when he thought nobody was looking, he had sat down when he should have been printing. I told him that I knew that he was forgiven, but was glad that he had confessed for the benefit of the present boy. As I got through speaking he went away.

Medium. — "Polly wants to speak to you."

"Polly," I said, putting my hand to my heart, "is it Pol. E. Con?" I knew her. Last year I used to stand around and listen while the upper classmen spoke of her virtues. It was last year that hopes were in my breast of seeing her this year, of knowing her, and, perhaps — but it is over now.* She told me that she had been called away from our world by the great spirit, Census; but when I told her that I was sorry she had left us,—I among many who felt the same,—she gave me great hopes that she would be allowed to come back to this world in a short year.

Mary came to see me,—Mary and her son,—but I was so overcome that I could not speak to her.

At last the circle broke up, and Roger and I left to put on our overcoats. They were gone! I sat down and told Roger that I should not go without my overcoat.†

The manager suggested that some one of the strangers had taken the material; but, as they were all ladies, I doubted it, and started to look in a closet. The manager went first, and, upon opening the door, there hung the coats. He apologized; but we left, voting that materialization was a good thing, though we should not wear our overcoats next time. R. W. H.

[Since writing the above a friend of mine has related a similar experience to me. At a seance which he attended a Boston man put some tacks upon the carpet. The spirit of Goethe came forth, and, with the confidence which becomes one from the other world, came towards the circle. Wonderful to relate, when he alighted upon a tack he so far forgot himself and his native tongue as to swear in English.]*

* I mean to intimate nothing more than that she might have honored me.
† Cost me $75 at Messenger Bros. & Jones first of the winter (bill not paid).

The '85 Class Supper.

YOUNG'S Hotel, on the evening of March 22, was the scene of the first class supper of '85. At a few minutes before eight those holding soup coupons filed into the supper-room to the number of forty-five, and distributed themselves around the table. It was at this juncture that a member of the class became suddenly conspicuous by his absence, and a search committee was accordingly appointed, who visited the bar and consulted the register, but still the vacant chair.

Notwithstanding the fact, as stated by Lieut. Winslow, that 1,185,000 oysters perish to one that arrives at maturity, the committee had, by dint of several weeks' effort, secured a sufficient number of the mollusks to go around, which they accordingly did on the half-shell by way of initiation. Then followed the more substantial portion of the entertainment, the strictly temperance features of which were relieved by Roman punch, whose consistency was all that brought it from under the bar of excommunication.

Meanwhile the exterior of the menu had attracted no less marked attention. Upon it appeared a cozy fireplace, where, along the heavy lambrequin, and just distinguishable in flames, appeared the legend, "Class of '85." The tiles at the sides bore allusions to the various departments of the Institute, and from a curious combination of shadows on the hearth resulted the initials of our Alma Mater's somewhat extended name. The whole was admirably conceived and executed, and was the work of the class secretary, Mr. Litchfield.

During the progress of a little game the class president, Mr. Pratt, arose, and in a few happily turned words introduced Mr. Litchfield as toast-master for the evening. Mr. Litchfield accepted the responsibility by filling his glass with water, and then speaking briefly of the dead founder of the Institute,—of all we owe him, of the beauty of his character and the purity of his life, called upon the class to drink to the memory of President Rogers, which was