

FACETIÆ

ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

With tragic air the lovelorn heir
Once chased the chaste Louise;
She quickly guessed her guest was there
To please her with his pleas.

Now at her side, he kneeling sighed
His sighs of woeful size;
"Oh, hear me here, for lo, most low
I rise before your eyes.

"This soul is sole thine own, Louise—
"Twill never wean, I wean.
The love that I for aye shall feel,
Tho' mean shall be its mien!"

"You know I cannot tell you no,"
The maid made answer true—
"I love you aught, as sure I ought—
To you 'tis due I do."

"Since you are won, O fairest one,
The marriage rite is right—
The chapel aisle I'll lead you up
This night," exclaimed the knight.

Sentimental young grammarians are very apt to parse "love" as a "fine night verb."

Heartless scientist—"Miss Adelina, permit me to ask your acceptance of my hand—" Gushing maiden—"O, professor—so sudden—" Heartless scientist (proceeding)—"My—er—handbook of the Buddhist psychology and ethnology of the Hindoos." (Collapse of G. M.)—*Puck*.

Professor—"Mr. B., will you—" Sleepy student (waking to the realities of life)—"Not prepared, sir." Professor (pursuing the even tenor of his sentence)—"be kind enough to open that window by you?"—*Harvard Crimson*.

An old-fashioned lady wants to know why the graduates of "female" colleges

always have their ages printed after their names in reports of alumni meetings—Miss I. Smith, President ('70); Miss Jones, Vice-President ('60); Mrs. Robinson, Secretary ('78), etc., etc.

We can dimly perceive coming up the steep of time, the day when the professor of pugilism in our college faculties will sit at the right hand of the Presidents, and look down upon professors of theology and metaphysics.

Professor—Can you give me a common synonym for "copse"? Soph.—Well "peelers," I believe, sir.—*Acta Columbiana*.

Few soldiers are so severely taxed on the drill ground as many children are in our show schools, and others which aspire to high reputations for order, but, as if all this cruel training were not destructive enough to health and spirits, the custom grows more and more popular with teachers to make school hours more the time of recitation, the lessons to be studied at home.

The other day a teacher of German asked an unregenerate student what the gender of a certain noun was. The student quickly replied; "I think it is neuter, sir. At any rate it is neu-ter me."

The Indians used to "bury" their dead in the tops of high trees. This was considered an awful joke on the medical students, burrowing around in the ground beneath.—*Burlington Hazekeye*.

Erskine puzzled the wits of his acquaintance by inscribing on a tea-chest the words, "Tu doces." It was some time before they found out the wit of this literal translation—"Thou tea-chest."