

The following libel on the Meds has crept into our hands: "While medical students are being harshly condemned for robbing graves, it is forgotten that they intend filling them up again when they go into practice."

Outside of a minister's tent in Idaho a red-shirted man was searching for his tin-cup. Not finding it he observed: "Some infernal thief has stolen my cup." Then, sticking his head into the tent, he asked: "Any of you gentlemen got it?"

"Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked an old gentleman of a city passenger conductor. "Sometimes—but not when they are too drunk," replied the conductor. "Just take a seat near the middle of the car and keep quiet, and you'll be all right."

"I do love pig's feet so!" exclaimed a young freshee at his boarding house the other day, as he reached over and took the last one from the plate in the middle of the table; "I do believe I could live on pig's feet." "Are you sure that you don't?" was the sarcastic question put to him by a soph., who was about to help himself to the fast disappearing foot.

Mare Antony Grig, the distinguished tragedian from the wayback circuit—"Me friend, how is this! The house was cold last night—cold—cold—ca-hold! And yet I had distributed me good gold among the ushers to insure a hearty welcome and tumultuous applause." Mr. Ochstein, the prosaic and Hebraic manager—"Golt! Two dollars un a helluf! You don't get you no more as a gordial reception!"—

A Cleveland speculator sent his son to Wisconsin to buy hops, telling him to keep his eyes open for any other speculation. After a few days a despatch came, saying: "A widow has got a corner on the hop market of this State. Shall I marry her?" "Certainly," was the reply sent over the wires. Twelve hours later the son announced: "Got the hops, the widow and seven stepchildren, and shall go to Chicago to-morrow to see about a divorce."

Z— is one of the most trifling students in the law faculty. He rarely attends lectures, and when he does he is so sleepy that he can't distinguish one object from another. The other day he met X—, another law student, at Notman's. "Hello! Z—, what are you doing here?" said his friend. "I just want to see the photographs of the professors of the law faculty so I'll know 'em when I meet them on the street. We ought to know each other."

What She Feared: "I understand, Mr. Softly," said Miss Muffin, "that you play the violin." "Well, yes, Miss Muffin, I—u—try to play the violin." "That's what I heard. You see, Mr. Softly, we are going to have a little sociable at our house next Thursday evening. I wanted to invite you, but ma— is so very anxious not to give anybody any trouble— ma was afraid that—" "Oh, no trouble at all, I assure you, Miss Muffin," eagerly interposed Softly. "It will be a positive pleasure to me to bring my violin." "Ye-e-s—that's what ma was afraid of."

#### INES TO BESS.

BY A LAW STUDENT.

Believe me, Bess, when I declare  
A title-deed my heart,  
And you the party of the first,  
And I the second part.

To you I've given my whole love,  
With no Remainder over—  
If you betray that trust, I will  
An action bring—of trover.

Now don't Demur when this you read,  
But own you feel compunction,  
Or I my suit will prosecute,  
In spite of your Injunction.

My Case—it's one in Equity—  
I've Pleaded with precision;  
You know the Points; why will you, then,  
So long Reserve Decision?

You owned to an Attachment once,  
When I the question mooted;  
But now, it seems to me, you act  
As if you were non-suited.

I make no Dilatory Pleas;  
I'm driven to distraction;  
You know how long I've Courted you—  
Come, in my case Take Action.

If you resist a Civil Suit  
I'll bring at Cupid's Session,  
And there, a Plaintiff lover, ask  
For Judgment by Confession.

But if, in spite of Judgment mine,  
You will not hear me still,  
I'll get an Order from the Court  
To administer your Will.

Don't fail to File an Answer Brief  
To this my Declaration,  
Lest, losing patience, I shall make  
A Cross-Examination.

#### OUR OWN JOKER.

Professor to Student—"Here's an iron ore from Penzance. What would you judge it to be?" Student—"Sulphide of Iron, sir." Prof.—"What makes you think it that?" Student—"Because in that case it would be The Pyrites of Penzance."

If the gentleman who walked off with a pair of No. 9 rubbers the other day in the museum, under the absurd notion that they belonged to some fair undergrad., will take them down from the bracket or out of their frame or from next his heart and return them to the proper owner before the next snow-storm all will be forgiven.

Though we may now and again forgive a man for hiding his light under a bushel we make no allowances when he hides himself in a cupboard—particularly the cupboard of a college professor about to lecture. It is curious, but true, that it never soothes a prof.'s nerves to get an answer to the roll call from the depths of a press. He is apt to comment upon it and to decline to construe it as anything but a false quantity of wit.

An old farmer and his wife were jogging along one of our suburban roads the other day between two close and high snow-drifts, when suddenly two fleet snowshoers sprang across the gap above the sleigh, their great shoes clacking as they did so. The old woman looked up, and just catching a glimpse of the flying shoes cried out to her husband: "Mike, Mike, did you say the big agles?"

Tenders are requested for a series of time-honored, familiar, non-explosive, laugh-killing examination papers in Arts, Science and Medicine. All tenders