thought to ask him about his picture. But when she saw the look of pain that came into his face at her words, she knew that he had lost. And she put her arms about his neck and begged him to forgive her for unwittingly grieving him.

But he only held her more closely, and he told her that though his picture had not taken a grand prize, he had been able to sell it for a fabulous sum. And that although he had narrowly lost one treasure, he had found another far greater. And she, looking up into his eyes, smiled and was happy.

R. T. STROHM, '98.

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AN ADVENTURE UNDERGROUND.

(Second Best Story Submitted by a Freshman to the English Department.)

NE morning near the first of November I started for a twenty mile ride down the valley to visit Penn's Cave. The mountains, lying in long, even ranges on both sides, with now and then a gap cut down to the very base, like a notch in a saw, were covered mostly with oak forests; and the leaves, colored by the autumn frosts, were rich red and brown. Seen at a distance, they gave the mountains a slight purplish shade. I rode leisurely through village and country, enjoying the beautiful scenery as much as the bad condition of the roads would permit, and at Farmer's Mills turned to the left from my course down the valley and rode directly towards the mountains. I passed the end of one high ridge which presented a fine view of its steep sides and soon came to the Penn's Cave House, where I procured a guide and started at once for the cavern, a short distance away.

We descended into what appeared to be a very short, deep, little ravine, by a series of rickety wooden steps. The two sides of this glen are quite precipitous and covered with low bushes, ferns, and moss. Opposite the end from which we entered, and but a short distance from the foot of the stairs, the gorge ends abruptly at a high limestone cliff. At its base the cliff slopes under and forms the entrance to the cave. We stood at the bottom of the glen on a wooden platform in front of the black tunnel into which we