



#### FLORAL MUSIC.

LITTLE EFFIE (to young Smithson, who has called for her big sister)—“You sing in the choir, don't you?”

SMITHSON—“Yes, Effie, I do.”

EFFIE—“Well, is that why you always wear a Christian-anthem in your button hole?”

#### ON TOOTHACHE.

YOU'VE been searching, Men of Learning,  
Into every nook been turning,  
Exercising your discerning,  
To find out  
What will—to prevent returning—  
Cure the gout.

Now those gentry, fat and blowing—  
Limbs in flannel you've been sewing,  
Bones in spite of all your doing  
Seemed to harden—  
Set them all to work a hoeing  
In the garden.

Come, devote yourselves to reason,  
Lazy wights desert a season,  
Seek a method of appeasing  
Real pain,  
Which my very life is teasing  
In disdain.

Toothache! O my head is cracking,  
Nerves are wild, and jaws are racking,  
Neck and ears it is attacking,  
And my heart  
Dizzy grows as forked aching  
Grasps the part.

O, apply some mixture healing!  
O, remove the sense of feeling!  
Life's Elixir, wherefore sealing  
O ye Fates!  
While the Furies thus are dealing  
With our pates.

Can't ye stop it, ye physicians,  
If ye know some old traditions

Which reveal the cure's conditions,  
For truth's sake  
Tell, and send them on their missions  
To toothache.

“No cure,” say they, while the writhing  
Deeper grows, my tooth is seething  
In a sea of pain and breathing  
Threats of worse,  
With no hope of e'er relieving  
This, my curse.

But where drugs are unavailing,  
Steel is found to be prevailing,  
Help for this my awful ailing  
It contains—  
Clap it on—Whew! Crash! unfailing  
Cure for pains!

Charlie Wanderson.

#### GUFF.

DO not pay much attention to a compliment, as a rule, but when Charley Bracke called at my office yesterday, after an absence of 10 years, and said I did not look a day older, I admit that I was pleased; a man likes to believe that he has good stuff in him, and that he wears well. There are few men who do not look a day older, after the storms of 10 years, and I doubted if Mr. Bracke would be able to find another man in town of whom he could say as much. In the afternoon I saw him on the streets shaking hands with George Tofte, and as I went by I heard Mr. Bracke say: ‘Well, sir, you don't look a day older.’ I learned later that Mr. Bracke had said the same thing to nearly every man in town, and had been treated particularly well every where because of it.

WHEN we succeed in saving something from the fire or wastebasket we forget the next time we see it what we saved it for.

WAG—“You get better prices for your umbrellas when it rains, don't you?”

UMBRELLA MAKER—“Why should I?”

WAG—“Why, umbrellas go up then, don't they?”



#### COMPLIMENTARY.

MRS. MORIARTY (charwoman, University Coll.)—“Oh, Mr. Rush, sir, what would I not give to have a head loike yours!”

RUSH, ('96) flattered,—“Yes, it is an advantage to be well educated.”

MRS. M.—“I don't mane that. But what an iligant mop it wud make!”