

the aroma and sweetness of those woods, the play of sunlight and shadow, the crooning of the trees, and the musical chiming of the waters passing onward to the Basin. Although I knew those forest groves as well as any other student, it was a revelation to me to find growing there, in the late June and early July, quantities of the *Linnaea*, or hare-bell, often called the twin-flower. Great patches of open spaces were pink as a Horton sunset in spring, with these tiny, delicately scented blossoms. Often when there was not a leaf stirring, I noticed a movement of these plats of flowers. The bells would bend and shake violently, in spots covering an area of a foot or more in diameter, while in other portions of the bed they would be motionless. I observed this frequently, but although I did my best to discover the cause of the phenomenon, I was only puzzled for my pains."

"Late one still and hot afternoon, being concealed in a deep covert closebeside a bank of twin-flowers, I observed the agitation of the bells,—at first few in number, but presently on a grand scale, the motion being rapid and rhythmic. There was not a breath of air. The overcast sky and the lateness of the afternoon deepened the forest shade. I was able to get a horizontal view of the flowers, with the opposite bank of the brook for a close background. At once I felt quite sure that I could discern something in motion in the air just above the flowers—something transparent, pearly, like faint reflections in water. Holding a glass tumbler in my hand, (which I used for drinking from the brook), I suddenly placed it over a clump of blossoms in lively motion. There was an instant calm in all directions. I pressed the tumbler closely upon the firm sward beneath it, and although for a little the enclosed flowers moved, I was unable to see anything else within it. Placing a stone upon the tumbler I left it for the night.

"Creeping softly to the spot early the next morning, I saw a squirrel performing his unique antics in full view of the tumbler. Knowing that he was yet unaware of my presence, and remembering that Waldo Emerson declared that the antics of the squirrel always presupposed a spectator, I concluded that the spectator in this case was within the walls of the tumbler. It was no unfamiliar thought to me then, and it is a less unfamiliar one to me now, that the perceptions of the *ferox* or wild nature, are more subtle than ours; and Williams has lately shown on scientific grounds the high probability of insects being able to per-

ceive a whole world of actual existences lying without the range of our senses. I examined the glass from every point, but could see nothing. Cutting up the sward beneath it with a knife, I transferred both undisturbed to a plate, and carried the whole to my room in the college, where I vainly scanned it in every possible light. Putting the plate away in my bedroom, I happened to notice the reflection in the mirror, where I instantly discerned a motion of something in the tumbler. By means of the mirror (for I could see nothing by direct observation of the object), I began to study my capture. It was some time before I could detect any new motion. After a period of absolute quiet, I could see the faint outlines of two hyaline forms, seemingly far off and insubstantial, as the reflection of a reflection. One was erect, its head being an inch or more below the inside of the top of the inverted tumbler, and the other seemed to be leaning against a twin-flower bell. The slightest motion on my part caused the reflections to disappear at once and completely. Sad to say, in seeking to adjust the plate so as to secure a better position for it, I upset the tumbler, and all was lost.

"However warily I tried thereafter, I could not again, during the season, creep within reaching distance of those plats of hare-bells while in rhythmic motion. Of course, I kept my secret, and planned when leisure should be mine, at twin-flower season, to make fresh captures, and study these phenomena exhaustively. Judge of my feelings when, scientifically equipped, I visited Wolfville, and with beating heart pushed my way over the college hill the first week in July, to find only brush and stumps, where once flourished those evergreen woods. Hare-bells and doyards (?) had gone. Although I have watched beside these flowers in many other places since, I have never detected even a sign of the presence of these mysterious creatures. The destruction of those charming woods, full of sacred associations, has undoubtedly postponed, perhaps for centuries, the solution of a problem as old, at least, as the Greeks. It is too bad altogether."

Don't you say so too, editors and readers of the *ATHENÆUM*?

A dandy is a clothes-wearing man, a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress.—*Carlyle*.