruin is known in that vicinity.

So Jack and I were ripe for something to turn up and prepared ourselves accordingly. The camp was a log hut about fifteen by ten feet with a little low open doorway, which had no means provided for closing. Within, the furniture consisted of a stove and bed. The bed was raised about a foot from the floor and was made of poles, covered with hemlock boughs. The general impression to one lying on it was a plate of corrugated iron, no matter how thick the boughs. Over this was a canopy of mosquito netting to keep out the black flies which swarmed around. To keep these pests off in the daytime we were compelled to besmear ourselves with fly "medicine."

When it came time to retire, we decided, in view of the experience of our predecessors, to barricade the door. There was nothing except some slabs of thick hemlock bark to be had, but we covered up the opening with these, and decorated the whole with tin plates and pickle jars;