lar, were paneled, but this fact attracted no special attention. Just as they were about to leave, however, one of the men accidentally stubbed his foot against the paneling. It gave forth a hollow sound. The partition was quickly torn away, and the party found themselves in a long vault, at the end of which was dimly seen a double row of black coffins. One of them was pushed over by the sergeant, and fell on the floor with a metallic rattle.

"These are the ones," said the lieutenant; and bursting open the coffin, it was found to be filled with muskets. The others had the same contents.

By this device the muskets had been gradually smuggled from foreign countries by the Tugendbund, and transported hither, to be stored until the time for their distribution should come. Herr Sommer, who was a member of the Tugendbund, and who knew of the secret cellar at the deserted house, had proposed that as a hiding-place. Members of the society had been at the house on the previous night, when seen by Berger, preparing to receive a fresh lot of arms. Warned of their danger by Sommer, they had replaced the paneling between the two cellars, and fled, and not having time to remove the guns, had left them, trusting to the hiding-place for their safety. It seemed that the French commander of the district had heard of the scheme, and detailed the lieutenant to investigate. The latter was just returning from an unsuccessful search, when he blundered into the secret in this manner.

A.R.

"Seniors' Evening."

An event, which took place on the first day of last June, the evening before graduation day, under the title of "Seniors' Evening," was, we venture to prophesy, a good beginning, which will lead to repetitions improving without ending. At the first attempt, and a very successful one, to take something more than a formal parting of our honored Alma Mater, it will perpetuate the memory of the class of '85 long after their proud (?) distinction as "the last class that gave a Freshman ball" shall have faded into oblivion. The Institute has long needed something corresponding to "Class Day" at other colleges—something that should throw a mantle of festive forgetfulness and good-fellowship over the toils and tribulations of the last four years, and from the good start already made, we trust will grow the great event of the year—a celebration as comprehensive and attractive as the exactions of fourth-year work will permit.

The programme of the affair was a work of art by itself. The front contained a representation of sundry cherubs in student caps, throwing up the latter for joy at their emancipation, and piling up their ponderous books around a life-like sketch of the class tree, to which one of the number was nailing the figures "'85." One of the aforesaid books contained on its back the word "Homer," which we hope did not delude the many guests of the class into the impression that the study of that classic author was pursued at the Institute, as the "title" was simply the name of the talented designer of the programme—Mr. E. B. Homer. The front also contained a fine picture of Rogers building, with Kidder in the background. The back depicted the class prophet, historian, and poet following the musician and standard-bearer in solemn file. The whole was gotten up in the choicest style of engraving, and contained, beside a full list of the members of the class association, of its committee and officers, the following programme:

OVERTURE
SONG
HISTORY
ZITHER SOLO
POEM
SONG
FLUTE SOLO
PROPHECY
SONG

Quintette.
Glee Club.
F. H. Newell.
R. E. Richardson.
C. S. Robinson.
H. J. Williams.
E. B. Homer.
R. H. Peirce.
Glee Club.

With the exception of the Glee Club and the first violin of the quintette,—Mr. E. R. Pearson, '87,—all the performers rose from the ranks of the class, and every number was well given, the majority of the musical selections