

A father of some marriageable daughters not far from here had occasion to have a sofa upholstered, and here is a list of what was found between the back and the cushion: Forty seven hair pins, 19 suspender buttons, 3 mustache combs, 13 needles, 35 cigarettes, 8 photographs, 217 pins, 76 grains of coffee, 46 gloves, 27 cuff buttons, 6 pocket knives, 15 pocket chippis, a vial of homeopathicis, 34 lumps of chewing gum, 50 toothpicks, 28 matches, 39 collar buttons, 11 neckties, 2 love letters, a few pieces of candy, 2 dimes, 3 quarters, 1 nickel, 8 buckels, 5 lead pencils, 1 pen and 4 buttonbooks. — Mount Vernon *Argus*.

#### HIS ATHLETIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

He would exercise his biceps with a mallet in croquet.

He could wield a tennis racket in a very charming way.

To see him punt the foot-ball would really do you good.

But he couldn't, wouldn't undertake to split the kindling wood.

—*Washington Star*.

#### THE WAR OF RACES.

HERE are two stories—new ones, the writer thinks—in which a Christian and a Hebrew cross verbal swords.

A passenger in a crowded car on the elevated road in New York saw, or fancied he saw, that his neighbor was making grimaces at him. "You look as if you wanted to eat me," he presently remarked testily.

"I couldn't," replied the other man. "I am a Hebrew."

A still neater retort is attributed to one of the Rothschilds. It was at a reception in Paris that a traveler who had views on the "anti Semitic" question, was descending upon the beauties of the island of Tahiti. "There are neither hogs nor Jews there," he finally said.

"Indeed!" replied Rothschild. "Then you and I ought to go there together. We should both be great curiosities there."

—*Munsey's Magazine*.

American Student—Don't you have football in Germany?

German Student—No; nothing but duels and riots.

Irate German (to stranger who has stepped on his toe)—"Mine frent, I know mine feet was meant to be walked on, but dot brivillege pelongs to me."—*The Angelus*.

HAIL FOR THE SINNERS.—It is a well-known fact that hail, as a rule, does not fall over a great stretch of country at a time, but only here and there. Sandy, a neighboring farmer and rival to Jock, was one day grumbling to that worthy old gentleman about the hardness of fate, which had, by the means of hail, destroyed a fine field of corn for him, while it had never come near Jock. "Aweel, Sandy," said Jock "we're tell't that the rain fa's on the just and unjust alike, but I think the hail fin's oot the sinners."

Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth a fortune—that's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000—that's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and make it worth \$20—that's money. A mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into watch springs worth \$1,000—that's skill. A merchant can take an article worth 75 cents and sell it for \$1—that's business. A lady can purchase a 75 cent hat, but she prefers one that costs \$27—that's toolishness. A ditch digger works ten hours a day and handles several tons of earth for \$3—that's labor. The editor of this paper could write a check for \$80,000, but it wouldn't be worth a dime—that's rough.—*Ex.*

#### ULULATUS.

Beaten "out of sight"—a defaulting team.

A two-foot rule—keep off the grass.

Telford has succeeded Tim as proprietor of the hand-Bald alley.

Seest thou yonder tree? Get thine axe and Hewitt down.

Willie is quite a *case ch*?

The Shamrocks put a Wall on Quinn; the Collage, a Garland.

"Now Joe, Gobeil" said the captain and Joe went.

Did you ever see Bob McCredie for a rush?

"TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS."

The man who sells the peanuts hot

Came up to me and said,

Whenever students came and bought

He went without his bread.

I looked at him in anger hold

But soon did I relent,

When in a whisper me he told,

"They ask off ten per cent."

The following is attributed to an aspirant for honors in Matriculation English: "A pair of slippers that do not fit is a bad thing to have on one's hands."

McC-r-th-y is at work on an epic which will have for a title "Life and Death." He promises to give us something that will embrace the whole philosophy of human existence—and a little more.

This year there are just 4 *Mor(e)* in the senior department than in the junior.

We remark that the "big yard" is wholly devoid of that Gay appearance which was so prominent last year.