city; and the little clock, which now had every reason to think itself at Bougival, threw time to the winds, and always struck eight when it marked three. Finally this whirlwind of pleasure carried the family of Schwanthaler to America, and the finest Titians of the Pinakothek followed their illustrious trustee in his flight.

EPILOGUE.

After the departure of the Schwanthalers there was an epidemic of scandals in Munich. In rapid succession a canoness eloped with a barytone, the dean of the institute married a chorus girl, an aulic councilor took to cheating at cards, and the convent was closed on account of nightly disturbances.

O depravity of inanimate things! It seemed as if the little clock were possessed, and had taken the task of bewitching all Bavaria. Everywhere it went, everywhere its gay tones sounded, it turned the people's brains.

In time, step by step, it reached the royal residence; and since then do you know what score King Louis, who is an out and out Wagnerian, always has open on his piano? "The Meistersingers?" No! A drinking chorus from the Opera Comique! This teaches us to make our clocks for use only.

THE TECH EXTRA!

Owing to the refusal of the Board of Aldermen to grant the necessary license, the Athletic Club meeting has been indefinitely postponed.

The Tech wishes to present in its local column a complete record of what is happening at the Institute. Secretaries of social and other organizations will especially confer a favor by sending us reports of proceedings that may be of general interest. Such local notes should be dropped in The Tech Box in Rogers' corridor, not later than the Saturday before the next number of The Tech is to appear.

A Breath from the Maine Woods.

II.

The next morning we were up with the sun, and though we were prepared to find ourselves on a beautiful lake, we were not prepared for such a sight as met our eyes when, having washed away the last traces of drowsiness by a dip in the cool water, we launched the canoe and paddled a short distance out from shore.

The lake is situated on a plateau about a thousand feet above sea-level, and is almost surrounded by mountains. Behind our camp rose abruptly from the shore the lofty, pine-crowned peaks of the Chairback Chain, five in number. The loftiest of them, Big Chairback—away up under whose summit nestles two little ponds, full of trout, their shores never free from the tracks of deer and bear—lay just back of our camp. Farther to the south loomed up the square, table-like mass of the Barren Mountains, and to the southwest, at the foot of the lake, the single peak of Blue Ridge could be seen. From this point the mountains ringed round the lake in a broken circle, ending with old White Cap itself, the monarch of the group, its bare gray peak a vast pile of broken rock, as Thoreau says: "The raw material of a planet, dropped from an unseen quarry, which the vast chemistry of Nature will anon work up, or work down, into the smiling and verdant plains and valleys of the earth. An undone extremity of the globe; as in lignite we see coal in the process of formation." About its top the clouds continually drifted, blowing away from the summit like streaming pennants, yet never ceasing, for they were created out of the pure air as fast as they drifted away, by the condensing action of the bare, cold rock. The mountain was, indeed, a cloud factory, never at rest.

After the sun was up so that we could see clearly down the lake, we took the glass and examined the shores, counting, while doing so, four deer taking their morning bath at as many different points on the shore.