

and at the end of a week's hard work, the parts were finished and ready for assemblage. With a bit of climbing, the top of Chip Hall could be reached from my window, and the long flat roof would make an ideal starting place for my aeroplane. All that was lacking was a cloudy night, with a light breeze, when I could make my first attempt.

One Friday evening, when the noises of the students had subsided, and all were asleep, I stole out on the roof to see how the land lay. All was well. The sky was hidden by a blanket of silver-gray clouds, and a cool, refreshing wind blew from the south.

" 'Tis as lovely a night as ever was seen,
For a nice little trip in a flying machine,"

said I to myself, as I clambered back into my room for the parts of my glider. Piece by piece, I brought it out, and assembled it on the roof. By one o'clock the parts were together, my little monoplane was ready for action, and with a pillow-slip for the apples, I climbed aboard. Testing every part and finding all was in good condition, I awaited a favorable moment for launching my frail craft upon the air. As I stood there with the great gray, wing-like planes on either side and the balancing planes and rudders in the rear, I must have resembled some huge bird of prey, just ready to fly. I was in very truth an apple-hawk.

Finally a stronger puff of wind fanned my cheeks. I ran along the roof in the face of the breeze, shifted my rudders, and sprang into the air. My old-time skill was not forgotten, and, as I balanced myself on my pinions, I felt that I was not a Darius Green, but a veritable master of the air. Up—up—up—ever upward I rose in a gigantic spiral, till far below me a few lights, twinkling like stars, showed where Wolfville lay. Then adjusting my planes anew, I shot up the windslope like a rocket and slipped over the Wolfville Ridge. Beneath me lay the Gaspereaux Valley, and as my airy steed hovered here and there, I examined the country to get my bearings.

I knew of a certain fine orchard on the slope of the ridge, whose best apples were still unpicked. Shaping my course eastward, I soon arrived above it. Manipulating my wing-tips and rudders, I volplaned downward, and safely lighted on the brow of a hill overlooking the farm, ran over to the orchard and filled my bag from several barrels, which luckily for me, had been left under the trees. Then, just as I was about to go, a man approached from the house nearby. I grabbed my sack and started at a breakneck pace for my glider. He chased me up the hill, but I gained rapidly on him and reached my flying machine some distance ahead.