my jacket and some one's dinner-pail for a pillow, and gazed dreamily through the open door. Still no one appeared to disturb my solitude, and the train wound slowly along. Looking at the hills, and thinking of the Katerskills just beyond sight, made me imagine I was going to them, and getting away, if possible, from my thoughts, for they had been for some time anything but happy. It was because of them that I was for the time a wanderer. Bitter thoughts once more contended hazily in my mind with better ones, until at last — after awhile I woke up enough to open my eyes and see what had made me wake. The caboose was transformed into a very noisy, practical sort of a place; for the trainmen had come in, and were talking and laughing while they got ready for Saturday night and a day's rest. The conductor was sorting way-bills in one corner at his desk. Two old fellows were swapping war stories, and even tougher fish stories, and the brakemen were trying to wash off some of the "Erie dirt," so their best girls could recognize them when they reached Port Jervis. One young fellow was unusually anxious, for he was to be married that week, I learned, and expected his girl to meet him at the station. After his turn at the water-bucket he fished out a package from a locker, and disclosed a "biled" shirt and a necktie. A collar and cuffs did not seem to enter into his ideas. But he was happy, and Saturday night meant something to him. Pretty soon the conductor saw I was awake, and to satisfy his doubts about my being a tramp, asked for my fare. A few minutes after we pulled into the train-yard at Port Jervis, and everybody hurried off, leaving me to gather myself together and follow more slowly. That evening, later, I was at M——, twenty-five miles nearer, and in sight of, the Katerskills, with my afternoon ride only as a memory.

Woods Holl.

One bright morning in early October the four '88 Biologicals, convoyed by their instructor, set sail for Woods Holl. They got under way at just nine o'clock, and were soon dancing along with an ever-freshening breeze. This embarkation, by the way, was in an Old Colony passenger-car; but since the recent yacht-races, American journalism is nothing if not nautical. Our object was to visit the United States Fish Commission buildings and Aquaria at Woods Holl.

Reaching our destination after some two hours' ride, we straightened ourselves out, and looked upon the prospect before us. The air was deliciously mild and balmy, and we felt that an "east wind" belonged to the traditions of another clime. Without rhapsodizing over the scenery, it may be said, very truly, that the picture we saw before us was beautiful. Soft blue water, green islands, fleecy, drifting clouds were everywhere; and as if to give a touch of life to the whole, there was the Puritan riding at anchor near Naushon Island,—the summer home of her owner. We felt that naturalists could not possibly be better located for summer work; and the thought came to us, very pleasantly, that just here it was hoped to establish a marine biological laboratory in the near future. The project, when carried out, will result in great benefits to American biology.

The buildings of the Fish Commission are but a few minutes from the railway station. Professor Lee met us as we reached them; and in all our sight-seeing we were greatly indebted to him for his kindness and painstaking courtesy. After a hasty survey of the collections and aquaria, we felt called upon to honor the claims of the physiology of nutrition, and accordingly withdrew. In our ears the voice of the waitress still rings, as she calls in stentorian tones, "Another piece of pie for Mr. !"

Returning for a more extended examination of the varied forms of life, we found much to excite our wonder and interest. In almost every tank were pugnacious hermit-crabs, each manfully tugging at the claw of his neighbor with a heroism worthy of a better cause. Here and there were glassy-looking squids, shooting back and forth as if jerked by a spring, and frequently bringing up against the side with