

must be accompanied by the name of the perpetrator not necessarily for publication but that the undertaker may know where to send his bills. *Lowest* or any tender not necessarily accepted. All incomprehensible jokes must be accompanied by diagrammatic explanations.

It is our mournful task to announce in these columns the unfortunate incidents that have of late made the museum a place of terror. This duty has devolved upon us, the comic Editor, not, as might be imagined from a perusal of these columns, because anything of a peculiarly series or horribly atrocious nature is our delight, but because our joyous disposition will enable us to dwell without complete prostration upon facts that would harrow up the souls of ordinary mortals. Under the circumstances, however, we must not be expected to put any humor into our account, and if the reader finds any he will confer a favor by returning it to the University Club Rooms, when he will receive a suitable reward.

The biological portion of the museum lately received a crocodile from the Southern States, a meek-eyed, long-tailed, generous-mouthed creature who had been heartlessly deserted in his youth by his parents and whose orphan state won for him the pity of all who saw him. Soon after his arrival the janitor missed a few of his children but paid no attention to this as he thought they had got mislaid somewhere about the building. But when the professors began to remark upon the disappearance of several fossils and plants matters got serious and an explanation was sought.

The crocodile was not at first suspected. Although he declined all food, this was set down to a natural homesickness. But who was there to suspect? Not the lady undergrads, surely? Perish the thought: they might fancy a nice fat baby, but a fossil—never. Honor men, on the other hand, were fond of fossils. Here was a clue. Yet they would never steal a baby, indeed would probable flee from a healthy young specimen of the order *Bimana*. So suspicion turned unavoibly to the crocodile and it was determined to watch him.

All who have seen this creature will remember his colossal proportions and be prepared to credit the following account of his doings given us by an eyewitness who, with the modesty inherent in every truly lady nature, desires us to withhold his name. Having volunteered with a friend to watch the animal for one night they went on guard, first near the crocodile's tank, but ultimately in the geological part of the museum where, amid the sea bottoms of forgotten ages, and under the sheltering bones of the *Megatherium*, they sat playing dominoes with a *stromatopora* for a table and the moon as a candlestick. In the excitement of the game the crocodile was forgotten.

Hark! what was that? Out of the silence of midnight came a peculiar rattling on the stairs as if some one was coming up on stilts. Now it ceased, and a dark shadow, trailing low, stole across the floor and pushing back the door that leads to the main room entered. All unconscious of the impending peril—for our sagacious readers, if accustomed to novels, will

see that the crocodile is entering upon the scene—the men played on when suddenly an enormous head was thrust in between them and dominoes and *stromatopora* disappeared in a capacious maw. With a shriek of terror the men fell backward, and then springing to their feet sought places of safety, with the crocodile, whose first snap had missed its object, in hot pursuit. The survivor, whom we may call our hero, in a frenzy of fear clambered up the backbone of the *megatherium* and perched himself panting upon the head just in time to see his unlucky comrade seized by the voracious monster. One shriek of agony, a frantic waving of feet and the unfortunate man disappeared head first after the dominoes.

Then the creature turned its attention to our hero whom it soon found and tried to capture by climbing. But so huge was its bulk that the crocodile always slipped off on one or other side of the backbone and rolled off the arching ribs upon the floor with a resounding thud.

After a few such falls it concluded to await further developments and lay down at the foot of the pole.

Our hero soon recovered coolness and seeing he was in for a long wait drew a comic paper from his pocket and began to read it. Suddenly the brilliant idea struck him that if he read aloud to the animal it would get into good humor and spare him. He read one comic piece after another and the crocodile listened with interest. Soon the creature began to yawn and finally fell into a child-like slumber. This surprised our hero but also afforded him much pleasure. "A few more jokes," he thought, "and I can descend in safety." The few more jokes were read, descent was made and the garrison summoned only to find that the crocodile had passed away peacefully in his slumber. "What was the last joke you read? we asked the hero as he finished his narrative. "Let me see," he replied, "it was about a dude—no it was a smallpox joke." "Oh!" we answered, "no wonder the crocodile died."

Correspondence.

MR. STUDD TO RETURN.

Editors University Gazette.

DEAR SRS.—The students who heard Mr. J. E. K. Studd in Morrice Hall a few weeks ago, as well as those who afterwards heard about his interesting address will be pleased to learn that he is to revisit our college a few weeks hence. Mr. Studd is a young English gentleman, a graduate of Cambridge, who during the winter is visiting the American colleges. What makes the coming of Mr. Studd especially interesting is the fact that he is one of a group of college men whose names have been brought before the English public during the last two years, in fact ever since the visit of Mr. Moody to Cambridge University. Of this group probably the most famous in Mr. C. T. Studd, brother of our expected visitor, who was one of the best cricketers in England, and one of the best men on the English eleven. Another athletic student was Stanley Smith, who was stroke oar of the Cambridge