

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

MAGISTRATE: "What is that man charged with?"
Policeman: "With whiskey, your honour."

Beneath a Senior's window
(She was a Vassar maid)
A Thomas cat one evening stole
To give a serenade.
A piece of cake they threw at him
From off that upper floor;
The merry scngs he used to sing,
He'll sing, ah! nevermore.

Clara (in carriage, with horse running away): "Do you think you can stop him, George?" George (with set teeth): "I don't th-think I c-can stop him, but I c-can keep h-him in the r-road." Clara (with perfect confidence): "Very well, try it for another mile, and then if he doesn't stop, use both hands."

The following libel on the Meds has crept into our hands: "While medical students are being harshly condemned for robbing graves, it is forgotten that they intend filling them up again when they go into practice."

Prof.—"I am afraid, Mr. S., you are worse than the ass mentioned in scripture." S.—"Why, sir?" Prof.—"You don't even know your crib."

In days of old,
When nights were cold,
And tutors held their sway,
A Junior bold
With chain of gold,
Sang merrily this lay,—

"My upper lip so fair,
Has many a long red hair;
Then what care I,
Though tests be nigh,—
I'll make a mash or die."

So this brave wight
In shirt-front bright,
Walked proudly forth one day.
He felt all right,
But ere the night
His courage passed away.

The waxed moustache he wore
Hung limply down before;
As home he hied
He sadly cried
"To mash I'll have to dye."

Wife before a lion's cage, to husband: "What would you say if the bars were to suddenly break and the lion to eat me up?" Husband, drily: "I should say he had a good appetite."

"I do love pig's feet so!" exclaimed a young Freshie at his boarding house the other day, as he reached over and took the last one from the plate in the middle of the table; "I do believe that I could live on pig's feet." "Are you sure that you don't?" was the sarcastic question put to him by a Soph, who was about to help himself to the fast disappearing foot.

"Some idiot's put my pen where I can't find it," growled a fourth-year man the other day at lecture. "Ah, um, yes," he continued in a lower key, as he hauled the article from behind his ear, "I thought so."

"So you are taking an honor course in English, are you, Miss L—? Do you like it?"

"Oh, mercy, yes! We have Hogg in the morning, Bacon at noon, Lamb in the afternoon, and, what is by far the best, Lover in the evening."

A Freshman of a mathematical turn of mind has succeeded in making out the following, which he calls his "Pie Formula":

$$t = \frac{R}{M}c$$

Where t=time of mastication.

R=radius of pie.

M=linear aperture of mouth in inches.

c=factor depending on the stomach, the time o'day, and the kind o'pie.

Scene, Grand Opera House, Odessa. T.G.M., (in a throe of tragical excitement)—"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

W. H. C., (interrupting)—"Wouldn't a donkey do you as well?"

T. G. M., (suddenly serene)—"Yes, come up."

W. H. C. collapses amid uproarious applause from the audience.

Prof. English literature—"Shakespeare, during the last eight years of his life, never once appeared on the stage. After that time he retired to Stratford-on-Avon."

T.G.M.—"Professor, I never heard it called by that name before."

Prof.—"Called by what name?"

T.G.M.—"After a man died I never heard the place to which he went called Stratford-on-Avon."

Prof.—"Why, that's so; I have had this in my lecture-book for the last six or seven years, and I never noticed that point before."

Class uproarious!

Score one for T.G.M.

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