It was Professor Richards' idea to have us spend the whole of the next day in exploring one of the mines, acquiring a general knowledge of what our surroundings were to be.

So the next morning we started for the shaft, arrayed in the most disreputable of our old clothes, with waterproof overalls and oilcloth hats, and rubber boots on our feet. And that first day underground came very near ending disastrously.

We gathered about the mouth of the shaft, up through which a visible cloud of dampness arose, and lighting the wax candles attached to our hats, waited for the arrival of the "cage."

Up it came, finally, from the darkness of the pit, and we stepped carefully on, together with a few miners, who took a fiendish delight in telling us not to touch this or lean against that, until the only safe place appeared to be the exact center of the platform, where there was room for just about three. The signal that we were ready to descend being given by the engineer of the mine, who accompanied us, the trouble began.

Seasickness was ecstasy compared to the awful sinking feeling produced by the series of drops, and jerks, and stops, and drops again with which that cage commenced to go down. However, it only lasted for a short time; the thing finally settled down to business, and we descended quite gently into the depths. Down, down we went until we finally reached the vicinity of the fifth level, when the cup and ball business began once more.

When the struggles of the cage—which impressed one strongly as being endowed with life of the most expressive sort—had ceased, we stepped off into pitch darkness, and onto land that instantly and emphatically waived all claim to dryness. We were forced to wait before beginning our explorations, to allow our eyes to become accustomed to the faint light cast by our candles, which had been extinguished during our descent, and which we now relit.

After a few minutes we started off in single file, the procession headed by Mr. Sturtevant, the engineer, and Professor Hoffman bringing up the rear. We tramped along through the narrow drifts and broad chambers, stopping here and there to notice the peculiarities of a deposit or the methods of working the ore.

The only incident of importance was the one referred to above. We were climbing up through a "winze" from one level to the next, and the head of our party had nearly reached the top, when those immediately in front heard a sharp order, immediately followed by the sound of falling ore overhead. On climbing out onto the level, we found Sturtevant talking to two grimy miners who stood sullenly by their car, part of their ore lying on the ground behind it, and the car itself tilted back just at the edge of the winze through which we had ascended. No one suspected anything at the time, and it wasn't until a good deal later that we discovered the narrow escape we had had. The two miners, ignorant, let us hope, that there was anyone below them, were on the point of dumping two tons of ore and rock on our heads when Sturtevant shouted to them. A second later and the whole mass would have come tumbling down upon us; but by a quick effort they threw the body of the car backwards, and thus saved us.

(To be continued.)

A CONFESSION.—RONDEL.

Although you never cou'd have guessed,
Thine image ever dwells in me
Since that one moment, ever blessed,
When I thy radiant form did sec.

I only looked. You did the rest,
My dark heart felt a light from thee;
And though you never could have guessed,
Thine image ever dwells in me.

So be thou never, sweet, distressed
By thoughts of love's inconstancy.
Cupid himself the button pressed;
A Kodak I—so don't you see
That though you never could have guessed
Thine image ever dwells in me?

—Unit.