

village. Yes, it is Mr. Philips, and he is wedged in his corner by the pressure of two large sacks, which occupy the greater part of the interior. The sacks impede our view of the other travellers, but a chance displacement of one of them discovers to our gaze Mr. Johnson another professor, and the third party is a student of the College.

What secret expedition can take these usually staid and law-abiding gentlemen into this region, with such a mysterious equipage? They were not known to have expressed any desire for an active part in the discovery of the North Pole, nor was their equipment the ordinary one of Arctic explorers. But hush! what altercation takes place between the travellers?

We look in, and discover that the displacement of the sacks which disclosed to our view Mr. Johnson and the student, was caused by Mr. Philips in endeavoring to extract a cigar from an inner pocket.

Mr. Johnson opposes Mr. Philips' smoking and this is the cause of the discussion. They have come to some agreement, for the cab is stopped; and the bags which, though large and fully distended, seem to have no weight, are placed outside, and strapped to the top of the cab.

While this is in progress, we see that one of the sacks is marked with a large H, the other with a large O. Mr. Philips now lights his cigar and smokes contentedly, the others wrapt in robes more closely around them, and all lapse into silence. The removal of the sacks gives us a better view of the interior of the cab. We see several small boxes, a quantity of rubber tubing, and what gives us the key to the mystery, — a magic lantern!

Mr. Philips is quite popular in the vicinity of Snowville as a lecturer; and very likely, this journey is for the purpose of enlightening the inhabitants of January, a village about sixteen miles north of Snowville, on the road over which they were now travelling.

Why the village went by the name of January, I know not, unless it is, as one of the villagers remarked, "because we have January weather 'most the whole year round." The sacks then, strapped on the

top of the cab must contain the hydrogen and oxygen gases utilized in the apparatus; and this accounts for Mr. Johnson's opposition to Mr. Philips' smoking in the cab while the sacks were there.

The mystery solved, we will once more turn our attention to the members of the party. Mr. Philips is reclining in his corner, contentedly watching the clouds of smoke ascending before his eyes. He has been doing this for the past half-hour. He finds something strange about the smoke. It does not exhibit the bluish color that he generally notices; moreover, it possesses no feeling of warmth. This puzzles him. He meditates on it, but is unable to account for it. At last he perceives that the cigar is as long as ever; in fact it has been out for some time. The puffs of light colored smoke that were ascending before Mr. Philips' eyes were puffs of *vapor condensed from his breathing*. This incident caused much merriment in the party; and Mr. Philips was about to relight his cigar when the sudden stopping of the cab, and the shouts of the driver arrested him. The wind blowing very hard, had loosened one of the bags from its fastenings, and sent it skimming along a field, till its progress was arrested by a fence a few rods distant. The driver, assisted by the wind, soon reached the bag, and essayed to swing it upon his shoulders. At this moment, the wind blowing with redoubled vigor from another quarter carried the sack and the unlucky driver a rod further away. This battle lasted quite a time, till the driver became very warm both in his body and in his temper. He finally succeeded in bringing back and firmly strapping down to its place the object of his care.

The travellers proceeded on their way; the journey becoming more difficult, till at last they came to a stand-still, and the vehicle careened over on one side.

The road was impassable. The driver informed them that they must walk a short distance, until he got by the bad spot in the road. The travellers left their shelter, thinking that a little exercise would warm them up. The cold, biting wind blew directly upon them and soon