

side, a completely equipped dark room in which many excellent pictures have already been brought to light, and on the starboard side a large rack holding our canned goods, ketchup, lime-juice, etc. Along the bulkhead are the fancy cracker boxes, tempting a man to take one every time he goes below, and under the racks are our kerosene and molasses barrels. Between the line of four double-tier berths on the starboard side and the rack just described is a handy locker for oil clothes and heavy overcoats. Lockers run along under the lower berths, and trunks with a thousand other articles are stowed under the tables. A square hole cut in the bulkhead, just over the galley head, lets heat into the wardroom and assists the lamps in keeping us warm. As yet, in spite of some quite cold weather, we have been perfectly comfortable. Sometimes, however, odors come in as well as heat from the galley, and do not prove so agreeable. If to this description, clothes of various kinds, guns, game bags, boots, fishing tackle and books, should, by the imagination of the reader, to be scattered about, promiscuously hung, or laid in every conceivable nook and corner, a fair idea of our floating house could be obtained. On deck we are nearly as badly littered, though in more orderly fashion. Two nests of dories, a row boat, five water tanks, a gunning float, and an exploring boat, partly well fill the Julia's spacious decks. The other exploring boat hangs inside the schooner's yawl at the stern. Add to these two hatch houses, a small pile of lumber, and considerable fire wood snugly stowed between the casks, and you have a fair idea of our anything but clear decks. A yellow painted bust, presumably of our namesake Julia, at the end of figure-head, peers through the fog and leads us in the darkness; a white stripe relieves the blackness of our sides; a green rail surmounts all; and, backed by the forms of nineteen variously attired Bowdoin men, from professor, their tutor, alumnus, to freshmen, complete our description.

Meanwhile the night, clear but windless, has come on, and we drift along the Nova Scotia coast, lying low and blue on