

Pliocene, tuff,  
Lias, and trias,  
And that is enough.

O sing a song of phosphates,  
Fibrine in a line.  
Four and twenty frolics  
In the van of time.

When phosphorescence  
Evoluted brain,  
Superstition ended,  
Man began to reign.

—[Rev. Joseph Cook, in Grip.]

HE was a graduate of Harvard, and he got a position on one of the Philadelphia dailies last week. "Cut that stuff of yours down," said the city editor, as the new man came in with a column where a stick only was required. "Do you desire a judicious elimination of the superfluous phraseology?" mildly returned the Harvard man. "No! boil it down," thundered the city ed. The new man is gone now—gone back to Boston. He says there ain't "culchaw" enough in Philadelphia.

LITTLE freshman to big freshman—"Say, don't you have to pay more than ordinary sized men for your clothes?" *Vice versa*—"No; I pay less, because I'm such a big advertisement."—*Yale Record*.

A SYMPHONY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

1. *Allegro con Moto*.

A damsel fair, of "utter" ilk, glides languid 'long the street;  
And bliss "all-but" Algernon knows, as his eyne that face greet.

2. *Andante con Tenerezza*.

Imploringly, with clasped hands, he asked in language stilted,

"O blushing lily, wilt be mine?" Ineffably, she wilted.

3. *Scherzo*.

As toward her father's house they pranced, in true æsthetic fashion,

A minuet and gavotte they danced, to gratify their passion.

4. *Presto Furioso*.

The fatal portal reached, they entered, but alas for romance,

Her cruel papa—just made Algernon Belvidere Apollo Jenkins think he'd been sitting for some hours on the crater of a good, healthy, active volcano. Weep!

For the sunflower is withered.

—*Mercury*.

THE Cleveland preacher took for his text: "He giveth his beloved sleep." And then he said, as he glanced around, that the way his congregation had worked itself into the affections of the Lord was amazing.—*Ex*.

"OH, what rapture!" remarked Adolphus, as he clasped his fair one in his arms. "Oh, what rapped yer?" a friend inquired shortly afterwards, as he observed Adolphus trying to get his head and a large-sized bump into his hat at the same time; and Dolphy said he didn't exactly know, but thought it must have been the old gentleman's gold-headed cane.—*Ex*.

A RED-HAIRED Englishman says that in his native country they call him an "hauben blonde," but 'ere in America they call 'im a "red-eaded son-of-a gun."—*Ex*.

"I KNOW," said a little girl at the supper table to Lieut. A, "that you will join our society to prevent cruelty to birds, because mamma says you are so fond of larks."

Then there was a silence, and the Limburger cheese was heard scrambling around in the tin box on the shelf.—*Ex*.

A ROMAN GHOST.

A Freshman tried to scare a Prof.  
By dressing as a ghost;  
He entered the Professor's room,  
And leaning 'gainst a post  
Gave vent to sundry dolorous groans,  
And when the Prof. awoke,  
And, trembling, stared in dire dismay,  
The ghost thus to him spoke;  
"O. Dic ad mihi"—when the Prof.  
A bowl threw at his face;  
"No Roman ghost," thought he, "would put"  
'Ad' with the dative case."—*Ex*.

THIRTEEN female physicians are practicing in an Iowa town, and at a recent fire there were not enough well men to run an engine.

IT is Oliver Wendell Holmes who speaks of "the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet—the love labial—the limping consonant which it takes two to speak plain."

INSTRUCTOR, examining black board—"I don't quite understand your figures, Mr. X." Mr. X.—"Very well, I'll explain them to you after recitation."—*Record*.

A CAT when pursued by a ferocious dog may not be feeling quite as well as usual, but nevertheless, she presents a fur-straight appearance.

A lady named Mary Magui-ah  
Had trouble in lighting her fi-ah;  
The wood being green,  
She used kerosene—  
——— ssz —!!!! — ?!!!! — tzssz —!!!!  
She has gone where the fuel is dry-ah!

—*Occident*.

1ST STUDENT—"It's queer when D—— falls it's always on his head; some way or other I generally strike on my feet." 2nd Student, glancing at them: "I shouldn't wonder."

SIMSON, who by mistake of the errand boy, found his ticket to be for the second gallery instead of the orchestra circle, says he was much distressed at having to change—in fact, he was moved two tiers.

WHY was Pharaoh's daughter like a successful stock-broker in a money-panic? Because she got a little profit from the rushes on the banks.—*Ex*.

"PINK TRESSES."

They sat alone in the even-tide,  
(Her hair was decidedly auburn in hue.)  
They talked of love personified.  
He said, "I love you," she said, "I love you."

But she had on a dress of brightest pink,  
And he said, as she coyly received his caresses,  
"Do you know, my dear, I do not think  
That I'er can admire such bright pink dresses."

"Out! insolent wretch!" the maiden cried,  
"If I have auburn hair 'tis no excuse  
That you should thus your true love deride,  
And heap on her your insulting abuse."

"No, no!" he pleaded in tones most humble,  
In return to her highly impassioned addresses,  
"You did in your haste the consonants jumble.  
I said pink dresses and not pink tresses."

—*Yale Record*.