

"We call the new boy who is distributing type 'Circumstances,'" said the compositor.
 "Why is that?"

"Because he alters cases."—*Ex.*

A Useful Member.—School Director—We have divided up the work of the board so that each of the members has a fair share to do. Higginson is secretary, I am treasurer and Proat is—

Friend—Why, Proat is so deaf that he can't hear thunder! What does he do?

Director—Oh, all the complaint's are referred to him.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

THE FARMER'S TRIALS.

The farmer when he began to plough
 Hitched up his mule with his Alderney cough;
 But the mule displayed some grudge,

And declined at all to budge,
 While the cough ran off and kicked up a rough.
 —*N. Y. Herald.*

First Chappie—"I say, ole chappie, the doctah says I must-aw-take more exercise or I'll be sick, don't you know." Second Chappie—"Do as the doctah says, me boy." First Chappie—"Ya-as, I'm going to discharge me vally and tie me own necktie."

Mr. Foodsoul—For a beggar you look rather respectable with glasses on.

Beggar—Yes sir; I have ruined my eyesight looking for a job.—*Ex.*

A railroad engineer, saying that the usual life of a locomotive is only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking old thing ought to live longer than that.

"Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would, if it didn't smoke so much."

To Prove It Wasn't Veal.—Guest (restaurant)—"Waiter, there's a lot of feathers in this salad!" Waiter—"Yes, sir. We puts 'em in not ne'ssarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."—*Texas Siftings.*

Barber (to his victim)—Does this razor take hold well?"

Victim—"Yes, it takes hold well enough, but it doesn't let go worth a cent."

High-minded Father—Didn't I hear high words between you and your brother, just now, Henry?

Henry—Very likely, father, but surely you wouldn't wish me to use low language.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

I notice I am referred to in the papers again.
 How nice! What does it say about you!

It says there are one thousand six hundred and forty-five students at Yale. I am one of them.—*Ex.*

Johnny (reading his composition)—"Every rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

Teacher—"What do you mean by anecdote?"

Johnny—"A short funny tail."—*Moore's Hill Collegian.*

Father—My son, how do you earn money enough to live?

Student—Father, rejoice; for I now derive my support from literature.

Father—How so, my son?

Student—I have sold all my books.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Professor—"Who was Sidonius?"

Student—"There were several of that name."

Professor—"I mean the writer of history and of Elegies."

Student—"Oh, that was Sidonius Apollinaris. His second name was conferred upon him because he was a poet of the first water."—*Puck.*

Hostess—"Dear me, the conversation is flagging. What can we do to amuse our guests?"

Host—"I don't know, unless we leave the drawing room for a few minutes and give them a chance to talk about us."

Mrs. Smith, in her new steel-blue silk, said to Mr. Smith, "How do I look in grosgrain?"

"Very agriculturally, madam," and he made a rye face.—*Ex.*

Goodbid—That new baby of Wilson's has not lived very long, poor thing!

Fineface—What! Dead?

Goodbid—No; only born last Tuesday. (Looks shocked.)

"We should never encourage our mustachios to be backward in coming forward."—*Woodstock College Monthly.*

"Your son ordered these pictures of me."

"Well, they certainly look like him. Has he paid you?"

"No, sir."

"That looks still more like him."

"We meet but to part," as the comb said to the brush.—*Harvard Lampoon.*