

SUBRIDENDO.

For "two thousand car-loads of cats gone East," as stated in our last week's issue, please read oats instead of cats.—*Illinois Paper*.

NO BROKEN WINDOWS THEN.

It is the wise Chinaman who makes himself solid with the small boys in his neighborhood.—*Ex.*

JUST LIKE OTHER PEOPLE.

"Do you enjoy good health, Mr. Testy?" asked McQueary.

"Yes; when I get any!" snapped the old dyspeptic.—*Puck*.

A Western editor met a well-educated farmer recently and said to him that he would like to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig and charged him \$9.75 for it.—*Ex.*

Passing round the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.—*Ex.*

"Well, good-by," said the lunatic, as he started for the asylum—"I'm off."—*Puck*.

"I've made a fool of myself, Widgely."

"Yes, I know, Midgely; you told me once before that you were a self-made man."—*Chicago News-Record*.

Little Boy to Poet.—You're not rich, are you, Mr. Longfeller?

Poet.—No, Bobby; I'm not rich.

Little Boy.—That's what I thought. Pa said yesterday that your poems had more sound than cents.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Teacher.—Now, Johnny, tell us what you know about Cræsus.

Johnny.—Please, Mum, dudes wear 'em in their pants.—*Puck*.

Teacher.—Can anybody tell me why the multiplication table stops at twelve?

Son of Superstitious Parent.—'Cause ma says it's unlucky to have thirteen at table.

ULULATUS.

Lude folliculum!

Get in condition!

Self-made introductions are all the go.

Dan-u-run (d) too much, do more passing.

(H) You and Me are together again.

'93 pretty nearly owns the whole corridor now.

FOR SALE.—1. pr. game fowl. 1 bbl, XXX. flour. Apply at sanctum. Terms cash!

The New York man's backer who at last gala-day cheered him by his cries of "Go-it, O'Hara Goat!" is Misse(t)d this year.

The new boy who stands so often with his back against the southern wall likes to be back to college.

There is one student in the philosophy class who knows all about the great physical forces, in as much as they are Powers.

The sixth form have added two new coins to their already large collection, but they place more value on the old vin(gt) cent, however.

"Put your shoulder to the wheel" is a motto for every man, but it cuts no figure on a foot-ball field; so said a Fellow who had been in one of those old-time scrimmages with a little of the dash thrown in.