

Stokes, I'm agreeable to anything." All locomotives are low-spirited in damp, foggy weather. They have a great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such a time they are very cheerful and brisk, but they strongly object to haze and mists. These are points of character on which they are united. It is in their peculiarities and varieties of character that they are most remarkable.

Lord Tennyson is as fond now of a glass of sound port as when in "Will Waterproof's Monologue" he bade the plump head-waiter at the "Cook" tobring a pint of the vintage which had felt the glow of Lusitanian summers. Upon one occasion he pressed Mr. Irving to take a glass of the precious liquid. Mr. Irving did as he was desired, but not being a port wine drinker, sipped it very slowly. Before he had finished it the decanter from which the bard had been automatically replenishing his goblet was empty. Lord Tennyson bade the butler bring a fresh supply, and, turning around to his guest, said dryly, "Do you always drink a bottle of port, Mr. Irving, after dinner?" The laureate, however, though endowed with an appreciation of wine, has always partaken sparingly of it. He has not practiced, and does not practice now, a similar abstinence in the matter of tobacco. He smokes perpetually—a pipe always—and by preference a long pipe of the kind known as "churchwarden," and at each of his houses he possesses a divan specially conceded to himself, in an upper story, whither he sometimes invites a friend to smoke and hear him read. No man's habits could vary less. After an early breakfast he devotes an hour to his correspondence, with his eldest son. Then he smokes, meditates, writes and occasionally strolls in his garden till lunch.

Between the Lectures.

You can't have the last word with a chemist: he always has a retort.

"Thieving in the outskirts" is the latest name for picking ladies' pockets.

One difference between a baby and a shipwrecked sailor, is that the one clings to its ma, and the other to his spar.

"Look at that poor creature," said Jones, "I feel for her in my heart." "Well," replied Smith, "t' would be better for her if you felt in your pocket."

One of the cruellest retorts made by any musical audience is reported from California. A vocalist was warbling to her own great satisfaction, "Oh, would I were a bird." A rough miner replied, "Oh, would I were a gun."

Bulldozing Barber—"Have your hair cut to day sir?" Student—"No, Sir." B.B. (fumbling among the locks)—"Very long—very straggling, sir, comes clear down to your coat collar." Student—"All right, I'll have the collar moved down."

A banana skin lay on the grocer's floor. "What are you doing there?" asked the scales, peeping over the counter.

"Oh, I am lying in wait for the grocer."

"Pshaw!" said the scales; "I've been doing that for years."

While Keene was playing "Richard III." in Little Rock—just as he called for a horse, a man from Washington County said to his companion:

"Come on, Ah, an' les' go."

"Wait a minit, Sam. The clown has called for a hoss, an' I reckon the show's goin' to begin."

"Have you got the 'Descent of Man'?" asked Clara, looking over the book-shelves.

"No," said George, a little timidly: "don't care for it; but I'd like to get the assent of woman."

It is currently reported that he got it the very next Sunday night that ever was.

"Eugenia, didn't I tell you an hour ago to send that young man of yours home?" "Yes, papa, dear." "But he went out just now—I heard him—" "Yes, papa, dear; but he'd taken your umbrella by mistake, and so he came to bring it back. Dear George is so conscientious."

A malicious boy created a panic in one of our hotels one day last week by thrusting his head into the dining room and calling out: "Here comes an officer from New York with a warrant." It was several hours before some of the most nervous persons could be persuaded to come out of the woods and return to their meal.

An important question.—Nice young man (lecturing to a Sunday school).—"Now, is there any little boy or little girl who would like to ask any questions? Well, little boy, I see your hand; you needn't snap," your fingers. What question would you like to ask? Small Boy—"How much longer is this jawin' goin to last?"

Senior, pointing to the Molson Hall. "The name of the mother of him who founded that hall must have been Mary."

Freshie. "How do you know that?"

Senior. "Because, don't you see, he is Mols'son." No extra charges for this joke, unless accompanied by an explanation.

"Professor M.," said a young lady student in zoology, "It's absurd to think that frogs drop from the clouds, isn't it?"

"Well, Miss A.," was the reply, "I know one animal that does drop from the clouds." "What one is that?"

Prof. (smiling) "The rain, dear."

The lady undergrade should feel quite at home in studying chemistry. They are at once on friendly terms with Sal Ammoniac, Sal Soda, Sal Prunelle, Mag Nesium, Moll Ydenum, Ann Timony Cad Mium, Ruth Enium, Pete Roleum, Al Uninium, Doll O'Mite, Bessi Mer's Process, Mary Otte's Law, Emma Tight, and Ann Allys.

Scene, Recitation Room. *Artful Student* (who wishes to make a favorable impression on his French instructor, just before the Sessionals.) Monsieur, will you be good enough to tell me what books you would