

Dr.—“Well, Fat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?” Pat.—“Yes, sir, I have; but I don't feel any better yet; maybe the lid hasn't come off yet.”—*July.*

A CONSIDERATE hotelkeeper advertising his XXXX concludes the advertisement:—“Parties drinking more than four glasses at one sitting, carefully sent home *gratis* in a wheelbarrow.

Doctor,” said a young man, “there is something the matter with my brain; I know there is. What shall I do about it?” And the Doctor calmly suggested that it probably needed exercise.

THE HUNTING OF THE ZAITES.
(After the Hunting of the Saurk.)

The Chronicle's speech:—

We have worked many months, we have worked many years,
(Seven years to the course I allow),
But a secret society has, it appears,
Come among us—I cannot tell how.

Now listen, my meds, while I drum in your heads,
The five unmistakable traits
By which you may know, ere homeward you go,
The “warranted genuine” Zaites.

Let us take them in order; the first is the brain,
Conspicuous by its absence.
By no blows on the head can you cause a Zaitic pain,
For their skull-cap's remarkably dense.

Their habit of staying up late, you'll agree,
They carry too far, when I say
That I've seen them come home from a Saturday spree
At 2.30 the following day.

The third is a fondness for passing their jest
Upon any one outside their clique,
They imagine their humour is some of the best,
Though it really is curiously weak.

The fourth is a hatred of lecturing rooms,
That always proves not to their taste,
But they get on first-rate in medieval fumes,
If they happen in such to be placed.

The last is ambition, and fain would I write
Something pleasant concerning each one,
But I fear they would kill me from envy and spite,
For which virtues they capture the bun.

JCM-Boo.

“I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid,” said Grandma Winkum at the wedding. “Gals is nifty-tity, and widders is kinder overnulin' and upsettin'. Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please.”—*Ec.*

FROM the St. Mary's (a U. S. Military School) *Sentine*:
(Scene at target practice.)—Did you hit the target? I don't know. Captain,—wait 'til the smoke rolls by. My goodness ‘Bill’ retreat; you've shot a cow! (All faint.)

ECCESTRIC EPIGRAMS.

A PUBLICAN.

“Poor John Scott lies buried here,
Tho' once he was bold, hale and stout,
Death stretched him on his bitter bier,
In another world he hops about.”

AN ORGAN BLOWER.

Under this stone lies Meredith Morgan,
Who blew the bellows of our great organ;
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling;
No puffer was he, though a capital blower,
He could fill double G, and now lies a note lower.

A YOUNG musician, remarkable for his modesty and sincerity, on his first appearance before the public, finding he could not give the trills effectively, assured the audience, by way of apology, that he trembled so he couldn't shake.

If that mysterious secret society, the Zaites, follows the absurd custom common in other secret societies of making their novitiates perform absurd antics in public for their amusement, can that in any way account for the strange head-dress in which a student recently appeared at morning lectures.

A NEW VIEW OF THE CASE.—Papa.—“That picture shows Prometheus and the vulture that fed on his liver. The vulture devoured it every day, and every night it grew again for him to eat over again.” Sympathetic Child.—“Poor dear old vulture! How sick he must have been of liver every day.”—*Funny Folks.*

CERTAIN of the authorities were deputed to immerse a middle-aged candidate for baptism. When they returned without him they explained to the minister, that they had made a hole in the ice and proceeded to duck him; but he slipped through their hands and hid under the ice, and that all their efforts to entice him from his hiding place had been in vain.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Oh, J. Sullivan! Oh, J. L. Sullivan!
Oh, John Lycurgus Sullivan, all hail!
Thou bottomless infinitude! Thou g.d! Thou you!
Thou Zeus with all compelling hand!
Thou glory of the mighty Occident! Thou heaven-born!
Thou Athens-bred! Thou light of the Acropolis!
Thou son of a gambler!
Fifty-nine inches art thou round thy ribs; twice twain knuckles last thou; and again twice twain
Thou scatterest men's teeth like antelopes at play.
Thou straightenest thine arm, and systems rock, and eyeballs change their hue.
Oh, thou grim granulator! Thou soul-remover!
Thou lichenous, coy excoriator!
Thou cooing dove! Thou droll, droll, droll John!
Thou buster!
Oh, you! Oh, me too! Oh, me some more!
Oh, thunder!!!

Walt Whitman in Life.

A FASHIONABLE young man has acquired considerable fame as a musical bore on the violin. One night, at a social gathering, he announced that he was going to send for a violin and draw a few of Beethoven's symphonies out of it, as it were. To his amazement, all the gentlemen present volunteered to go for the fiddle, and up to date none of them had got back with it.

The story is told of an American farmer who, when once in search of a young bull, arrived at the railway track just in time to see a train coming along at full speed and his bull upon the track with head down and ready for a fight with the locomotive. The old man swung his hat and shouted at the top of his voice: “Go it, you little fool! I admire your pluck, but despise your judgment.”

OWING to symptoms of severe lassitude and bodily fatigue having been detected in the clinical medical class, the committee of the hospital propose to provide each student with an arm-chair and a pair of crutches. The clinical professor will demonstrate from a sofa, and the house physician is to be suspended in a hammock in the middle of the ward, and, when he can stand it, to be fanned by a convalescent.

FRANCAIS COMME ELLE SE PARLE A LA CHAMBRE DEHORS DU
M. G. H.

(Companion to English as she is spoke.)

PHRASES.

Aitvoo Cattee leek?
Toussyvvoo bookoo?
Avvyvvoo Mally tait?
Avvyvvoo Dollar?
Avvyvvoo maldest omak?
Avvyvvoo batmavdy cur?
Avvyvvoo malledaw.
Je vous donnerai une autre bouteille et quatrevingt dix neuf pilules?
Cawreglay? Tooly joor? Orevero.
Oovray labosh! Wilder Sacré! Teery lallong Dammit!
Otay hay poapya komsaw.
Doogoot trawfawwarpajoor.
Prenny aw mouthful delo. Resty trawnkeel! Daame! Avally!
Dumme!!
Avally awnkoar! DAAME!!!!
Revenny awn dojoor. Kursit.

DIALOGUE.

Junior House Surgeon.—Deppwee cawnibyaandy taw avoyvvoo etty malled?

Patient.—(regretfully).—Me no understand Ingleshe sare!
J. H. S.—(forcibly).—Allyawhell!!!

A LEADVILLE church has the following notice conspicuously posted: “Please do not shoot at the organist; he does his best.”