

ent who looses sleep soon becomes the one who says "I don't know professor," when called on in his classes. From the tendencies of human nature to continue in a path once trodden, it becomes all important that the student should start aright if he would attain an end of which he can be proud.

THE BEAR MEADOWS.

BY PROF. W. A. BUCKHOUT, M. S.

The "Bear Meadows" is one of the most interesting places in our College neighborhood to any one with a taste for the study of nature. There is nothing specially beautiful in it, in fact one's first impression is generally of downright disappointment, for the name is suggestive of a good deal, and imagination and all the local traditions lead us to expect something extraordinary. Many turn away disgusted when they find only a very common looking swamp, and wonder what possible interest can be found in it, except by the hunter, who may be rash enough to penetrate its laurel thickets in pursuit of game, or the fisherman who flounders about through its mud, lured by the idea that trout can be taken there. But, consider for a moment a few facts about the physical geography of this square mile or so of our state. It lies about 1800 feet above sea level. Walled about it are low mountain ranges made up of fold after fold of rocks which run along the flank of the Allegheny proper. Now lakes and boys are not common features in the landscape of Pennsylvania, and in this part of the state they are exceedingly rare. Here, however, is the conjunction of a few physical conditions which have made possible a basin, probably a beautiful little mountain lake at one time, but now choked and filled with organic matter due to many centuries' growth of peat which occupies the central, treeless area while its borders support a vigorous

growth of trees. Look about now and we shall see that, while the surrounding mountain sides carry the same pines, oaks, etc., which make the prevailing timber of the region, the borders of the meadows show a profusion of very vigorous specimens of tulip poplar, hemlock and soft maple, and in marked contrast to these the tall spires and sombre green of the black spruce, with here and there the resinous trunks and blue-green leaves of the balsam spruce: the last two are strange trees hereabouts and one must needs travel a long way before meeting them again. But look closer yet and mark the undergrowth and smaller plants. Here are several shrubby species which are rare in this latitude, while scattered about in abundance are a score or more of herbaceous plants which are either entirely unknown anywhere else in the neighborhood, or are not commonly found. Conspicuous among them are the painted trillium, cucumber-root, goldthread, pitcher plant, and buckbean—a flora quite Canadian. In short we have here, in its plants as well as in its physical features, a bit of a Canadian bay dropped down as it were in the heart of our Appalachians, or perhaps a relic of the old geological days when glaciers covered the country to the north and drove all life southward before them. These are some of the points of interest brought out by hasty and limited examination of this unique spot; doubtless there is much more which would reward a careful and prolonged study. Heretofore the Meadows have been preserved by reason of their isolation. Somewhat remote from the settled districts, accessible only by rough and tedious roads, they have been invaded only by periodical hunters and fishermen, by bands of berry pickers and curious tramps. These, though seeking what they may devour have had little power to despoil the place of its natural features—if we except the game. At most they destroy a few trees by their reckless use of bark in building huts, and by their extravagance in keeping up fires; but nature soon covers up these feeble attacks. That which is to be