Roger and I.

We had agreed to go out this evening, Roger and I, and when we met at dinner, I said to Roger, "This is a progressive age, let us not be left behind. I saw in the paper that on this evening Mrs. Phantom would hold a materialization seance at 8 p.m., at C--d Square, and if it suits you I move that we go." He agreed, and ten minutes of eight found us ringing at Mrs. Phantom's door.

We were ushered in and asked to lay aside our coats, as we might be uncomfortably warm if we kept them on. When we were seated, I looked around me, and found only one other man among the circle, and he, I afterwards found, was the manager. To my right was a large cabinet draped with heavy curtains. On my left sat a lady who had had a vision that Noah would come. She had been here six evenings to see him. "Do say that he will come," said she; "that he will be wafted from the clouds and sail down to us." I said that I should like to see the gentleman, but, owing to the "fall of the prophet," I did not think that there would be water enough to float him.

At eight the medium appeared, and, after taking a seat in the cabinet, the gas was nearly turned down, and we requested to join hands and sing.

Immediately, Roger, who is trying for a leading part in the minstrels, started "Hold the Fort." But, alas! he sung both base and soprano, and spoiled it all. We sang again, and I bribed Roger not to sing.

We were now told that the electricity was imperfect, but if we would try to help them, the friends all around would like to speak to us. How I wished that he of electrical fame were with us to set all aright! But I said nothing.

After singing twice more (by request), the medium suddenly said, "Here comes some one who wants to be recognized." From behind the curtain came a man clad in dark trousers and a light dressing-gown, and he beckoned to Roger. Roger went towards him and said, "How do you do this evening, sir?"

Spirit. "Don't you recognize me?"

Roger. "I can't say that I do, sir."

The spirit retired, but returned with a skull cap and an oar.

Spirit. "Do you recognize me now?"

Roger did not, and it was a failure; but I was sorry that he had not spoken to the lady on my left, for I know — Ah! it was he.

Two minutes (seemed like two hours).

Medium. "Tommy's come. Does anybody know Tommy?"

I said I thought I did, and, sure enough, it was Tommy of last year, — Tommy, the papyrograph boy. I loved him. When they took up a collection for the postman, had he not brought the box first to me?

I said, "How do you do, Tommy; are you not sorry that you left the Technology?" He expressed repentance, and said that he had come back to say that he had stolen three sheets of papyrograph paper; and, once, only once,