vied our strength, but who did not themselves feel equal to so hard a climb.

People had told us that the first third of the way was the hardest, and we believed it before we had climbed fifteen minutes. It was like scaling the side of a house. In some places it seemed impossible to ascend farther, but we finally succeeded by availing ourselves of the hardy little spruces that offered their friendly support on either hand. We had climbed steadily for nearly an hour without being able to get any outlook, so thick were the trees on every side. All at once, however, we came out upon the bare cliff called Noon Peak; then we knew that the hardest part of our walk was over.

Let me say a word here about the odd name of the peak we were on. Noon Peak was so called by the settlers of this region, because at about midday it casts no shadow. The sun's rays fall almost directly upon it at that hour.

To return to our party. The path led along a ridge that rises gradually from Noon Peak to the summit. It took us a little more than an hour to walk the remaining distance. When we reached the summit, we seated ourselves on a large pile of rocks, which commanded a superb view of the Waterville Valley on one side, and of the lakes Squam and Winnipiseogee on the other.

The Appalachian Mountain Club has placed on the summit of every important peak in the White Mountains, a tourists' register. This consists of a strip of paper several yards long, wound tightly around a wooden pin; the whole being inclosed in a cylindrical bronze box, that looked at first sight like some kind of an infernal machine.

The leader of our party seated himself on the pile of stones that marked the place where the register was kept. He opened the box and read aloud some of the names which were written on the roll. The person who had placed the box on the mountain, and whose name headed the list, was, if I remember rightly, Prof. W. H. Niles. The roll was passed round, and each of the party wrote his name on it; the last man put the paper into its case, and replaced it where it had been found.

It had been agreed before we started, that at two o'clock we should "flash" to the hotel. The hour arrived soon after we had finished eating our lunch. One of the gentlemen had a pocket-mirror, with which he obtained the proper angle, and sent a "flash" to our expectant friends in the valley. In a few moments return flashes came to us, and we knew that our signal had been seen.

It would take too much space to tell of all the exploits and adventures of that day. Let it suffice to say, that we all arrived safely at the hotel at nightfall, ready to do ample justice to the excellent supper that awaited us, and to enjoy the cheerful blaze of an open fire.

H. P. S.

A Biological Excursion.

A JOLLY instructor, and four equally jolly Techs, appeared at the door of Rogers early one afternoon last November, and seeing a depot car passing, raised a mighty shout that brought the gaudy vehicle hurriedly to a stop. We were biologicals, headed for Beverly Bridge, intent on business and pleasure. Whenever the biological stirs abroad he is taken for a fisherman, and this trip was no exception; for, before we had gotten aboard the car, no less than half a dozen fishy questions had been asked by Freshmen lounging on the steps, who think they are thus working hard now, but who, in the next year or two, will have this delusion completely knocked out of them, and will then wonder at their presumption.

We finally arrived at Beverly by the limited express,—a genus of train that stops at the sight of a red flag, and boasts a high-sounding name for its engine.

Beverly Bridge is a favorite place for collectors of zoological specimens, and is much visited by students of zoology. Though the marine life there is not very varied, the opportunities for collecting are so good as fully to make up for any deficiency in variety. The tide