

with renewed vigor. I was a bit puzzled, but kindly Mrs. Spriggins came to my relief. "He's making a new medicine for dyspepsia, and most anything else you can think of, and is mixing and brewing the whole time. He'll tell you all about it, when he comes. Law sakes, he can't talk of anything else."

The door opened, to admit the subject of our talk, his thin, gray locks waving in the breeze, and his rusty alpaca coat flapping about his gaunt frame as he walked. His necktie was sadly askew, a sure sign with the Professor, as I came to know, of mental perturbation. He had an anxious, abstracted look, and seemed unwilling to talk, even upon his favourite subject, though the Editor asked encouragingly, "Are they lively this morning, Professor?" But the Professor paid no heed, and sat in silence, tapping his cup restlessly with his thin, nervous fingers. I afterwards found that the cause of this unwonted depression was an explosion of the gas which formed an important ingredient of his new medicine, and which had cost him much time and money.

"Have a care, sir," and the Editor gently rescued the pepper-box, as the Professor was mildly wafting it over his coffee. The Professor scowled at this plate, and regarded the inoffensive eggy mass upon it, with ireful suspicion.

"Germs, germs, all germs, everywhere," he muttered. "We eat 'em with every mouthful, we breathe them in with every breath. The universe is chock full of 'em, and the public will never be safe till Prof. Adams' Great Germ Extermination is introduced into every household." During this oratorical outburst, he absent-mindedly reached for his third doughnut, and soon, rising abruptly, left the room, closed the door with a sharp slam.

"Laud! How that made me jump! Why couldn't he stay, and finish his breakfast like a Christian? I never liked his looks. I believe he's a furriner." This, of course, from the Anti-Baptist.

"Yes," plaintively responded the Editor, heaving a deep sigh, "I'm sure that he's a Germ-man."

An awful stillness fell upon us, at this remark, broken only by a stifled chuckle from the "Cadaver." To restore the spirits of the company, the Editor pulled from his pocket the following, which had been written that morning for the "Weekly."

"Mrs. Goody, on reading the 'Weekly' that mischievous was hatching at Harvard, remarked, 'Well, I heard that some of the Faculty had been settin' on the students.'"

This caused a general up-rising among the boarders, and they separated. The owner of the gay neck-tie started for his daily toil; Mrs. Spriggins waddled off to the inner regions to hold conclave with Bridget, and to

rack her good-natured brain over the dinner bill-of-fare; while the little Anti-Baptist trotted gayly off to get her knitting, over which she was presently nodding; and the Editor ran up the stairs to his attic room, singing in a doleful, minor key,

"There was a young man from New York,
Who ate consommee with a fork,
But one day at noon
They gave him a spoon,
And he stole it, t' 'debonnair gawk."

The snuffy little boarding-house still stands beneath the old, pine-trees, though another than Mrs. Spriggins wields the domestic sceptre. The Professor is still winning his way into the hearts, (what is more to his purpose,) into the pocket-books for the public, by his popular remedies. As for the "Cadaver," I always look for him in the city streets, but thus far in vain. Very likely he has gotten a new neck-tie, and for that reason I fail to recognize him. The mournful Editor still supplies the "Weekly" with his weekly jokes, and—the world and I jog on.—*Selected.*

TID-BITS.

Question: Button, button, who has the button?

"Wrinkles."

Is it fashionable for young ladies and gentlemen to be photographed together?

Notice.—A class will be formed for instruction on the comb, with a competent professor in charge. Terms moderate.

N. B.—Pupils will be expected to furnish their own instruments.

Old cans to right of them,
Tin horns to left of them,
Cow-bells in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stor ned at with box and barr'l,
Both boy and teacher fell,
But those who hustled well
Escaped the limits.

Answer to question in last BEMA: Yes, the man found the needle, and probably in the same place as one of the editors found the bent pin.

What do the girls wear the white ribbons on their arms for?

Don't be rude.

Who are the members of the Kindergarten Class?

S. A. L. K. C., or the C. C. L. C.—which, or both? Apply to gooseberry jam.