

SCENE: Sophomore's room (Soph., just returned from town, is struggling with his Spanish. Enter serious Junior Soph. loq.)—"Well—hic—this is the meanest language I—hic—ever saw And—of—all—the dictionaries this is worst! hic—but guess the grammar's worse! Haven't been able to find a single word!" (Junior calmly points out that it is difficult to do Spanish satisfactorily with a German dictionary and a Greek grammar. Exit Sophomore to bed.)

He was an honor man in moderns and was looking frantic. He had searched two hours for a "German prose composition" as he was heard to mutter between his outbursts of—French. Then he grew calmer, sadly sat himself down, and remembering that great men always say something before they die, exclaimed "I guess I didn't bring the *buch heim*."—*White and Blue*.

The mystery that a Rockland boy desires the advancing years to unfold is why he always is rushed off to bed when he is not in any degree sleepy, and made to get up when he is so sleepy that it seems as if his whole system was clogged with pitch.—*Spectator*.

A story is going the rounds in connection with the recent visit of Miss Neilson, the famous actress, to Toronto, which however, has not yet appeared in print. Of course everybody has heard of how the hearts of some hundreds of University students were mutilated by the appearance of the celebrated beauty. The story goes that when Miss Neilson, was taking her departure from the Toronto station, where a large crowd had assembled to bid her farewell, and where some hundreds of pairs of soft student eyes looked love to "eyes which spoke again" (it is understood Miss Neilson's eyes always do speak

love, whether there is any deep-seated passion or not), as she stepped upon the platform of the car she dropped—accidentally, of course—one of her garters. Then ensued a scene which beggars description, the scrambling of the entranced students for possession of the souvenir being something unsurpassed in the annals of the Queen City. The search after O'Donovan Rossa's caput on the occasion of his memorable visit was nothing to it. Of course one of the students secured the precious memento, and has now the honor of being a full fledged K. G., but its possession is likely to cost him dearly, as it is rumored he has already about a hundred and ninety-nine duels on hand in consequence.—*Spectator*.

"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured the pale faced freshman, "but it is not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir—indeed, I could; but I promised mother ne-ne never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't sir, ne-never," and as his emotions overpowered him, he pulled out his handkerchief with such vigor that he brought out with it a small flask, three faro chips and a euchre deck, and somehow or other the professor took no more stock in that freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image.

"That's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school house. "Did they?" said the old lady with animation. "Then if they fit for college before they went, they didn't fit afterward?" "Yes," said he, smiling, and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not the hands." "Butted, did they?" asked the old lady.—*Exc.*

A plucky thing to do; to get up for an examination without cramming.—*Punch*.