

FLOATING.

A little boat
On a lake afloat,
A young man in the bow,
A maiden fair
With nut-brown hair,
How the scene comes o'er me now.

'Twas youth's bright dream,
And it might seem
That words of love must come—
A shrill voice flew
O'er the waters blue,
"It's getting late—row hum!"

The spell was broke,
The youth awoke,
His glimpse of love was flown,
The maid's a wife,
Well on in life,
The youth a bach' has grown.

—*Racine Mercury.*

THERE were two soldiers lying beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars in a Virginia sky. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and loved war. What made you go to the war, Jack?" "Well," he replied, "I had a wife and loved peace, so I went."

THAT HAND.

We sat alone; your little hand
Lay on the table by my own.
Only a little hand, and yet
I cannot, while I live, forget
The tremor of profound regret
When I saw how your hand had grown.

We parted; but your little hand
Lay on the table, cold and fair;
Wide was the scope, the numbers spanned
Three bright-robed queens serene and bland,
Two rampant jacks, a happy band,
While I had only one small pair.

—*Amherst Student.*

TEACHER: "Class in Geography, stand up. What is a straight?" Small boy, next to the foot: "A straight beats two pair, three of a kind, and generally takes the pot—unless some fellow happens to have a cold deck slipped up his coat-sleeve." Teacher: "Let us pray."—*Ex.*

SAMPSON was the most eminent tragedian of his day. His last act brought down the house.—*Ex.*

How weary were this world uncheered by thee!
Dear solace of my life, my love, my own!
To dwell with thee I'd fling away a throne,
For, if without thy presence, it would be
Naught but a place of doom and misery.
Having known thee, I cannot live alone;
And rudest, darkest cave of unhewn stone,
Were brightest home if thou wert there with me!
The fading glories of Fame's storied urns,
Shine not for me! Thou art the archetype
Of earth's best joys—that flies, but aye returns!
Dwelling on thy sweet mouth so rich and ripe,
When lip to lip the rapturous incense burns,
I feel thou art my own—my love—my pipe!—*Argo.*

TUTOR (dictating Greek prose composition): "Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Sophomore: "It's under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it."

RAT hunting is now on the list of the numerous diversions for Residence men. It is quite customary for the

more hospitable of the denizens of that Paradise to ask their friends down to their preserves for a night's hunting. The sport is excellent, and the bags generally large, as many as three having been killed in ten or fifteen minutes. *Varsity.*

UNDONE.

The stars shone bright and the sky was clear,
The wavelets danced in the moonlight pale,
The dew fell soft as a sparkling tear;
A student waits for the coming mail.

The letter comes and he gains his room,
The lake is dark and the night is still.
I'll tell the cause of his air of gloom,
'Twas not from *her* but a tailor's bill.

—*Racine Mercury.*

PROF.: "From what vegetable do we obtain phosphorus?" Student: "*Fish.*"—*Hobart Herald.*

"I ADDRESS myself, not to the present, but to posterity," said the lecturer. "No doubt," remarked an auditor, "and if you keep this up much longer, your audience will have arrived."—*Ex.*

ONCE more my eager, searching eyes
A sight of thee hath gladdened;
Once more thou bring'st a blest surprise
To him thy absence saddened.

Too long thy pearl white hand hath pressed
That of some other feller,
Come, let me clasp thee to my breast,
—My loved and lost umbrella.—*Ex.*

"PRISONER at the bar," said the Judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say good evening if it were agreeable to the company. But they would not let him.—*Ex.*

THOMAS HOOD, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside the fence, "Beware the dog." Hood wrote on the board, "Ware be the dog?"

THE Fresh sat in the gallery,
At the female minstrel show;
"I'm too far back," he sadly said,
In tones both soft and low.
"I'm too far back," he sighed again,
But he could no farther go,
For he saw a bald professor's head
Loom up in the forward row.—*Ex.*

A SCHOLAR once wrote on his tea-chest, "*Tu duces,*"—thou teachest!—*Ex.*

STUDENT (not very clear in his lesson)—"That's what the author says, anyway." Professor—"I don't want the author, I want you." Student (despairingly)—"Well, you've got me."—*Ex.*

ONCE they started a girls' seminary in Utah, It flourished well, but just in its height of prosperity the principal eloped with the whole school.—*Ex.*

STAMMERING.

PROF. SUTHERLAND, of the Canadian Stammering Institute, will visit Kingston about May 15th, on the invitation of several persons requiring treatment. Anyone desiring a permanent cure at a reduced rate, and wishing to join this class, can address J. C. ANDERSON, P. O. Box 516, Kingston, when circulars, testimonials and all information will be forwarded.