

out a ripple, save now and then when some glittering monster leapt out into the sunlight, and fell back again with a sullen plunge.

Happy afternoons were these! To steal away alone among the cornfields, and feast the eye on hill and valley, with their green slopes and bosky woods and gray feudal towers, and on the distant sea with the white sails speckled over its broad expanse of blue. And then when every part of that well-loved scene had been taken in, to let loose the fancy and allow the landscape to fade like a dissolving view until every feature had fled, and there arose again the old vanished lakes, and rivers, and palmy isles.

About two miles from the spot where we began our geological labours lay another quarry, from which lime had been extracted. When we first heard of it from our one-legged friend at the engine-house, we set it down as a continuation of his limework, the caverns of which seemed to run on underground to an indefinite length. There seemed nothing unlikely in the identification of two limestones only two miles distant from each other as part of one seam. So a Saturday afternoon was spent in the investigation of this second quarry.

Like the first, it had been opened along the slope of a gentle hill, and the excavations presented to our view a long line of caverns similar to those we had seen before. But the quarry was disused, and appeared to have been so for many years. The roof had fallen down in many places, the mouths of the caves had become well-nigh choked up with rubbish and tangled gorse, and the heaps of *débris*, so fresh and clean in our own quarry, were here overgrown with gray lichens and green moss, damp and old. The kilns had not been fired for many a day. The cracks and rents that had fissured their walls, from the fierce heat that