

PROF. in chemistry class—"Will any gentleman in the class give me some properties of Marsh gas?" No reply.

Prof.—"Well, gentlemen, either you are very stupid, or careless, or perhaps I am lecturing too fast, and not quite clear enough."

A Junior—"Marsh gas' is not very luminous." Loud applause.

SENIOR LATIN.—A student is asked to translate, but responds with the universal negation.

Prof.—"But you have not been able to translate for several days, Mr. M. How is it?"

Student—"I haven't got a translation of this Horace yet, Professor."

It may not be generally known that we have a fighting editor on our staff. We have one, however, although he has had nothing to do, professionally speaking, this session until a few days since. While the staff was assembled in solemn conclave in the temporary sanctum, the door opened and a certain Sophomore entered, flashing as to his eyes with extreme rage, and declared his intention of converting the scribes into so many grease spots, he having been insulted by some references in this column. He was politely listened to and introduced to the fighting editor, and the chief scribe having kindly consented to act as referee, and two others as seconds, the war commenced. The first round was highly exciting, both parties striving to make as much row and do as little fighting as possible, until, urged by the melodious encouragement of his confreres, the JOURNAL man went in and cleared out his opponent in fine style, finishing off by depositing one of his pedal extremities in the enemy's left optic. Time 1 min., 36 sec. The second round did not last long, as the men at once clasped and the scribe was thrown. The referee, however, disallowed the fall as the clasp was not exactly *comme il faut*. Time 39 sec. In the third round, our man began to get serious, and made things lively around the room. He had one decided advantage, in that his fist was so large that every time he delivered a blow, it caused a draught of wind so great that it quite took away his opponent's breath. Finally the enemy was obliged to retreat in disorder leaving behind as trophies a quarter section of his mortar-board and a portion of his toga. Time 1 min., 59 sec. The scribe having been congratulated on his success, and his wounds having been treated with Burdock Blood Bitters, the business of the meeting was proceeded with. The fighting editor has now fully recovered from his injuries, and is ready to attend to any business of his office. We may mention that his fighting weight is 175 lbs..

→ITEMS←

A CHICAGO young man, in a rash moment, told his girl that if she would hang up her stocking on Christmas eve he would fill it to the brim with something nice. He has since seen her stocking, and is undecided whether to get into it himself or buy her a sewing machine.—*Ex.*

WHEN Oscar Wilde saw Niagara Falls he exclaimed 'Bulk, but no beauty.' When a little Detroit boy first saw the sublime cataract he solemnly whispered: 'Mamma, I feel like taking my hat off to God.' That is the difference between embryo idiocy and embryo manhood.—*Ex.*

WHEN a handsome girl drops her handkerchief for a gentleman to pick up, it may be that she wants to flirt with him, and it may be she wants to splinter the legs of his tight trowsers all to pieces.—*Ex.*

A PRETTY young girl full of pique,
Got down in the mouth so to spique,
And when people laughed
She thought she was chagued,
And stayed in the house for a wique.—*Ex.*

"A kiss, dear," he said,
"Is a noun, we allow,
But is it proper or common,
Canst thou tell me now?"

"Why, I think," she replied,
To speak nothing loath,
While her visage grew red,
"Why, I think it is both."

[N.B.—He thinks so, too, and they at once proceed to put the theory into practice.]—*Ex.*

MISS SOCIETY (idly turning her music)—"Do you know 'When the Leaves begin to Fall?'" Fresh. (thoughtfully)—"Why, yes, generally along in the first two weeks of October. It depends somewhat on the weather."—*Ex.*

"AN anxious enquirer" wishes to know why a stupid, awkward fellow is called a "muff." We are not very sure but we think it's because nothing but a muff will hold a lady's hand without squeezing it.—*Ex.*

BUTLER'S ANALOGY. Prof: "Mr. T., you may pass on to the 'Future life.'" Mr. T.: "Not prepared."

A SOPHOMORE, a village girl,
A swinging gate, a bright full moon,
He whispers softly, "Little Pearl,
I'll come back again, yes, very soon."

A tear bedims a bright blue eye,
Two rosy lips begin to pout;
A short, sweet kiss, a long, sad sigh,
He goes. She puts the hall lamp out.

"He's surely caught, the silly lad,"
She says; "he has an awful mash."
"Poor thing;" he says, "she has it bad,"
He calmly coaxes his moustache.

—*Hamilton Monthly.*

EXTRACTS from the Westminster play:
Charrinus Tu pal non sobrius es.
Byrrhia—Quid ais? Non ego sobrius? At me tutotalicus ordo inter discipulos gaudet habere suos. Lac et aquam poto, non vini turpe venenum.

Char—Tu nunquam Bacchi pocula grata bibis?

Byr.—Nunquam.

Linnaeus—Quid? Nunquam.

Byr.—Vix Nunquam.

Ex.

JONES—"What did you think of my argument, Fogg?"
Fogg—"It was sound, very sound (Jones delighted), nothing but sound, in fact." Jones reaches for a brick.—*Ex.*

A CORNELL man was lately injured by the accidental discharge of his duties.