

Prof. "Of what gender is Temp(e)"

Soph. "Feminine,—er-r-r,—neuter."

Prof. "Yes, yes, so it *appiers*."

Recent excavations in Egypt have unearthed a number of mummies with this peculiarity :—that one of their nether limbs is longer than the other. Evidently this place was the site of an ancient university.

At the recent Gymnasium exhibition a trio of—s were conspicuous by their lack of courtesy. Their witty (?) and sarcastic (?) remarks concerning the performance and the performers will doubtless go *down* (to confront them post mortem.) We are glad to state that a subscription has been started to provide each with a copy of "Manual of Etiquette, or How conduct oneself in Public."

Prof. "Do you think the shades in the nether world have college yells."

Whisper. "Yes, the freshmen imported their yell from there."

It is rumored that the faculty have decided to utilize the X Rays machine on the heads of some of the students before the next exams.

No insinuations of course.

With haughty mein and gaze serene,
He stalks about the college,
His head erect you'd but expect,
That he was filled with knowledge.
When on the street sweet *sems* he'll meet,
He'll bow so condescending,
The frigid stare and icy air
And awe-struck feeling lending.
But not a jot cares he for aught,
And some have closely reckoned
(Tis truly said) five motions made
Four motions he will second.

The trials of the local editor :—

"Say, I wish you fellows would stop laughing so much."

"Why. Can't you enjoy a laugh?"

"No I have been trying for the last fifteen minutes to think of a joke."

Heav! Heav!!

If the report, that the Sems are about to order a supply of