

OH, pensive scholar, what is fame?
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame,
 A giddy whirlwind of fickle gust
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust,
 A few swift years, and who can show
 Which dust was Bill and which was Joe.

—*Holmes.*

A WOMAN'S WISDOM.—He—I think I shall try writing for a newspaper. What do you think of the idea?

She—The idea is good, but you had better enclose the subscription price when you write or they might not send it to you.—*Ex.*

HE kissed the maiden on the cheek,
 And she without compunction
 At once proceeded to obey
 The Biblical injunction —*Ex.*

TEACHER—What is a fort?

Pupil—A place for soldiers to live in.

Teacher—And a fortress?

Pupil—A place for soldiers' wives to live in.

"OH, for a thousand tongues!" as the boy said when he fell into the molasses barrel.

CHILL breezes now
 The tree-tops woo,
 And the snowbird's note
 Is falling due.

SINCE the hero-kissing craze has started, a young lady one morning has been caught kissing the grass, supposing it to be Dewey.

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