

**A Night of Horror.**

Night brooded darkly over the University. The last society had given the college yell and dispersed. The electric lights no longer lit up the grounds and, except for the occasional movements of the night watchman, stillness reigned. One by one the lights disappeared from the windows of the buildings, lingering longest in those of the museum. Here alone and unguided wandered a thoughtful senior. He heeded not the flight of time, completely absorbed as he was in the wonders and marvels of the room, until with a loud clang the outer doors were closed and the light suddenly extinguished. Then with a start, as one awakening from a dream, he rushed after the janitor and beat frantically upon the door. All in vain, for there came no answer. He tried to raise a window with some faint idea of dropping down to the ground but the windows were immovable. With a thrill of horror he realized that he was doomed to spend the night alone and in darkness. The cold sweat stood upon his forehead and a host of wild expletives rose to his lips, but were checked by the lonely echo of the first word which seemed to come back to him mockingly from every part of the vast room. He summoned all his courage and essayed to cross the room but stumbled and fell and falling struck his head against the case containing the ancient alligator, and consciousness mercifully left him for a time.

How long he remained thus he never knew, but when he again looked around him he found the room lit with a strange phosphorescent light such as is said to haunt ancient graveyards, which shone from every case and glowed brightly through the ribs of the horse and cow. They, strangely enough, though not clothed with flesh, seemed to be endowed with the power of motion. In fact the whole room seemed strangely alive. The preserved and pickled specimens in the bottles quietly pushed out their corks and crawled and crept around the room. Spiders and flies forgot their ancient enmity and

frolicked unmolested. The alligators yawned and, rubbing their eyes, seemed waking from a long sleep. The baby alligator dropped the egg it had so laboriously held all day and proceeded to turn somersaults of delight. The turtle came ponderously across the floor and gazed wistfully at the beavers which now began to work energetically at the tree stumps in their cage. The birds in the corner sang musically and the owls hooted as loudly as if in the security of the green woods. The senior realized with a shudder, that he alone was powerless and motionless.

"Ah my beauty! give me your soft cool hand. The wearisome day is over and the night is our own. Let me look in the depths of your dusky eyes and tell my love."

"Alas, my chief! the dawn soon comes. Let us remember the past while we may. How can thoughts of love come to us when we are so far from our own lands and people."

These voices came from the mummies case and turning his eyes heavily in that direction the senior beheld a sight which caused him instantly to remember his first prep days.

The chief had placed one arm tenderly around the maiden, and her head, which had so long been bent in sorrow, lay confidently on his shoulder. Even in the midst of his surprise the senior could not help admiring the skill the maiden displayed in balancing herself on the pine board which had so long been her only support.

"I feel Chilli," sighed the maiden, and the chief instantly wrapped half his striped mantle around her. "Little did we think," she resumed "that it was for this fate we were preserved. When we, the most loved of all our tribe, were placed with loud wailing and lamenting in the tombs of our ancestors, little did we think to be thus subjected to the cool criticism of a race far below us in beauty and culture. This very day a youth, far below us in ancient classics—there he lies—made light of my attractions, compared my raven locks with the flaxen tresses of the sophomore girl he loved, much to my