

he succeeded and drawing a long breath remarked:—"If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island!"

At Adrian, Mich. a lady saw a fire engine house with a steeple and innocently asked a gentleman attendant: "What church is that?" The gentleman, after reading the sign, "Deluge No. 3," replied: "I guess it must be the Third Baptist."

A Vassar damsel has been doing Switzerland. Genius soars triumphant in her last letter to papa: "I tried to climb the Materhorn to-day; didn't reach the top; it is absurdly high; everything is high in this country. Please send me some money."

Professor (describing an ancient Greek theatre): "And it had no roof." Junior (sure that he has caught professor in a mistake): "What did they do, sir, when it rained?" Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing angrily): "They got wet, Sir."

—A woman recently entered a store and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting some twenty or thirty minutes, she remarked thus: "I never did like them kind of stoves. They don't throw out scarcely any heat, those gas burners don't."

News is cabled over that Prince Henry of Battenburg has returned to Sofia. And Henry has been married to Beatrice only a few weeks. Well, the princess can sue for a divorce and console herself with the reflection that "men were deceivers ever." But who is this Sofia, anyway?

Judge (to small witness)—Little boy, do you know the nature of an oath?

Small Witness (doubtfully)—N-no, Sir.

Judge—Do you know what you are to tell?

Small Witness (doubts cleared away)—Oh yes, Sir. That baldheaded old lawyer over there told me what to tell.

Sam Jones says: "One dollar that a boy sweats for is worth one hundred thousand dollars that any boy will win in a lottery without perspiring." If Mr. Jones thinks a boy can win one hundred thousand dollars in a lottery without perspiring, he only exhibits his ignorance of how such institutions are managed.—*Puck*.

Mr. A. (who has come out for a day's pleasure on his friend's yacht)—Jack, what's all that racket over-head?"

Jack—"There's a vessel to windward making signs of distress."

Mr. A. (very faintly)—"Signs of distress? Send 'em some basins.—*The Rambler*."

"Sarah, don't you think we'd better hurry up our marriage?"

"Why, Adolphus?"

"I have just read in a trade journal that a heavier grade of boot will be manufactured for the coming season than has been worn before for many years."

"Oh, that's all right, Adolphus. Pa has finally become reconciled to our marriage."

### OUR OWN JOKER AT WORK.

The other day while our genial prof. in Mineralogy was lecturing in the large room of the Museum, a *habitant* entered by the students' entrance and, seeing the professor, but not the class, called out in hearty tones, "Veuillez-vous acheter du beurre, monsieur!" The roar that followed this interruption of the proceedings may perhaps be imagined but can certainly not be described.

Student in mining, to prof. "Sir, I understand the meaning of 'incline,' but I don't know what a 'slope' is."

Prof., grimly, "Perhaps some of your fellow students will be kind enough to explain the term to you."

Poi is a dish peculiar to certain islands of the Pacific. An Irish Astronomer who had recently been in that region was asked on his return, "Pray, Mr. J., what is this 'poi' like?" "Oh, madame," he responded with a twinkle in his eyes, "the poi's a little tart."

The grip sack is growing larger.

"Och Doctor, but it's a bad thro' I've got," said an Irish patient to one of our medicos the other day. "Well," said the doctor, "can you gargle it with whiskey?" "Troth, I can sir." The medico poured out the liquor and there was silence for a moment after the man had put it in his mouth. Then came a heart-broken exclamation, "Bejabbers, Dochtor dear, it shipped."

### CAPTIOUS CYNIC.

MY LATE SPEECHES OR THE EFFULGENCE OF GENIUS.—By Double-You Bohn.

A rather voluminous work, but one full of charmingly interesting accounts of hosts of *Lytell* incidents. The publisher, relying on the popularity of the author, expects a large circulation especially in the Medical Faculty.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT, OR GIANTS *versus* LILLIPUTS.—By Wat Titit.

A small and beautifully illustrated volume, in which the world is depicted as seen from different elevations. A notable illustration is that showing the *Topography of England*. Another diagram graphically sketches "*Soler* observations from *English* stand points." The author rather compromises himself by concluding with an exhaustive disquisition on tooth pick boots which he recommends should be made on the *last* of England. Our author indulges in *many foot* notes.

WHERE IS THE SONG BOOK.—By Dead Beat, (Author of 'PAY NO SUBSCRIPTIONS.')

This contraband pamphlet is in the hands of about half the collegians.

DOING IT ON THE SLY, OR MASHING ON ST. CATHERINE ST.—By the Author of 'WHERE TO BUY A ONE CENT STAMP.'

This little book is invaluable to senior students but