

four inches long. At times it drops on four feet to seize a dainty morsel of a crab, and leaves, for a space, the foot-prints of a quadruped. But the forward feet are comparatively diminutive in size. In the distance, *Oto-zo'-um* paces along the beach—another bipedal Deinosaur, but with four toes behind. With foot twenty inches in length, he has a stride of three feet, in a leisurely gait. *Otozo'um* is partaking of his meal. Now and then he picks up a stranded fish. Among these gigantic figures more humble Deinosaurs are seen mingling. One of these leaves a foot-print but three inches; and we notice one wee pet of a reptile which makes a track but a quarter of an inch in length. They are all engaged in refreshing themselves. This is the regular symposium of the reptiles.

Let us wait here for the tide to come in. It is coming; and announces itself by its roar. The tide of the open sea is here augmented by the limits of the narrowing bay, and it swells into a terror-striking "bore." The Deinosaurs and Labyrinthodons hear the sound, raise higher their heads in listening attitudes, and scurry away to their retreats. The tide lingers awhile, dallying with the sands, and making love to the shore. Now, at the appointed time, it presses a dewy parting kiss upon the beach which it fondled for an hour, and retires. Where now, are the foot-prints of those gigantic saurians? Has the dallying tide erased them? No. It has covered them with a soft film of fine sand. They are not destroyed; they are preserved. The table is spread again with squirming viands, and the saurians recognize another call to refreshments. Again they range along the sand, and impress their tracks in the soft surface. Unconsciously, these creatures are inscribing their autographs on the pages of the world's history. The tide returns and spreads its conservative sands again over the well-inscribed beaches. And so the tide rolls in and out, and the saurians write their daily chapters of history. By and by the tides will cease; this bay will be uplifted beyond their reach; these sands will become a solid brown sandstone; quarrymen will ply their avocation along