filaments of these latter ornaments gave a very striking effect to the whole costume. Her cortex consisted of the best silica to be had in the laboratory, and altogether she was perhaps as charming as any person on the table.

It was a beautiful sight. Lichens, tenderly carrying Protococci in their arms, were flirting with the Mosses. The Ferns were congratulating one another on the gradual decrease in size of the prothallium, and the concomitant increase in importance of the asexual generation. Myxamoebae were dancing the schottische with the spores of Pilobolus, and the whole spectacle was one of life and gayety.

The Lobster called the vast assembly to order, and made a short speech, the words of which I was unable to catch. I saw, however, from the fierce glances directed at the spot where I sat, that there was no doubt about their purport. The company was then drawn up by the Lobster into a semblance of order, and a committee appointed to undertake the work of the evening. The Lobster was made chairman. He came toward me with a sphygmograph, for the purpose of registering my pulse-beats. I felt that I had no power to move. The instrument of torture was screwed tightly down upon my wrist. I tried to scream, but my voice was drowned in the general murmur of approbation that greeted the work of the Lobster. I was declared, on the authority of the sphygmograph, to have aneurism of the aorta, and for that reason it was decided to begin operations upon my head. The committee were in hot dispute over the question whether it was best to start first with the cerebrum or with the cerebellum. I was in utter despair. Suddenly the laboratory kitten bounded upon the table, with an exclamation of indignation, knocking down on the way the botanies of Sachs, Goodale and Vines, and three volumes of the Standard Natural History. My would-be dissectors sought refuge in speedy flight from the claws of the enraged kitten. My preserver bowed politely, and warned me not to delay my steps; for against the spirits of her own departed relatives, her intervention would be useless. She added, in a lower tone, that there were several feline spooks who had their residence in the laboratory. I took the hint, and rushed from the room. At the first opportunity I revived my fainting strength with a careful “adjustment of the internal relations to the external relations.”

In consequence of this adventure the laboratory kitten is still alive and well, and has been received into the bosom of my grateful family.

L. A. B.

Poker.

I would tell her, if I dare,
But that twinkle says beware,
And I only have a pair—
Deuced small.

She is bluffing, well I know,
Though there's not a look to show,
And I feel it would be rash
For me to call.

Oh, my fate was badly planned;
If I only had the sand,
I would ask her for her hand—
Ah! but then,

I have called her once, you know,
And 'twould not be comme il faut
If I told her I should like
To call again.

L. W. L.

A Day on Black Mountain.

BLACK Mountain, or, as the guide-books call it, Sandwich Dome, is one of the prominent peaks of that cluster of mountains which lies almost due south of the Franconia range. The ascent of the mountain is usually made from the old Campton road, about two miles from its terminus at Waterville, New Hampshire.

On a clear day last August, a party made up of eight of the guests at Eliot’s Hotel, in Waterville, started with a guide to climb the Sandwich Dome. The larger portion of our party were young people. The others, although older, were none the less merry. We left the hotel at nine in the morning, and were driven in barges to the foot of the mountain. We were accompanied by a number of friends who no doubt en-