

scene of active operations. He was led, not to the stable where he expected to go, but to the little addition, which has been described as a shelter for calves during unfavorable weather. As Larry entered this rather primitive looking shed, Denny who was acting as his guide, seized a large shovel that was standing against a post and began removing a huge heap of manure, carelessly piled near the side-wall. Larry began to remonstrate, saying he hadn't come there to assist in cleaning out the calves' lodgings, but to visit one of those underground fairy palaces he had so often read about and meditated upon with youthful wonder. Denny thereupon told him to practise a little Christian patience, and hold his tongue, otherwise he would be liable to lose it, so Master Short-pants, thought it the best policy to keep a respectful silence and await developments. After quite a number of immense shovelfuls were removed, something giving a hollow sound was struck, and a trap door slowly appeared. Larry stared with wide-open eyes as the proportions of the trap were gradually revealed, but actually started back in boyish terror as the wooden covering was itself raised. Underneath there appeared a perpendicular, pitchy-dark hole about three feet in diameter, into which, Denny said, one had to let himself drop, as there was as yet no other means of descent. To make matters worse, Larry had to go first as it was Denny's business to close the trap behind them. He repeated whatever prayers he remembered, and then, mustering all his courage, let himself drop, resolved to explore these mighty underground regions or to die in the attempt. The drop was not so bad after all as it was only about six feet, but, instead of the handsome velvet carpets with which his fairy-haunted imagination had clothed the floors of these underground palaces and halls, Larry found his feet sunk in about three inches of very soft mud which splashed rather uncomfortably around his ankles. Then began a march, or rather scramble, through a dark passage not more than two feet broad, and about four and a half feet high. There were clayey wet banks on either side and plenty of mud everywhere, so Larry, for once in his life, expressed satisfaction at being small. As

it was however, he managed to collect upon his person a sufficient amount of red clay to make one believe he was an animated pottery statue. At length after many ejaculations, not at all complimentary to private distilleries in general or to this one in particular, Larry and his guide arrived in the one only apartment of the underground manufactory. It was lighted by a solitary candle, stuck in a sconce hung up at one end, and so dense was the smoke, which had no exit save a very defective flue, that one could hardly distinguish objects two steps ahead. A few rough planks, one thrown across another, offered the only means by which one was kept from plunging knee deep into the muddy water, which gave the floor the appearance of a very dirty pond in which ducks are accustomed to waddle. The roof was so low that full-grown people could barely stand erect, and dirty water, oozing from above, and dripping between the rough beams, added considerably to the uncomfortableness of the place. The big still, placed over a brisk fire on a slightly elevated hearth, was doing its work in a very encouraging manner, whilst the long crooked copper worm, connected with the still-head, and coiled up in a spacious barrel, filled with water kept constantly cold by a continuous supply from the above mentioned spout, looked like some dangerous serpent panting with rage and spitting forth its fiery venom. A couple of young men with whom Larry was well acquainted were busily occupied attending to the various requirements of the work on hand. They gave their young visitor ample information regarding everything he saw, and, to tell the truth, he was glad when they got through with their description, for his unaccustomed eyes, under the influence of the thick smoke with which the place was filled, were giving him considerable pain. Moreover he dreaded that the undermined buildings overhead might momentarily topple down about his ears, thus abruptly ending a career, destined, peradventure, for many a noble and heroic achievement. Larry returned to the upper world by the same way as he had entered, but had to make use of some hastily formed incisions in the clay bank in order to elevate himself at the place where he had jumped