

recommend me to read at sight outside of the class? *Acute Instructor* (who has been caught in the trap before). If you want something to read at sight, sir, I should recommend the books we have been using in the class.

A gentleman of one of the junior years of the Science Department was in the other day, the recipient of a spurious invitation to a *Science of the Faculty*. In a premature interview with the Dean, the fraudulent character of the missive transpired.

Such *childish* levity has a most demoralizing influence and cannot be too strongly condemned.

Wife (to sick husband)—“Did you not derive great consolation, John dear, from the minister’s visit?”

Sick Husband—“Not very much.”

Wife (anxious)—“Oh, John, I wish you could bring yourself to think of these things! Surely his words must have had some effect. What did he talk about?”

Sick Husband—“He talked about the advisability of my endowing a chapel.”

Chief of Bureau—“Have you drawn up your plans for this special case?”

Detective—“Here they are, sir.”

“Humph! Why didn’t you use tracing paper?”

“I didn’t know that mattered, sir.”

“Certainly it matters. You’d have the satisfaction of knowing that you had traced something during the year you’ve been here.”

“No, sir, I don’t believe you know what gratitude is!” he exclaimed, as he waved his arms around.

“I don’t, eh?” replied the other.

“No, sir! I lent you \$10, and you not only refuse to pay it back, but you go around and slander me!”

“All I said was that you were a mean man.”

“But isn’t that slander?”

“No, sir, it isn’t. When I wanted to borrow \$5 more you wouldn’t let me have it!”

“Charlie,” said a Spartan Philadelphia mother, “you have disobeyed me twice to-day, and I must punish you.”

“Oh, mamma, please don’t whip me.”

“No, I’ll not whip you,” was the calm reply: “I’ll punish you by making you remain in the parlor while your sister is taking her music-lesson.”

At this awful sentence the boy fell insensible to the floor. The autopsy revealed that death was caused by fright.

A PECULIAR VERDICT.—A Sydney, C.B., coroner’s jury has rendered the following verdict touching the death of Capt. McDonald:—“That the deceased came to his death from taking off his two coats and vest and going towards a sleigh owned by one Wm. Grantmyer, with whom he was seen in a scumble; and that he was seen to fall from a push or blow, and died from exposure. The jury further find McLean was blameable for going off with deceased’s coats and not looking after him.”

“Why did you stop lecturing on temperance?” asked the Governor of Arkansas addressing a well-known reformer.

“Well, you see, I went up into the Dry Fork neigh-

borhood and did my best, but the distilleries were too thick.”

“Audience got drunk, I suppose?”

“No, not particularly.”

“Why did you stop, then?”

“Well, you see, I got drunk.”

OUR OWN JOKER.

It is said that on the night of his death Molière went to the theatre and played, as he had never played before, the comedy of “*Le Malade Imaginaire*,” throwing his audience into convulsions of laughter, and then went home to die. Be this as it may, he stands not alone as an example of woe under a mask of merriment. Here am I, on the eve of examinations, trying to utter a few light-hearted remarks for your delectation. A dying gladiator, as it were, but a wielder of a more formidable weapon.

Under the above heading the reader has doubtless met statements that jolted “the even tenor of his way” so grave and full of wisdom they were. With the first person plural, I abandon all claims to the title of a “*Funny Man*,” and bid adieu as *Clown* to my many and cultured admirers. My path lies not in that of Critic, whose giant stride took him over sloughs in which poor I would sink. I shall be, if anything, a “*Free Lance*,” ready to defend the oppressed as well as to do a little oppression myself. Regarding the title under which I write, or the banner under which I fight, it shall remain, for if so ponderous a paper as the “*Fortnightly*” can appear as a monthly without a blush, as Trollope says, why cannot the heading of this column be as absurd.

“*Vox*” is not alone in being accused of plagiarism. We know that “*Gilbert and Sullivan*,” have been already accused of that crime, and I am going to file my accusation against them also. The *Lord High Executioner* was preceded by Thackeray in his catalogue of those who will never be missed. He says:

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have looked,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away and *never be missed*
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Poor *Buttercup* also did not formulate the statement that “*Things are seldom what they seem*,” for Pope wrote:

Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heav’n knows how seldom things are what they seem.

The whole subject of plagiarism is curious. The more we study, the more we are convinced of the truth of the old adage “*There nothing new under the sun*.” In Science, even, we are often astounded at finding some great modern theory is but an ancient one advanced by some more persevering man than its originator. The Darwinian theory, perhaps worthy of being called the greatest theory of the nineteenth century, found its first enunciation in Aristotle, yet his bitterest opponents would not call Darwin a plagiarist, would hardly have done so had he known of Aristotle’s statements. Plagiarism is often unconscious, and the result of influences acting upon the plagiarist