The moon came now and then from behind her pall of clouds, brightening all the world; then the black shadows of the clouds would again rush up the streets like a dark courser over a shining plain, and everything was again annihilated in blackness. It was one of those terrible nights when one feels depressed even in the brightest company, when he feels impelled to go forth into the night, yet when its chilling, ghoul-like breath strikes through him he turns back and endures the dulness of indoors rather than the gloom of the open air.

On this night a band of students had been upon a pleasure excursion into the city. The hours had passed in various occupations; each had in turn tried to induce a little mirth in his friends, and each in turn had failed. All agreed that they had never passed a more frightfully wretched evening. As a last resort, and with the indomitable courage of students when in pursuit of pleasure, they resolved to finish the night by wandering around the streets and doing their utmost to make night hideous, since nature herself had not found that task beneath her. 

It was the dead of night when they started out. For a few streets their outcry occasionally caused the opening of a shutter and the muttering of an oath at these students' tricks; but one by one the voices died away, and the band walked on in silence. In their desultory course they came to an enclosure within which could be faintly seen the outlines of monuments and grave-stones. One of the students then spoke out, —

"Come, friends, let's wake the dead! Let's in, and joining hands around a tomb, see if there's any truth in goblin stories!"

All was dark, silent, anything would have been seized upon at that moment to break the oppressiveness of the silence. Upon one point all were agreed, — they'd wake the dead. A warm and sickly puff of wind saluted them as they scaled the wall. They stumbled rather than walked to the very centre of the cemetery, with many a half-uttered imprecation at the darkness. When they reached the tomb that seemed tacitly to have been chosen for the purpose, the whole band joined hands, and, while one counted in an undertone, perfect silence was maintained. As the number three was told they burst simultaneously into the cry,—

"Arise, ye dead! Ye dead, arise!" The sounds had hardly died upon the air and were about to be renewed, when, from the very tomb itself, came the reply, in weak but confiding, joyful tones, —

"Yes, Lord! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

And in the midst of the terror-stricken crowd rose a dark and shadowy figure. Surprise and consternation overcame the students, and they rushed in disorder to the street. Just as they reached the wall, the moon shone out in all her magnificence and disclosed the disturbers of the dead to the awakened sleeper.

In the morning, when the school-children came to play in the accustomed place, they found upon the tomb, in the centre of the burial ground, the lifeless figure of their old playmate, Crazy Moll.

J. G.

The Rogers Memorial.

The treasurer of the Rogers Memorial Committee desires to state that up to the time of writing he has not received a single subscription to liquidate the debt of $61, mentioned in the last number of The Tech as incurred by him. Knowing the inevitable result of such debts at the Institute, he desires to place the amount contributed by the class of '84 at $134, instead of $13, as previously reported.

Harvard vs. M. I. T.

The football team played its first game this fall, last Wednesday, with Harvard. Play began at four o'clock, and the ball was immediately forced towards Harvard's goal, where a safety touch-down was scored for the Institute. After this, the playing was forced by Harvard, who obtained two touch-downs and two safeties in the first half-hour. In the last half, Harvard