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AT TWILIGHT

When day is done and evening comes
And twilight gray begins to fall,
And when the fire-lights fitful glow
Doth cast faint shadows on the wall;
When nature hushed in sweet repose
Awaits the shades of night,
My thoughts upon the wings of love
To childhood's home take flight.

F. T. C., '00.



THE CAVE.

JACK WATERS and I are "State" graduates. What class? O, well, consult your catalogue. We are "Miners" and, unlike most College men, instead of remaining in the United States, we went to Brazil to prospect in the gold fields there.

June of the year 1891 found us in the Geral Mountains at the head waters of the Tapajos, one of the tributaries of the Amazon. We had been travelling all day and about dusk we had gone into